

He's Having An Affair

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LOS ANGELES AREA - NIGHT

Amongst the traffic, we focus on a late model pickup truck, "Wilson and Sons Construction" logo on the door.

RACHEL(V.O.)

So far so good - he's headed the  
right direction.

A few cars behind, a minivan, on its rear window those 'hey we're a family' stick figures: dad, mom, little girl and baby.

DONNA(V.O.)

Told you - but don't get too far  
behind - you don't want to lose  
him.

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

The minivan is being driven by RACHEL WILSON, 30ish, winsome, her cute, expressive face tense with apprehension.

RACHEL

What if I have?

Through minivan's Bluetooth.

DONNA(V.O.)

Suck it up sis and stay with him.  
But don't get too close - you're  
not exactly inconspicuous in that  
thing you drive.

RACHEL

You're worse than a backseat  
driver. At least a backseat driver  
is actually in the car.

Rachel sees the pickup's left turn signal starts to blink.

RACHEL

Shit!

DONNA(V.O.)

What?

RACHEL  
He's turning left.

Pickup enters the left turn lane at a red light.

DONNA(V.O.)  
Maybe he's getting gas or food or  
something.

None of the cars between the Rachel and the pickup are  
turning left.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Shit!

DONNA(V.O.)  
More shit?

Rachel's minivan enters the left turn lane behind the  
pickup.

RACHEL  
I'm right behind him.

Rachel flips the sun visor down to hide, the mirror light  
comes on. She quickly pushes it back up to kill the light  
and slithers down in her seat.

RACHEL  
How are the kids?

DONNA(V.O.)  
Luke is asleep. Sara is watching  
cartoons.

RACHEL  
Good.  
(pleading with the light)  
Come on, come on, come on.

Red light turns to green left arrow.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
Finally!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - SUBURBAN L.A.

Rachel continues to trail the pickup through a post WW-II,  
neighborhood of cookie-cutter homes. The pickup pulls to  
the curb and stops.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
He's pulling over.

Several houses behind, Rachel turns off her lights, pulls to the curb too.

DEREK WILSON, 30's, grown-up Boy Scout face, exits his pickup. If he didn't just get out of a construction company pickup, you might think he's a cop. He has that look.

Rachel creeps forward along the curb.

Derek glides with an innate stiffness across the street and towards the front door of a house.

DONNA(V.O.)  
Rachel? What's going on?

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

As she inches closer, Derek reaches the porch.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
He's knocking on a door.

DONNA(V.O.)  
Maybe he's there to pick up  
somebody.  
(realizes she needs to add)  
For school.

Derek blocks Rachel's view of whoever opens the door and lets him in.

LATER

RACHEL  
Five minutes to pick someone up?

In the upstairs window of the house across the street from the one Derek went in, Rachel notices NEIGHBOR, male, 50's, gawking out his window towards the house he's in.

Rachel looks back at the upstairs window he's looking in. The lights on but she can't see what he's looking at.

Then a WOMAN, late 20's, shockingly beautiful and shockingly covered in tattoos that on her are as enticing as distracting, appears, her arm covers her bare breasts as she gives a dirty look at Neighbor and yanks down the shade.

EXT. ANGELINO HEIGHTS SUBURBS OF LOS ANGELES - CARROLL AVE  
AREA - DAWN

An inviting neighborhood of Victorian homes from the late nineteenth century, most restored to their original charm, contrasted by the nearby downtown L.A. skyline of skyscrapers.

We focus in on the two-story Victorian with Rachel's minivan and Derek in the driveway.

**ON SCREEN: EARLIER THAT DAY**

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM

We hear Rachel SING as she takes her SHOWER in their restored master bathroom with two pedestal sinks, a make-up area, a vintage Victorian toilet with the pull-chain tank mounted high on the wall, and a vintage tub/shower with the curtain closed.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM

Derek finishes his morning PISS, instinctively pulls the chain and immediately panics.

As toilet FLUSHES...

DEREK  
(oh crap!)  
FLUSH!

From behind the shower curtain enclosing the tub...

RACHEL(O.S.)  
Hot! Hot! Hot!

INT. VINTAGE TUB/SHOWER

Rachel washes her hair under an old-style shower head with the exposed piping.

Derek enters with an apologetic smile.

DEREK  
Sorry. Did I burn you?

Rachel smile, gives him a quick kiss.

RACHEL  
I'll live.

They begin their '*shower dance*.' The dance two people showering together in tight quarters do to divvy up water time. A seamless intertwining of affection, small talk and efficient bathing.

DEREK  
(pointing at shower handles)  
You know I can put a mixing valve there and that won't happen.

RACHEL  
And lose the charm. Maybe you can remember to think before you flush.

DEREK  
Okay.

RACHEL  
I sold another painting!

DEREK  
Another one? Great! Which one?

RACHEL  
Cabin in the Snow.

DEREK  
I love that one!

RACHEL  
You say that about all my paintings.

DEREK  
Wow! I'm married to the next -  
Grandma Mosses.

RACHEL  
Grandma Mosses?

DEREK  
I couldn't think of any other female painters. A young, really cute Grandma Mosses. Ma Mosses. I'm married to the next Ma Mosses?

She kisses him again.

They're cute together. If we did know he was having an affair, we'd like him.

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN

The old-style looking modern conveniences make the kitchen functionally charming.

They're all eating breakfast. Rachel, Derek, SARA, 5 and LUKE, 1, in his highchair.

SARA  
We're going to the park!

DEREK  
I'm jealous.

SARA  
Can daddy come?

DEREK  
Sorry sweetie, I have to work.  
(to Rachel)  
Don't forget I have class tonight.

RACHEL  
I remember.

DEREK  
It's really quite fascinating the advancement in project management programs and the interactivity. You can check on job progress from you smart phone anywhere in world.

RACHEL  
That's nice.

DEREK  
I have to run.

Derek gets up says his goodbyes to Sara and Luke - kisses Rachel.

DEREK  
Love you!

RACHEL  
Love you too!

INT. ART GALLERY - LOS ANGELES - DAY

It's a smallish, mid-scale, art gallery.

ANGELA, 30's, is standing next to CUSTOMER, male, 50's, pompous, holding a Poodle, as they look at an abstract painting on the wall with a \$5,000 price.

ANGELA

She started in L.A. but she's build quite a following. She has works in galleries throughout the world now.

CUSTOMER

Nice use of colors, tone. It's a wonderful mood piece - just not the mood I'm looking for.

He walks near the back of the gallery where there's a display of mediocre realism painting on the wall, it's obvious one painting has been removed.

These are priced at \$150.

CUSTOMER

What the story here?

ANGELA

Rachel Wilson. Another local artist.

He studies them. If there's some deeper meaning to these so-so paintings, he doesn't see it.

ANGELA

I've known her since high school. What do you think?

CUSTOMER

She must be a very nice person.

EXT. PARK - DAY

DONNA, Rachel's sister, late 20's, cute, cheeky, dressed notice me casual, chases the GIGGLING SARA, 5, around and through the park's child play area.

Donna stops.

DONNA

You win. I'm pooped.

As Sara plays on her own, Donna joins Rachel on the nearby bench as she breastfeeds Luke under a baby blanket.

RACHEL  
Sis, you should get one of these.

DONNA  
A baby blanket?

RACHEL  
Ha, ha.

DONNA  
You sound like mom. This is better. I get to do the fun stuff and have a life.

RACHEL  
Don't you ever want to settle down? Get married? Have a family?

DONNA  
Like I tell mom - we're different. Face it - you like bland - I like spice. And variety is the spice of life.

RACHEL  
You think my life is bland?

DONNA  
Routine?

Rachel's look lets her know that wasn't a better word.

DONNA  
Wonderfully mundane? Spectacularly conventional? Fantastically predictable?

RACHEL  
Fulfilling.

DONNA  
Your family fulfills you. That's great... for you. I like variety in my fulfillment.

Sara runs over towards them.

SARA  
I have to go to the bathroom really bad!

DONNA  
Seems you have some fulfillment to  
take care of.

EXT. SMALL ART GALLERY - L.A. AREA - DAY

Establishment shot.

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

As Rachel attempts to parallel park she love taps the car  
parked behind her. Sara and Luke are in the back.

RACHEL  
Shoot!

As she finishes parking.

SARA  
What happened?

RACHEL  
I think bumped a car. Are you okay?

SARA  
Yes.

EXT. ART GALLERY

Rachel places a note on the car's windshield. Luke is in his  
stroller on the sidewalk, Sara stands next to it.

RACHEL  
I don't see any damage but just in  
case.

INT. ART GALLERY

Rachel carries a painting and Sara pushes the stroller as  
they enter.

ANGELA  
Hey there!

The gallery is empty except for Angela who smiles as she  
heads over to greet them. Rachel and Angela hug  
affectionately.

Angela looks at Luke, asleep in the stroller.

MOMENTS LATER

Angela hangs the new painting in the space previously occupied by Cabin in the Snow.

ANGELA

There!

RACHEL

How's business?

ANGELA

Lots of lookie-loos lately. Could use more lookie-buyers.

A figurine of a couple doing the tango catches Rachel's attention, she walks over to check it out.

RACHEL

This is new.

ANGELA

That's right. I remember - in high school you used to ballroom dance. I remember seeing your trophies.

RACHEL

My mom made sure we tried all the arts. That's where I got my love of painting.

ANGELA

(looking over)  
Somebody's tired.

Sara is falling asleep in a chair.

INT. WILSON HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Rachel sorts dirty clothes in piles, white, colors, darks. Luke watches from his nearby portable crib.

She grabs a pair of Derek's tidy whities. Looks at them in disbelief.

RACHEL

(baby talk to Luke)  
Does daddy even use toilet paper? Oh no he doesn't.

She tosses them in the whites.

She grabs a white polo shirt with a WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION logo on it. There's a brown stain on it. She smells the stain - gets a very puzzled look.

RACHEL  
What the!?

She quickly starts grabbing and smelling his other shirts.

INT. WILSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

But for the big screen TV on one of the stuccoed walls, and power cords from the period lamps, it could be the 1800's.

The paintings on the wall are Rachel Wilsons.

Donna, is there. Rachel holds up the white polo shirt.

RACHEL  
I smelled to see if it was  
chocolate or poop.

DONNA  
How fulfilling.

She tosses the shirt to Donna.

RACHEL  
Smell.

DONNA  
I trust your nose.

It wasn't a request.

RACHEL  
Smell!

She does cautiously. A little SNIFF followed by a puzzled look.

DONNA  
Perfume?

RACHEL  
Not one I wear.

Rachel grabs and holds up one of the two other polo shirts she'd set aside.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
Same with this one.

Then the third shirt. There's a dark stain on the collar.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
This one too...  
(pointing at the collar stain)  
and this!

DONNA  
Chocolate or poop?

RACHEL  
I think it's Lipstick. No shade I'd wear.

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

A small building with Derek's pickup, a Cadillac, and a new red corvette parked in the lot.

Rachel's minivan sits not far away.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
Did I tell you Rob bought a Vette?

DONNA(V.O.)  
Figures.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
Thanks for taking off to watch the kids.

INT. WILSON HOME

Donna, in her cocktail waitress uniform, cell phone to her face.

DONNA  
Wednesday nights are shit for tips.  
Besides you're my sis.

BACK TO EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Derek and two other men exit together. One we'll learn is his dad, MR. WILSON, 60's, The other, Derek's slightly goofy looking older brother ROB WILSON.

Derek locks the door.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
He's leaving.

They say their goodbyes, Derek gets in his truck, Mr. Wilson his Caddy and Rob his Vette.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AERIAL VIEW

Derek's pickup followed not too far behind by Rachel's minivan.

UPSTAIRS WINDOW HOUSE DEREK IS AT

Where we ended opening sequence.

In the upstairs window of the house across the street from the one Derek went in, Rachel notices Neighbor gawking out his window towards the house he's in.

Rachel looks back at the upstairs window he's looking in. The lights on but she can't see what he's looking at.

The Woman, who we'll soon learn is MIRANDA, her arm covers her bare breasts as she gives a dirty look at Neighbor and yanks down the shade.

RACHEL(O.S.)  
Oh my God! NO!

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

Rachel watches in wide-eyed disbelief and anger.

DONNA(V.O.)  
What?

RACHEL  
MIRANDA! IT'S MIRANDA!?

DONNA(V.O.)  
Miranda!? Maybe he's-

RACHEL  
Naked! She's naked!

DONNA  
Oh.

MALE VOICE(V.O.)  
Miranda?

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BLDG. - HALLWAY

The sign on the door reads, "Lloyd Robinson, CFT - Marriage Counselor"

MALE VOICE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Who's Miranda?

**TITLE OVER BLACK: ABOUT A MONTH LATER**

INT. LLOYD ROBINSON'S OFFICE

The voice belongs to LLOYD ROBINSON, 50's, black, fatherly, almost godly looking, we sense he's wise and sternly compassionate as he sits opposite two chairs, stroking his graying beard in contemplation.

One chair is empty. In the other, sits Rachel, her arm across her breasts, imitating over her clothes Miranda at the window that night.

Rachel face is tense and she's wearing a lot of foundation. We can see the bumps on her cheeks under both eyes. These weren't there before.

RACHEL  
(as though the answer could  
take hours)  
Who's Miranda? Let's see, I met her  
at the park a couple of years ago.  
Seemed nice despite her look. She  
fell for a tattoo artist. He left -  
his art remains. I could tell she  
was trying to get her life  
together.  
(contemplative)  
I've always believed things happen  
for a reason. She mentioned she was  
an unemployed secretary and the  
longtime secretary at Derek's  
company was retiring. So I asked  
Derek to give her an interview.  
They hired her 'cause of me.

A tale his heard many times.

LLOYD ROBINSON  
The secretary. If I had a dollar--

RACHEL  
(remorseful)  
I should have got out and pounded  
on her door. I wanted too. I just  
couldn't. So I went to see his  
asshole brother - sorry - his  
brother to see if he knew about it.

FLASHBACK - INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a word... tacky - what you'd expect from a spoiled  
wannabe player.

ROB  
Miranda? No shit!?

RACHEL  
You really didn't know?

ROB  
No! Derek and Miranda? I mean she's  
so hot.

That upsets Rachel even more.

ROB(CONT'D)  
(recovering)  
You're hot too - in a less  
seductive, good-girl way. You're  
Mary Ann and she's Ginger. A really  
hot Ginger.

RACHEL  
Who?

ROB  
Gilligan's Island? No. Okay -  
you're Taylor Swift and she's Megan  
Fox. A tattooed Megan Fox.

Should have picked someone less hot.

RACHEL  
Megan Fox!?

ROB  
How's this - you're cute like a  
young Miley Cyrus and she's more  
like current Miley Cyrus.

RACHEL  
You're right... she's sexy.

ROB  
Maybe in some physical sense.  
(on the other hand)  
Were things lacking in the  
boom-boom department at home?

RACHEL  
It's hard with the kids around. But  
when we have sex, it's great sex.  
Really great sex!

ROB  
Really great sex?

RACHEL  
I thought so.

The manipulation begins.

ROB  
What are you going to do?

RACHEL  
I don't know.

ROB  
If it was me, I know what I'd do.  
I'd have revenge sex.

RACHEL  
I'm not you.

ROB  
No - you're the nice girl - the  
victim. That's why you don't  
deserve this.

RACHEL  
You're right. I don't deserve this.

ROB  
They're the disgusting ones but  
you're the one that gets hurt.

RACHEL  
You're right.

ROB  
That sucks but I admire your  
strength - the way you'll be able  
(MORE)

ROB (cont'd)  
 to bravely sit home night after  
 night knowing Derek is out screwing  
 Miranda's brains out. I don't have  
 that strength. Just the thought of  
 someone I love having red hot,  
 animal, screams of passion, eye  
 rolling in the back of their heads  
 sex - would make me want to get  
 even... but that's just me.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

A guy's room except for one Teddy Bear on the dresser.

Rachel and Rob, still fully clothed stand near the bed,  
 Rachel laying the ground rules.

RACHEL  
 And no kissing... anywhere.

ROB  
 Check.

RACHEL  
 (doing to her breasts over her  
 blouse what she describes)  
 No massaging, squeezing, touching  
 these.

ROB  
 Can you show me that last one  
 again? Maybe a little slower this  
 time.

She gives him a "ha ha" look.

ROB(CONT'D)  
 Okay. Check. What about cuddling  
 afterward?

RACHAEL  
 No!

ROB  
 Perfect!

LATER:

Rob pumps missionary, Rachel, on her back, angrily repeated  
 pounds her fists on the bed and shakes her head. This may a  
 fantasy come true for Rob but it purely revenge for Rachel.

RACHEL  
DAMN HIM! DAMN HIM! DAMN HIM!

ROB  
HEY - This is suppose--

RACHEL  
NO TAKING!

EXT. MIRANDA'S HOUSE

Rachel exits her minivan parked at the curb behind Derek's truck. She storms, now ready to rumble, towards Miranda's house.

RACHEL(V.O.)  
Thought now I was ready to face  
them.

TANGO MUSIC.

Rachel POUNDS on the door.

MIRANDA(V.O.)  
I'M COMING!

RACHEL  
(to herself)  
Hope you're faking it.

The door opens, Miranda, dressed differently, her welcoming smile instantly transformed to panicked shock.

Miranda quickly exits, closing the door behind her.

MIRANDA  
(soft but concerned)  
Rachel!? What are you doing here?

Rachel looks at Derek's truck and then back at Miranda.

RACHEL  
What am I doing here!?

Miranda pulls Rachel away from the door and towards the side of the house.

MIRANDA  
They'll hear you.

RACHEL  
They? Who's they? What the hell is  
going on in there?

SIDE OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Miranda and Rachel peer in a window.

Inside Derek and CONNIE, 70's, wearing that awful shade of lipstick, are dancing the Tango. He's stiff, robotic, but trying very hard. She's very graceful for her age.

RACHEL  
Your grandmother!? Dance lessons?

MIRANDA  
He mentioned you used to ballroom  
dance. I told him my grandmother is  
a former ballroom dance instructor.  
I mean is that cosmic or what?

Rachel is emotionally lost. Why is this happening?

MIRANDA(CONT'D)  
Your anniversary. He wants to  
surprise you.

Rachel forces a smile.

MIRANDA  
Surprise!

BIKER DUDE on motorcycle RUMBLES up to the curb.

MIRANDA  
(waives at Biker Dude)  
Oh - that's my date. Gotta run.  
Don't spoil the surprise - he's  
worked really hard for you.

Miranda runs to join Bike Dude on his motorcycle.

Rachel watches they ride off and then looks back in the window at Derek and Connie. The reality of what she's done sinking in.

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

A despondent Rachel drives.

Through the Bluetooth over the radio we hear Rob LAUGHING.

He forces himself to stop laughing so he ca say.

ROB(V.O.)  
Ballroom dance lessons! How funny  
is that?

Starts LAUGHING again.

RACHEL  
IT'S NOT FUNNY - AT ALL!

Trying to stop laughing.

ROB(V.O.)  
You're right - you're right.

RACHEL  
What are we going to do?

ROB(V.O.)  
Well I sure as hell ain't telling  
him!

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donna sits on the bed as the distraught Rachel paces haphazardly around her.

RACHEL  
(rationalizing)  
Who the hell takes ballroom dance  
lessons for their seventh  
anniversary!? Tenth maybe,  
twentieth sure - but seventh!? What  
is that - the cardboard anniversary  
or something?

DONNA  
Damn him?

With her arm across her breasts like Miranda.

RACHEL  
And her! Who closes the shade after  
undressing? Who does that?

DONNA

Damn her. Damn both of them.

The weight of her reality crashes hard on her.

RACHEL

What have I done!? How do I tell  
him I slept with his brother?

DONNA

You don't! Ever. Ever - ever!

RACHEL

That's what Rob said.

DONNA

He's right.

RACHEL

I don't know - I don't know. I not  
good at keeping secrets.

DONNA

I know you're honest to a fault but  
you've never been this at fault.

RACHEL

I know but--

The CHIRP CHIRP of Derek's pick-up doors locking.

RACHEL

Shit! That's him.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

Rachel looks at herself in the mirror as she brushes her  
hair, the first hints of blotches appearing on her face.  
After a brush stroke she looks at her hair-filled brush.

RACHEL(V.O.)

I've tried to tell him - lots of  
times. I really have.

RACHEL

(to her reflection)

I hate you.

INT. MARRIAGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

RACHEL

But how do you tell someone you  
slept with his brother?

LLOYD ROBINSON

Fact is women tend to cheat with  
people they know - husband's best  
friend, brother-in-law.

RACHEL

So, I'm normal?

LLOYD ROBINSON

I didn't say that.

RACHEL

I can't stand the thought of  
telling him but the guilt and  
stress are killing me.

LLOYD ROBINSON

I noticed your face and the  
make-up. Stress can do that.

RACHEL

This too?

Rachel reaches up and as slowly pulls off her wig. It's the  
same style and color as her real hair but there are patches  
missing from her real hair.

Lloyd can't hide his shock and he's seen it all, or so you'd  
think.

RACHEL

Donna and Rob still say I shouldn't  
tell him. But they're not me.  
Though I'm thinking maybe they're  
right this time... about this. I  
mean - we're happy, Derek and me.  
It was all just a terrible mistake.  
We all make mistakes. I did not  
enjoy it!

Lloyd gives her a "that's not the issue" look.

RACHEL

Okay - I admit it. But not  
anymore. Now I know I can trust  
Derek completely. And he can trust  
me. Believe me I'm never going to

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)  
 sleep with Rob or anyone but Derek  
 ever again. So if you think about  
 it - maybe we're actually in a  
 better place now. Why ruin that and  
 risk breaking up a good marriage  
 and a family by telling him? Maybe  
 they're right after all. Maybe it's  
 a secret better left secret.

LLOYD ROBINSON  
 If the love is true and...  
 (looking at the empty chair)  
both parties are committed you'd be  
 surprised by what love can  
 overcome.

RACHEL'S FACE

RACHEL  
 Just to be clear - you're sure I  
 should tell him?

INT. DIFFERENT MARRIAGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

We see this is a different therapist's office and Rachael is  
 with FEMALE THERAPIST, 50's, now.

FEMALE THERAPIST  
 Yes. I'm sure.

RACHAEL  
 That's what the other guy said -  
 But you're a woman - same team -  
 you know, sisterhood and all.  
 Thought you might see it  
 differently.

FEMALE THERAPIST  
 A strong marriage is grounded in  
 honesty.

RACHEL  
 So are a lot of divorces.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Rachel wakes, her wig barely on her head. She quickly checks to make sure Derek is still asleep as she puts it back in place.

INT. WILSON HOME - TUB/SHOWER

Rachel showers with her wig on. It the first look we get at Rachel's face without make-up since her outbreak of Rosacea. Yikes!

We hear Derek begin to PEE.

Rachel hears it but instead of moving away spreads her arms and exposes offers her body to the shower head, as though she wants to punish herself.

PEEING stops. She waits.

MOMENTS LATER:

Derek enter the shower behind her.

DEREK  
Good morning!

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN

They're all eating breakfast. Derek is doing the spoon airplane thing as he feeds Luke.

SARA  
Can I do it?

DEREK  
Okay.

He hands her Luke's baby spoon.

DEREK  
Careful.

As Sara does the airplane spoon thing, Rachel looks at them with a lovingly but apprehensive "what have U screwed up?" smile.

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Establishment shot. There's a nondescript late model car in the parking area along with Derek's pickup and Mr. Wilson's Caddy but no Vette.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

There are pictures on Derek's desk of him, Rachel, Sara and Luke.

Derek feverishly adds numbers on an adding machine.

The total on the machine matches the bid total he has on the spreadsheet in front of him.

Mr. Wilson appears in the doorway.

MR. WILSON  
Dynasty bid?

DEREK  
Hey dad! Just double, triple checking.

MR. WILSON  
Good. What time is the bid due?

Clock on the wall reads 1:49.

DEREK  
Two.

MR. WILSON  
Where's your brother? Thought you two were working on this together.

DEREK  
So did I. Lunch--

Miranda, dressed appropriately but still alarming and enticing, smiles warmly as she slithers past Mr. Wilson and delivers a bid worksheet to Derek.

MIRANDA  
Triple checked, like you asked.

She hands it to him.

DEREK  
Thanks Miranda.  
(to dad)  
(MORE)

DEREK (cont'd)  
Said something about the library.

MIRANDA  
People still go to the library?

INT. STRIP CLUB

MUSIC blares.

Rob is getting a lap dance from a BIKINI CLAD DANCER.

EXT. THE LIBRARY - STRIP CLUB

MUSIC continues as we see "The Library" is a strip club.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Honey - we need to talk.

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Rachel paces nervously as she talks.

On the couch listening is Donna.

DONNA  
(deep voice)  
Sure Angel Face.

Rachel is practicing her confession.

RACHEL  
I love when he calls me that!  
(back to dry run)  
You know how some things seem  
serious at the time but years later  
they become a story you look back  
on and laugh?

DONNA  
(unrealistically  
understanding)  
Yes! Why? Do you have one of those?

RACHEL  
I thought you were having an affair  
with Miranda.

DONNA

Miranda? Ha ha ha. What made you think that?

RACHAEL

Your shirts smelled like perfume and there was lipstick.

DONNA

Oh.

RACHEL

So I followed you... to Miranda's.

DONNA

Wow - I see how that could look incriminating.

RACHEL

Believe me it was! I was so hurt. I didn't know what to do. So I went to Rob's to see if he knew anything about it.

DONNA

And what happened?

There's no way in hell that's how it's going to go.

RACHEL

(defeated)

I'm screwed.

Donna get a smirk, starts to speak.

RACHEL

(she caught the irony too)

Don't say it. Don't you dare say it.

DONNA

I don't care what the therapists said. I still say - don't tell him. Some secrets are better kept secret.

RACHEL

I don't know.

DONNA

Think about it - if you tell him - your best hope is that someday - you're somewhere close to the

(MORE)

DONNA (cont'd)  
 relationship you already have -  
 right now by just keeping quiet.  
 Besides, it's like when you take  
 your car to the mechanic - they  
 always claim to find something that  
 needs fixing or they just want  
 money for fixing something that's  
 not really broken. How do you know  
 there was something that really  
 needed fixing?

RACHEL  
 I have them talk to Derek. He knows  
 cars.

DONNA  
 Okay - bad example. But you know  
 what I mean.

DONNA  
 I know what you mean.  
 (looks at her phone)  
 Shoot! I have got to go.

INT. DR. MARTIN'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Rachel in a gown sits on the examination table as DR.  
 MARTIN, 60's, examines her hair.

DR. MARTIN  
 (perplexed)  
 Rachel, strange. You seem to be  
 suffering both Alopecia Areata of  
 the hair and Rosacea on your face.  
 I don't think I've seen someone get  
 hit with both before.

RACHEL  
 Lucky me.

He reaches for his camera.

DR. MARTIN  
 I have to get some pictures of  
 this.

As he takes pictures...

RACHEL  
 Can either be caused by stress or  
 guilt?

DR. MARTIN

Both actually. Are you under a lot of stress or feeling really guilty?

RACHEL

Both actually.

DR. MARTIN

I can prescribe some happy pills, help you calm down - relax.

RACHEL

I'm still breastfeeding Luke.

DR. MARTIN

That's good... for him. You need to relax somehow. Do you jog or exercise?

RACHEL

Not really.

DR. MARTIN

Sex. Sex is a good way to relax.

The irony hit Rachel like bricks. A look Dr. Martin notices.

DR. MARTIN(CONT'D)

Derek having trouble getting it up? Pills for that too. They work. I know. Have him stop by.

RACHEL

It's not that.

DR. MARTIN

Own a vibrator?

RACHEL

Excuse me?

DR. MARTIN

Masturbation works. Did you know the vibrator was originally a medical device for treating women with (quote signs) female hysteria? We'd give'm an orgasm. Hysterical paroxysm is what it was called.

The conversation is uncomfortable to Rachel.

DR. MARTIN (CONT'D)

Yep. As late as the nineteen seventies. About the time I started to practice. But the stories my dad would tell. A lot of woman had weekly fits of female hysteria. In fact, there was this one patent of his--

RACHEL

Dr. Martin!

DR. MARTIN

Oh - sorry.

RACHEL

Is there some cream or something I put on my face or something for my hair?

Let me see if I can get Dr. Chow - the dermatologist down the hall to come over.

LATER:

DR. CHOW, female 30's, cute but serious is now there too.

DR. MARTIN

Told you she's a twofer. I'd never seen both together. You should also know she's under a lot of stress and she's breastfeeding.

DR. CHOW

Most treatments are corticosteroidal and there would likely be minimal but clinically relevant concentrations found in your milk. Also, if the underlying cause is psychological and not physiological, such as bacteria, were merely treating symptoms.

RACHEL

Which means?

DR. CHOW

You need to relax.

DR. MARTIN

That's what I said. She doesn't exercise regularly, so I suggested masturbation.

Both Rachel and Dr. Chow look disapprovingly at Dr. Martin.

DR. CHOW  
(softly to Rachel)  
Can't hurt.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE

Derek looks through his open door at Rob, who is studying something with that head tilts left than head tilts right look dogs do.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - OUTER OFFICE AREA

Derek exits his office and sees Rob is admiring Miranda's rear view as she struggles to reach for something on an upper shelve in the nearby storage room.

As Derek heads over to help.

DEREK  
Miranda, let me.

MOMENTS LATER:

As Miranda smiles approvingly, Derek grabs a ream of paper from the top shelve.

As he hands it to Miranda...

DEREK  
Here ya go.

MIRANDA  
Thank you!

Miranda smile fade when she looks over at Rob.

ROB  
What? I was just about to offer.

MIRANDA  
(softly to Derek)  
Sure he was.

As Derek and Miranda walk away, we see some a few paintings leaning against the storage room wall.

The one in front ... A Cabin in The Snow. Derek is buying Rachel paintings!

Miranda heads back to her area and Derek passes Rob on the way back to his office.

ROB

You think she's pierced down there?

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Rachel uses the guest bedroom as her painting room. There are completed and partially completed paintings, paints - the stuff you'd expect to see.

Rachel sits in front of an easel supporting an almost finished painting. A portrait of someone.

Rachel feverishly brushes in broad strokes with odd colors over the painting.

Donna stands nearby.

RACHEL

Said I needed to relax. This is how I relax.

DONNA

I see.

RACHEL

Dr. Martin suggested I masturbate.

DONNA

Really!? Did he write you a prescription for that?

RACHEL

Funny. First he suggested sex but now I feel guilty about sex with my own husband. Like it's unfair until I confess.

DONNA

(a given)

So masturbate.

RACHEL

He even asked if I own a vibrator.

DONNA

You do don't you?

RACHEL

No.

DONNA

Really? You can bowwow one of mine.

RACHEL

(yuck!)

No thanks.

DONNA

Your doctor visits are a hell of  
lot more fun than mine. Mine are  
like my dates. "Hello, hop on the  
bed and spread your legs.

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is at the table eating dinner.

DEREK

What did the doctor Martin say  
about your face?

Rachel takes a deep breathe.

RACHEL

Said it was nothing serious.  
Something ending in 'itis.' Said it  
would go away eventually.

Derek sees the anguish on Rachel's face.

DEREK

That good... I guess.  
(to Sara)  
What did you do today?

SARA

Nothing much.

Derek CHUCKLES.

DEREK

Sometimes 'nothing much' is my  
favorite thing to do.

SARA

My favorite is Disneyland!

DEREK  
That's fun too.

Derek tickles Luke.

Rachel becomes teary-eyed as she watches Derek interact with the kids.

Derek looks over and smiles.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mr. Wilson, Derek, Rob, along with four PROJECT FOREMEN are there. They're finishing up a status meeting.

MR. WILSON  
Good - all projects on schedule.  
Keep up the good work guys! Any  
other business?

Nope.

MR. WILSON  
Well then - we'll let you guys get  
back to your projects.

The Project Foremen get up, say their goodbyes with handshakes and pats on the back.

Miranda enters to clean up the coffee cups, etc.

As the last Project Foreman leave and Rob and Mr. Wilson start to do the same.

DEREK  
Dad, Rob - hold up a second.

MIRANDA  
(points out)  
Want me to--

DEREK  
No - this is for you too.  
(concerned)  
Rachel has something going on with her face. Doctor says it's nothing serious but she seems really self-conscious about it - so if you see her - try not to stare or mention it.

MIRANDA

(a little too impressed)  
That is really sweet of you. But  
then again, you are really sweet.

MR. WILSON

Yeah. Good call son. Your mom would  
have been proud. God rest her soul.

ROB

Her face looked fine to me.

DEREK

It's a recent thing.

INT. WILSON HOME - SARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel makes sure Sara is asleep.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

Rachel heads to the bathroom.

As she passes Derek already in bed watch the Dodgers' game  
on T.V.

RACHEL

Kids are asleep.

DEREK

Good.

RACHEL

Who's winning?

DEREK

(happy)  
Dodgers - seven to three. Bottom of  
the ninth!

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM

Rachel locks the bathroom door, takes off her wig as she  
walks over, sits at her make-up table and looks  
apprehensively at herself in the mirror.

She runs a brush through her hair, looks at it and the  
amazing amount of hair one stroke gathered.

She fidgets nervously.

RACHEL  
 (to herself)  
 You gotta do this. Tonight.

She starts trying figure what to say first.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
 Derek - I have something to tell  
 you. No. Derek - you know how much  
 I love you--  
 (noting the irony)  
 Right. So much I slept with your  
 brother.  
 (how about?)  
 You know I love you no matter what.

She buries her face in her hands.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
 Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

Rachel gets up and paces around the bathroom.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
 Think - think - think.

Rachel paces and thinks. Thinks and paces.

DEREK(O.S.)  
 DAMMIT!

Rachel stops.

RACHEL  
 WHAT? YOU OKAY?

DEREK(O.S.)  
 GRAND SLAM! DODGERS LOST! DAMN!

RACHEL  
 (mixed emotions)  
 Guess I'll tell him after our  
 anniversary.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Derek sleeps as Rachel tosses and turns.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

Derek sits behind his desk.

Miranda excitedly enters.

MIRANDA

Morning boss! Today's the big day!  
Excited?

DEREK

Nervous - just hope I remember  
everything... and don't step on her  
toes.

Miranda goes to his desk.

MIRANDA

You'll be fine. Even if you step on  
her toes or even knock her over -  
she'll still be thrilled you did  
this for her. She's really lucky to  
have you.

She sits on his desk.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Trust me. I know Rachel. Finding  
out you took dance lessons will  
surprise the hell out of her. She's  
lucky to have--

ROB (O.S.)

Hey guys!

Miranda gets off his desk.

Rob CHUCKLES to himself.

DEREK

What's so funny?

Rob waves it off.

ROB

Nothing - seeing you two together  
reminded me of something - a funny  
story - but you had to be there.

Miranda heads back to her area, Rob checks her out after she  
passes.

Rob heads over to Derek's desk.

ROB  
When do we find out about our bid?

DEREK  
Next week.

ROB  
Fingers crossed. Hey, I know we were supposed to go check the job sites today but you're gonna have to go solo. I'm taking Reggie from McMillan Construction golfing. I would bring you but we need to stay on top of our projects.

DEREK  
And by we you mean me.

MIRANDA(O.S.)  
You know it's his anniversary.

ROB  
Happy anniversary!

DEREK  
Thanks.

Rob's continues play dumb.

ROB  
Any special plans?

DEREK  
None I want to tell you about.

ROB  
Afraid it's something I'll tease you about?

DEREK  
Go play golf.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Derek buttons his dress suit cuff a button falls off. He spots it on the ground and picks it up.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM

Rachel sits in the rocking chair breastfeeding Luke.

Derek enters.

DEREK  
Angel Face where's a needle and  
thread.

ANGELA  
Desk drawer - Extra bedroom.

DEREK  
Thanks.

Derek turns and exits.

Thought hits Rachel.

RACHEL  
(to herself)  
Crap!

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM

Derek is taken aback as soon as he enters and see the various paintings Rachel has modify and the new ones she painted with stokes of fury.

DEREK  
Whoa!

With a puzzled look he retrieves a needle and thread.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Derek, in a suit and Rachel, in a nice dress, are enjoying their meals.

DEREK  
Seven years! Can you believe it?

Rachel forces a smile.

RACHEL  
(not much emotion)  
No.

We see Derek is almost finished with meal, Rachel has barely touched hers.

DEREK  
Your steak okay?

RACHEL  
Very good.

DEREK  
The kids? You missing the kids?

Rachel nods 'yes.'

DEREK(CONT'D)  
They'll be fine. You fed Luke  
before we left. Any problems Donna  
will call. It's our anniversary.  
Don't worry about the kids for  
awhile. Tonight is about us.

Rachel forces another smile.

Derek smiles back.

Derek is trying to help Rachel relax but the more adorable  
he is the more anxious she gets.

DEREK(CONT'D)  
I didn't put on my suit for  
nothing. And look at you - as  
beautiful as our first date.  
Remember how nervous I was on our  
first date? I felt like I was  
sweating bullets.

RACHEL  
I don't remember that.

DEREK  
Don't remember or forgot? That was  
nine years ago.

RACHEL  
I just remember you being a perfect  
gentleman.

Derek LAUGHS a little.

DEREK  
Fear will do that.

Finally...

RACHEL  
(needing to change subject)  
How's work?

EXT. "BALLROOM DANCING" NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Upscale, the valet area is a mix of YOUTHFUL RICH arriving in Porsches and OLD MONEY in Mercedes. Men in coats and ties. Women in dresses.

The Wilson's, minivan, Derek driving, arrives.

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN

Derek pulls into the valet area.

RACHEL  
(feigning surprise)  
This isn't the Community Playhouse?

INT. "BALLROOM DANCING" NIGHT CLUB

Welcome to the 1940's and the height of ballroom dancing, done modern style.

Derek and Rachel enter.

MAIN ROOM

There is a bar, a sitting section with booths, and a dance floor with a DJ booth. The DJ in his tux carries a baton and acts like a conductor as the record plays. DANCERS are serious dancers.

SITTING SECTION

WALTZ playing. We see OTHERS waltzing.

Derek and Rachel are sitting at a table.

COCKTAIL SERVER arrives with drinks, as she gives each theirs...

COCKTAIL SERVER  
Diet cola for the lady. Whiskey  
neat for the gentleman.

DJ(O.S.)  
It's time to Tango!

A TANGO starts.

Derek stands, offers his hand.

DEREK  
May I have this dance?

Playing along...

RACHEL  
What? Really?

DANCE FLOOR

The Tango underway...

He's smoother than the last time we saw him and she follows his lead well. Just a few miscues.

RACHEL  
You took dance lesson for me!?

DEREK  
Happy anniversary!

Her emotions grow - she's losing her composure.

Finally - she can't go on and when Derek twirls and releases her, she starts to cry and just keeps going off the dance floor.

She races back to their booth.

SITTING SECTION

Rachel GULPS her drink as she sits down.

A concerned Derek arrives. Sits down

DEREK  
What's wrong?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(raspy)  
Bravo! Bravo!

The raspy voice belongs to Connie, wearing that lipstick again, holding a flier, there with Miranda.

CONNIE

You two were magnificent!

DEREK

Babe, this is my teacher -  
Miranda's grandmother, Connie.  
Connie - this is Rachel.

Connie smiles and nods at Rachel, Rachel, her make-up messed up by tears, can only give a quick smile back.

MIRANDA

Hate to interrupt your anniversary,  
she just had to see for herself but  
she lost her license.

CONNIE

I didn't lose it. Government took  
it. Fascists.

Connie get close to Rachel, hand he the flier (it's for a dance contest).

CONNIE(CONT'D)

I saw this - You guys should  
enter.

Derek hands it to Rachel.

DEREK

A dance contest?

CONNIE

It'd be fun. Think about it.

Rachel SNIFF - Connie is wearing that perfume!

Rachel gets up. All she can say is...

RACHEL

Bathroom.

She heads off to the head.

Miranda and Connie sit.

MIRANDA

She's right - you done good boss!

DEREK

Thanks. I owe it all to you two!

WOMEN'S RESTROOM - STALL

Rachel sits on the toilet, SOBBING.

KNOCK on the stall.

RACHEL

Occupied.

MIRANDA(O.S.)

You okay? Derek asked me to check  
up on you.

RACHEL

(broken by emotion)

Just overjoyed. Let him know I'll  
be right out.

DANCE FLOOR

Derek and Connie are dancing the Samba.

The song ends.

SITTING SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Connie and Derek return to their booth. A smiling Miranda is  
there but Rachel is not.

DEREK

You're sure she's okay?

WOMEN'S RESTROOM - STALL

Softly but sternly lectures herself.

RACHEL

Get it together. He worked hard -  
you owe him tonight. You can do it.

WOMEN'S RESTROOM

Rachel rehearses smiling as she reapplies her make up.

## SITTING SECTION

Rachel, her make-up redone, joins Connie alone in the booth.

Connie looks towards the dance floor.

We see Derek and Miranda are among the DANCERS doing a Rumba.

CONNIE(O.S.)

I hope you don't mind - she was so much help with his lessons.

RACHEL(O.S.)

(surprised)

I thought - Miranda didn't mention that she--

Miranda is all smiles as she beautifully, seductively rumbas.

CONNIE(O.S.)

She's good isn't she!? Of course, I taught her... you're good too.

## DANCE FLOOR

Derek sees Rachel is back. He stops dancing.

RACHEL

Oh - Rachel's back.

He heads towards the seating area, leaving Miranda the odd one out on the dance floor, her smile replaced by chagrin.

It's clear Miranda longs for Derek.

LATER:

Derek and Rachel dance.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek is making love missionary style with Rachel.

Rachel is making the NOISES of good sex but her face shows her guilt.

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Rachel is painting her frustration on a canvas. Donna watches.

RACHEL

You should have seen them - her -  
and on my anniversary. She wasn't  
dancing - she was dry humping him  
to music!

DONNA

That bitch! And to think I liked  
her.

RACHEL

Me too. Funny how she left out the  
part about her helping with the  
dance lessons.

RACHEL

How can I tell him with her ready  
to swoop in?

DONNA

I've said all along secrecy was the  
way to go.

RACHEL

Maybe you're right. But how do I  
convince my conscience of that?

DONNA

That's why they make  
antidepressants.

RACHEL

Not while I'm breastfeeding.

INT. STORE - DAY

Baby aisle. Rachel throws several different types of baby  
bottles and nipples in her shopping cart, Luke in the  
sitting portion of the cart as Sara and Donna watch nearby.

INT. WILSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek on the couch watches the DODGER'S GAME on T.V. Sara  
colors in her coloring book next to him.

Rachel in a Queen Ann chair tries to get Luke to take a  
bottle - he wants no part of it.

RACHEL  
Come on - it's mommy's milk.

DEREK  
Thought you were going to  
breastfeed until he was eighteen  
months like Sara?

RACHEL  
Thought I'd see if he's ready.

DEREK  
I don't speak baby but I'm thinking  
that's a 'no.'

RACHEL  
(to Luke)  
We'll try again tomorrow.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

The digital clock reads 3:06

Derek is asleep - Rachel stares at the ceiling.

She quietly gets out of bed.

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel pours herself a cup of warm milk.

She sits at the table. On the table she's placed several  
pictures of her, Derek and the family.

She's holding the dance contest flier Connie gave her. She  
just stares at it.

Suddenly, she gets a devilish smile.

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Luke plays in the portable crib.

Sara is on the couch watching a cartoon.

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN

Donna and Rachel seated at the table.

DONNA  
(facetiously)  
And you came up with this great  
idea when?

RACHEL  
Last night.

DONNA  
And it involves me sleeping with  
Derek!?

RACHEL  
No! Of course not - I would never  
ask you to do that. I just want you  
to get him to come on to you.

DONNA  
Oh... that's all.

LATER:

Rachel and Donna are in a Tango together as Rachel HUMS  
Tango Music.

Rachel plays the role of Donna as she tangos seductively  
with Donna.

RACHEL  
Maybe wear something that gives him  
a peek at the puppies as your  
twirl.

She twirls back, they're both facing forward now. Rachel  
sensually guides Donna's hands along her (Rachel's) curves.

DONNA  
Do you have any idea how freaky  
this is? You haven't even asked him  
- and I still don't get the end  
game here.

Undeterred - she continues - ending their Tango with faces  
mere inches apart.

RACHEL  
Assuming you do your part - he  
tries to kiss you.

Donna gives Rachel a "we're not rehearsing that" look.

Rachel and Donna, their lips still close.

DONNA  
I get the idea.

Rachel pushes Donna away.

RACHEL  
You push him away. I know Derek,  
he'll become all remorseful, come  
home...  
(doing her Derek)  
"Oh sweetie, I'm so sorry, it was a  
stupid mistake, I don't know what I  
was thinking, I can't believe I did  
that, please forgive me, please,  
please, please--"  
(herself)  
Think about it - when is somebody  
in their most forgiving mood? When  
they're looking for forgiveness  
themselves. How can he be too mad  
at me for sleeping with his brother  
if he wanted to sleep with my  
sister?

DONNA  
Maybe. That might work.  
(joking)  
But to be really fair, I should  
just go ahead and sleep with him.

RACHEL  
Ha, ha.

DONNA  
What about Miranda?

RACHEL  
Think about it - if he's feeling  
guilty about coming on to you -  
he's not going to think about  
Miranda. We'll both focus on us.  
Recommit ourselves to each other.

DONNA  
Why do I feel like the Ethel to  
your Lucy?

RACHEL  
Desperate times call for desperate  
measures. This will work - it has  
to - provided you can turn Derek  
on.

Sisterly rivalry kicks in.

DONNA

Trust me - if I want to turn on  
Derek - I can turn on Derek.  
Consider him turned on.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek reads a book in bed.

Rachel climbs in next to him.

RACHEL

Babe, let's do it!

DEREK

Kids asleep?

She shows him the contest flier Connie gave them.

RACHEL

This.

DEREK

Dance contest?

RACHEL

They have levels. It'll be fun. I  
was so overwhelmed with joy on our  
anniversary, we didn't enjoy the  
night as much as we should have.

DEREK

We could just go dancing again.

RACHEL

You know I'm competitive.  
(adds guilt to the mix)  
I'm with the kids all day. I love  
that but I don't have anything to  
get my competitive juices flowing.  
Please.

DEREK

I don't know.

RACHEL

(playful)  
I'm gonna hold my breathe 'til you  
say yes.

She holds her breathe.

DEREK  
(smiling)  
Sure - if it means that much to  
you!

She smiles and EXHALES.

DEREK  
You really do need a break from the  
kids.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE

Derek sits at his desk.

MIRANDA(V.O.)  
Greysum Development on two.

Derek looks at the flashing light.

He anxiously stands.

Deep BREATH - hits speaker button on the phone.

DEREK  
(calmly)  
Hello - this is Derek Wilson.

Derek fidgets as he listens.

TAYLOR HARDEN(V.O.)  
This is Taylor Harden at Greysum  
development. I'm calling about your  
bid on the Dynasty project.

Miranda enters, stands near the doorway.

TAYLOR HARDEN(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Congratulations - you won!

Derek does a victory dance. Miranda joins in.

DEREK  
Thank you! I look forward to  
working on this project together.

Still dancing - he pushes the button to hang up.

DEREK  
YES!

Awkward moment - Miranda goes to hug Derek as Derek goes to  
'high five' her.

DEREK  
Oh what the hell--

They hug. Though we get the sense Miranda is more excited over the opportunity to hug Derek than the bid.

ROB(O.S.)  
(curious)  
What's all...

Rob enters.

ROB(CONT'D)  
(puzzled)  
... the commotion?

As they quickly separate...

MIRANDA  
We got the Dynasty project!

ROB  
Great!

As Miranda passes Rob on her way out - he puts out his arms for his hug.

She casually SLAPS him five as she passes.

Rob just shakes his head.

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits on the couch.

RACHEL  
Okay - let's try this again.

Rachel sticks her left leg out at a weird angle, exposing her ankle.

RACHEL  
You can do it this time. On three.  
(closing her eyes tight)  
One - two... three.

Nothing. She opens her eyes.

RACHEL  
You have to do this.  
(pulls off her wig)  
Look at me - this is only going to get worse.

DONNA

I can't.

RACHEL

You have to... for me.

Donna's expression lets Rachel know she can't.

RACHEL

For the kid's sake?

DONNA

I can't. I just can't.

RACHEL

(frustrated)

Fine.

Rachel raises her right foot high above her exposed left...

RACHEL

(closing her eyes again)

I love you Derek!

Rachel STOMPS her right foot down on her own left ankle.

CRUNCH! She SCREAMS!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING AREA

Derek races in. Donna is in the waiting room with Sara and Luke.

DEREK

Is she okay?

DONNA

To be honest, I'm beginning to wonder.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EXAMINATION AREA

Rachel's left foot is swollen, black and blue, she in pain.

A DOCTOR at her bedside.

Derek rushes in.

DEREK

What happened?

RACHEL  
Tripped.

DEREK  
Tripped? How?  
(to doctor)  
Is it broken?

DOCTOR  
No - sprained - but a good one.

RACHEL  
(to doctor)  
We're supposed to go dancing this  
Saturday.

DOCTOR  
You won't be doing any dancing for  
at least six weeks.

DEREK  
Sorry.

RACHEL  
Oh well.

DEREK  
Does it hurt?

RACHEL  
What do you think?

DEREK  
Is there anything you can give her  
for pain?

RACHEL  
I'm breastfeeding.

DOCTOR  
I've tried to tell her there are  
pain medication that are safe.

RACHEL  
I can take it.

She squeezes Derek's hand really hard.

DEREK  
I think you should listen to the  
doctor.

RACHEL

Okay.

The doctor injects something into her I.V. tube.

DOCTOR

There.

RACHEL

How long will it--  
(drugs kick in)  
Whoa!

INT. WILSON HOME - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Rachel, in a walking cast stands at the stairs. It's Mount Everest as far as Rachel is concerned.

She hobbles up with a Frankensteinish walk.

Sara starts to do the same thing.

SARA

This is fun!

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Rachel lays on the couch with foot up and Luke on top.

Donna is there with her, Sara on the floor watches cartoons.

DONNA

You sure you want to do this?

Rachel lifts her foot.

RACHEL

(emphatic)  
I did my part. You're not going to  
back out on me are you?

SARA

What are you talking about?

DONNA

Nothing.

RACHEL

Nothing.

RACHEL  
Honey, you wouldn't understand.

SARA  
Why?

DONNA  
It is kind of W-I-E-R-D if you ask me.

RACHEL  
You mean W-E-I-R-D?

DONNA  
F-U-C-K-U.

RACHEL  
(to Sara)  
It's a big people - adult conversation.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek and Rachel, her foot propped up on a pillow, are in bed.

DEREK  
Donna?

RACHEL  
She said she'd do it. She took lessons as a kid just like I did. She loves to ballroom dance.

DEREK  
You asked her first?

RACHEL  
She was green with envy when she found out we went.

DEREK  
Donna? Do the contest with your sister?

RACHEL  
We'll get a sitter. I'll go and watch. On the bright side - I'll get a better view of your sexy little butt dancing all around this way!

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donna, freshly showered, a towel wrapped around her, trying to decide what close to wear.

DONNA

(practicing)

What the hell!? You kissed me.  
What's that? So what if I'm cuter,  
sexier - more desirable. She's my  
sister.

(as though he just said it)

I turn you on!?

(looking where his crotch  
would be)

I see. - No! I don't want to see  
it.

LATER

She dressed.

DOOR BELL.

DONNA

Well if you don't tell her, I will.

One last look in the mirror. She unbuttons that button her blouse, the one that's the difference between appropriate and inviting a peek.

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

TANGO music.

Space has been cleared for dancing.

Donna and Derek finish what must be their practice dance. They end in the same position Rachel and Donna had rehearsed.

They look in each other's eyes.

Derek pulls away.

Undeterred, Donna heads over to her stereo.

DONNA

Not bad. You've got potential.  
Let's do it again.

Restarts the song.

They begin their tango.

She tells Derek things like "relax," "enjoy," "with passion" as she guides his hands sensually along the sides of her breast, "like we're making love."

When she twirls away, we can see she's trying to maximize Derek's down-blouse experience.

But Derek is focused on the task at hand. It's Donna we notice get more and more into it! Enjoy his touch. We see it in her eyes, we hear it as her BREATHS quicken.

They reach that moment again.

It's Donna that can't control herself, kisses him!

Derek jumps back.

DEREK  
WHAT THE HELL?

Donna gives him a "take me now" look.

DEREK  
How could you do that to your  
sister!?

DONNA  
I'm sorry. I don't know. It's  
just--

DEREK  
You're sorry?  
(sarcastic anger)  
I'll tell her you said that!

DONNA  
You can't! You can't tell her.

DEREK  
We tell each other everything.

Donna tries to hold back a LAUGH, but can't. She quickly turns it into FAKE CRYING.

DONNA  
You can't tell! You just  
can't! She'll hate me.

DEREK  
I don't know.

DONNA

Please! Promise me you won't. I promise nothing like this will ever happen again. She'll hate me. Don't you think she's dealing with enough with her face and her foot?

DEREK

I don't know.

DONNA

It was a mistake. Just a stupid kiss.

LATER:

Derek and Donna at the door.

DONNA

Thank you for not telling her.

Derek leaves, as Donna closes the door, she smiles devilishly.

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Donna, alone, still dressed, on her bed as she talks on her cell.

DONNA

Trust me it was intense. I was working it! Then we looked in each other's eyes and - wham! - he kissed me. A lustful - I want you, I need you, kiss.

(beat)

DONNA

I pushed him away - he's like "oh my God! I don't know what I was thinking. It's just that you're so sexy!"...

She's a convincing liar.

INT. WILSON HOME - SARA'S ROOM

Rachel tucks Sara into bed with one hand, the other holds her cell.

DONNA(V.O.)  
 ... Then he started begging "Please  
 don't tell Rachel - PLEASE. I love  
 her."

RACHEL  
 (forced calm)  
 That's nice.

She kisses Sara on the forehead.

RACHEL  
 Good night.

INTERCUT: DONNA AND RACHEL

DONNA  
 I said okay I promise but the dance  
 contest is off!

Rachel exiting Sara's room.

RACHEL  
 Why did you do that?

DONNA  
 So you don't have to tell him. You  
 can each have a secret.

RACHEL  
 I hadn't thought of that.

DONNA  
 See - baby sis has got your back.

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donna holds up an imaginary Academy Award.

DONNA  
 (to herself)  
 And the Academy Award for best lie  
 in a pressure situation goes to -  
 Me!

EXT. WILSON HOME

Derek pulls in to the driveway.

LATER.

He looks conflicted as he walks to the door.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM

Rachel puts on a cold cream masque.

Derek in the doorway, with a look of angst.

DEREK

Babe - Donna and me dancing - it's just not-- we tried. It's just--

RACHEL

No chemistry?

DEREK

You could say that.

RACHEL

You tried. I love you for that. There will be other dance contests after my ankle heals.

DEREK

It's just dancing with your sister is a little weird. You're not too disappoint?

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Digital clock reads 2:38.

This time it's Rachel that sleeps peacefully, as Derek stares at the ceiling.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - PREDAWN

The sun is just waking up too and the room is dimly lit.

Rachel hobbles to the bathroom.

INT. MASTER BATH

She enters - closes the door. Flips on the light.  
A quick look in the mirror and then a double take.  
Her face is clearing up - already looks much better!  
Rachel beams - has to fight tears of joy.

INT. WILSON HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel smiles at her clearing face reflection in the mirror  
and the reflection of Donna beside her.

RACHEL

He didn't say anything. That works  
too. We each have a secret. What  
do you know!? Seems I can live with  
that.

DONNA

Your face does look a lot better!

RACHEL

I owe you big time!

DONNA

No worries - we're sisters.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Miranda, at the printer, grabs the letter as soon as it  
finishes printing.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE

Miranda enters with the letter, takes it to Derek at his  
desk.

MIRANDA

Here ya go. Ready for your John  
Hancock.

Derek takes it.

DEREK

Thanks.

Signs it, holds it out for her to take.

DEREK

Great. Here you go.

Miranda takes the letter with a smile, twirls and heads out.

Derek eyes her as she walks away.

DEREK

Miranda?

She twirls back around.

MIRANDA

Something else boss?

He ponders for a beat.

DEREK

Can I ask you something?

MIRANDA

Anything.

She sits in the chair in front of his desk.

Derek appears to be struggling to ask something.

MIRANDA

(sensing that)

Tell Rob - the answer is none. But  
between you and me...

(points at her nipples)

... yes and ...

(points "down there")

no.

DEREK

(embarrassed)

That's not--

(blurts)

Donna kissed me.

Donna did what Miranda wants to do.

MIRANDA

Oh - she did!? And you stopped her?

DEREK

Of course.

MIRANDA

Of course you did.

DEREK  
Should I tell Rachel?

MIRANDA  
Was it a...  
(quick air SMOOCH)  
kiss? Or...

Miranda sticks out her tongue and wags it all around.

DEREK  
That one. I promised Donna I  
wouldn't tell Rachel but I don't  
like keeping secrets from Rachel.

MIRANDA  
And you want my advice?

DEREK  
Yeah.

MIRANDA  
And you did nothing wrong?

DEREK  
Of course not.

MIRANDA  
Of course you didn't. I wouldn't  
tell her.

INT. WILSON HOME DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek and Sara sit at the dining room table, Luke is there  
in his high chair.

Rachel hobbles in with the dinner she prepared.

DEREK  
At least let me help.

RACHEL  
(smiling)  
For the last time - I got it.

She sits - Rachel and Derek serve themselves and the kids.

DEREK  
I could have picked up dinner  
again.

RACHEL  
I felt like cooking.

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN

Rachel rinses dishes then hands them to Derek who puts them in the dishwasher.

RACHEL  
You don't have to help if there's a game or something on.

DEREK  
We should celebrate. Go away this weekend.

RACHEL  
What about the kids?

DEREK  
All of us. Someplace with room service, a kiddie pool and an elevator.

RACHEL  
How romantic!

DEREK  
I'm serious.

RACHEL  
So am I.

She kisses him, much more than just a 'nice idea' kiss.

DEREK  
Or we could just leave them here.  
Sara is almost six.

EXT. NICE HOTEL - POOL AREA

Rachel suns on a lounge by the pool.

She sips a soft drink and contently watches as Luke, with floaties, along with Sara and Derek, frolic in the kiddie pool.

Derek smiles back. A happy family.

We're happy too. They deserve to be together.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Derek carries Luke and holds Sara's hand as they walk and the hobbling Rachel to the elevators.

They reach the elevator.

DEREK  
 (to Sara)  
 Up please.

Sara pushes the up button.

DING

The doors open.

RACHEL  
 I love elevators.

SARA  
 Me too!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's a two queen room.

They're at the table eating dinner courtesy of room service.

SARA  
 I love hotels!

RACHEL  
 Me too.

SARA  
 Can we live here?

DEREK  
 No sweetie - they're for vacations.  
 (before she can say it)  
 I know, you love vacations - me  
 too.

Sara LAUGHS

DEREK  
 You know what else I like?

SARA  
 What?

DEREK  
Ice cream.

SARA  
Me too!

LATER:

Rachel in bed, her wig next to her - she scratches her head with one hand, holds her cell with the other.

RACHEL  
They went to get ice cream.  
(beat)  
This weekend is just what I  
needed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They're all asleep on one bed.

EXT. NICE HOTEL - POOL AREA

Rachel again sunning as Derek and the kids play in the pool.

EXT. NICE HOTEL - NEXT DAY

BELLHOP loads their bags into the back of their minivan. He closes the door. We again see the happy stick figure family on the rear window.

INT. RACHEL'S MINIVAN - FREEWAY

The kids are both asleep.

As Derek drives, Rachel gazes at him like a school girl with a crush.

Derek wipes his check.

DEREK  
Did I get pizza on my face?

RACHEL  
I love you so much!

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Rachel is back to happy paint. Realism. A still life.

DOOR BELL

SARA(O.S.)  
I'll get it!

RACHEL  
TELL ME WHO IS FIRST!

SARA(O.S.)  
Okay!

INT. WILSON HOME - ENTRY - DAY

Sara looks through the window.

SARA  
IT'S ANGELA!

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Angela enters. As her smile morphs to bewilderment as looks around the room.

ANGELA  
Heard about your foot, thought  
I'd-- Do you do these?

ANGELA  
(embarrassed)  
Yes.

Angela's look turns to surprised excitement as she checks out the painting.

ANGELA  
They're incredible!

RACHEL  
Really?

ANGELA  
Really! You've got to let me take  
some of these!

RACHEL  
Angela, I know what you're trying  
to do. I appreciate it. You're a  
good friend but--

ANGELA

But nothing. I ain't shittin. These are incredible!

RACHEL

Really? You really think they'll sell better than my others?

ANGELA

No. I know they will. Truth be told - you really only had one customer that liked - bought your other paintings. Trust me. These will sell! And at a high price.

RACHEL

Really? These? Are good?

ANGELA

The colors. The emotion. I thinking two thousand dollar range. See where it goes from there.

RACHEL

Each!? Two thousand dollars each!?

ANGELA

Maybe three. This is your style. These are the paintings you should be doing.

RACHEL

Seriously?

ANGELA

Seriously. You, my friend, are an artist! A real artist.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - ENTRY - DAY

DETECTIVE JOHNSON, female, 30's, tough, no-nonsense, carrying a file, along with OFFICER JONES, 30's, male, muscular, not a guy you want to mess with, enter.

MIRANDA

May I help you?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

We're looking for a Robert Wilson.

MIRANDA  
He's not here.

MOMENTS LATER:

Derek and Mr. Wilson have joined them.

MR. WILSON  
Arrest warrant?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
Is there someplace we can talk?

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Detective Johnson sits on one side of the conference table -  
Mr. Wilson and Derek the other.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
Do you know a Ruth Haynes?

DEREK  
She's an old girlfriend of Rob's -  
why?

She shows them a piece of paper.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
He recently emailed her this.

It's an email to Ruth that simply states, "Thinking of you."

MR. WILSON  
That's a crime?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
It is when there are sex tapes of  
women, including her, her secretly  
taped attached.

Oh.

MR. WILSON

Oh.

DEREK

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
Were either of you aware he was  
secretly videotaping his sexual  
activities with women?

MR. WILSON  
(as a father to Derek)  
Were you?

DEREK  
 (puts up his hand)  
 Whoa - I had no idea.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
 This morning at eight sixteen we  
 executed a search of his apartment  
 pursuant to a search warrant and  
 confiscated his computer which  
 contained those tapes and...

Out of her folder She pulls a picture of the Teddy bear that  
 was on his dresser and puts it on the table.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON(CONT'D)  
 This.

MR. WILSON  
 A Teddy bear?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
 With a concealed video camera.  
 Parents use them to monitor  
 babysitters. That's what they're  
 intended to be used for anyways.

MR. WILSON  
 Oh.

Detective Johnson opens the folder on the table.

We see a SCREENSHOT of a WOMAN-1, the appropriate body parts  
 censored with a black marker, in bed with Rob. She grabs it,  
 as she does we see the Screenshot of WOMAN-2 below it, she  
 puts Woman-1's screenshot in front of Mr. Wilson and Derek.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
 Do you know her?

Mr. Wilson nods no.

DEREK  
 Sorry - no.

BACK TO ENTRY

OFFICER JONES is by Miranda's desk with Miranda.

OFFICER JONES  
 I don't know - I'm just here as  
 back-up.  
 (pointing at a tattoo)  
 (MORE)

What about that one?

Rob enters - sees the way everyone is looking at him.

BACK TO CONFERENCE

Detective Johnson shows them WOMAN-2.

Through glass we see Rob take off.

OFFICER JONES

RUNNER!

Officer Jones gives chase.

Detective Johnson quickly gets up sending the folder and the Screenshots inside flying.

As she rushes out, so too does Miranda, Derek and Mr. Wilson. Derek stops - something caught his attention.

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Rob is caught by Officer Jones, thrown to the ground.

Detective Johnson, followed by Miranda, and eventually Mr. Wilson arrive.

Officer Jones, his knee on his back of the prone Rob, handcuffs him.

MIRANDA

Nice take down!

ROB

What did I do?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Read him his rights.

ROB

DADDY!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Derek holds the screenshot of Rachel!

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Officer Jones walks the handcuffed Rob toward his squad car parked next to Detective Johnson's, unmarked but obvious brown undercover car.

Suddenly a wild-eyed Derek bursts out the door with a screenshot in one hand, his other a clenched fist.

As he reaches the unsuspecting Rob, Derek reaches back with his fist...

DEREK  
YOU SON OF A...

Rob ducks, SMACK! Derek hits Officer Jones!

DEREK  
... SHIT!

Officer Jones can take punch - give one too - his fist heads Derek's way.

DEREK  
Oh shit!

WHACK! Office Jones smack Derek. Knocking him to the ground.

Officer Jones looks proudly at Miranda.

Mr. Wilson looks on in stunned disbelief.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL

Rob, in his cell tries to justify to Derek, in the adjoining cell, holds an ice pack to his face, as Derek's CELLMATE, tough looking dude, watches.

ROB  
Bro - It wasn't my fault. I swear -  
she came on to me. What was I  
supposed to say? No?  
(points to his crotch)  
He doesn't know how to say no.

LATER:

Cop escorts Rob from his cell.

Derek's CELLMATE sits next to Derek.

Cellmate looks around to make sure there are no cops around.

CELLMATE

I know a guy - he can make it quick. He can take his time.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Rob with Detective Johnson.

ROB

They sell those Teddy bears in stores. It was in my home.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

You still can't use it to secretly record sex.

ROB

Even if it was for just my use. I was drunk when I sent that one e-mail. That was the only one - I swear. I thought it would be romantic.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

You think sending an ex-girlfriend a tape of thirteen women you secretly recorded is romantic.

ROB

I didn't mean to send the whole file. Just her video - to her. Like I said - I was drunk.

LATER:

Rob is gone.

Derek sits holding an ice pack to his face, looking at a laptop.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON(O.S.)

There's no sound.

Standing off to the side are Officer Jones, not much the worse for wear, and Detective Johnson.

LAPTOP SCREEN

It's Rachel revenge sex. Unfortunately, without sound, Rachel's violent pounding and shaking looks much more like she enjoying mind-blowing sex than the anger at Derek we saw when it happened.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON(O.S.)  
We've talked it over and I wanted  
to let you know we're not going to  
file charges.

Derek closes the laptop.

DEREK  
(emotionless)  
Thanks.

OFFICER JONES  
Man - if my brother had done that  
with my wife - I'd have done the  
same thing.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
What Officer Jones is saying is  
that violence doesn't solve  
anything but we decided under the  
circumstances - justice wouldn't be  
served by you going to jail.  
(to Officer Jones)  
Isn't that right?

OFFICER JONES  
Yes ma'am - that's what I meant.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
Sorry you had to find out this way.

Derek nods.

Detective Johnson exits. Once she's out of earshot.

OFFICER JONES  
I wouldn't have missed.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Derek exits, Miranda is there. She gives him a sympathetic hug.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MIRANDA'S CAR

Establishment shot.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - HIGHWAY

Miranda drives, Derek just stares out the passenger window.

MIRANDA

Hey boss - the whole Rob and Rachel thing. I want you to know - I knew nothing about that. Gives me the willies just thinking about it.

As Miranda alternates between looking at him and the highway, She's struggling - there's something she seems to want to say - finally...

MIRANDA

You don't deserve this. I know I'm just your secretary and you're still married to Rachel but--

DEREK

Miranda - pull over.

MIRANDA

What?

DEREK

STOP THE CAR NOW!

She pulls over.

Derek opens the door - PUKES.

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Miranda's car pulls in the lot, stops next to Derek's pickup.

Derek opens the door. PUKES again!

EXT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION

Miranda long gone. Derek just sits in his pickup.

INT. MIRANDA'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

Miranda and Connie on the couch.

MIRANDA

I hated to see him so sad. He's so nice to Rachel, his kids, me, everyone. He doesn't deserve it. He doesn't deserve to be crapped on like this. Not by her - not by anyone.

CONNIE

You're right. It is terrible. But are you sure you hate to see it?

MIRANDA

What are you saying?

CONNIE

My eyes may be old but even through cataracts they see things. The way you look at him. The way you dance with him. The way you look at him when he's not looking. I see that.

MIRANDA

I've never acted on it or thought it could ever happen... until now.

CONNIE

Things are different now. But for the time being he's still married and you shouldn't be part of the equation.

MIRANDA

(disappointed)

You're right.

Connie gives her an 'I mean it' look.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(agreeing)

You're right - but that doesn't mean I can't root from the sidelines that it doesn't work out. As terrible as that sounds.

CONNIE

You can't control how you feel. But you can control how you act.

EXT. WILSON HOME - NIGHT

A depressed and disheveled Derek slithers out of his truck.

As he mopes past Rachel's minivan he nonchalantly flips off her stick figure on the rear window.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
I tried to explain.

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM

Derek slouches on the couch, as Rachel, stands in front of Derek pleading her case.

They're doing the whisper yelling parents do in order to not wake the kids.

RACHEL  
Then when I saw her topless in the window - I freaked out. How could you do that to me!?

DEREK  
I didn't.

RACHEL  
(pleads her case)  
Believe me, if you were there you would have thought you did.

DEREK  
I was there.

RACHEL  
You know what I mean.

DEREK  
(devastated)  
My brother!? MY GODDAMN BROTHER!

So much for whispers.

RACHEL  
You'll wake the kids.

Rachel tries to turn the tables...

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(soft but emphatic)  
What about you? - You came on to Donna! You would have screwed my  
(MORE)

RACHEL(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 sister if she didn't stop you! She  
 told me - even though you made her  
 promise not to - she did.

DEREK  
 What the hell are you talking  
 about? She kissed me. I stopped  
 her!

RACHEL  
 Don't lie to me!

DEREK  
 (irony not missed)  
 Me - not lie to you!?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

COUPLE at a table, GUY AT BAR, agitated, tries to flag  
 Donna, their cocktail waitress.

GUY AT BAR  
 Miss! Miss!  
 (to Date)  
 What's it take to get a drink here?

Off to the side, Donna on her cell, signals "in a sec" with  
 one finger.

DONNA  
 (regretfully coming clean)  
 Yeah - sis about that--

BACK TO WILSON HOME - FAMILY

Rachel SIGHS with frustration, rolls her eyes.

RACHEL  
 (hoping)  
 Did he do anything wrong...  
 anything at all?  
 (beat)  
 Dammit!

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

Derek's truck pulls in the parking lot.

The hotel's marquee message "HAVE A NICE DAY!"

RACHEL(V.O.)

He left.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - FRONT DESK

CLERK, female, 20's, bubbly, all smiles type.

CLERK

Welcome to the Holiday Inn! Do you  
have a reservation?

DEREK

No. Is that a problem?

CLERK

Absolutely not! We have rooms. Is  
the purpose of your stay business  
or pleasure?

INT. HOLIDAY INN - SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY

Derek gets to his room - puts the key card in the slot - it  
takes several tries before he gets the green light and the  
door unlocks.

He opens the door - stops - contemplates for a moment and  
then enters the room.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DEREK'S ROOM

Derek FLUSHES, ZIPS.

At the lavatory, he unwraps the soap, washes his hands.

While his hands are lathered, he tries to take off his  
wedding ring - it won't come off.

He contemplates himself, life, in the mirror.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM

Rachel is in the fetal position in the corner, on her cell.

She's losing it. Can't speak in complete sentences, only sporadic words.

DONNA(V.O)  
Gone? Did you try calling him?

RACHEL  
Fifteen...

DONNA(V.O)  
Minutes ago?

RACHEL  
Times. Mailbox - full.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - BAR - NIGHT

Derek sits at the bar, the drink in front of him his 3rd or 4th.

BARTENDER  
That's the shits! Though it does remind of the guy whose wife ran off with his best friend, you know what he said?

Derek isn't in the mood.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Man I miss my boat. Wait! No - that's wrong. Don't you hate it when you screw up a punchline?

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - CLOSING TIME

As the bar closes, Derek, now three sheets to the wind stumbles to the elevator.

He missed the 'up' button - twice.

HOOKER  
Let me.

HOOKER, 30's, but a hard 30's, pushes the button. The doors open - they get in.

ELEVATOR

HOOKER  
What floor?

DEREK  
Six.

She only pushes six.

HOOKER  
You want to party?

DEREK  
No.

HOOKER  
You know by party, I don't mean  
party? I mean party. You and me.

DEREK  
You're a hooker?

HOOKER  
I prefer escort.

DEREK  
What's the difference?

HOOKER  
So you want to party?

DEREK  
No.

She slithers up to him.

HOOKER  
You sure? I'm really--

He BARFS on her!

HOOKER  
YOU ASSHOLE!

DEREK  
I'm sure.

INT. DEREK'S HOTEL ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Derek stares at the ceiling.

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

Donna lies with (and to) Rachel in bed, been crying, a mountain of used tissues on the bed,

DONNA

You know the only reason I kissed him was because nothing else worked. I did for it you. Figured that might jump start things.

RACHEL

Whatever.

DONNA

When he said he was going to tell you. That's when it hit me - if I could get him to promise not to - I could tell you what I told you and that way you wouldn't have to tell him. It worked. You felt better. Genius, if I say so myself. Would have been fine but for Rob and his stupid videotapes.

RACHEL

Does that really matter now? My marriage is over.

DONNA

It does to me. You're my sister.

She's a damn good liar.

RACHEL

Thanks for tying.

DONNA

I guess in retrospect the therapist was right - you would be better off had you told him earlier.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Rachel's old work, replaced by her new work. Prices at \$3,000 each.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT

Derek back at the bar, looks like he hasn't slept much either, at least a two-day growth on his face and his third drink in front of him.

A couple GUY and GAL, late 20's, attractive approach.

Guy taps Derek who is next to two unoccupied stools at the bar.

GUY

Excuse me, you saving these for anyone?

DEREK

No - all yours.

They sit, Guy next to Derek. Guy turns to Derek...

GUY

Thanks.

Derek studies Guy and Gal for a moment.

DEREK

You have a brother?

GUY

Yes - but Sorry - he's straight.

DEREK

That sucks.

INT. WILSON HOME - PAINTING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is emotionally painting again.

INT. LLOYD ROBINSON OFFICE - DAY

RACHEL

I haven't heard from him in almost two weeks.

LLOYD ROBINSON

So you didn't follow my advice last time we met - you didn't tell him. Instead you tried to get your sister to seduce him - you...

(pointing at her cast)

did that to yourself and you tell me he found out because his brother videotaped it.

RACHEL

You were right. You want to tell me 'I told you so.'

LLOYD ROBINSON

That wouldn't be professional. Your problem now is there's a big difference between confessing and being caught. But the confession ship has sailed, the horse is out of the barn, the egg hatched, the balloon popped, Elvis has left the building.

RACHEL

I get it - I screwed up by not telling him.

LLOYD ROBINSON

You sure? I have more.

(serious)

So now he knows. The ball is in his court now. Give him time to work through it. All you can - should do at this point is give him space. If he wants to work it out, I'm here.

RACHEL

What if he doesn't?

LLOYD ROBINSON

Try not to worry about bad what ifs.

RACHEL

That's all I think about.

LLOYD ROBINSON

How's that working out?

Rachel takes off her wig - she looks worse.

LLOYD ROBINSON  
 I going to note that as 'not  
 good.'

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DEREK'S ROOM - NIGHT - ABOUT A WEEK LATER

Derek, at least a week's of unkempt growth on his face, on  
 the bed, drinks scotch straight from the bottle.

JEOPARDY is on the T.V.

T.V. ON SCREEN

CONTESTANT picks a category and an amount. ALEX TREBEK gives  
 the answer.

Over the Contestant's response...

DEREK(O.S.)  
 What is who gives a rat's ass?

ALEX TREBEK  
 That is correct.

BACK TO DEREK'S HOTEL ROOM

Derek raises the bottle in toast and takes a SWIG.

CONTESTANT again picks a category and an amount. ALEX TREBEK  
 gives the answer.

Over the Contestant's response...

DEREK(O.S.)  
 What is who gives a rat's ass?

ALEX TREBEK(V.O.)  
 That is correct.

As he takes another SWIG...

KNOCK on door.

MR. WILSON(O.S.)  
 Derek?

Derek sways as he goes to the door - opens it.

Mr. Wilson doesn't wait to be invited - enters.

DEREK

Come in. Want a drink?

MR. WILSON

Son - you look like shit.

DEREK

That's good 'cause I feel like it too.

Mr. Wilson looks at the T.V., walks over grabs the remote and CLICKS off the T.V.

DEREK

Hey, I was on a roll.

MR. WILSON

Pull it together son. You have kids you haven't seen in over a week.

DEREK

Speaking of kids, one of yours slept with my wife and it wasn't me.

(actually)

No - wait that's not true - I've slept with her too. Both of your kids slept with my wife.

(like Alex Trebek)

The Wilson brothers.

(like a contestant)

Name two people who slept with my wife?

Derek takes a "that's correct" swig.

MR. WILSON

I fired Rob. Brought Davey in from the field.

DEREK

Davey, good choice. Good guy, hard worker and he hasn't slept with my wife... as far as I know.

MR. WILSON

He's really taking to Rob's job. But we're still a man down. You. I know you're dealing with a lot but whatever the answer is - it isn't in the bottom of a bottle. I know - I was in the Navy and construction in the old days, I've checked the bottom of my share of bottles.

Derek takes another SWIG.

DEREK

(not ready to stop)

I'm going to keep checking. Dad - I appreciate you stopping by but if you'll excuse me, I have to go throw up.

INT. WILSON HOME - DAY

Donna is there. Rachel looks horrible, tired, mentally drained, she's not covering her blotches that are in full bloom or wearing her wig.

DONNA

He called! What did he say?

RACHEL

Asked about the kids and...

(resigned)

"You had sex with my brother."

(disbelief)

"You had sex with my brother?"

(angry)

"You had sex with my brother!"

DONNA

Anything else?

RACHEL

A lot of mumbling but he did say he would stop by to see the kids.

DONNA

Did he say when?

RACHEL

I'm not sure but I think it was either: 'after checking the bottles he bought' or 'after decking but it's hot.'

Neither has a clue what either means.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Like I said he was mumbling.

DONNA

Did he say where he is?

RACHEL  
The Roliray Rin on Restwern.

Donna looks puzzled.

RACHEL  
Holiday Inn on Western.

DONNA  
Oh. At least he's okay... alive.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DEREK'S ROOM - DAY

Derek crawls out of bed and into the bathroom.  
He stares at what's become of him in the mirror.  
He turns on the shower.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - FRONT DESK

Derek is checking out.  
We can see from his receipt he stayed 12 nights.

CLERK  
I hope you enjoyed your stay!

Derek look at his receipt and then back at Clerk and walks out.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Derek exits, with a fresh shave and haircut.

EXT. WILSON HOME - DAY

Derek stands, ponders his home.

INT. WILSON HOME - ENTRY

Rachel, her wig on but a little cock-eyed, opens the doors.  
They just look at each other.

SARA(O.S.)  
DADDY'S HOME!

Sara bolts past Rachel, jumps into her dad arms.

Derek carrying Sara as she hugs him.

RACHEL  
You look good.

As opposed to her, or him an hour ago.

His smile fades as he looks at Rachel.

DEREK  
The kids okay?

RACHEL  
They miss their dad.

SARA  
We do!

DEREK  
(to Sara)  
I miss you too!  
(to Rachel)  
Luke?

RACHEL  
Sleeping.

DEREK  
Can we talk?

Never good words to hear.

Derek sets Sara down.

DEREK  
Mommy and daddy are going to talk,  
afterward we'll play a game.

SARA  
Promise?

DEREK  
Promise.

INT. KITCHEN

Rachel and Derek are alone, the tension is palpable.

RACHEL  
(accepting)  
You're not staying?

DEREK

No.

RACHEL

Are you ever coming home to stay?

DEREK

I don't know. Just came by to see the kids.

RACHEL

You want to take the kids for the night? They'd like that.

DEREK

What about Luke?

RACHEL

Started taking a bottle.

DEREK

That would be great. I can drop them off on my way to work.

EXT. EXTENDED STAY HOTEL - DAY

The name says a lot.

Derek's pickup pulls in.

EXT. EXTENDED STAY HOTEL - POOL AREA - DAY

Derek plays with the kids in the pool.

INT. WILSON HOME - ENTRY - DAY

Angela has just been let in by Rachel, who has paint on her face and smock.

ANGELA

I heard about...everything. Thought I'd come by and see how you're doing.

Rachel depressed look answers the question.

ANGELA(CONT'D)

You're painting! That's good.

INT. EXTENDED STAY - DEREK'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's two bedroom hotel room with a little living room and a kitchenette.

Derek puts an exhausted Sara to bed. Luke already asleep in the porta crib nearby.

SARA

How come you get to live on vacation and we don't?

DEREK

Daddy is not on vacation. It's only a vacation when you come visit me. Now go to sleep.

SARA

Okay.

INT. WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Miranda at her work area, on the phone.

MIRANDA

No he's not.

(beat)

I was told he'll be back today. May I take a message?

She writes the name and number of the caller on a piece of paper - below where she practiced writing - "MIRANDA WILSON" "MRS. MIRANDA WILSON" and "MR. AND MRS. MIRANDA WILSON"

MIRANDA

I'll see he gets the message.

As she hangs up. Derek enters.

She smiles - wants to hug him badly but simply says.

MIRANDA

Welcome back!

LATER:

MR. WILSON now there with a 'happy you're back' grin.

MR. WILSON

You look good, son.

The sign on the wall still reads "WILSON AND SONS CONSTRUCTION."

MR. WILSON  
Hope you don't mind leaving the  
"S." It's just people would ask  
why.

DEREK  
I understand.

MR. WILSON  
(to Rob's old office)  
Hey Davey! Derek's back.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - LATER

Miranda enters, dressed conservatively, carrying a file,  
acts professional.

Hands the file to him...

MIRANDA  
Here's that file you wanted.

DEREK  
Thanks. I'm almost halfway through  
returning calls.

MIRANDA  
I routed as many as I could to your  
dad or Davey.

DEREK  
Thanks. Hey, do you have any  
lotion? Spent the day by the pool  
with the kids yesterday, got a  
little sunburned.

MIRANDA  
It's good you're spending time with  
your kids. They need their father,  
though I never knew mine.

DEREK  
Sorry about that.

MIRANDA  
Me too about you. I'll go get some  
lotion.

MONTAGE: NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS

- Derek at a kids' type restaurant with the kids.
- Derek at work, Miranda, dressed very conservatively. Their interaction strictly professional
- Derek again with the kids by the pool.
- Derek drops off the kids.
- Rachel home in bed crying.
- Derek in bed in his hotel alone - stares at the ceiling.
- Derek playing with the kids at Chuck E. Cheese.

EXT. WILSON HOME - NIGHT

Derek carries the sleeping Sara and Luke as he heads to the house.

INT. WILSON HOME - NIGHT

Derek finishes coming down from upstairs.

DEREK  
They're both asleep.

Rachel is by the front door.

RACHEL  
Have you sleep with anyone since?

DEREK  
I'm not like you.

RACHEL  
I miss you. I miss us. I'm sorry.

Derek just stares blankly.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
The kids miss you here.

Derek's looks grows colder.

RACHEL(CONT'D)  
That was unfair. I just going  
through hell. I'm sure you are too.  
(tearing eyed)  
(MORE)

RACHEL(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Have you decided what you're going  
 to do... about us?

DEREK  
 No.

RACHEL  
 You can yell at me - if that will  
 help.

EXT. WILSON HOME - NIGHT

Derek sits in his truck just staring at the house for  
 several seconds before he finally STARTS the ENGINE.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - DAY

Sara plays in the ball pit.

SARA  
 Aunt Donna look!

Sara goes under the balls and explodes out.

Sitting in a booth nearby are Donna, Rachel, Luke in a high  
 chair drinking a bottle.

DONNA  
 (to Sara)  
 Very good!

Sara happily continues to play in the pit.

DONNA  
 You needed to get out of the house.  
 It will do you good.

Donna looks around at all the OTHER KIDS playing throughout  
 the place, along with their PARENTS, a lot more MOMS than  
 DADS.

DONNA(CONT'D)  
 Though this wouldn't have been my  
 first choice.

As Rachel and Donna talk, each occasionally smilingly checks  
 on Sara.

RACHEL  
 (unexcited)  
 I sold three paintings.

DONNA  
 At three thousand dollars each!

Rachel nod 'yes.'

DONNA (CONT'D)  
 Holly shit!  
 (thought hits her)  
 You think you could end up paying  
 Derek alimony?

Rachel gives her a "why's you even say that" look.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
 I mean if you get divorced. Which  
 you wont. So it doesn't matter.  
 Forget I said it.

RACHEL  
 (frustrated)  
 I wish he would have banged some  
 bimbo. Maybe if he did - he'd feel  
 a tinge of guilt - Who knows? That  
 might be good... for me.

DONNA  
 You think?

RACHEL  
 Anything is better than this. Now  
 I'm worried about who he eventually  
 replaces me with. She'll spend a  
 lot of time with our children. What  
 if she secretly resents them?  
 That's why I wish he'd have a fling  
 - just in case it helped... me.

DONNA  
 Are you asking me to sleep with  
 Derek?

RACHEL  
 No, no, no!

DONNA  
 Good - thought maybe your pills had  
 made you even crazier.

A MOM, unseen in her booth on other side of partisan, is revealed when she stands in disgust. She was eating with her SMALL CHILD. She gives Rachel and Donna an angry look as she takes her child and their meals to another booth.

RACHAEL

I never filled the prescription. I decided this time I deserved to feel like this. I messed up - why shouldn't I feel bad? If anybody deserves to feel okay it's Derek.

INT. EXTENDED STAY HOTEL - DEREK'S ROOM

Derek merely SIPS his beer bottle as he kicks back in the living area, a BASEBALL GAME on T.V.

KNOCK on the door.

THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE

MIRANDA, dressed to entice, alluring even through the peep hole.

INT. EXTENDED STAY HOTEL - DEREK'S ROOM

Derek, beer in hand, opens the door.

DEREK

Miranda?

MIRANDA

I was in the neighborhood - thought I'd stop by. You mind?

She enters - checks out the place.

MIRANDA(CONT'D)

This is nice.

DEREK

Works - especially when the kids are here. In the neighborhood?

MIRANDA

Date. Why do guys think sex is a part of a first date?

DEREK

I don't know - I haven't been on a first date in a long time.

Noting his beer.

MIRANDA

Can I have one of those?

He heads to the kitchenette to grab a beer, she sits down near where he was.

DEREK(O.S.)

Glass?

MIRANDA

Bottle's fine.

He opens her bottle of beer, hands it to her and sits down on the other side of the same couch.

DEREK

Cheers!

MIRANDA

Cheers!

Derek takes another sip - Miranda a GULP.

MIRANDA

Have you made a decision about you and Rachel?

DEREK

No.

Miranda takes another swig of courage. Slides closer.

MIRANDA

(nervously going for it)  
I wasn't going to say or do anything until you figured things out - but seeing you go through this - you're too good a guy - you shouldn't - what I'm trying to say is that I - oh what the hell--

She kisses him passionately. Unlike with Donna, Derek kisses back. It's quite a kiss.

They finally separate.

MIRANDA

WOW!

Miranda eyes the bed nearby.

MIRANDA

Wanna?

DEREK

I'm sorry - I can't. Not now.

MIRANDA

(looking towards his crotch)

You need to take a pill first?

Derek CHUCKLES.

DEREK

I can - but I won't. Not 'til I  
know what I'm going to do.

Miranda isn't ready to give up.

MIRANDA

Even after she slept with--

Derek puts up his hand.

DEREK

I know what she did.

MIRANDA

I want you - if that helps you  
decide.

DEREK

I don't know what I want.

LATER:

Derek alone in bed. A debate rages in his head. His hands balance the pros and cons, his face reflects a myriad of expressions, a smile, a tense angered look, a smirk, then back to anger.

EXT. MIRANDA'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Rachel is at the door.

A surprised Miranda answers.

RACHEL  
Can we talk?

INT. MIRANDA'S HOUSE

As Miranda walks Rachel to her room, they pass Connie, who looks at Miranda with a concerned look.

MIRANDA  
We can talk in my room.

CONNIE  
Okay.

Rachel and Connie give a quick wave to each other.

They reach the staircase. Rachel begins her hobble up.

MIRANDA'S ROOM

Decorated like an old lady's room.

Rachel checks out the room, surprised by the decor as she walks towards the window.

MIRANDA  
It's my grandma's house.

Rachel stares out the window, the window Miranda had looked out that night topless, covering her breasts. She turns.

RACHEL  
I know you're attracted to Derek.

MIRANDA  
Did he tell--?

Rachel is too impatient to listen.

RACHEL  
Not knowing what Derek is going to do is worse than knowing... either way. Not knowing is killing me!  
(frustrated)  
Most guys in his position would screw the first skank slut that bats her loose knees at him - but not Derek. Oh no - not him! I wish he would.

MIRANDA

Really?

RACHEL

Let him get that out of his system.

MIRANDA

Are you asking me be his skank slut?

RACHEL

No! You're not a skank. You may have been a slut... once - but as long as I've known you - you've been kind and thoughtful and wonderful. And my God, under those tattoos, you're stunning!

MIRANDA

Thanks.

RACHEL

I want you to sleep with him because I know how kind and thoughtful and wonderful you are. I screwed this up, he didn't. He deserves to be happy. He deserves someone like you. I've met a couple of his old girlfriends - ties aren't the only thing he has bad taste in. Not only that - I've seen you with my children. You'd be a good step-mother.

(her realization)

If he's not going to be with me - I want him to be with someone like you. And who's more like you than you?

Rachel is actually thinking about Derek's happiness over hers.

MIRANDA

I think that's the nicest and strangest thing anyone has ever said to me.

RACHEL

So? Will you...?

MIRANDA  
 Sleep with him? I kinda did...  
 last night.

Rachel angrily SLAPS Miranda! The reality harder to accept  
 than the concept.

RACHEL  
 BITCH! How could you!?

MIRANDA  
 OUCH! But you said you wanted--?

RACHEL  
 Because I wanted you to! Not behind  
 my back! He's a married man you  
 know! Married to me!

MIRANDA  
 I went to see him last night...

MIRANDA(CONT'D)  
 ...But we didn't--

RACHEL  
 YOU SLUT! YOU TRASHY LITTLE  
 WHORE!

Now Miranda is mad.

MIRANDA  
 And it was fantastic!

Game on - Rachel pulls Miranda's hair.

Rachel SCREAMS! YANKS on Miranda's hair.

MIRANDA  
 (through the pain)  
 Oh you're messing with...

She grabs Rachel hair...

MIRANDA(CONT'D)  
 ... the wrong chick.

Yanks it off.

That momentarily freaks out Miranda, then again when she  
 sees Rachel's real hair. That's is until Rachel says...

RACHEL  
 HOME WRECKER!

It's back on - Miranda grabs what's left of Rachel's real  
 hair.

MIRANDA  
BROTHER FUCKER!

They fall to the floor, each tugging the other's hair.

INT. WILSON HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

A despondent Rachel with a concerned Donna...

RACHEL  
Connie is a hell of a lot stronger  
than she looks.

DONNA  
So he slept with Miranda!?

RACHEL  
She said it was incredible or maybe  
she said fantastic, I don't  
remember which... not that it  
matters.

(trying to accept)  
It's good though - right? If he's  
going to be with someone else that  
it's Miranda. Though I kinda wish  
now it was someone like Miranda and  
not necessarily Miranda.

DONNA  
I guess. I don't know.

Derek enters.

Rachel and Derek just look at each other - Derek is  
poker-faced. Rachel has an apprehensive, slight glimmer of  
hope smile.

DONNA(O.S.)  
I'll go check on the kids. Make  
sure they're still asleep. Don't  
worry I can let myself out.

BACK TO KITCHEN

They're still looking at each other.

Finally.

DEREK  
(matter of fact)  
What you did is inexcusable -  
unforgivable.

RACHEL  
(contrite)  
I know. You must hate me.

DEREK  
I do. And you look like shit.

RACHEL  
I know.

Derek takes a deep breathe.

DEREK  
(anguished)  
The worst days of my life have been  
the days since I found out about -  
you know what with you know who.

RACHEL  
Mine too.

DEREK  
(conflicted)  
But the days before that with you  
were the best days of my life.

RACHEL  
(a glimmer of hope)  
Mine too.

DEREK  
Are you worth it?

RACHEL  
Yes.

DEREK  
No.

Rachel's hope vanishes.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
(clarifying)  
No - that's the question I have to  
answer.

RACHEL  
So... not 'no'?

DEREK  
Yes.

RACHEL

Yes not 'no'? Or 'yes' I'm worth it?

DEREK

I thought I had been in love before but didn't realize how not even close to in love I'd been until I met you.

Rachel smiles, starts to get up.

Derek puts up a stop sign.

DEREK

As much as I love you - there's a huge pile of shit - anger and disappointment and resentment shit - a lot of shit. It's not like there's a delete button for my head - and I can't drink either that shit, or my love for you, away. Believe me I tried. I finally decided it boils down to that one question... are you worth it?

Rachel's future about to be revealed.

RACHEL

Am I?

DEREK

Once I figured that out the answer was clear.

RACHEL

(needs to know)

I'm dying here.

DEREK

Definitely.

Rachel, starts to tear with joy, starts to jump up...

DEREK(CONT'D)

But knowing the answer and getting there are two different things. I'm not there. But I want to get there - with you.

RACHEL

Can I hug you now?

DEREK  
One more thing - last night--

RACHEL  
(still overjoyed)  
Miranda? I know--

DEREK  
You know?

RACHEL  
We talked. She told me. It's okay.  
You're here!

Derek goes to her - hugs and kisses her!

INT. WILSON HOME - ENTRY

Donna smiles as she passes Derek's suitcases by the door on her way out.

BACK TO KITCHEN

Derek and Rachel hug, Rachel is exuberant, Derek happy but pensive.

INT. MARRIAGE COUNSELOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Rachel, her face clearing and Derek are there with Lloyd Robinson.

Lloyd is listening to Rachel talk.

She finishes.

Lloyd gives his beard a few stokes of contemplation.

LLOYD ROBINSON  
(looking at Rachel)  
It was you insecurity that caused you to jump to the worst possible conclusion and allowed you to be manipulated by brother. But that's the issue not the excuse for what you did.

(to Derek)  
I understand your hurt and desire to get even but that's no excuse for sleeping your secretary knowing you hadn't decided you marriage was

(MORE)

LLOYD ROBINSON (cont'd)  
 over. That too is a betrayal we're  
 going to have to work through.

Both Rachel and Derek nod in agreement.

As we watch their first session continue...

DEREK(V.O.)  
 Oh that - when I found out she  
 thought Miranda and I had sex, I  
 didn't have the heart to tell her  
 we didn't. Her face was already  
 clearing up. Thinking we did  
 actually seemed to help her get  
 over her guilt. Besides...

INT. WILSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel wearing a sexy dominatrix outfit and impish smile,  
 handcuffs in hand.

As we voyeuristically watch their play...

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 ...women can be very competitive!  
 (reflective)  
 Besides - I'm smart enough to know  
 at some point I'm likely going to  
 do something really stupid. I'm a  
 guy. Now I have the ultimate get  
 out of jail free card.  
 (beat)  
 Miranda agreed not to tell Rachel  
 we didn't have sex.

INT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

Miranda, at her new job.

DEREK(V.O.)  
 I helped her find a new job.

She takes a letter to her new BOSS, 30's, handsome.

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 I had a friend who I knew was  
 looking. Funny thing...

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

There are new so-so realism paintings of Rachel's hanging in the back of the gallery. On sale.

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Rachel's paintings stopped  
selling. As for Rob's legal  
troubles...

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

As patrons go in and out of the nightclub, Rob stands outside wearing a sign that reads, "WOMEN BEWARE - I'M THE TYPE OF GUY YOUR MOM WARNED YOU ABOUT - I SECRETLY VIDEOTAPED SEX - BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SLEEP WITH"

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Judge sentenced him to community  
service. As for Rob and I...

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT BLDG - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Derek is by Rob's Vette. He looks around and then KEYS his Vette.

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
That still needs time.

He jumps in the passenger seat of the minivan, with Rachel at the wheel, they speed off laughing.

INT. WILSON HOME - SHOWER - DAY - TWO YEARS LATER

Rachel, pretty and radiant, her complexion perfect, her beautiful hair all hers and no outstanding injuries, and a happy looking Derek engage in their shower dance.

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
As for Rachel. When you're truly in  
love with someone it's amazing what  
a little forgiveness and two years  
of therapy can do for a  
relationship.

As Derek does the squiggling hand to represent sperm...

DEREK  
I think one of my boys made it!

RACHEL  
 (playfully)  
 If not - we'll just have to keep  
 trying.

DEREK  
 You're the boss.

They kiss.

Rachel gently pushes away.

RACHEL  
 Later - we don't want to be late.

DEREK(V.O.)  
 Funny thing it's because of Miranda  
 that I figured out Rachel was worth  
 it. I mean there's no two ways  
 around it - Miranda is smokin'  
 hot! And a damn good kisser by the  
 way. But that night after Miranda  
 left - I missed Rachel. I made the  
 right choice.

INT. CHURCH - WEDDING - DAY - TWO YEARS AFTER THAT NIGHT

The groom (Miranda's Boss) beams with joyous anticipation.

He's flanked on one side by TWO GROOMSMEN; on the other,  
 Connie and a THIRD BRIDESMAID.

MINISTER is in his spot too.

As they walk past the aisle with Mr. Wilson, Rachel, and  
 (now about two years older) Luke and Sara, are BEST MAN,  
 30ish, and MAID OF HONOR.

At the back of the church, Miranda, a vision in her wedding  
 dress, awaits her cue.

DEREK(O.S.)  
 Nervous?

Derek is giving her away.

MIRANDA  
 Excited!

DEREK  
 You look beautiful!

MIRANDA

Thanks! I still can't believe  
Rachel let you give me away...  
thinking we you know--

DEREK

She said as long as it was to  
somebody else.

WEDDING MARCH starts. The GUESTS stand.

DEREK

They're playing your song.

As Derek escorts Miranda down the aisles of smiling Guests,  
he looks at Rachel, who smiles.

But when Derek looks straight ahead and Miranda looks her  
way - Rachel mouths "I WON"!

INT. BALLROOM - WEDDING RECEPTION

It's well underway...

A ROCK SONG play, several GUESTS, including the Wilson  
family (sans Rob) dance.

Miranda and Stan are making the rounds.

The song ends.

WEDDING DJ

I have a special request. A tango!

That clears everyone but Derek and Rachel. Connie hangs  
around, looks at Mr. Wilson, who puts up his hands, I guess  
he doesn't tango.

But Rachel and Derek do. They tango - beautifully - in love!

DEREK(V.O.)

Truth is I wouldn't trade Rachel  
for anyone else in the world. She's  
that wonderful. She is.

A dip.

DEREK(V.O.)(CONT'D)

If I don't screw up and have to  
tell her - will I ever tell her  
that I didn't sleep with Miranda.

As she returns from a twirl...

RACHEL  
I've never ask before who's better.

DEREK  
Definitely you!

Rachel likes that answer.

DEREK(V.O.)  
Someday.

After a dip...

DEREK  
Though she...

We can't hear what Derek claims Miranda does but Rachel wide-eyed as she hears it, makes us want to know.

She returns from another twirl with a devilish smile and whispers something in Derek's ear that gets a "yippee!" smile from him!

DEREK(V.O.)  
Maybe.

We enjoy them doing the Tango as closing credits roll.

**THE END**