

# Secret Lives of Wives

"Pilot"

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10/4/12

**"THE SECRET LIVES OF WIVES"**

**ACT ONE:**

OPENING TESTIMONIALS to camera:

We come up on a tightly-wound BUSINESS WOMAN, 40.

UPTIGHT BUSINESS WOMAN

(direct, methodical)

I've been married 19 years. My husband and I enjoy doing most things together...except...

(clears her throat)

Once a year, on my birthday, I go out, by myself, and drive three hours inland to this-- Club--

(clears her throat again)

Where I-- Perform-- A Burlesque act-- Real Burlesque; feathers, fans--

(suddenly with a low sexy voice)

*Tassels...*

(back to her normal, direct tone)

I rehearse all year for one night-- I am in the spotlight. Men and women cheer...

(allowing herself one sheepish grin)

For me.

(direct, methodical)

My husband doesn't know. But every year on *my* birthday he gets the best sex of his life.

CUT TO:

A MOM, 35, more attractive than she presents herself; put together quickly in terms of hair, make-up and clothes.

A MOM

We got married right out of high school, had three kids immediately - whom I cherish...but sometimes I wonder what I missed out on; what if...I was single... So...

(lowers her voice, secretive)

I signed onto an online dating service.

(MORE)

A MOM (CONT'D)

Of course I didn't use my real name! I was just curious what kind of man would be interested in me *if* I weren't married... And it's not like I'm keeping a secret from my husband; I just flirt online with men I'm never going to meet. It's nice to be desired...

CUT TO:

Two Pretty hipster Sisters, mid-20's, mid-Western accents; speak enthusiastically to camera, dialogue overlapping:

SISTER #1

(amused)

Our mother told us that every time our father wanted to make love--

SISTER #2

(deadpan)

Cringing--

SISTER #1

She would fantasize he was Dick Clark. So I said, Mom, think about someone else; you can have a different lover every night!

SISTER #2

(nodding in agreement)

Pat Sajak, Alex Trebek, Jerry Springer...

SISTER #1

But my mother insists she'd never cheat on Dick Clark.

(beat)

Now that Dick Clark's dead...so's my dad's sex life.

CUT TO:

An elegant, fit, well-dressed WOMAN IN HER 60's.

WOMAN IN HER 60'S

Here's my secret...smaller than a lipstick.

She holds up a Bullet vibrator.

WOMAN IN HER 60'S (CONT'D)  
 (re: vibrator)  
 Don't try it when you're driving...

CUT TO:

A WOMAN, early 30's; tanned, athletic, a natural beauty. She looks into camera, solemn:

EARLY 30'S WOMAN  
 (starts out composed)  
 We all have some little...thing, we don't want to share with our spouse...because it's embarrassing, or it would hurt their feelings...  
 (long pause, hard to confess)  
 Or you're ashamed...and you can't imagine what you'd do if anyone ever found out...  
 (deeply sad)  
 Because it's so horrible, saying it out loud would make it--  
 (beat)  
 Real--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN (TBD) - MICHELLE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Pouring rain...

...a manicured middle/upper class suburb with large homes. **JESSIE** and **REED** run from their cars, wearing identical lavender bridesmaid's gowns. Unable to run and hold umbrellas, they ditch the umbrellas, hike up their long skirts and race across the front yard to...

...**KEATON** waiting in the front doorway. She also wears an identical lavender bridesmaid's gown.

KEATON  
 (in tears)  
 I got here and she was already--!

Reed and Jessie stare beyond Keaton; their jaws drop.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM

**MICHELLE** wears a stunning white lace wedding gown. She is in the middle of her elegant, tastefully done living room BASHING everything to pieces...with a baseball bat.

JESSIE

Holy--!

Michelle hoists the baseball bat up to her antique China cabinet as Reed sprints in to stop Michelle.

REED

(keeping her cool)

Not the china, girl; you'll regret that...

Jessie and Keaton follow suit as the three struggle to subdue Michelle, ad-libbing: "Michelle..." "Put the bat down, baby..." "I got the bat..."

They wrestle Michelle to the floor...and sit in silence, breathless...

...finally Michelle looks up through tear-stained eyes at these three women, the closest friends she's ever had as we **FLASHBACK** to...

**"FOUR DAYS EARLIER..."**

EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL/OR HOTEL GARDENS (TBD) - MORNING

A bright sunny day. An upscale Tudor-style New England hotel.

INT. BALLROOM

Waiters roll out tables and chairs for a big wedding. A silk bridal canopy is set up for the bride and groom to stand under during the ceremony.

**Michelle** walks through the room, surveying the layout of the tables. **WIL** stands on the sidelines as the hotel's snooty, **MANAGER, 35**, SIGHS, impatient.

SNOOTY MANAGER

(dismissing her)

There is no way, Mrs. Gregory--

Michelle is soft, kind and manipulating as hell; she wraps her arm warmly around the Manager, leading him towards the exit.

MICHELLE

Michelle--

SNOOTY MANAGER

(lost in his worries)

You said eighty guests! You can't tell me *two days* before the wedding it's a hundred and ten!

MICHELLE  
 (calmly)  
 Eleven--

SNOOTY MANAGER  
 I can't accommodate--!!

MICHELLE  
 Nor should you--

SNOOTY MANAGER  
 You don't expect--!!

MICHELLE  
 (plays on his emotions)  
 Of course not--  
 (gives him her killer  
 smile)  
 It isn't as if this is a "real"  
 wedding...we're renewing our vows  
 for our tenth anniversary.  
 (feigns a brave face  
 against the awful memory)  
 My husband and I actually never had  
 a "real" wedding. He was in the  
 hospital-- The doctors didn't think  
 he would-- But we didn't care  
 whether we were married a  
 lifetime...  
 (feigns holding back a  
 tear)  
 Or a few days.

Michelle sees she is getting through to the Manager; so she goes in for the kill.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 If you can't accommodate extra  
 guests...  
 (with kindness that drills  
 guilt into his soul)  
 I don't want you to worry. It's *not*  
 your fault.

She smiles, her stunning power blue eyes melt his heart.

SNOOTY MANAGER  
 (holds back emotions)  
 Perhaps...I can work...something  
 out.

MICHELLE  
 (feigns holding in  
 emotions)  
 So kind...

The Manager exits and the second he's gone...

...Michelle looks up at Wil.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 You almost died and I exploited it.

WIL  
 It was awesome.

MICHELLE  
 I know.

Wil leads Michelle down the aisle to the bridal canopy. He faces her and looks deep into her eyes.

WIL  
 Ten years ago, everyone said you  
 were crazy to get hitched to some  
 broke English professor who  
 probably wouldn't last six months.

MICHELLE  
 If you make me really cry, I will  
 kill you, Wil...

Wil draws her in close to him. He takes her hands into his; these two are passionately in love.

WIL  
 This wedding, is the wedding you  
 always deserved.  
 (gets down on one knee)  
 As Rochester said to Jane Eyre, "I  
 ask you to pass through life at my  
 side, to be my second self and best  
 earthly companion."

MICHELLE  
 You are so getting laid tonight...

Michelle grabs Wil, kissing him passionately as we cut to...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 Or right now...

PRELAP:

MICHELLE'S VOICE  
I can barely walk...

INT. BRIDAL SHOP DRESSING ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

REVEAL - Michelle stepping out from behind a curtain in her wedding gown... She stares in the mirror, flanked on either side by Reed, Jessie and Keaton, wearing the matching lavender bridesmaid's gowns.

A Seamstress finishes pinning the bodice on Michelle's dress. She looks at the four of them.

SEAMSTRESS  
(Spanish accent; re: the other three)  
Your sisters?

MICHELLE  
(looks at them, lovingly)  
In a way.

JESSIE  
We all met a long time ago...

KEATON  
(laughs to herself)  
Long story...

REED  
(smiles at Michelle)  
You didn't like me at first.

MICHELLE  
(playful back)  
You're an acquired taste.

Reed smiles and lights up a joint.

KEATON  
(re: the joint)  
Um...isn't it a little early for...?

Reed shrugs as Michelle looks in the mirror.

MICHELLE  
I'm actually nervous.

JESSIE  
I threw up on my wedding day, I was so nervous.



REED

I threw up on my wedding day, I was  
so pregnant.

Jessie's cell RINGS a text from inside her purse. Reed grabs it, handing the cell to Jessie. Reed lifts up Jessie's worn, somewhat ratty purse.

REED (CONT'D)

(re: Jessie's purse)

Jess, you're doing well; you can  
afford to spend some on a new  
lizard.

Jessie reads her text and SNAPS her cell shut, upset.

MICHELLE

(knowingly)

They're making you go in.

Jessie rushes to change into her regular clothes.

JESSIE

Dan hates when I work weekends.  
What am I going to tell him.

MICHELLE

What can you tell him?

KEATON

(suddenly pipes in)

Call him from work and say you  
aren't wearing any panties.

Reed, Jessie and Michelle turn in unison to look at Keaton, a little shocked...as Reed exhales a puff of smoke into Keaton's face.

KEATON (CONT'D)

(a little embarrassed)

I was trying to be constructive.

(aside to Michelle)

It works.

Keaton waves Reed's pot smoke out of her face as...

JESSIE

I'll call you later...

Jessie grabs her bridesmaid's dress and starts to run out then suddenly stops, reconsiders, reaches underneath her skirt, pulls down her panties, steps out of them, stuffs them into her purse and rushes out...

REED

(calls after Jessie)  
 It's forty-two degrees out.  
 (gathers her stuff)  
 I'm outta here; she's not the only  
 one working today--  
 (deadpan to Keaton,  
 exiting)  
 But after seventeen years of  
 marriage, I'm keeping my panties on  
 and my cha-cha warm.

Michelle and Keaton stare after Reed.

MICHELLE

I didn't need to know that.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING

A small, picturesque community church.

INT. CHURCH

CLOSE ON - Lutheran Minister **Dan Burke**. He preaches like a rock star, strutting passionately across the stage...

PASTOR DAN

When I was a teenager, I sat in my room and listened to the words of a man who inspired me; words that woke up my soul and changed my life...

He looks up as we REVEAL - the front row of pews overflowing with **DREAMY-EYED WOMEN** ages 10 to 70, staring up at him.

PASTOR DAN (CONT'D)

Was that man Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah...or Springsteen. Bruce Springsteen. His songs spoke to me the way God has and I want the young people of this congregation to find someone who speaks to their spirit and soul and I don't care if it's "the Boss," or a teacher you love, or a passage from a book... Inspiration is right out that door...right next to our collection tray...

Everyone laughs as we...

EXT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

**The congregation exits the church as DEB, pretty, steps out by herself and her eyes fall on her prey...**

...Pastor Dan greeting his flock on the lawn as an Elderly Woman walks by, wearing her best Sunday hat.

PASTOR DAN  
Henrietta, that is one beautiful hat!

The Elderly Woman blushes as we hear:

DEB'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I found your sermon-- Stirring.

Pastor Dan turns to face Deb. Deb is perfect-pretty with a hint of righteousness; she is well-dressed.

DEB  
(extends her hand)  
Deb Williamson, I just moved here and I'd love to join your congregation, Pastor--

A Man passes by; Dan rushes to follow him.

PASTOR DAN  
Jonathan, I know it's the playoffs, but I need one minute to talk about the fund-raiser  
(back to Deb)  
Please excuse me, a moment; if you have any questions about our church; my wife can-- She's right there--

DEB  
I would love to meet your wife...

Dan points to...

...two women: one is a HOT BLONDE, late 20's, and the other is... Jessie.

Deb approaches both women assuming the hot Blonde is Dan's wife:

DEB (CONT'D)  
You must be Pastor Dan's wife, I'm...

Jessie steps in. She hides any reaction to this common occurrence.

JESSIE  
I'm Pastor Burke's wife.

Deb's head turns from the hot blonde...to Jessie. Jessie forces a smile.

EXT. REED'S HOUSE - THAT DAY

A middle/lower class suburb. Reed's house could use a coat of paint and a little attention...like Reed.

INT. REED'S KITCHEN

Reed and Michelle enter the back door, whispering about something; it's clearly something intimate, a secret we can't hear...

...they stop abruptly, almost parting from each other, because Reed's Daughter, STEPHANIE, 16, enters. Stephanie hugs Michelle whom she clearly adores as they ad-lib, "Hey Steph..." "Hi, Michelle."

STEPHANIE  
(to Reed)  
You working today?

REED  
Yes and you are--?

STEPHANIE  
(starts to exit)  
Driving to Maddie's--

REED  
Wait--!  
(Stephanie freezes)  
Can I squish your face?

STEPHANIE  
(deadpan like Reed)  
If you must.

Reed lovingly squishes Stephanie's face with her hands and kisses her on the cheek. Stephanie looks at Michelle, then playfully heavenward, then exits.

REED  
(calls after her)  
Stop at every corner even if there  
isn't a stop sign! Drunk people  
speed through side streets!

Reed stares longingly after Stephanie; her daughter is her life... Reed's eyes suddenly fall onto a banana peel sticker on the kitchen counter. Michelle sees.

MICHELLE

(playful)

Don't go to def-con ten.

(off Reed's no nonsense  
expression, playful)

I'm late for work.

They hug. Michelle whispers something into Reed's ear that we don't hear. Reed nods and Michelle exits.

Reed turns and stares at the sticker as her eyes fall onto a photo on the shelf above it...

INSERT PHOTO: Reed and her husband Jared on their honeymoon. Jared is handsome, with six pack abs and long hair.

Reed lowers the photo to reveal...

...JARED, standing in the doorway; unshaven, bald, his stomach draped over his boxers.

Reed peels the banana sticker off the counter, takes one exaggerated step to her left and throws the sticker into a trash can.

REED

You know what that banana sticker means? You don't care. No matter how many times I've asked you not to leave these here and I know you didn't leave it on the counter on purpose, Jared. Because if you had, at least I'd know you were being inconsiderate on purpose; rather than just...oblivious... It's not the end of the world to throw this out, but had you done it, it would be one less thing I have to do in the course of my day. And for me, one less thing to do is like a flippin' vacation in Hawaii. That's what that banana sticker means, Jared.

Jared, turns and exits, unfazed, used to this.

JARED

I'm goin' back to bed.

REED  
 (calls after him)  
 I heard they're looking for a  
 plumber at that new construction  
 site--  
 (no response)  
 On Sheridan Road.

Still no response. Reed remains at the sink, and exhales.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - THAT DAY

The outer office area is empty. The only person working today is **BRAD**, Keaton's husband of one year. He sits in his office, looking miserable as...

...Keaton enters, wearing jeans and t-shirt, carrying a picnic basket.

BRAD  
 (brightening)  
 Hey, sweetie, what are you--?

Keaton rests the picnic basket on Brad's desk.

KEATON  
 I felt bad you had to work.

BRAD  
 I hate tax season...

KEATON  
 (opens picnic basket)  
 So I thought we'd have a picnic.

BRAD  
 (re: all the files on his  
 desk)  
 Marilyn's on pregnancy leave; I  
 have to file her client's taxes  
 too...

KEATON  
 I brought *all* your favorite  
 foods...

As Keaton reveals what is really inside the picnic basket as she pulls out: a red lace thong...black garter belt...stiletto heels...as we...

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Keaton's stilettos SLAM against the wall as Brad slides her onto his desk, kissing her feverishly. Keaton screams in ecstasy, louder, LOUDER, obviously loud as Brad stops her:

BRAD  
(gingerly, sweetly)  
Um, honey...you're faking.

Keaton stops abruptly in mid-orgasmic-scream.

KEATON  
Okay, but I was really close this time. Close is good.

BRAD  
(tries to hide his disappointment)  
It is...but...it's not going to happen?

Guilty, Keaton hikes her thighs back high up around his waist.

KEATON  
(lovingly)  
No, but you can finish, cowboy-- Go for it--  
(she fakes a scream of ecstasy)  
Nail me to the wall--  
(another fake orgasmic yell)  
Knock it outta the park, lover--

She goes to fake scream once more, but he lovingly cups her mouth with his hand.

BRAD  
This isn't one-sided...  
(a little embarrassed)  
I'd just like to think I have some ability to...  
(low voice)  
Satisfy my wife.

KEATON  
(almost ashamed)  
You're not doing anything wrong, Brad. It's me. I just-- Can't-- That's why I thought maybe this impromptu picnic thing would... I read about it in a magazine...  
(MORE)

KEATON (CONT'D)  
 (worried, dejected)  
 This is what happens when you marry  
 a virgin...

BRAD  
 (stops her, lovingly)  
 I married my soul mate.

He looks at her, frustrated, but patient.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, Keaton. We'll figure it  
 out.

He leads her out. She follows him as it dawns on her?

KEATON  
 (sincere)  
 Maybe we *should* try those super  
 hero costumes...

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - BULLPEN

An open bullpen; youthful volunteers man the phones; a Female Volunteer stands on a ladder drilling into the ceiling.

**ALYSE** sits in a waiting area. Michelle exits her office, balancing a cup of coffee and some papers.

MICHELLE  
 (over the noise)  
 Alyse?

ALYSE  
 (looks up, nervous)  
 Yes.

MICHELLE  
 (warmly)  
 I'm Michelle--

A panel from the ceiling suddenly collapses to the floor in pieces right behind them. Michelle doesn't flinch. The volunteers jokingly applaud as the deafening drilling continues...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 (has to yell)  
 Welcome to non-profit. There's a  
 cafe downstairs...



EXT. SMALL CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle and Alyse take seats at a table. Alyse appears uncomfortable, anxious.

MICHELLE

We appreciate you reaching out to us; we're always in need of volunteers--

(stops, looking at her)

I'm sorry, you look familiar.

ALYSE

I used to teach at the ballet school in Davenport...mostly kids--

MICHELLE

(not ringing any bells)

I don't have kids but-- Huh-- Well, let me give you the quick version of what I do. Ten years ago my husband was diagnosed with a rare form of lymphoma. There was a lot of information on the internet, but it was hell to weed through it. So I started an organization that makes it easier for patients and their families to find whatever they need...

(strains to remember)

It's driving me crazy; I've seen you--

ALYSE

I was a patient...when Wil was in the hospital.

MICHELLE

(surprised)

Oh--

ALYSE

I've been in remission...until a few weeks ago.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry.

ALYSE

I'm on a new treatment, but it isn't working. I'm waiting to get on a new trial in Texas.

MICHELLE  
(heartfelt)  
I know about the program in Texas,  
if you need me to--

ALYSE  
I didn't come here to talk about  
your work.  
(catching her breath)  
I came to meet you.

MICHELLE  
(confused)  
Okay--

ALYSE  
(barely audible)  
I'm sorry...

MICHELLE  
I'm not understanding--

ALYSE  
I've been...involved...with your  
husband.

MICHELLE  
I'm sorry-- You work with Wil?

ALYSE  
Not that kind of "involved".

MICHELLE  
(she's heard this before)  
The other kind of "involved?"

ALYSE  
Yes.

Michelle stares at Alyse for a moment, assessing the  
situation. Then composed...

MICHELLE  
No.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO:**

EXT. SMALL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Alyse is completely flustered by Michelle's response, (this top part is to be played for a bit of humor.)

MICHELLE

(patient, sympathetic)  
So, you feel like you're having an affair with my husband?

ALYSE

(confused)  
I am having an--

MICHELLE

No. You're not.

ALYSE

(unsure what to say)  
But--

MICHELLE

You're one of my husband's students.

ALYSE

(flustered)  
No! Yes! I did take one of his--!

MICHELLE

"17th Century Romantic Literature?"  
"American Romanticism?"

ALYSE

"Victorian Literature..."

MICHELLE

"And the Romantic Hero." It's a good class. He gave you an "A?"

ALYSE

Minus...

MICHELLE

And a hard class--

ALYSE

I'm sorry, but I--

MICHELLE

(starting out soft)  
Alyse?

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(she nods)

You're not the first student who's misinterpreted my husband's devotion to teaching. He is a very caring, involved professor and a big flirt. A lot of women..

(remembers with fondness)

and one lovely young man have all thought--

ALYSE

I met Wil at the hospital...you were pregnant...

This is the first time something strikes a nerve in Michelle. Though she stifles a reaction, it is the first time she begins to consider there is something different about "this one."

MICHELLE

Who--? What do you want?

ALYSE

I need to tell you something--

MICHELLE

(trying to piece this together)

Actually, I need to tell you something--

Michelle's cell RINGS. She ignores it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(refusing to believe this)

My husband would never--

(composing herself)

Whatever you're thinking, let me assure you--

Michelle's cell keeps RINGING as Michelle glances at it, then looks up at Alyse.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

Michelle turns, starts to walk away, then stops and walks back to Alyse.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

One of my husband's students was so confused; she stalked him.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It got so out of control that he had to get a restraining order against her.

Alyse hands Michelle a piece of paper.

ALYSE

This is where you can reach me until Monday...then I leave for Texas.

Alyse exits, walking away...

...Michelle, turns, walks away, reaches into her purse to get her keys, drops them as she looks at her hands and they are shaking.

EXT. JESSIE AND DAN'S BACKYARD - THAT DAY

Jessie and Dan exit their dusty minivan parked in the driveway just off the street. Dan SLAMS the door to the van shut but...it swings open. He slams it again and again, HARDER to get it to stay shut.

JESSIE

(in between slams)  
You're mad?

DAN

I'm not mad.

JESSIE

I need you to be mad, so I don't feel guilty.

DAN

Okay, I'm mad.

JESSIE

How can you be mad?

DAN

(used to her sense of humor)

Jess--

JESSIE

I'm running into the office to get one deposition. My client is flying in from Japan.

DAN

It is Sunday, Jess.

JESSIE  
Not in Japan.

DAN  
(walking away)  
Go. Fine. Go. I'm going to finish  
the clothing drive...

JESSIE  
I will be home in time to help.

Dan stops and looks at her knowingly.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Yes, sometimes I have had to work a  
little longer than I say I will...  
(genuine)  
Dan, I go in today; I get brownie  
points. I make partner--

DAN  
And work even longer hours.

JESSIE  
(defending her reason)  
And give us a chance to do  
everything we've ever dreamed of  
for the church.

DAN  
Jess, this isn't about that. It's  
about spending time at home with my  
wife. I miss you.

Dan continues walking away, leaving Jessie behind.

JESSIE  
(guilty, with humor)  
What a terrible thing to say!

Dan keeps walking. Jessie stands on the sidewalk; desperate,  
she YELLS after him:

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Dan...? Honey...? Sweetie...?  
(what the hell, YELLS)  
I'm not wearing any panties,  
Pastor!

As an Elderly Woman passes in front of Jessie on the  
sidewalk.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (hides her embarrassment)  
 Good morning, Mrs. Nagan.

Jessie, red-faced, turns to her minivan and struggles to open the stuck door as we cut to...

EXT. B-SATELLITE RADIO STATION - THAT DAY

A tiny local radio station on the Loop.

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Camera pans a cramped station that reeks of local radio as we hear:

SEXY FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 (a sultry, smoking voice)  
 Tell me something...shocking...?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Reed, wearing no make-up, worn sweats and baseball cap, blowing her red, runny nose silently into a Kleenex, is the person behind the sexy voice.

As the radio host of a small, local call-in talk show, Reed sits behind a glass partition, under headphones. Her show is a simple format; Reed asks questions about whatever is on her mind; people call in and respond.

REED  
 (into mic, sexy voice)  
 I want to hear from someone out there who's doing something I've never done, heard of, swallowed or smoked. And I warn you, I've swallowed, smoked and done everything.

Reed presses a line for a caller as Michelle's voice suddenly comes over the radio.

MICHELLE'S VOICE  
 Call me later.

Reed smiles.

REED  
 Right. We'll go a caller who really can shock me...right after this message. This is your host "The Siren," you're on WLSN 590 Talk Radio...

Reed rips off her headphones and SNEEZES into a Kleenex.

REED (CONT'D)  
 (her normal non-sexy  
 voice)  
 It's freezing in here! Management  
 can't spring for a space heater?

The station manager, **Del, 25**, sticks her head into Reed's booth. Del is super ambitious.

DEL  
 Hey, that guy-- The one with the  
 hot voice just called in again.

REED  
 (passing it off)  
 I remember him...  
 (thinking)  
 His voice does have a certain  
 sizzle--

DEL  
 (playful)  
 That makes me wet.

REED  
 T.M.I. What line is he on?

DEL  
 Three. Flirt with him. It's good  
 for ratings...and my future  
 promotion...

Reed abruptly returns to her steamy radio voice:

REED  
 You're on WLSN 590 Talk Radio. I'm  
 "The Siren" and I deeply hope  
 someone out there has something  
 scandalous to tell me. Let's see  
 who's on line... Three. Talk to me.

A MAN'S VOICE comes over the radio; it's smooth, lusty patter drips with an arousing confidence.

HOT MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Hello Siren.

REED  
 (playful, flirting)  
 Mmmmmmm, for all you ladies out  
 there, we're on with a caller who  
 has a voice better than anything  
 that requires D-batteries. So,  
 shock the Siren.



HOT MALE VOICE  
I'm having phone sex--

REED  
(yawns)  
Ho-hum--

HOT MALE VOICE  
With a woman I've never met.

REED  
Less ho-hum--

HOT MALE VOICE  
But I know everything about  
her...from her voice.

Reed looks through the glass partition at Del, who is enthusiastically gesturing for her to get into it with him.

REED  
So you're a voice reader...I prefer  
body language, it reads so much...  
louder...the way a man moves...runs  
his hand up his chest...undoes his  
tie...

As we cut quickly to a close up of what looks like the interior of a very expensive Mercedes Town Car, and move in on a man's well-manicured hand as it reaches up and loosens his tie... A hint of perspiration drips down the vein in his neck...

REED (CONT'D)  
...the way he crosses his  
thighs...tight...then  
tighter...tells me everything I  
need to know. But a mysterious...  
voracious voice can lie...

HOT MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
(romantic)  
Hers doesn't. Her's is  
irresistible...sweet...but sad.  
And behind the sadness is a soft,  
vulnerable woman...hiding, waiting  
to be caressed, but held tight...a  
woman who doesn't want to be told  
how deeply sexy she is...but  
shown...

REED

Hold that thought. We're talking to the "Voice reader" and we'll be right back after this message; you're on WLSN 590...

Reed pulls off her headphones.

DEL

That was hot.

REED

(feigns nonchalance)  
Whatever...

But as Reed rises...

...her KNEES BUCKLE from underneath her as she steadies herself, embarrassed, making sure no one noticed.

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - THAT DAY

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN

Michelle sits alone at the kitchen table, stirring a cup of tea, staring out, lost in thought. Unconsciously she keeps stirring her tea cup with a spoon, unaware, until she accidentally spills the cup and the steaming hot tea spills into her lap. Though it hurts...she doesn't move just as...

Wil bursts in, full of energy, talking non-stop.

WIL

(glances behind him)  
Prepare yourself--

MICHELLE

Wil I've been trying to reach you all day--

WIL

(interrupts her)  
I'm sorry, I haven't had a minute--

MICHELLE

(cuts him off)  
One of your students--

WIL

(cuts her off; very low voice)  
Sweetie, my mother decided to take an earlier flight--

MICHELLE  
 (can't hear him)  
 What--?

Suddenly, Wil's mother, **Alexandra, 60**, and his entire family (three brothers and their three wives) explode through the kitchen door. Everyone talks over each other, hugging Michelle. It's warm family chaos. Alexandra has her arms wide open to hug Michelle. Everyone ad-libs over each other: "Oh my goodness, Michelle!" "Sweetheart, you look wonderful...!" Etc...

WIL  
 (tries to yell over the  
 whole group to Michelle)  
 And so did the whole family.

CLOSE ON MICHELLE

She hugs Wil's family and talks to them, but slowly looks over at Wil...across the room. He laughs with his family; animated, talking. Michelle watches him as the image almost plays before her eyes in slow motion and she wonders if this is a man she knows everything about.

EXT. CITY SHOTS - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

We visually establish Jessie works in a city (TBD) that is a stark difference from the quaint, university town she lives in.

EXT. JESSIE'S LAW FIRM - THAT DAY

A high rise glass building. Jessie escorts an **Asian Man, 50**, to a waiting Limo parked in front of the firm. Jessie's assistant, **CLAY (previously Fernando)**, is at her side. A Driver opens the door for Jessie's client.

JESSIE  
 I am confident they will come to us  
 to settle this quickly, Mr. Nara.  
 (re: Fernando)  
 My assistant, Clay, will have the  
 transcripts waiting for you when  
 you get off the plane.  
 (in broken, but practiced  
 Japanese)  
 Have a safe trip, Mr. Nara. I will  
 call you Monday morning.

Jessie bows respectfully as the limo drives off and...Jessie exhales; revealing how nervous she really was.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

God I hope I said that right.  
Thank you for coming in on a  
Sunday, Clay. One more favor  
please, I need to get a copy of the  
McKaren discovery...

CLAY

You need to decide where you're  
having dinner with Millicent  
Hamilton Tuesday night.

JESSIE

(realizing)

Right. Sh--! I told Dan I wouldn't  
do dinners anymore. You have to  
reschedule.

CLAY

Of course.

JESSIE

(resolute)

That's all there is too it!

CLAY

No problem, I'm sure the firm's  
most prestigious client will change  
her international schedule.

JESSIE

(miserable)

And where am I taking her to  
dinner?

Clay follows Jessie to her dusty minivan parked by the curb.  
She struggles to pull her stuck-door open.

CLAY

She wants go to Phd.

JESSIE

Phd? The club on--? The hottest-- I  
don't go to places like Phd.

CLAY

Why not?

JESSIE

I can't get in.

Jessie finally braces one foot up to the side of the minivan  
to help her pry it open just as...

...a **Female Co-Worker** pulls up in a sleek, sexy, silver Mercedes SLS convertible. She steps out, dressed head-to-toe in designer clothing. She smiles at Jessie.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (her foot still up to her  
 van, tries to act  
 casually)  
 Hey, Althea.

Jessie eyes the woman with a hint of jealousy as her door suddenly flings open. Jessie looks over at the sleek, sexy Mercedes, then she looks at Clay and declares:

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (defending her minivan)  
 Okay, I know the partners would  
 love for me to stop driving clients  
 in this.

CLAY  
 (deadpan sarcasm)  
 Heaven's why?

JESSIE  
 I know it's not sexy and sleek  
 and...  
 (looks longingly at the  
 Mercedes)  
 So sexy...  
 (still struggling to pry  
 open the door)  
 But *this* mother delivers meals to  
 the elderly, books to elementary  
 schools and clothing to shelters.  
 It also has no suspension, a broken  
 turn signal and this is the first  
 place I did it with my husband!

Just as her co-worker passes back, overhearing that last part.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (embarrassed)  
 Have a nice day Althea.  
 (aside to Clay, irked)  
 Why does this keeps happening to  
 me!

INT. PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - LATER THAT DAY

Music (TBD) BLASTS over the PA system of the dealership.

Jessie sits behind the driver's seat of a convertible black Porsche. Keaton sits in the passenger's seat next to her.

JESSIE  
I can not drive a 911 Turbo S  
Cabriolet porsche.

KEATON  
Because your husband's a minister?

JESSIE  
(stares at dash)  
Because I have no idea how to turn  
it on.

Keaton reaches over her and presses a button. The engine HUMS.

KEATON  
Listen. Do you know what that sound  
is?

JESSIE  
(reads sticker on the  
window)  
500 horse power?

KEATON  
Success.

JESSIE  
Let's not get carried away--  
(listens to the engine)  
Is that...purring?  
(back to reality)  
This was nice, now can we go to the  
Audi dealership?

KEATON  
Didn't your boss tell you to eighty-  
six the crappy van?

JESSIE  
(irked)  
She did intimate there is a more  
"appropriate" mode of  
transportation for our clientele.  
But an Audi--

KEATON  
Isn't one of these, stunning,  
intoxicating...

JESSIE  
(overlapping, re: her  
boss)  
My boss is a pretentious, flashy--  
(feels the leather)  
The leather feels like clouds.

KEATON  
(re: the porsche)  
And you're going to need a new  
purse to go with it. Sans the ink  
spots.

JESSIE  
(lets her head fall  
against the wheel)  
What am I thinking, Keaton?

KEATON  
You're thinking about your future.  
You're thinking about being the  
lawyer you've worked your ass off  
to become.

JESSIE  
Okay, but that lawyer isn't the  
unassuming pro bono lawyer Dan  
married five years ago.

KEATON  
But it is who's she's becoming.  
It's called growing up. I look  
forward to doing it myself some  
day.

Miserable, Jessie lets her head fall onto Keaton's shoulder.

JESSIE  
(beat, secret confession)  
I never dreamed I would be able to  
buy something like this...by  
myself...but I can.

KEATON  
Is it scary?

JESSIE  
Yeah.

KEATON  
Cool.

JESSIE  
How am I going to tell Dan?

KEATON  
Don't. Keep the car in the city.

JESSIE  
I'm not going to lie to Dan.

KEATON  
It's not a lie.

JESSIE  
Okay, then it's a secret.

KEATON  
(almost to herself)  
All good marriages have secrets.

Jessie slowly grins and flips down the sunglasses on her head. Keaton flips down her sunglasses too as they bob their heads to the music and we cut to...

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Michelle lies in a bath tub filled with bubbles, silent. She stares at the bubbles, she makes a little castle out of them. She bends down and looks at it, as if trying to look inside the castle...then suddenly her hand comes down on it.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Michelle enters, wrapped in a towel. She looks up surprised to see...

...a path of rose petals on the floor lead up to her bed to a flurry of pedals surrounds a beautifully bound, huge leather album, nestled on a silk white bedspread.

On the front of the album are the words: "Our life."

WIL'S VOICE (O.C.)  
(from behind her)  
I vowed I'd write the next great  
American novel-- Or a lousy one.

Michelle turns as Wil sits on the bed next to her.

WIL  
(re: album)  
But this is a better story. I've  
been working on it since the day we  
got married. It's-- Stuff I've been  
keeping, letters--

Michelle opens the album to a random page and GASPS.



MICHELLE

I can't believe you kept that...

Michelle gently flips through the pages, almost unable to breathe.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

This is...

WIL

Ten years. You're my life.

Michelle holds back tears.

MICHELLE

(barely audible)

Wil...

He hugs her tight. She stares out and reveals a hint of concern in her expression, then buries her head into his shoulder.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE:**

INT. COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

Reed, Jessie and Keaton fawn over the album Wil made for Michelle. She sits across from them. They talk over each other:

KEATON  
This is the most romantic--

JESSIE  
(turns a page)  
This is amazing, Michelle--

MICHELLE  
(re: the album, lovingly,  
a hint of sadness)  
It is.

They all look at Michelle. Reed is conspicuously silent.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
She said she was in the hospital  
when Wil was...  
(strains to remember)  
I don't remember her...

KEATON  
Because I'm sure she's lying.

MICHELLE  
(lost in thought, stares  
at note Alyse gave her)  
She's leaving for Texas...

JESSIE  
Look, this isn't the first student  
to go a little psycho over Wil.

Michelle looks at Reed, who is still silent. Finally:

MICHELLE  
(to Reed)  
What??

Reed looks up at Michelle and in her usual deadpan manner responds:

REED  
You need to tell Wil.

Michelle's eyes meet Reed's. There is something unspoken between them...something only we are able to see between Michelle and Reed. A secret even Jessie and Keaton don't catch onto.

REED (CONT'D)  
 (to a passing waitress,  
 re: her empty wine glass)  
 Another red.  
 (whips around to Keaton)  
 Not a word.

MICHELLE  
 (lost in thought)  
 I should get home; Wil's family's  
 waiting for me. I told them I had  
 to meet you because Reed was having  
 a crisis.

REED  
 Credible.

Michelle doesn't move. She just sits there. Silent for a beat, then:

MICHELLE  
 Remember when Suzie Burke's husband  
 was cheating on her and we all  
 knew...everyone knew.  
 (beat)  
 For god's sake, she knew...but she  
 never told him.  
 (looks at them)  
 I kept thinking, what is wrong with  
 her? Why the hell isn't she saying  
 something to him!

Michelle is silent; she stares down, pensive.

REED  
 (to Keaton, re: her empty  
 wine glass)  
 One more?

KEATON  
 Then I drive.

Reed signals for the waitress as they sit in silence with Michelle...

INT. JESSIE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

A line of clothing strewn across the floor leads to...Jessie and Dan, naked; he rolls off of her, drenched. He holds her in his arms, both are breathless.

JESSIE

Well, we know that's not in the bible...

Dan laughs and kisses her. Jessie strains to sit up, wincing in pain as we pull back to reveal...

...they had sex on the kitchen table.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I always thought doing something like this would hurt...

(tries to straighten up)

It does.

DAN

(winces as he sits up)

I'm glad you're not going in today.

JESSIE

I'm entitled to an occasional fake sick day.

(looks at him, lovingly)

And I wanted to be home, because I have that dinner tonight.

She looks at all the boxes in her kitchen, filled with clothing for the Church's charity drive.

DAN

We have to get those in the van. And I still have to fix the lights in the back office.

JESSIE

I still have to finish the laundry. Which means I have to start it.

(looks at Dan)

You know what would be nice; don't flip out on me, but what if we paid someone to help us.

(before Dan can protest)

So we can have more time to do what we just did!

DAN

It costs money to pay someone.

JESSIE

(gingerly)

We can afford it, Dan.

(Dan is silent)

Honey, aren't you tired of guilt-ing members into volunteering? Though I am good at it.

(Dan is pensive)

I know your parents did it all by themselves, but the church was so much smaller.

Jessie observes Dan, realizing he's debating saying "Yes."

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Mary and Joseph you're considering it, aren't you?

DAN

Our church *was* a lot smaller when my parents were running it--

JESSIE

I love you!

DAN

Hang on, I'd have to find someone I trust to help us--

JESSIE

I love you!

DAN

But...it would be nice to have an extra hand around here...

JESSIE

(testing the waters)

And you know, while we're on the subject of life improvements... maybe we could think about, I don't know, getting a car with a door you don't have to kick open!

DAN

(playful sarcasm)

Yeah. Why don't you go get yourself an Audi. Half our congregation can't pay their heating bills and we'll drive one of those! Ha!

Amused, Dan rises, exiting to get dressed.

JESSIE  
 (guilty, calls after him)  
 Right. Ha!

DAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
 (calls out)  
 Do you need the van for work  
 tonight?

JESSIE  
 (quickly calls back)  
 No! I'll take the train into the  
 city...

Jessie unconsciously hums the tune of the song we heard in  
 the porsche dealership...

EXT. REED'S CAR - THAT NIGHT

She throws a bag of groceries into the back seat and stares  
 out the windshield. Her cell rings. She stares at it, reading  
 who the caller is. She hesitates. It keeps ringing...she  
 ignores it until finally she answers it.

REED  
 (almost pleading)  
 And you have to stop calling into  
 the show...

Over her cell's speaker, we hear the hot VOICE of the man who  
 called into Reed's radio show earlier.

HOT MALE VOICE  
 You haven't returned one of my  
 calls.

REED  
 (trying not to sound  
 interested)  
 Because this isn't right. I don't  
 know how we got into this, but...we  
 have to stop...I don't even know  
 your name--

HOT MALE VOICE  
 Do you want to?

Reed stares out and whispers back:

REED  
 No.

HOT MALE VOICE  
I don't want to stop talking to  
you.

REED  
(beat)  
Neither do I...

Reed lays back in her seat, a bead of sweat drips down her neck, disappearing under her shirt. She tries to catch it with her hand.

REED (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
I don't want to stop...

HOT MALE VOICE  
(seductive)  
What do you want?

She begins to breathe heavier...

HOT MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to know what I think  
about doing to you...? How I  
imagine you look...? Feel...

REED  
(growing aroused)  
Tell me...

Reed leans back further into her seat, into the shadows of her car as her hand runs down her blouse, disappearing out of frame as we cut to...

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Michelle is in the midst of Wil's huge, loving family. They're all putting on their jackets, getting ready to go out to dinner, ad-libbing.

Throughout Michelle seems preoccupied, anxious as...

Wil enters from the front door. He looks tired and a little stressed. He throws his briefcase on the couch and wraps his arm around Michelle, hugging her tight.

MICHELLE  
(trying not to appear too  
tense)  
You're a little late, I wanted to--

WIL  
 (cuts her off)  
 I think I may have actually gotten  
 one of my students to actually look  
 up from his Facebook and  
 listen...but I'm not sure--

MICHELLE  
 Wil--

WIL  
 So...I have something I have to  
 tell you.

MICHELLE  
 (a little flustered)  
 Ah, okay, me too--

WIL  
 After they turned me down for  
 tenure--

MICHELLE  
 (momentarily lost into an  
 old conversation)  
 Wil--

WIL  
 (overlapping)  
 I didn't tell you, but I decided to  
 send out a few resumes--

MICHELLE  
 (mildly anxious to get to  
 what she has to say)  
 They *will* give you tenure--

WIL  
 I got an offer from another  
 university today...  
 (his excitement a bit  
 forced)  
 To become the head of the English  
 Department.

MICHELLE  
 (stunned)  
 Wow...  
 (then attempts to give the  
 proper response)  
 That's wonderful--

WIL  
 Baylor University.



Upon hearing the news, Wil's mother and other family members react ad-libbing: "Congratulations!" "Head of the English Department!" "That's wonderful, son!"

Michelle stands there, trying to remember:

MICHELLE  
Baylor University? That's in...

WIL  
(in between responding to  
his family)  
Texas...

Michelle freezes as everyone surrounds Wil, ad-libbing excitement...

WIL (CONT'D)  
(over the noise)  
I know...I'm still sort of in  
shock. But we have a seven o'clock  
reservation and I could use some  
food and a lot of drinks...

Wil ushers everyone out the front door. He looks back at Michelle, who remains frozen.

WIL (CONT'D)  
Michelle--?

Michelle stares at him, still frozen.

MICHELLE  
(white as a sheet)  
Wil...

She is about to say more, but Wil gets swept up in the mass of bodies enthusiastically leading him out the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
(suddenly calls after Wil)  
I forgot to call the hotel about--  
I'll meet you over there.

As Wil ad-libs "I love you..." and exits, closing the front door, just as...

...Michelle darts to a cabinet and starts frantically pulling out photo albums. She looks voraciously for one in particular, finds it, then searches desperately through the pages...

INSERT - PHOTOS

A series of shots of Wil and Michelle, fifteen years ago in the hospital when Wil had cancer:

- Wil in his hospital room, hooked up to tubes, with Michelle proudly at his side, while a Hospital Priest marries them...

- Wil and Michelle kissing after their wedding...

- A banner strung across the wall, "Congratulations Wil on your remission." Pan down the photo to see underneath the banner... Wil in a wheelchair, smiling for the camera. Michelle at his side. Wil is flanked by Nurses, doctors and a patient with a bandana covering her bald scalp...

...it is Alyse.

Michelle sits back from staring at the photo. She takes a breath, then something hits her as she suddenly lifts the photo back up to examine it more closely...

INSERT PHOTO

Michelle stands on one side of Wil, who is in a wheel chair, while...

...Alyse stands on the other side...

...And if you very carefully you can see that one of Alyse's fingers is holding one of Wil's fingers down along the side of the wheelchair.

RESUME - Michelle looks up, as if she's just been kicked in the stomach.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR:**

INT. CAFE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Michelle enters and walks to the back of the cafe, talking on her cell.

MICHELLE

(into cell)

Wil, I'm not going to be able to catch up with you guys...I just have to address one last detail about the wedding...

(listening, tightens)

I love you, too, Wil.

Michelle SNAPS her cell shut, her smile abruptly fades, her eyes narrow as she sits down across from Alyse. Michelle stares at Alyse; every muscle in her face turning to stone.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(composed rage)

How long?

ALYSE

(too scared not to answer)

Ten years.

Michelle strains to stifle a reaction. It takes her a moment to be able to continue.

MICHELLE

I assume Wil has no idea you--

ALYSE

Wil would never speak to me again if he found out I came to you. He never wanted you to get hurt--

MICHELLE

(cuts her off)

Why now?

ALYSE

My doctors think I have six months...maybe.

MICHELLE

(with venom)

So you've come for absolution?

ALYSE

I came...for her.

Alyse runs her hand gently over her shirt, revealing...  
 ...a pregnant belly.

INT. KEATON'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Brad comes out of the bathroom, drying his hair with a towel.

BRAD  
 Did you feed the cat?

Keaton sits on the bed, holding a book in her arms.

KEATON  
 Yes.  
 (a bit shy)  
 I had a thought...about something  
 that we might try that's...

BRAD  
 (casually goes back into  
 the bathroom)  
 Talk loud, I have to shave--

KEATON  
 Erotic--

Brad suddenly bolts back out of the bathroom and jumps playfully onto the bed next to her. Keaton presents the book she's holding.

KEATON (CONT'D)  
 Okay, ah-- A lot of women are  
 reading this-- It's about a man who  
 does all these-- Things to this  
 woman-- Sexual things-- With like--  
 Ropes and--

BRAD  
 I'm in!

KEATON  
 I'm trying to be serious, Brad. And  
 I was thinking-- You know how in  
 "Julie and Julia" Julie went  
 through Julia's book and made one  
 recipe every day--?

MONTAGE to MUSIC

We'll use an upbeat love song to humorously juxtaposition against what Keaton and Brad are reading, which is obviously "Fifty Shades of Grey." As we come up on:

- Keaton's expression of utter disgust and disbelief, along side Brad's expression of shock...as she reads aloud...

- Camera starts on Keaton, her nose in the book, she is so mortified, she actually has to cover one eye while reading...

KEATON (CONT'D)

In what universe is that sexy??

As CAMERA TRAVELS to Brad, who is clearly aroused by what they're reading...

- Keaton and Brad; their noses in the book together:

KEATON (CONT'D)

(points to one page)

'Kay, I would do that, but without that...

(points to another page)

Or that...and that...

(turns to another page)

And that.

- Keaton and Brad exhausted from reading, fall backwards on their bed and stare at the ceiling.

BRAD

I knew a guy in college who did page 152.

- Keaton sits up, pondering.

KEATON

(slowly becoming aroused)

It's his attitude. How he-- Takes her and-- And-- And really TAKES her!

Keaton suddenly finds herself kissing Brad. He suddenly throws her over and jumps on top of her. She kisses him like she's never done before, biting her lip...

KEATON (CONT'D)

And um... You can take me even...harder...

EXT. "PHD" NIGHT CLUB - THAT NIGHT

A pair of Jimmy Choo six inch heels smashes onto the pavement...

Camera pans up a bare, spray-tanned leg...

A tight slit up the side of a jet black, Cynthia Rowley silk skirt...

As we reveal Jessie transformed as she steps out of her new Porsche. As...

...**Millicent, 40**, an international banker who was probably a lot prettier before all the obvious surgical enhancements, steps out of the passenger seat, and Clay jumps out from the back seat. Clay goes to talk to a bouncer.

The crowd scene in front of the club is intense; droves of beautiful people wait in line desperately hoping to be picked to walk past the chained purple velvet rope blocking the entrance.

Millicent turns to Jessie, impressed.

MILLICENT

(British accent)

I don't know how you got us in, but I'm impressed.

JESSIE

(yells over crowd noise)

My assistant Clay got us in. He's dating the bouncer. I could never get us into a place like this.

Millicent looks at Jessie and smiles warmly.

MILLICENT

I love your honesty, and that young lady, is why you are the only lawyer in the firm I will work with.

The hulking Bouncer unchains the purple velvet rope for Millicent to enter the club. Jessie turns to Clay.

JESSIE

And *that* is why you will be getting a huge Christmas bonus.

CLAY

In July?

JESSIE

We'll talk.

The immense Bouncer unchains the purple velvet rope for Jessie and Clay to enter through a path of strobe lights, pulsating to the beat of the music coming from inside.

Jessie suddenly stops before entering into the light.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I don't do things like this. I'm  
the girl who never got invited to  
parties, or went to clubs.

CLAY

You're talking to the only queer at  
O.E. Dunkle High School in Dearborn  
Michigan.

Clay holds out his hand for Jessie to take; she takes it as  
he leads her into the blazing white strobe right past...

...perfect-pretty Deb Williamson (from the first church scene  
in act one) standing in line.

DEB

(raising one eyebrow, to  
herself  
Huh, the Pastor's wife.

Deb slowly grins...

INT. REED'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Reed wraps a robe around herself and crosses quickly through  
the dark, empty kitchen. She opens the back door to reveal...

...Keaton, standing in the cold, shivering, with a giant  
HICKEY on her neck.

REED

(deadpan; re: Keaton's  
giant hickey)  
*That* might qualify for Guinness.

KEATON

(guilty, confused)  
I did something bad.

REED

Then you've come to the right  
place.

Reed guides her inside as we cut to...

INT. CAFE - THAT NIGHT

A Waiter brings Michelle a glass of wine. Michelle sits  
across from Alyse.

MICHELLE  
So, we're moving to Texas for you?

ALYSE  
The treatment won't help...but it  
should get me through..

Michelle pours herself another glass of wine from the bottle  
on the table.

MICHELLE  
I know what you have...I work with  
patients who...  
(not wanting to feel for  
her)  
I know how much pain you're in...

ALYSE  
The only thing that matters is  
her...

Alyse touches her stomach. Michelle downs her entire glass of  
wine.

MICHELLE  
It's a girl?

ALYSE  
Wil won't talk to me about-- He  
won't--

Michelle can barely breathe.

MICHELLE  
What do you want from me?

ALYSE  
Please don't punish her...

After a long pause, Michelle looks up at Alyse.

MICHELLE  
I lost a baby...  
(realizing Wil must have  
told her)  
But um...I guess you probably knew  
that...  
(Alyse nods quietly)  
Wil was in the hospital; the  
doctors were not encouraging... My  
husband was dying, that's all I  
knew... I didn't take care of  
myself. I didn't think about the  
baby...it was my fault.



Michelle looks up at Alyse. Alyse is breathless, realizing...

ALYSE

Will you take her?

Michelle doesn't respond as we...

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE:**

INT. REED'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Reed pours Keaton a glass of wine, and then one for herself.

REED  
(no big deal)  
So, you got a little kinky--

KEATON  
(mortified)  
I'm a deviant...I'm sick...!

REED  
Oh please, a lot of women like it  
rough--

KEATON  
...a sexual outlaw...

REED  
(laughs)  
Keaton, it's not a horrible thing.

KEATON  
To you! But you had orgies in  
college!

REED  
I told you about that?

KEATON  
You were under the influence.

Keaton buries her face into her hands, embarrassed. Reed  
touches Keaton's shoulder warmly.

KEATON (CONT'D)  
(guilty)  
I'm a perv.

REED  
(deadpan sarcasm)  
And I'm the poster child for  
healthy sex...  
(lowers her voice)  
...getting off in the front seat of  
my Hyundai to a nameless, faceless  
voice.

KEATON  
(looks up, surprised)  
You talked to him again?

REED  
 (whispers)  
 I thought I could stop. But his  
 voice... Christ, maybe I should  
 find a talking vibrator.

Reed looks at Keaton. She is miserable, worried.

KEATON  
 What we did tonight...was wrong.  
 (confessing)  
 I finally had...one.

REED  
 You've never had an orgasm?!  
 (Keaton shakes her head)  
 Oral, self-inflicted, a boys  
 bike...?  
 (nostalgic)  
 The Kohler Power-Wash Shower Head?

Keaton shakes her head, upset.

REED (CONT'D)  
 Baby, congratulations.

KEATON  
 You don't want to know what he had  
 to do...

She lets her head fall onto the kitchen table.

KEATON (CONT'D)  
 I was fine without every having  
 one. And so was my mother.

REED  
 You talked about orgasms with your  
 mother?

KEATON  
 After my father left, she used to  
 say how happy she was that never  
 had to have...  
 (spells it)  
 S.E.X. again. It gave her  
 migraines.

REED  
 (spelling)  
 S.E.X.?

KEATON

Oh, she'd never say the word aloud.  
 (irked)  
 Fine; it might be why I have some--  
 Issues.

Keaton lets her head fall onto the table again. Reed puts her head onto the table next to and looks at her warmly.

REED

Honey, this is a great thing for  
 you and Brad.

KEATON

It's the book's fault.

REED

There are two more volumes.

KEATON

Brad was so happy that I finally--  
 The he could finally make me--  
 (confesses)  
 And I did feel connected to him in  
 a way I've never felt but...what if  
 there's not a second time? How many  
 times do I get to disappoint  
 him...how far are we going to have  
 to go next time to make it happen??

REED

(intrigued)  
 Exactly what did you do?

KEATON

Page 152.  
 (genuine)  
 I don't know what's wrong with me.  
 I'm totally attracted to Brad. I  
 can't wait for him to touch me.  
 (looks up at Reed)  
 You know?

Reed takes a beat. Then:

REED

No. I can't wait for it to be over.

KEATON

You don't mean that.

REED

Let's be honest, after seventeen years of marriage sex lasts...seven minutes. On a good night.

(grows sad)

And I make every excuse in my head why I shouldn't have to do it. I actually count how many days...weeks it's been...

(stares out, sad)

You set a number for how long you can justify not doing it without feeling guilty... And that number gets longer and longer...

(beat)

And it's only seven minutes.

KEATON

(gingerly)

Did you ever call...?

REED

The shrink? I don't need to spend a hundred-and-seventy-five-dollars to hear we suck as a couple.

(confessing)

There's nothing I can do...until Stephanie graduates. Then...

(deeply sad)

He can have the house. He can have the car. He can have the damn cat. I like the cat.

Reed reaches out as Keaton takes her hand. Reed squeezes it and for the first time, we see a vulnerable side to her.

EXT. THE CHURCH - THE NEXT DAY - THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

The minivan is parked along the side of the church. Dan loads meals for the home bound into the back. Jessie exits the front door of their quaint, one-story house that is next door to the church. She wears her bridesmaid's gown as she approaches Dan.

DAN

You're going to Michelle's?

JESSIE

We're supposed to be there at noon for photos--

A Woman's Voice comes from inside the van:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I rigged another shelf...

Jessie glances quizzically at the minivan as...

DAN  
You haven't met--

Pretty, perfect Deb, sticks her head out from inside the van.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Hon, this is Deb Williamson. I  
hired her yesterday.

Deb wears tight jean shorts and a tank top.

DEB  
(sweet)  
Yes, we've met. It's nice to see  
you.  
(to Dan)  
We are going to be able to fit  
twice as many meals now...

DAN  
(impressed)  
You did it? Great! Thank you.

Dan turns to Jessie and mouths: "She's great. Good idea, Jess!" Jessie nods, agreeing with forced enthusiasm as she takes Dan aside.

JESSIE  
You hired someone? Surprise!

DAN  
Yesterday. Actually I was going to  
surprise you when you got home last  
night... But you got home this  
morning...at four.

JESSIE  
I'm sorry. I took my client to--

Jessie looks over at - Deb, loading meals into the van; the sun sparkling off her tanned, toned body, doing what Jessie would normally be doing.

Jessie turns to Dan and finds herself lying:

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
(hint of guilt)  
A quiet restaurant; we went over  
labor contracts.

Deb suddenly pops her head out of the van:

DEB  
Oh what restaurant?

Jessie looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

JESSIE  
(quickly)  
Alfredo's.

DEB  
I didn't mean to butt in, but I am  
always looking for a quiet spot in  
the city...especially with all  
those wild clubs opening up these  
days.

Deb's eyes meet Jessie's. Jessie forces a smile as Deb turns  
and starts to haul one of the heavy crates into the van.

DAN  
Wait-- Those are heavy--

Dan kisses Jessie, then runs over to Deb.

JESSIE  
I'll see you at the ceremony.

Dan smiles at Jessie as he rushes over to help Deb lift a  
crate.

INT. REED'S KITCHEN - THAT DAY

Reed is in her bridesmaid's dress, rushing through the  
kitchen. She calls out:

REED  
I'm leaving for the wedding, Jared--  
(glances out the window)  
Is it going to rain--?

Jared enters, unshaven, in a robe.

JARED  
Thanks for letting me get outta  
this.

REED  
It's the playoffs...

Jared turns to exit, then stops and shocks Reed:

JARED  
 (holds back emotions)  
 Don't give up on me.

Reed shocked, is speechless for a moment. She nods her head, and is surprised to be holding back tears of her own. He turns and exits the room.

As we DISSOLVE BACK TO...

**"PRESENT TIME..."**

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - PRESENT TIME

As when we left off, it is POURING RAIN. The umbrellas Jessie and Reed dropped, are still on the front lawn...

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - RESUME FROM FIRST SCENE...

We come up on the first scene of the pilot where we left off: Michelle, Reed, Jessie and Keaton in wedding attire, breathless on the floor; they just wrestled the baseball bat from Michelle.

Reed looks at Michelle, and there is that unspoken secret between them.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Silence. The only sound: a CLOCK TICKING. The rain has stopped. Keaton is finishing sweeping up. Jessie and Reed sit on the couch staring at...

...Michelle, who stands framed in the window, her back to them; the long silk train from her wedding gown seems to rest in perfect, flowing waves across the floor.

KEATON  
 (in disbelief, trying to  
 rationalize)  
 I don't believe it. I'm sorry-- Wil  
 would never-- Even if she's really  
 pregnant, there's no way Wil--

Jessie glances at Keaton to stop. All three stare at Michelle, who doesn't respond.

JESSIE  
 (gently)  
 'Shell? You need to talk to him...

Michelle remains at the window. Jessie and Keaton look to Reed to do something. Reed walks up to Michelle.



REED

What do you want to do?

After a beat, Michelle turns, oddly composed.

MICHELLE

(resolute)

We have to go--

JESSIE

(overlapping)

What?

MICHELLE

The ceremony starts in less than an hour.

Jessie and Keaton stare at her in disbelief. Reed seems to understand.

KEATON

(looks to Reed for help)

Reed--

Reed doesn't try to stop Michelle. Michelle grabs her keys off a table and heads towards the door.

JESSIE

Honey, we will take care of everything at the hotel. You come home with me--

KEATON

She can stay with me.

Michelle heads for the front door.

MICHELLE

Our families flew in...they are waiting at the hotel--

(beat)

We can't be late.

JESSIE

We'll handle all of that--

MICHELLE

(tries to compose herself)

Until an hour ago Wil was my husband...he was my life.

Reed looks at Michelle; their eyes meet.

REED

What are you thinking?

Michelle's eyes meet Reed's. Reed nods quietly. Michelle looks at all three of them as they each seem to understand what it is she wants.

MICHELLE

(heartfelt)

Thank you.

As we cut to...

MONTAGE TO MUSIC (TBD)

EXT. HOTEL - THAT AFTERNOON ESTABLISH

INT. BALLROOM

The elegantly decorated room is filled with guests waiting for the wedding ceremony to begin...

A Priest stands at the head of a white train.

Wil talks excitedly among his guests ad-libbing; "The bride is on her way..."

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle and her bridesmaids travel down the hallway in SLOW MOTION with solemn expressions...

EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - PARALLEL TIME

Alyse lies on a table, wearing a white gown, waiting.

INT. BALLROOM

The ceremony has started, MUSIC PLAYS, Wil stands next to the priest, under the canopy, waiting...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BALLROOM DOOR

Reed, Jessie and Keaton look at Michelle. She nods to them. Reluctantly, one-by-one, they open the doors to the ballroom in a processional down the aisle.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - PARALLEL TIME

**Dr. Foo, 40**, walks down a long white corridor; a report in hand.

INT. BALLROOM

The guests rise in anticipation of the bride coming out...

Wil looks up towards the closed doors of the ballroom. And...

...nothing happens.

INT. HOSPITAL TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Foo stands over Alyse. Alyse is sobbing.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The guests remain standing. Wil waits for Michelle to open the ballroom doors. Reed glances at Jessie and Keaton...

...as the doors finally open and Michelle, looking radiant, glides gracefully down the aisle.

Wil looks up at her, tears in his eyes. He reaches out and takes her hand...

INT. HOSPITAL TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyse, emotional, as Dr. Foo gently explains:

DR. FOO

Several patients have had similar experiences where their numbers suddenly changed...

(smiles)

Your numbers are going up. I'm very pleased. We'll keep you on the low dosage until you're ready to deliver...

(touches her pregnant belly)

I think this baby is going to know her mother.

Alyse looks up at him, unable to speak.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

In mid-ceremony, Michelle and Wil face each other.

PRIEST

(joyously)

If anyone can see just cause why these two should not be married...again...

(laughs from the guests)

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Speak now or forever hold your  
peace..

Everyone laughs at such a ridiculous notion. Wil laughs too  
as he turns to Michelle and realizes...

...she isn't laughing. She glances at Reed..

...then Michelle looks up into Wil's loving eyes, and  
suddenly opens her mouth...

...as we abruptly GO TO BLACK and **END ACT FIVE.**