

SOLD ON LOVE

EXT. A TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT

A highway sign reads "Wis. 2." Another sign says "Lake Nebagamon Pop. 584."

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE

Contemporary movie. Sparsely populated with cars. A compact car is parked near the refreshments building, partially lighted by it.

INT. CAR

BRYDEN JOHNSON, late teens, pretty, conservatively dressed, is in the passenger side bucket seat. She drinks soda, eats popcorn from a bucket in her lap, watches the screen intently, tries to ignore what is going on in the back seat.

Bryden's geekish-looking date, PETER, stares at her, ignores the movie.

In the back seat, MONICA and a YOUNG MAN are having sex. Quarters are cramped and the view is obscured, but sound effects make it obvious what is going on. The tiny car rocks, bounces up and down.

Monica moans loudly, drowns out the movie dialogue. She kicks Bryden in the back of the head with a bare foot, makes her splash soda on her chest.

BRYDEN

Damn! This is a brand new blouse.
Do you have to thrash around that
much, Monica?

Monica doesn't respond. Neither does Peter. He continues to stare at Bryden, casts furtive glances into the back seat. An unusually loud moan gives him courage. He lunges for her, tips a large soda on the console between them into her lap.

BRYDEN

Peter, you're such a klutz! Look
at me! I'm soaked! God, it's
cold!

PETER

Gee, I'm sorry, Bryden.

He pats her skirt with paper napkins. She smiles at this ineffective gesture.

BRYDEN

That's okay. Now I've got a matching outfit.

Seeing that she isn't angry, he grabs her by the shoulders, plants a sloppy kiss on her lips. Bryden doesn't pull away, but doesn't kiss back either.

Peter settles back into his seat, utters a sigh of disgust, remarks sarcastically.

PETER

That was sure passionate.

Bryden doesn't respond, wipes his drool from her chin with a napkin. Peter resumes staring at her, moves toward her again.

Monica moans urgently, rhythmically. She extends one leg into the space between the bucket seats, blocks Peter's way. Bryden collapses against the car door, laughs wryly.

Bryden hangs the almost-empty soda cup on the intruding foot. The foot is withdrawn, spilling the remaining soda and ice, but the only response from the back seat is another moan.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

EXT. HIGH-RENT-DISTRICT CONDO

INT. CONDO LIVING AREA

The condo is obviously expensive and is sparsely, but elegantly furnished. HUDSON McCOY, mid-20s, sits at a well-stocked bar, sips beer from the bottle.

MARSHA, pretty, also mid-20s, enters. She puts her house key, the only one on a large ring, in her purse, tosses the purse on the bar, kicks off her shoes. Hudson looks at his watch, addresses her with sarcasm, but in a normal tone of voice.

HUDSON

Another session on the casting couch?

MARSHA

Actually it was a queen-sized water bed. Had to go with the flow, so to speak.

HUDSON
 (shakes his head)
 Do you call that "going down for
 a tryout" or how about "bobbing
 for parts?"

She smiles wryly.

MARSHA
 I am an actress.

HUDSON
 Especially in our relationship.

Seen from behind, Marsha takes off her blouse and bra, throws
 them on the couch. She spreads her arms wide.

MARSHA
 You want to dust me for prints?

HUDSON
 (barely glancing up)
 No need. The suspect has already
 confessed -- numerous times,
 actually. Seems to be a serial
 offender.

She removes her skirt, drops it on the couch, shrugs.

MARSHA
 Why are you screenwriters so
 dramatic? It meant nothing, to
 either me or the producer. I
 didn't even get the part. Like I
 said, just had to go with the flow.

HUDSON
 Well, it's time for us to pull the
 plug, Marsha.

MARSHA
 Give me a good lickin' instead.
 (laughs)
 Use your tongue. Cleanse me head
 to toe.

He stands up.

HUDSON
 No, thanks. I don't do windows
 either.

She takes off her thong panties, dangles them, walks closer
 to him.

MARSHA

You really going to give up all of this?

HUDSON

It is gorgeous, but I'm not into high-volume commodities.

He takes the house key from her purse.

HUDSON

You can have the bed. It's your stage. I'll camp on the couch later.

He takes the half-full beer bottle from the bar.

HUDSON

I'll help you move out tomorrow.

MARSHA

Hey, don't kill yourself. I'll get Two Men and a Truck.

HUDSON

I hope that's a moving company, not more shenanigans.

She steps next to him, puts her arms around his neck.

MARSHA

One last time?

HUDSON

Our last time was our last time.

He ducks out of her arms, walks from the room still holding the beer bottle and the key.

INT. BRYDEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small, the furniture old and worn. Bryden's MOTHER slumps in an easy chair, watches a TV talk show. A romance novel is on the arm of the chair.

There are signs of the beauty passed on to her daughter, but it is muted by unkempt hair and a lack of makeup.

A door slams in the background. Bryden enters, her mother speaks loudly, so she can be heard above the TV.

MOTHER

How was the show, Honey?

BRYDEN
Nothing compared to the one in the
back seat.

Bryden kicks off her shoes, lies on the couch, watches the TV.

MOTHER
Did Monica enjoy it?

BRYDEN
You might say she got a real bang
out of it.

MOTHER
Was your date nice?

BRYDEN
Peter? He kisses like a fish.

Her mother picks up the remote, turns down the TV volume.

MOTHER
Why kiss someone you don't like?

BRYDEN
I had to throw him some kind of a
bone. Monica was giving
everything away in the back seat.
It's a sad date when you prefer
your own touch to letting a guy
put his hands on you.

Her mother frowns, stirs in the chair, the paperback book
falls on the floor.

MOTHER
Are you going out with him again?

Bryden responds defensively.

BRYDEN
He poured a Coke in my lap and
drooled all over me. So I should
go back for more of the same?

MOTHER
There aren't that many eligible
men around here.

Bryden shows faked surprise.

BRYDEN
No kidding!

She rises, walks into a bathroom. Her mother follows.

BATHROOM

Bryden brushes her teeth. Her mother stands in the doorway.

MOTHER

You need to be where there are
more eligible men.

BRYDEN

Such as?

MOTHER

Well, your Aunt Beth's been
inviting you to visit LA for years.

BRYDEN

Stay with Beth? Yeesh! I'd rather
join the Marines.

MOTHER

You could stay with Candy. Beth
says she's moved into her own
place in Burbank.

BRYDEN

Hmmm. I haven't seen Candy since
she was fourteen.

MOTHER

I'll bet her dates don't dump Coke
on her.

BRYDEN

(leans over, rinses
mouth under faucet,
spits loudly)
They probably snort it.

HALLWAY

Bryden walks into a bedroom. Her mother again follows her.

BEDROOM

Bryden sits on the bed. Her mother remains standing.

MOTHER

You can't just wait for things to
come to you, Honey. You'll end up
like me.

BRYDEN
You haven't done so badly.

MOTHER
If you won't look for Mr. Right,
at least go where he can find you.

BRYDEN
Mom, you always said the only way
to find Mr. Right is to wait
patiently -- with your knees
pressed together.

She jokingly sits rigidly upright, presses her knees
together, pulls down her skirt.

BRYDEN
Now you want me out beating the
bushes?

MOTHER
Beth moved to LA just so Candy
could have the career
opportunities she never did
herself. I can't move like that,
but I won't hold you back.

BRYDEN
What would you do if I ran off to
LA?

MOTHER
I'll be fine, but time's running
out for you -- like it did for me.

BRYDEN
Time's running out? God God,
Mother, I'm not even old enough to
legally drink!

EXT. FIVE-STAR HOTEL - NIGHT

The marquee welcomes the "American Cancer Society, Los
Angeles Chapter."

INT. BANQUET HALL

Stylishly dressed guests, mostly young women, sit at tables,
sip cocktails, munch on hors d'oeuvres.

An elevated portable stage and a large sign: "Hollywood Dream
Date Bachelor Auction." A female MC, late 20s, uses a hand-
held mike, stands near a podium, holds a gavel.

A handsome, athletically built YOUNG MAN standing beside her, smiles broadly.

At a front table, Hudson, neatly but conservatively dressed, sits with JACK ANGELO, early 50s, dressed with more flair.

JACK

You could've snapped up the outfit a little more, Hudson.

Hudson smirks.

HUDSON

Sure, I could unbutton my shirt to the waist. Lend me some chest hair. You know I've never been into the LA social scene, Jack.

JACK

It's time you learned. It's all part of marketing your talents. Hell, I'm your agent, you should be listening to my advice.

They turn their attention back to the stage.

MC

We have sixteen hundred. How about seventeen?

A young WOMAN IN RED at a front table walks to the stage, slips her hands under the young man's pants, feels his calves, shouts back to the audience.

WOMAN IN RED

He's got real nice muscular legs! And they're hairy, too!

Hudson laughs, leans across the table, talks softly to Jack.

HUDSON

I only agreed to this nonsense because it might give me an idea for another movie.

JACK

You need an idea fast -- and a finished script.

Jack pauses, sips his drink, lays his other hand on Hudson's sleeve.

JACK

Right now you're a hot item. The key people all know your name, but they'll soon forget it if you don't keep producing.

HUDSON

I know how short the memories are in this town.

A WOMAN WITH A BARE MIDRIFFF raises her hand, shouts.

WOMAN WITH A BARE MIDRIFFF

I bid seventeen hundred!

A WOMAN IN A SHORT SKIRT shouts a response.

WOMAN IN A SHORT SKIRT

For that kind of money, we ought to get a sample kiss!

A BLOND WOMAN joins in.

BLOND WOMAN

I went to a horse auction a week ago, and we got to ride them!

Most of the guests, including Hudson and Jack, laugh loudly.

HUDSON

She's right. This is like a horse auction. They're selling Arabian stallions and my agent snuck a Shetland pony into the corral.

JACK

Pony my ass! You've as much reason to be here as any of these guys.

Hudson leans back in his chair, appears to be daydreaming.

EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED OVER the scene: ARABIA - MIDDLE AGES

Slave auction. Sandy landscape, dunes in the background, a blazing sun above. Male buyers each hold one or more horses or camels by the reins.

A guard with a whip stands by huddled women, naked except for veils and billowy pants. Hands are tied in front, ropes hobble their feet. One has a sash that reads "MISS BAHRAIN."

Jack is the auctioneer. A frightened, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN stands beside him. A buyer raises one finger. Jack nods. The buyer hands Jack the reins to the horse he is holding, drags the woman away. Two other buyers comment.

FIRST BUYER
Trading one nag for another.

SECOND BUYER
Nevertheless, this is much easier
than going to a singles bar.

The guard drags MISS BAHRAIN, young with an attractive figure, to Jack. The buyers whistle and cheer their approval. She hunches over, covers her breasts with her arms.

Seen from behind, Jack raises her arms above her head, shouts.

JACK
A worthy addition to any man's
harem!

A grinning BEDOUIN with rotted teeth yells a response.

BEDOUIN
She is pointing at me! I will pay
two camels for that one!

Miss Bahrain cowers before her prospective owner.

END FANTASY

INT. BANQUET HALL - HUDSON AND JACK'S TABLE

Return to the date auction. Jack reaches across the table, shakes Hudson, who has a dreamy smile.

JACK
Hey, snap out of it. The MC's
looking at you! You're next!

On the nearby stage, the MC continues the bachelor auction.

MC
Next, we have a young man who
three years ago flunked a
screenwriting course at UCLA. Two
years later, he sold his first
script for nearly a million
dollars. Now he's one of the
premiere writers in Hollywood.
(pauses)
And a premiere bachelor!

Hudson stands up, whispers to Jack.

HUDSON

I hate this hype bullshit. I never got lower than a "B" in any screenwriting course.

JACK

(spreads arms and hands, shrugs)
It's all part of the image.

MC

Let's welcome Hudson McCoy!

Hudson hesitantly joins the MC, waves awkwardly to the audience. The women applaud. One is digging out her checkbook.

MC

Tell us about this dream date, Hudson.

HUDSON

Well, I thought I'd take her to the premiere of a new movie on the nineteenth. She'll get to meet the stars, the director, ...

The MC interrupts.

MC

And then afterwards, who knows? Right, Hudson?

He grins, looks like he wants to flee.

HUDSON

Right.

MC

We'll start the bidding at sixty nine dollars.

Laughter.

A WOMAN IN BLUE responds.

WOMAN IN BLUE

Six hundred and sixty nine dollars!

More laughter.

A WOMAN WITH A PONYTAIL waves her checkbook, shouts a response.

WOMEN WITH A PONYTAIL
He's a little shy, but he's really
cute! I bid twelve hundred!

Bids of fifteen hundred, eighteen hundred, and an emphatic two thousand dollars rapidly follow.

A REAR TABLE

BETH REYNOLDS is seated with three other women. She's in her late 40s, dressed as if clinging desperately to her 30s. Her skirt is too short, her bust line too daring for a woman her age. She wears heavy makeup, excessive costume jewelry.

Perspiration beads on her forehead. She raises her hand, responds nervously in a shaky voice.

BETH
I bid two thousand, one hundred
and thirty-seven dollars.

ANOTHER WOMAN at the same table chimes in loudly.

ANOTHER WOMAN
She's emptying the piggy bank! Let
her have him!

The MC pauses for a couple of seconds, then bangs the gavel on the podium.

MC
Sold!

Beth yells triumphantly, waves a fist in the air.

BETH
Yes!

Hudson returns to the table. Jack greets him sarcastically.

JACK
Jeez, take her to a movie? Think
you could spring for a bucket of
popcorn, too?

HUDSON
Sure, just give me the rest of the
million bucks my script supposedly
sold for.

(more)

HUDSON (cont'd)
(he pauses)
Did you see the woman who bid?
She's pushing fifty, for God's
sake!

JACK
(grinning)
What, you want to discriminate on
the basis of age?

Beth walks over to their table.

BETH
You needn't look so apprehensive,
young man. I bought this date for
my daughter.

She leans way over, deliberately exposing ample cleavage,
hands Hudson a slip of paper.

BETH
Here's her number. She's very
pretty and popular, but I'll see
that she keeps the nineteenth open.

She walks away. Hudson glances at the paper, turns to Jack.

HUDSON
My date's name is Candy. Isn't
that sweet? I think I'm going to
puke!

JACK
It's for a good cause. And, who
knows, she may be just the woman
for you.

HUDSON
Hah! The woman for me isn't
anywhere near a bachelor auction.
She's probably not even in LA.

He stands up, smiles.

HUDSON
Enjoy yourself, Jack.

He walks away. Beth follows him out of the room, far enough
behind that he does not notice her.

EXT. THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL - NIGHT

Hudson walks out of the hotel, leans against a pillar, watches valet parking attendants deliver vehicles to other guests. His eyes glaze over.

EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

Miss Bahrain remains standing beside Jack. Hudson rides up on a magnificent white stallion, dressed as an Arabian prince, leading four other stallions. He stops in front of Jack, raises four fingers. The crowd murmurs.

FIRST BUYER

Four horses for one woman!? Is he nuts?

SECOND BUYER

He does not need the horses when he has something more fun to mount.

Hudson drops the reins of the extra horses, addresses Jack.

HUDSON

Unbind her, I command you! I prefer loose women!

Jack removes the young woman's ropes, pushes her toward Hudson.

FIRST BUYER

(shakes head sadly)
These days, no one takes American Express.

HUDSON

(to Miss Bahrain)
I do not usually pick up women this way, but ...

Miss Bahrain interrupts.

MISS BAHRAIN

Sire?

Hudson suddenly leans down, grabs her hand, lifts her onto his stallion behind him. She puts her arms around him, holds him tightly. They trot across the desert.

HUDSON

Want to stop someplace for a drink?

MISS BAHRAIN

But Sire, we are Muslims. We do
not drink!

HUDSON

(slaps himself
alongside the head)

Oh, darn, you are right!

The stallion begins to gallop. Miss Bahrain bounces wildly,
hangs on tighter. They disappear into the desert.

END FANTASY

EXT. THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL - NIGHT

Hudson leans against a pillar, deep in thought. NICK GUYER,
a valet parking attendant, late 20s, well-groomed and
ruggedly handsome, greets the self-absorbed writer.

NICK

Hey, Hudson!

HUDSON

Nick! Long time no see! How's
Nance?

NICK

She's great.

(thinks for a second)

Hey, your movie must be almost
finished.

HUDSON

The premiere's the nineteenth.
You and Nance want to go?

NICK

I wish we could, but that's the
same day as the dance at her
parents' country club. It's our
annual encounter with high society.

Hudson hands Nick a claim ticket.

HUDSON

The blue Lamborghini.

NICK

That baby's yours? I've been
praying I'd get a chance to drive
it. I'll bring it right up.

HUDSON

That's okay. I'll walk with you.

Beth walks out of the hotel. Watches Hudson and Nick leave together, follows them at a distance.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Hudson and Nick enter the lot.

NICK

Were you in the date auction?

Hudson nods.

NICK

It must be a tough life.

Hudson frowns.

HUDSON

Star-struck phonies trying to screw their way into a screen test.

NICK

You sound like you've been burned.

HUDSON

When you buy a woman's affections, you don't get much of a warranty.

Nick gives him a funny look.

HUDSON

I missed a rewrite deadline on my movie because of a girlfriend. Now an ex-girlfriend.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Some women can really mess up a guy.

HUDSON

I want to get a few more films under my belt before I even think about another relationship.

They arrive at Hudson's car. Nick looks at it admiringly.

NICK

Man, this thing's beautiful!

HUDSON

It's leased. Angelo was on my ass about building an image.

Nick runs a caressing hand along the fender.

NICK

Some day I'm going to drive a car just like it. Nance'd wet her pants.

HUDSON

I wet mine when I see the insurance premiums.

NICK

You know, this baby would even impress Nance's parents. And almost nothing impresses them.

HUDSON

Want to take it for a spin around the block?

NICK

Let's go -- before you change your mind!

They both get into the car. Nick drives. From a few rows of cars away, Beth watches them leave.

INT. A HAIR SALON - DAY

Beth and two other hairdressers style their customers' hair. A young female RECEPTIONIST sits behind a counter.

A bell rings. CANDY REYNOLDS, a strikingly attractive woman in her late teens, enters. Flashy, but stylish, clothes.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, Candy. I'm surprised to see you here. Beth said you had a modeling job this afternoon.

CANDY

That's later. Some shots for a lingerie catalog.

RECEPTIONIST

Mmmm! It sounds sexy.

CANDY

Hot lights and horny photographers.

Candy pours herself a cup of black coffee from a pot on a stand near the counter, walks over to Beth.

CANDY
Hi, Mom. Can I borrow a few bucks
for gas?

BETH
Sure, Baby.

She takes a bill from her purse, hands it to Candy.

BETH
Did McCoy call you yet?

CANDY
Yes, and he doesn't sound like
he's worth two grand.

BETH
He's a successful screenwriter.

Candy snorts cynically.

CANDY
Half the people in LA are in the
movie biz. Big deal.

BETH
He really is a big deal. He could
help you get acting jobs.

CANDY
He said he's just a beginner.

Beth puts her hand on Candy's shoulder.

BETH
He's just being modest. Trust me,
Baby. I gave up a vacation in
Hawaii to invest in your future.

She points at Candy to emphasize her point.

BETH
You damn well better take
advantage of it.

CANDY
(arms across chest,
defiant)
I'm going out with him, Mother.
But don't ever do anything like
this again without asking me.

EXT. GAS STATION

Nick and NANCE, mid-20s, very much pregnant, lean against an old car with fading paint and a peeling vinyl top.

NANCE

I still can't believe Hudson is serious about this.

NICK

Trust me.

NANCE

I'll believe it when he gets here.

NICK

Get ready to believe.

Hudson's Lamborghini pulls into the station, parks beside them. Hudson gets out, gives Nance a kiss.

HUDSON

If my blind date looks half as good as you, I'll be a happy man.

NANCE

I hope her stomach's flatter.

Hudson steps back, looks at her, smiles.

HUDSON

When did this happen?

NANCE

About seven months ago.

HUDSON

Wow, I really have been out of touch.

He smirks, rolls his eyes.

HUDSON

But obviously you two have not been out of touch! Congrats!

NANCE

Thanks. It's great to see you again. It's too bad we don't have more time.

HUDSON

We'll get together soon, I promise.

Nick ignores the conversation, admires Hudson's car.

NICK
(to Nance)
Isn't it gorgeous?

HUDSON
(motioning to Nick's
car, parked nearby)
Yours has more personality. You
don't have to wonder if Nance is
interested in you or your wheels.

NICK
That's true. She worships my ass,
but I think she'll love it even
more in a Lamborghini.

HUDSON
Well, let's find out.

He and Nick exchange car keys.

NANCE
We're really going to do this?

HUDSON
Just for the weekend. You can
impress the country club set.

NANCE
While you go on the charity
auction date in our junker?

HUDSON
It'll be fun to see how my date
reacts to the car. Maybe I'll get
some script ideas.

Nick reaches in the open driver's window to open the car door.

NICK
You can't open this door from the
outside.

HUDSON
(smiling broadly)
Great! Just the touch I need!

He slides into the old car.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Airline lounge. Candy watches incoming passengers, wears a sexy, low-cut dress. She waves when she sees Bryden, who is dressed much more conservatively.

The two women hug, walk together toward baggage claim. Several male travelers stare at Candy.

CANDY

You haven't changed much in six years.

BRYDEN

(grins)

You sure have. You look great. That's quite a dress for a trip to the airport.

CANDY

Out here we believe in advertising. If you've got it, you flaunt it.

BRYDEN

You've certainly got it.

CANDY

You, too. You'll knock them dead once we get you out of those Wisconsin farm duds.

Bryden smiles, spreads her arms to display what she's wearing.

BRYDEN

This is the height of fashion in Lake Nebagamon.

CANDY

We're about the same size. I've a red number that's perfect for you. We could go to a couple of the clubs where I hang out.

Bryden eyes Candy's breasts.

BRYDEN

I'm not sure I'm ready to -- hang out.

CANDY

Sure you are! But we can't go out tonight. I've got a stupid blind date.

Bryden gives her a quizzical look.

CANDY

There's this charity auction. You pay big bucks for a date with an eligible Hollywood bachelor.

BRYDEN

It sounds interesting.

CANDY

My meddling mother bought me a fledgling screenwriter. Paid over two thousand dollars.

BRYDEN

Wow! That's a lot of money. I could get you any man in Lake Nebagamon for a hot dog and a Bud Light.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY

The units appear inexpensive, but are stylish and neat.

INT. CANDY'S LIVING ROOM

Inexpensively but tastefully furnished.

Candy and Bryden sit at opposite ends of the couch. Candy thumbs through a magazine, but looks curious and pays more attention to her cousin, who is on the phone.

BRYDEN

Okay, I'll see you about three.

She hangs up.

BRYDEN

That was Brad Coleman, a guy from back home. He moved out here a few years ago.

CANDY

I think I remember him. Tall, gaudy hair, freckles, nerdy ...

BRYDEN
 (cringes, holds hands
 out in front of her)
 Stop, stop, stop! He's really
 pretty nice. I invited him over
 tomorrow. We're going to play
 miniature golf.

Candy responds with sarcasm.

CANDY
 How exciting!

BRYDEN
 I really want you to meet him --
 but he's very conservative.

CANDY
 I'll be on my best behavior. I
 promise to shake his hand -- and
 nothing else. What's Brad do now?

BRYDEN
 He's an architect.

CANDY
 I guess they make good money.

BRYDEN
 I don't care about money. My ideal
 man will be intelligent, with
 sensitivity and a good sense of
 humor. And he'll know where he's
 going ...

CANDY
 You mean someone whose long-range
 goal isn't getting laid over the
 weekend?

Bryden laughs. Candy looks at her watch.

CANDY
 I've got to get ready. I'm trying
 out for a bit part at Paramount
 this afternoon.

She walks into her bedroom. Bryden follows her.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM

The bedroom is stylishly furnished, has a private bath.
 Except for cosmetics arranged neatly on a dresser, the room
 is messy. Clothing hangs from drawers, the bed is unmade.

Bryden pauses to look at a large TEDDY BEAR in the corner. There is a small white tag atop one leg.

CANDY
That's Bruno.

Bryden sits on the edge of the bed. Candy walks into the bathroom, applies her makeup at the vanity mirror, is still partly visible from the bedroom.

BRYDEN
You don't seem like the teddy bear type.

CANDY
A boy named Dan won Bruno for me at the Wisconsin State Fair when I was thirteen.

She pauses, smiles.

CANDY
I really wanted Bruno, so I gave Dan what he really wanted. I don't even remember his last name.

BRYDEN
You were thirteen?

CANDY
Hey, we all start some time. Dan only stayed around a few hours, but Bruno's been with me ever since.

She sticks her head out the bathroom doorway.

CANDY
Don't you have a souvenir of your first time?

Bryden squirms nervously, hesitates before she responds.

BRYDEN
Uh, sure, uh, I saved a few swizzle sticks -- but I lost those, too.

EXT. A GOLF CLUB - ON THE GREEN

Jack attempts a short putt. ABE STEINBERG, mid-40s with a full head of gray hair, watches him. Jack misses the putt.

JACK

Shit!

ABE

That was almost a "gimme," Jack.
You must really want this deal bad.

JACK

Hudson's the man you need, Abe.

Jack picks up his ball. They walk to a nearby golf cart and board it. Jack drives down the cart path, alongside a pond. He ogles an attractive, young woman golfer as she leans over -- in tight shorts -- to pick up her ball.

ABE

Atwater has a lot more experience.

JACK

And a lot less talent.

Abe joins Jack in ogling the female golfer, now sashaying away with a sexy strut. Their eyes aren't on the cart's path.

ABE

I really like McCoy's work, but he has no track record in comedy -- or rewriting someone else's script.

JACK

(cranes neck to
continue ogling)
He once did routines for a top comic. At least give your people a chance to meet with him.

The golf cart leaves the path, slips into the pond. Water begins engulfing Jack and Abe. Neither appears concerned.

ABE

(holding up one hand,
displaying two
raised fingers)
It'd have to be in the next two days. We're really under the gun.

JACK

(water laps at his
chin)
No problem. I'll tell Hudson to call you Monday.

INT. CANDY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The door to Candy's bedroom is open. A shower runs. Bryden walks out of the guest bedroom. The shower stops. She calls loudly to Candy.

BRYDEN

Well, how'd it go at Paramount?

CANDY (O.S.)

I could've found out tonight. The director I read for asked me to meet him at his club.

BRYDEN

Did you tell him you have a date?

CANDY (O.S.)

Yes, and I must be crazy. I'm going to kill my mother for roping me into this bachelor thing!

(pause)

Try on some of my outfits while I get ready. We'll hit the clubs tomorrow night.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM

Bryden enters. Candy stands at the bathroom vanity with her back to her cousin, turns and walks into the bedroom wearing an extremely low-cut gown.

CANDY

What do you think?

BRYDEN

Wow! Aren't you going to leave anything to the imagination? After all, he is a writer.

Candy smiles, matches jewelry with her gown. She takes a red dress from her closet, hands it to Bryden.

CANDY

Try this on.

Bryden takes the dress into the bathroom, leaves the door ajar.

CANDY

Don't forget to take off your bra.

BRYDEN (O.S.)

Why?

(pause)

Oh, my God, I thought that was the back!

Candy laughs. Bryden walks out of the bathroom wearing the dress, which is equally as daring as the one Candy has on.

BRYDEN

It's a beautiful dress, but my boobs aren't big enough.

CANDY

Nonsense! You look sensational.

Bryden fidgets with her plunging neckline.

BRYDEN

Do they ever pop out?

CANDY

Not without a helping hand.

Candy walks into the bathroom to comb her hair.

BRYDEN

I could never wear it in public.

CANDY

Sure you can. You'll drive the guys wild. Keep it on until my date comes. Let's see how he reacts.

Bryden walks to the window.

BRYDEN

Hey! I bet that's him!

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

Hudson emerges from Nick's car. He's wearing a tuxedo and carries a small floral box.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM.

Candy joins her cousin at the window.

CANDY

Oh, my God! Look at that piece of crap he's driving!

BRYDEN

I've seen worse. Jeez, Candy, it's just a car!

CANDY

I can't ride in that piece of junk! I'm not going! You get the door. Tell him I came down with the flu.

BRYDEN

Don't be silly! He looks better than anyone I've dated in a year.

Candy taps her on the chest.

CANDY

Then you go out with him!

BRYDEN

Oh, my God! I couldn't! What would he think?

CANDY

Tell him you're Candy. He's never seen me, so it won't matter.

BRYDEN

(clutches hands to breasts)

Wearing this? You must be kidding.

CANDY

Welcome to LA, Cousin.

BRYDEN

At least let me change.

The doorbell rings.

CANDY

There's no time! Just don't try touching your toes.

Bryden frantically waves both hands in front of her face, as if trying to cool it off.

BRYDEN

I'm afraid to move!

CANDY

Get your face on, girl.

Candy shoves Bryden toward the bathroom, walks into the living room. She closes the bedroom door behind her.

LIVING ROOM

Candy answers the door. Hudson carries a corsage made with a single white rose.

CANDY

Hi, you must be Hudson. I'm
Bryden, Candy's roommate.

He eyes her up and down, responds with more enthusiasm than the situation requires.

HUDSON

It's really nice to meet you!

Candy responds to his admiring glances with a broad grin, closes the door, remains standing. He sits on the couch, again eyes Candy from head to toe, obviously likes what he sees, mutters to himself.

HUDSON

Just my damn luck. The roommate
won't be half as attractive.

Candy doesn't hear him, continues talking.

CANDY

Candy's doing a little last-
minute primping. She tells me
you're a screenwriter.

HUDSON

(shifts uncomfortably
on couch)
Like everyone else in LA.

CANDY

Sold any screenplays? Any titles
I might have heard about?

HUDSON

Well, just one. But it's new. No
one's reacted to it yet.

CANDY

(obviously
disappointed)
Well, just make yourself
comfortable. I'll see what's
taking ... uh ... Candy so long.

She walks into the bedroom, closes the door. Hudson leans back in the couch, his eyes glaze over.

EXT. A WALLED ARABIAN PALACE (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - NIGHT

Hudson and Miss Bahrain gallop across the sand on his white stallion toward the palace.

MISS BAHRAIN

Nice digs, Sire.

HUDSON

My dear, you will have a far more comfortable life here than in a Bedouin's crummy tent.

They enter the palace grounds, trot to a large stable. Hudson dismounts, helps Miss Bahrain down. He removes her veil, revealing Candy. He smiles broadly.

HUDSON

My dear, you are the most beautiful of all my women. I promise, if you perform your duties with enthusiasm, you will be amply rewarded.

CANDY

It will be my pleasure to serve you, Sire. May I come to you tonight? Riding with you has given rise to ... um, unbridled passions.

He smiles, removes her sash with an exaggerated flourish and tosses it aside, obviously enjoys what he sees.

HUDSON

The harem schedule can be adjusted. I am delighted by your eagerness to grace my bed chamber.

A MALE SERVANT approaches. Candy replaces her veil. The servant takes the stallion as Hudson leads her toward the palace.

HUDSON

When bathed and properly attired, you will greatly beautify my harem.

Candy smiles, speaks demurely, struts her ample stuff.

CANDY

Sire, you will be amazed to learn how fine a purchase you have made. Do you pay unemployment insurance? The rest of the girls are going to need it.

END FANTASY

CANDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Candy takes a pair of earrings from atop the dresser, and a small package from her purse. She hands the earrings to Bryden, who applies lipstick at the bathroom mirror.

CANDY

These go great with the outfit.

Bryden puts on the earrings.

BRYDEN

I still don't think this switch will work.

CANDY

Sure it will. Just remember your name's Candy. He'll never suspect if you just loosen up a little bit.

Bryden frowns.

BRYDEN

You're the actress, not me.

CANDY

It's only for one night. Let your hair down -- and get this one out of my hair.

BRYDEN

Okay, okay, it's just one date, one night, how tough can it be ...?

Candy hands her a condom.

CANDY

Here, you may need this, too.

Bryden smiles.

BRYDEN

On a first date? No way. I'm on the pill anyway.

CANDY

You are!?

BRYDEN

(blushes)

Just to regulate my cycle.

CANDY

Oh, sure! And I've got red satin sheets on the bed just because they don't show the dirt.

She laughs.

CANDY

Take it anyway. Out here we've got diseases they've never heard of in those Badger State boonies.

Bryden stammers, blushes again, tosses the condom from one hand to the other several times.

BRYDEN

I, ... I lied this afternoon. I, I'm still a virgin.

Candy looks surprised.

CANDY

Well, at least you're ashamed of it. That's a good start.

BRYDEN

No, I'm not ashamed. Just self-conscious when I'm around you.

Candy laughs.

BRYDEN

I really envy the way you go after whatever you want. At times, I wish I was more like you.

CANDY

Your virginity problem is easily solved. Just give Hudson the key to the chastity belt.

BRYDEN

I'm not as straight-laced as you think I am. There isn't much you'd do that I wouldn't -- with the right man.

She frowns.

BRYDEN
I just haven't found him yet.

CANDY
Maybe tonight's the night.

Bryden lays the condom on the vanity.

CANDY
(shrugs)
Okay. Your choice. Now let's have
a look at you.

Bryden strikes a seductive pose.

CANDY
That McCoy's a lucky son of a
bitch. He lost one fox and snared
another.

BRYDEN
Are you going to meet the director?

Candy leers.

CANDY
Mmm-hmm. Don't wait up for me.

Bryden takes a deep breath.

BRYDEN
Well, here goes: Cheesehead meets
Hollywood ...

She and Candy walk toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Hudson stands as the women enter. He is surprised to see that Bryden is just as attractive as Candy, looks at her with new enthusiasm for his date.

BRYDEN
Hi, Hudson. I'm Candy. You look
just the way my mother described
you. Handsome. Sophisticated.

HUDSON
(grins broadly)
She described you perfectly, too.
You're absolutely gorgeous!

She blushes. He tries to put the corsage on her dress, fumbles awkwardly, fears touching her largely exposed breasts. Candy takes the corsage, pins it on her cousin's dress.

BRYDEN

It's beautiful. I'm sorry I kept you waiting.

Candy follows them to the door.

CANDY

Have fun.

Candy closes the door. She goes to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Candy gets her purse, starts to leave, then backs up a few steps, retrieves the condom, smiles as she tucks it into her purse.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Hudson and Bryden walk slowly to the car. She clutches nervously at the neckline of her gown, walks stiffly to keep her breasts from moving. He opens the car door for her.

HUDSON

Can you reach across and open my door? It's broken.

INT. CAR

She holds her dress in place, leans across and opens the door. He seats himself, surreptitiously takes a peek at her cleavage.

BRYDEN

So, you're a screenwriter? What kind of scripts do you write?

HUDSON

I've only written one, an action adventure. I'm just a struggling beginner.

BRYDEN

Where do you get your ideas?

HUDSON

The stories come from my imagination, but my characters are composites of people I know. Sometimes I use situations I've experienced. You may end up in one of my scripts, you know.

BRYDEN

I'd really like that. Depending on the kind of movie you put me into. Nothing dealing with exorcism, please!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEATER - NIGHT

The battered old car stops in front of the theater, a sharp contrast to the limousines delivering other guests. Large spotlights illuminate the sky. A throng of people watch celebrities arrive. News photographers film them.

A parking attendant helps Bryden out of the car, takes Hudson's keys, holding them as if they were contaminated. With so many people watching, Bryden appears even more self-conscious. She walks stiffly, clutches at her gown.

INT. THEATER LOBBY

The lobby is studded with elegantly dressed women and men wearing tuxedos. ALAN PLAYER, a handsome man in his early 30s, and JACKIE JONES, a glamorous woman in her late 20s, walk over to greet Hudson and Bryden.

ALAN

I hope this thing lives up to its hype, Hudson.

HUDSON

Me, too! Meet Candy Reynolds.

Alan looks at Bryden. Hudson hesitates before introducing Alan and Jackie, as if surprised that his date doesn't know who they are.

HUDSON

(to Bryden)

Alan Player and Jackie Jones. They're the stars of this movie.

Bryden waves. Jackie places her hand on Hudson's shoulder.

JACKIE

How about a good luck kiss?

She gives him a platonic kiss. Then she and Alan walk away to greet other guests.

HUDSON

They're a couple in real life, as well as on the screen.

He and Bryden are now joined by JOHN CALDWELL and PATTY COLLIER. John, early 40s, has a smug expression and is dressed in the finest tuxedo available. Patty, a tall woman in her 30s with huge breasts, towers above both men.

HUDSON

(to Bryden)

John Caldwell. He makes it all happen. He's the producer.

(to John)

This is Candy Reynolds.

John and Bryden shake hands. Patty smiles. Marsha, Hudson's former girlfriend, walks toward them. He mutters under his breath.

HUDSON

Shit! What's she doing here?

MARSHA

Hey, this is great, isn't it?

Hudson nods.

MARSHA

Hopefully my name will be up in lights soon, too.

HUDSON

No doubt about it.

(again mutters to himself)

Probably red lights.

Bryden and Marsha look each other over, head to toe. Bryden seems more poised, self-assured. She stops clutching at her gown, slips her arm through Hudson's. Marsha shrugs, pretends to spot someone she knows, walks away.

BRYDEN

Who was that?

HUDSON

Some bitch from my previous life. She's trying to sleep her way to the top.

John perks up at Hudson's comment, glances at Marsha's disappearing hips, then returns to speak to Hudson and his date.

JOHN
Speaking of advancing our careers,
there's some people I want Hudson
to meet.

HUDSON
Excuse me, ladies, I'll be back
soon.

He and John walk away.

PATTY
That bitch is Marsha, Hudson's ex-
girlfriend.

BRYDEN
I guessed that. Do you know him
well?

PATTY
Not in the Biblical sense, Honey.

Bryden stammers.

BRYDEN
I, I didn't mean ...
(pauses)
It's just that everyone seems to
know him.

PATTY
Candy, you've got the catch of the
year, and you really don't know
who's on your line, do you?

Bryden smiles, shakes her head.

PATTY
Watch the credits when the movie
starts. Hudson wrote the
screenplay.

BRYDEN
(wide-eyed)
Oh, my God. Why didn't he tell me?

PATTY
He has some silly idea about
people liking him as a person and
not because he's successful.

Bryden shrugs.

BRYDEN
 (nods thoughtfully)
 Sounds to me like he's got his
 head screwed on right.

PATTY
 He hit it big so quickly, it's
 almost like he hasn't yet accepted
 his own success. He still hangs
 out with his old buddies from the
 UCLA Film School.

BRYDEN
 It's nice that he hasn't turned
 his back on his friends.

PATTY
 That's true, but it's also time he
 realized this is who he really is.

Hudson and John return. The four of them enter the theater
 with other celebrities.

THEATER LOBBY

Hudson and Bryden walk out of the theater into the crowded
 lobby. John and Patty join them.

JOHN
 It's a winner, Hudson! Congrats!
 Hey, the gang's flying down to my
 villa in Acapulco to celebrate.
 You and the gorgeous lady want to
 join us?

Hudson turns to Bryden.

HUDSON
 I'm game, but it's up to you,
 Candy.

BRYDEN
 (stammers)
 I, I can't. I'm sorry, but you
 can still go. I can take a cab
 home.

Patty, shaking her head, puts her arm around Bryden's
 shoulder, pulls her aside so that Hudson and John cannot
 overhear what they say. Hudson and John continue to talk.

HUDSON

I hope Patty talks her into going.
I need an idea for a new script,
and a little Acapulco adventure
could develop into something.

John smirks.

JOHN

It sounds like you may score in
more ways than one.

A short distance away, Bryden and Patty talk quietly.

PATTY

Hudson said you want to be an
actress, Candy. Is that true?

Bryden stammers.

BRYDEN

W-Well, yeah.
(she frowns)
B-But I still can't ...

PATTY

Most actresses would give their
right boob to socialize with so
many Hollywood insiders.

BRYDEN

It sounds exciting, but ...

PATTY

Don't worry. I'll watch out for
you. You'll have a ball. Maybe
two.

Bryden pauses.

BRYDEN

If I tell you something, will you
promise not to tell Hudson?

PATTY

Sure.

BRYDEN

I'm not really an actress. I'm
not even Candy. I'm Bryden, her
cousin from Wisconsin.

Patty grins.

PATTY

I knew there was something different about you. The chastity belt doesn't go with the dress.

BRYDEN

Candy didn't want to go, so I pretended to be her.

PATTY

Ooooh! Your cousin blew it. Go, girl. At the very least, take advantage of a free trip to Acapulco.

BRYDEN

Hudson seems nice enough. And I've never been to Mexico.

PATTY

He is nice, the best. And It's a chance most Wisconsin girls would die for. And girls from the other 49 states, too, for that matter!

Bryden ponders.

BRYDEN

(sets jaw, looks determined)

Why not? I played it safe all my life and it got me nowhere. For one night, I really will be Candy.

PATTY

That's the spirit!

They walk back to the men. Bryden and Hudson move to one side.

BRYDEN

I don't want to sound like a prude, but this is our first date. What is the sleeping arrangement?

HUDSON

Whatever you want it to be.

She nods.

BRYDEN

It sounds like fun, but I don't even have a change of clothes.

HUDSON

Me neither. We can buy whatever we need in Mexico.

BRYDEN

How'll I look in a big sombrero?

HUDSON

(big grin, looks her up and down)

Just a sombrero? Fantastic!

They rejoin John and Patty.

HUDSON

Count us in.

JOHN

Great. The limo's loading outside.

They walk out of the theater together.

INT. CONDO LIVING ROOM

Beth and three other women are at a table playing bridge. Beth's cards are face up. Her partner plays the hand.

There is a newscast on a nearby TV, but the sound is turned too low to be understood. Then Beth notices what is on the TV screen. Celebrities are shown entering the theater at the premiere of Hudson's movie. Beth points excitedly.

BETH

Look, it's the premiere of McCoy's new movie. My daughter's his date. Let's see if they show them.

As the other women turn to watch the TV, Beth runs to a nearby coffee table, grabs a TV remote, increases the sound. The TV shows Hudson and Bryden walk into the theater. A NEWSCASTER comments.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Hudson McCoy, the young writer who crafted the screenplay, attended with an unidentified date. And that's really some dress ...

Beth's excitement grows.

BETH

Wait! That's not Candy! It's Bryden! What the hell's going on?!

She jabs viciously at the remote to shut off the TV.

PARTNER
Who's Bryden?

BETH
My sister's girl. From the sticks
of Wisconsin. She just moved in
with Candy.

PARTNER
Isn't McCoy the date you bought at
the bachelor auction?

BETH
Yes, and I didn't do it for some
farm girl who's still combing hay
out of her hair.

Her partner smirks.

PARTNER
It sounds like she's moved in in
more ways than one.

BETH
This was supposed to be Candy's
big chance for an acting career.
And by God she's going to get it,
if I have to drag Bryden back to
Wisconsin by her hair.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC

A stretch limousine parks by a private jet that is being
gassed by an attendant. A driver, Hudson and Bryden, John
and Patty, Alan and Jackie, and others climb out.

BRYDEN
(to Hudson)
Does John fly it himself?

HUDSON
No, and it's a good thing. There's
a bar on the plane. Knowing John,
he'll be sloshed long before we
get there.

John yells to the group.

JOHN
All aboard that's going aboard!

EXT. AIRPORT

The plane takes off.

INT. PLANE

Bryden rests with her head on her date's shoulder.

BRYDEN

This whole date is unbelievable.
Do you do this sort of thing
often? I'll bet you have a
million women.

HUDSON

Ah, that reminds me of a song:

(singing)

I've got seven women on my mind,
Four that wanna own me, Two that
wanna stone me. One says she's a
a friend of mine.

BRYDEN

(also singing)

And I saw the girl in the flatbed
Ford slow down just to take a look
at you.

LYRICS from "Take It Easy" by The Eagles.

HUDSON

I love it when a girl sings along.

(pauses, collects his
thoughts)

This trip is a first for me, too.

BRYDEN

How come?

HUDSON

I want to write another script, a
romantic comedy. I thought doing
something crazy and wild might
help produce some ideas.

He shrugs.

HUDSON

I haven't had a good story idea in
more than a year.

Bryden grins, sits up, responds with mock indignation.

BRYDEN

That's all I am to you!? Research
for your next movie?!

HUDSON

No, no, no! I didn't mean that the
way it sounded. I am attracted to
you, believe me! Romance and
writing just don't seem to mix.

She looks up at him.

BRYDEN

Why do you say that?

HUDSON

I don't want to end up like my
friend, Nick. In film school,
everyone thought he'd become an
overnight success. He was my idol.

BRYDEN

I take it he wasn't a success.

He shakes his head.

HUDSON

Then he met Nance. She's a great
gal, but he hasn't finished a
script since he graduated.

Bryden responds defensively, raises her voice.

BRYDEN

You're not involved with anyone
and you're still not writing. Why
does one thing have to be related
to the other? Or couldn't a
different woman have a different
effect on your writing?

HUDSON

(shaking his head)

I doubt it. I put too much energy
into my work to have any left for
a relationship.

She frowns, obviously is upset by his comment.

BRYDEN

I promise to cling ever so lightly.

She sits back in her seat, arms folded across her chest. He also settles back in his seat, appears to be daydreaming. She looks up at him.

BRYDEN

You're awfully quiet.

HUDSON

I'm sorry. I was just thinking about a new script I'm struggling with. I've just made a major decision: You're in it. Me, too.

BRYDEN

Well, now! I hope we're getting along!

He grins.

HUDSON

You're a little standoffish, but I have some very persuasive arguments.

BRYDEN

Good. Just don't burn too much of all your precious energy!

He playfully hits his fist on her shoulder. Bryden hits his shoulder, fairly hard. He groans in mock pain, pushes her into the aisle. She plops onto the floor, laughing, exposing lots of leg -- which Hudson ogles appreciatively.

Hudson then leans back in his seat. He grabs Bryden's hand, helps her return to her seat. She rests her head on his shoulder, hums the Eagles tune. He closes his eyes, smiles.

INT. ARABIAN PRINCE'S BED CHAMBER (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - NIGHT

A huge room, opulently furnished. Hudson, dressed in white pajamas covered by an elegant robe, sits on the edge of a large bed covered by a canopy. He takes a container from his pocket, pops a couple of Tic Tacs into his mouth.

Alan, dressed as a palace guard, enters with a veiled young woman wearing a long gown and a flower in her hair.

ALAN

I brought the new woman, Sire.

He bows, leaves. Hudson removes the young woman's veil. He appears surprised to see Bryden's face, but is not disappointed.

BRYDEN

I am your slave, my prince, but I will not surrender my virtue willingly. Commitment is the price of my love.

HUDSON

I am committed to all my women. Sort of.

BRYDEN

I must be special to the man I join with.

HUDSON

I am a tolerant man. I will give you another two days to rethink your decision.

She curtsies.

BRYDEN

Thank you, Sire.

HUDSON

If you then still refuse to perform your duty, you will be housed with my horses. You will sleep where they sleep and eat what they eat.

She shudders. Puts a finger in her mouth, the typical "gag me" expression.

HUDSON

I give you another chance only because horses that take the longest to break are the most fun to ride.

BRYDEN

What you want is a bucking bronco, Sire -- and Candy said she would be happy to take my place tonight.

HUDSON

Bucking? Ah, well, that is close to what I had in mind ...

Bryden curtsies again, replaces her veil, leaves.

END FANTASY

EXT. VILLA - NIGHT

The villa is large and elegant, is surrounded by a high wall. Three beat-up Mexican cabs pull up. Some passengers, including John, have been drinking, talk and laugh loudly.

INT. CANDY'S CONDO

Candy enters. She flicks on the lights, kicks off her shoes. She peeks into the darkened guest bedroom and then her own bedroom, looking for Bryden, talks softly to herself.

CANDY

Bryden, what on earth did you find
to do with that dorkish writer
until four in the morning? Poor
girl! You must be bored half out
of your mind!

INT. VILLA DINING ROOM

Partygoers drink, eat pizza and dance to slow music. John and Patty lounge with Hudson and Bryden beside a long table that has been pushed against one wall. John appears drunk.

Open arcadia doors provide a view of the pool. Two couples skinny dip.

JOHN

(with thick speech, to
Bryden)

Patty'sh jusht dying to dansh with
Hudson, aren'cha, Patty?!

He clumsily pushes Patty toward Hudson, grabs Bryden, dances with her, holds her tightly, lets his hand slip onto her buttocks. Bryden pushes his hand back up. It returns to her buttocks. She again removes it.

Hudson is equally uncomfortable with Patty. She presses against him, his face between her breasts. He hooks his nose on the neckline of her gown, stumbles against her to free himself. He closes his eyes.

EXT. DESERT (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

Hudson and Candy ride the galloping white stallion, she facing him, both bouncing like crazy, he with his face jammed into her breasts. Red-faced and panting, he looks up, puffs on an inhaler, dives back into her breasts.

END FANTASY

INT. VILLA DINING ROOM

John is still dancing with Bryden, Hudson with Patty. John again grabs Bryden by the buttocks, with both hands. She pulls away, taps Patty on the shoulder.

BRYDEN

Let's trade partners. Hudson and I haven't had a chance to dance a slow one.

They switch partners.

BRYDEN

(laughs)

It looked like she was nursing you.

HUDSON

I guess that's what they call "dancing cheek to teat."

She laughs again.

BRYDEN

I had problems of my own. I'd swear John has three hands.

HUDSON

Especially when he's been drinking.

BRYDEN

Did you see how I couldn't keep them off my bottom?

HUDSON

With Patty, all I saw was cleavage. I never did see bottom.

A TABLE TOP

A young WOMAN does an impromptu strip tease to an appropriate beat. She is a poor dancer and a little tipsy, and her gyrations are more comical than sensual.

As the music heats up, Hudson and Bryden, John and Patty, Alan and Jackie, and others gather to watch.

PATTY

Her dancing's pathetic.

John stumbles against Bryden, paws at her. She pushes him away.

JOHN

Why don'cha show ush how it'sh done?

She ignores his remark. He becomes more aggressive, shouts at her.

JOHN
Come on, Candy! Give her a dansh lesson!

Bryden shakes her head.

HUDSON
That's enough, John! Cool it.

JOHN
Why not, Candy? You've jush as much shtuff to show off as she does.

He sticks his hands through her neckline, exposes her breasts. She pulls away violently, puts her dress back in place, slaps his face. Patty shoves John, screams at him.

PATTY
You stupid jackass!

John falls, knocks Alan and Jackie to the floor with him. The stripper is down to bra and panties, stops dancing to watch the commotion. Hudson pours his drink into John's lap.

HUDSON
Maybe that'll cool you off, Asshole. Come on, Candy, we're leaving.

Patty puts her arm around Bryden's shoulder, starts to lead her away.

PATTY
Just a sec, Hudson.
(to Bryden)
Come with me, Honey.

Tears run down Bryden's cheeks. Patty guides her to a bathroom.

BATHROOM

Bryden cries quietly. Patty helps her fix her makeup.

PATTY
I'm going to castrate that son of a bitch!

BRYDEN

Oh, Patty, I'm in way over my head! I don't belong with these people. I've never even worn a dress like this before. And I've never had someone try to take off my clothes in public.

PATTY

C'mon, that wasn't your fault.

Bryden shakes her head.

BRYDEN

Candy could handle this, but I can't. I'm tired of pretending to be someone else.

PATTY

It can't be all that different with Wisconsin men.

BRYDEN

Men? What men? I spent twelve years in Catholic schools. Four of those years were in an all-girl boarding school.

PATTY

(makes face)

It sounds awful.

BRYDEN

The guys all called it "the lemon orchard." Those nuns really had our heads screwed up.

PATTY

Good Lord, it's not possible in this day and age! Are you telling me you're still a virgin?

Bryden nods sheepishly.

PATTY

You poor girl. You really are out of your element in this crowd. But Hudson's okay, so you'll be okay. Hang in there.

(she pauses)

Ready to see Hudson?

Bryden nods again. They leave the bathroom.

DINING ROOM

Bryden walks to Hudson, buries her head in his chest. He hugs her.

HUDSON

I'm sorry I brought you here.

BRYDEN

Don't be. I know it's not your fault. Can we go outside and talk?

HUDSON

Sure. Just close your eyes and pretend we're the only ones out there.

She wipes her eyes and smiles. Still clinging to each other, they walk through the arcadia doors into the pool area. Patty stands in the bathroom doorway watching them.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

One naked couple frolics in the pool, another pair fondle each other on the grass, partly concealed by bushes.

Hudson and Bryden walk slowly alongside the pool, arms still around each other. He watches the naked couples. She looks away.

HUDSON

Does it bother you to see this?

BRYDEN

A little. Now I understand what you mean about closing my eyes.

She closes her eyes, clings to him tighter, walks haltingly.

BRYDEN

I moved to California when I was fourteen -- from a little town in northern Wisconsin. I guess I'm still a small-town girl.

HUDSON

Would you believe I grew up in Duluth, Minnesota?

BRYDEN

Holy cow! That isn't very far from my home. We used to shop in Duluth.

The woman on the grass extends her legs, blocks Hudson's path. He doesn't notice. He trips, lets go of Bryden, falls. He and Bryden both laugh. She helps him up.

HUDSON
 (to naked couple)
 Excuse me.

They don't reply, resume fondling each other.

BRYDEN
 (laughing)
 Did you have your eyes closed, too?

HUDSON
 Actually, I fall for every naked woman I stumble across.

BRYDEN
 Oh? You do? How bare do they have to be?

She opens her dress front, peeks at her breasts. She and Hudson continue walking around the pool, slowly and quietly. He seems deep in thought, his eyes glassy.

EXT. ARABIAN MARKETPLACE (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

A variety of merchants display their wares on the ground and in makeshift stalls. Hudson and John, also dressed as a nobleman, stroll through the marketplace, along with other customers. John points at a nearby camel loaded with goods.

JOHN
 Why is a harem girl like a camel?

HUDSON
 Is this a riddle? I prefer knock-knock jokes, you know.

JOHN
 If there's no humps, she's worth less than a single horse.

John laughs. Hudson frowns. They pause to examine a jewelry display. A portly SELLER looks on. Hudson shows a string of pearls to John.

HUDSON
 Think she would like these?

JOHN

If she was mine, I would put a noose of coarse rope around her neck. She deserves at least a flogging.

HUDSON

True, but it would be a shame to scar such lovely flesh.

John shrugs.

JOHN

Your tolerance amazes me.

(he shrugs)

The pearls are beautiful. Any woman would treasure them.

Hudson hands a bag of coins to the seller, who smiles broadly.

HUDSON

If she does not submit tomorrow, I must punish her as I said I would. I do not make idle threats.

He puts the pearls in his pocket.

HUDSON

But I prefer that she come to me willingly.

John frowns.

JOHN

Since when must women be willing?

HUDSON

A willing partner is the most pleasurable.

JOHN

Four stallions for her and now pearls. Even if your ploy works, it will be the most expensive deflowering in history.

As Hudson and John stroll away, the seller pours the bag of coins onto his counter. He sneers, angrily grabs one of the coins and gestures to the merchant in the adjacent booth, shouts loudly.

SELLER

Look! The acursed Sacajawea
dollar! Where are the Euros when
you need them?

END FANTASY

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Return to Hudson and Bryden by the villa pool.

BRYDEN

Dreaming about your script again?
Pay attention to the real me!

He laughs.

BRYDEN

Was it a love scene?

HUDSON

No, but that seems to be coming
soon.

He puts his arm around her waist, snuggles his chin against
her neck. She smiles, caresses his cheek.

BRYDEN

Mmmm. Well, I'm sorry to report it
won't come as soon in real life.
Small-town Wisconsin girls don't
believe in sex without commitment.

HUDSON

I can feel my commitment growing.

She smiles even more broadly, then nudges him away, looks him
in the eye.

BRYDEN

Well, at least you're not absorbed
in that script!

HUDSON

(pulling her close
again)

What script!? Do small-town
Wisconsin girls kiss on the first
date?

She throws her arms around his neck. They kiss, long and
passionately.

BRYDEN

Is that what they taught you in Duluth?

HUDSON

It's cold there. We did what we could to keep warm.

She laughs, fans her face with her hand.

BRYDEN

Warm, and how! But I'm pretty tired. Been a long day. Time for me to hit the hay.

They enter the room through a sliding glass door.

INT. BEDROOM

The room is lighted by moonlight and lights from the pool area shining in. Hudson closes the sliding door, starts to close the curtains screening the doorway. She stops him.

BRYDEN

Leave it open. I like the moonlight coming in.

He cups her face in his hands, gives her a short kiss.

HUDSON

Good night, Candy. And thanks for coming. It's been a great date.

She gives him a series of much longer, more passionate kisses, but at the point where it appears the romance might go further, she pulls away. He pauses, then starts to leave.

BRYDEN

No, stay in the room. You don't want your friends to know you're the only guy not scoring tonight.

He watches longingly as she kicks off her shoes, throws back the covers and climbs into bed still dressed. She covers herself with the top sheet.

He sighs, strips to his shorts and socks, lies on his back under the sheet on the other side of the bed. On his side, the sheet has an obvious bulge. Bryden rolls over, faces away from him. She mutters softly to herself.

BRYDEN

You'd have a lot better time if Candy was really here.

She sits back up.

BRYDEN

I'm sorry. It isn't right for me to get you all worked up and then leave you pointing at the ceiling.

She spits three times into the her right palm, then slips her hand under the sheet.

BRYDEN

Let me give you a hand solving the problem I so obviously caused.

INT. VILLA KITCHEN - DAY

Patty sits at the table with coffee and half a grapefruit. Bryden walks into the kitchen, pours herself a cup of coffee. She still wears the now badly rumpled red dress.

BRYDEN

Good morning.

PATTY

Morning. Hmmm, does the look of that dress mean what I think it means?

Bryden shakes her head, sits beside Patty.

BRYDEN

Nothing happened -- and I really don't know if I hoped something would or not.

PATTY

I like you, Bryden. You're the real thing, and I think you and Hudson would be good for each other.

BRYDEN

He's a neat guy, and we're hitting it off well. But he's not for me. I'm looking for a relationship and he's not ready for any kind of commitment.

She takes a sip of coffee.

BRYDEN

He says he needs to devote all his energy to his writing.

PATTY

That's nonsense. Just think of all the famous writers who had plenty of energy for writing and women -- like Hemingway, Steinbeck, and, uh, well, Hefner.

BRYDEN

(pauses, stunned,
then laughs)

Hefner!? He's a publisher, not a writer!

PATTY

Close enough. You get the point. Writing doesn't preclude sex.

Bryden puts her elbows on the table, holds her face in her hands.

BRYDEN

He doesn't even know who I really am.

PATTY

And now is not the time to tell him, not for a while yet.

BRYDEN

But I feel like such a fraud. You're sure?

Patty nods.

PATTY

Hudson doesn't like being manipulated. He could react badly if he found out you've been lying to him.

Bryden looks confused, shrugs.

PATTY

Tell him after he gets to know you better. You -- the real you -- are what he's looking for. The gal you're pretending to be is too much like his ex-girlfriend.

Patty offers her a business card.

PATTY

Give me a call. Let me know how it's going.

BRYDEN

Thanks. Can I use the phone to
call LA?

PATTY

Sure. Use the one in the dining
room.

Bryden leaves.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM

Candy is sleeping. The phone rings. She gropes for it.

CANDY

Hello ... Bryden? I was beginning
to worry about you! Where are you?

She sits up with a start.

CANDY

Acapulco?
(pauses to let the
idea sink in)
Tell me everything!

She listens wide-eyed.

CANDY

Sure, I'll call Brad. Where's his
number? When are you coming back?

She pauses, listening.

CANDY

Okay, milk it for all you can, but
keep me posted. Bye.

She hangs up, looks perplexed.

CANDY

(slaps her forehead)
Crap! I really blew it.
(she frowns)
And my mother's going to boil me
alive.

INT. HUDSON AND BRYDEN'S BEDROOM

Hudson is standing at the bathroom vanity, stripped to the
waist, shaving. There is a knock on the door.

HUDSON

Come in.

Patty enters carrying two coffee cups, gives one to him.

HUDSON

Thanks.

He stares at Patty.

HUDSON

You're not here just to deliver
java, are you?

PATTY

No.

She sits on the edge of the unmade bed, sips her coffee,
pauses to collect her thoughts.

PATTY

You know, Candy is really nice.
But she doesn't belong in this
fast a crowd.

HUDSON

(grinning)

I'm glad you mentioned it, because
I've had the same nagging thought
from time to time.

PATTY

Why don't you get her out of here?
She's never been to Mexico before.
Show her the sights.

HUDSON

I've really got to get back to LA.

Patty stands up, sets her cup on a bedside table, starts
making the bed.

PATTY

You told John you might write a
movie about this date. Don't bail
out before the final scene.

HUDSON

(pauses in the middle
of a shaving stroke)

Hmmm ... Guess I could stay
another day or two.

PATTY

You know Candy's not the kind of girl you take to an orgy the first time you go out. You owe her a real date.

He nods his agreement. As Patty leaves, he sits on the edge of the bed, deep in thought, shave cream foam still covering half his face.

EXT. A WALLED ARABIAN PALACE - (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

Ultra posh.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY OUTSIDE HAREM ENTRANCE

Alan, dressed as a palace guard, stands guard outside the curtain to the harem. A short distance away, Beth kneels beside a wooden bucket, a bottle of Pine Sol beside it, vigorously scrubs the marble floor.

INT. HAREM

Opulently furnished. Fourteen women are present. Bryden bathes in a large tub covered by bubbly soap. Candy, Jackie, Patty and Marsha, all scantily clad, attend to her.

The four attendants soap and scrub Bryden, pour rinse water on her. The rest of the women lounge about on cushions, some munching on grapes. All are unveiled, wear flowing white gowns.

One woman reads a scroll copy of a publication called "Cosmopolitan Harem." The lead article is titled "Ten Sure Ways to Become Your Prince's Favorite."

BRYDEN

I will not go to him!

Patty throws a handful of soap suds at her defiant harem mate.

PATTY

You must! It is your turn!

Bryden stands, back to camera. Candy wraps a large towel around her. The others pat her dry.

JACKIE

If you refuse to perform your duty, you will end up living and working in the stable.

MARSHA

Or worse!

PATTY

(to Jackie)

That reminds me, can you switch with me on Friday? I have a Career Concubines meeting to go to.

JACKIE

Sure.

Bryden puts her hands on her hips, speaks angrily.

BRYDEN

Are we not forgetting something?

Everyone stops, stare at her.

BRYDEN

You know, my problem? With the prince?

Everyone turns away, engage in other conversation, ignoring her.

END FANTASY

INT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - DAY

Hudson and Bryden wear new casual clothes. He clowns, models a sombrero. A female clerk looks on. He carries several packages. Bryden snaps a cell phone photo of him.

BRYDEN

I already have more than enough clothes. We're flying back tomorrow, aren't we?

HUDSON

We're supposed to ... but I've been thinking.

BRYDEN

About what?

HUDSON

Let's start this date over. Let's really see Mexico. You ever been to a bullfight?

BRYDEN
(excited, eyes light
up)

No.

HUDSON
Me neither. Why don't we catch a
plane to Mexico City?

She smiles broadly.

BRYDEN
Are you courting me or just
pursuing a story?

He uses the sombrero to make an exaggerated bow.

HUDSON
Both. I'll even get you your own
room.

BRYDEN
We can share a room. We did here.

She pauses, smiles at him.

BRYDEN
But you would have had a more
memorable room-sharing experience
with someone else.

HUDSON
You're more fun.
(he pauses)
Out of bed, that is.

She grins.

HUDSON
And don't feel too safe. My
intentions aren't exactly platonic.

She snorts in mock indignation.

BRYDEN
I sure hope not!

He drops the sombrero, and his jaw.

EXT. BULLFIGHT ARENA - DAY

Hudson and Bryden are in the crowd, watch excitedly. She's
wearing the sombrero.

She is frightened when the bull makes a close pass at the matador, buries her face in his chest. He grins, squeezes her tightly.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A battered taxi kicks up dust, slows, pulls up to a ramshackled house, stops. Chickens run loose in the mostly dirt yard. A beat-up bicycle is on the ground by the door.

Hudson and Bryden climb out, stand with their suitcases and a pile of bags filled with gifts. He's wearing the sombrero.

BRYDEN

How do you know Angelita?

HUDSON

Through one of those "save the kids" charities. I've been exchanging letters and photos, sending money, ever since I sold my script.

ANGELITA, a Mexican girl about 10 years old, runs from the house, bangs a tattered screen door behind her. She wears a t-shirt and cut-off shorts. On her upper leg is an ugly wound that isn't fully healed.

ANGELITA

Hudson!

She runs to him, flings her arms around his neck. STEPHANIE, a middle-aged woman, appears in the doorway.

ANGELITA

(to her mother)

Hudson here ... y su novia.

ONSCREEN TRANSLATION: And his girlfriend.

STEPHANIE

(to Bryden)

I Stephanie. Angelita mother.

She runs to help them carry things into the house. Bryden points to herself.

BRYDEN

I'm Candy.

Stephanie repeats the name.

STEPHANIE

Caandee.

Hudson notices the wound on Angelita's leg, examines it.

HUDSON

That's a bad cut. How'd you get that?

ANGELITA

My sister hurt me with stick.
Many day ago. It good now.

HUDSON

No, it's not good. It looks like it's infected. I'm taking you to a doctor. Pronto.

He and Angelita pick up the remaining packages, hurry to catch up to Bryden and Stephanie, who are entering the house.

INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE

The structure has only two rooms, a bedroom without a door, and a living area that includes a kitchen. Two additional children are inside, a girl about five, and a boy of two wearing only a diaper.

Angelita clings to Hudson as her sister and brother excitedly begin opening presents.

STEPHANIE

I make food. You eat by us?

Hudson and Bryden nod.

HUDSON

Angelita and I are going into town. We need to have a doctor look at her leg. We'll be back soon.

BRYDEN

I'll help Stephanie fix dinner.

HUDSON

(to Angelita)
Come on.

They go into the yard.

EXT. YARD

Bryden watches in the doorway as Hudson tries to ride the girl's battered bicycle with Angelita perched on the handlebars. He pedals in an unsteady circle.

Angelita screams, jumps off just before he plunges into underbrush and falls. Angelita and Bryden laugh.

He picks up the bike and resumes riding, is soon doing so with only one hand on the bars and a huge grin on his face. Angelita remounts the handlebars, waves to Bryden as he pedals away.

INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE - LATER

Bryden helps Stephanie finish a spicy chicken dinner, as the two younger children play with new toys. As the open window has no screen, there are flies everywhere.

The screen door slams as Hudson and Angelita enter, carrying more bags. The girl's leg is neatly bandaged.

ANGELITA
(squealing with
delight)
Nosotros tenemos regalos para
todos!

ONSCREEN TRANSLATION: We have presents for everyone.

STEPHANIE
Open later! Now we eat!

The table has only three chairs. The younger girl sits on a wooden crate, and Bryden holds the boy on her lap. Angelita sits on the edge of Hudson's chair. She warns him as he takes a piece of chicken.

ANGELITA
Esta muy enchiloso.

ONSCREEN TRANSLATION: It's very spicy.

When he doesn't understand, she looks to her mother for help. Stephanie waves her hand in front of her open mouth.

STEPHANIE
Hot!

Hudson takes a bite of chicken, then runs to the bags he just set down, stumbles over the couch in his hurry to find the right bag. He pulls out a can of soda and takes a long drink. The others laugh.

He returns to the table with soda for everyone.

ANGELITA
(to Hudson)
Pudes dormier aqui esta noche?

ONSCREEN TRANSLATION: Can you sleep here tonight?

When Hudson doesn't understand, Angelita rests her cheek on her folded hands. He shakes his head.

HUDSON

I'm sorry. We already have hotel reservations.

Stephanie whispers an explanation to her daughter, who now has tears in her eyes. Hudson doesn't notice that Bryden also appears upset.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

Hudson and Bryden carry their suitcases through the yard.

HUDSON

We can get a cab up on the road.

She snaps back.

BRYDEN

Whatever.

HUDSON

Why are you so upset?

She sets down her suitcase, sits on it.

BRYDEN

You lied to Angelita! We don't have reservations anywhere.

He also sets down his suitcase.

HUDSON

(exasperated)

For crying out loud, I did it for you! Sleeping conditions there were pretty primitive. You could see that!

BRYDEN

Now you're really getting me mad. I'm no prima donna. You think I'm more concerned about clean sheets and room service than breaking a little girl's heart?

He looks pensive.

HUDSON

You think she's that upset?

She places both hands on his arm.

BRYDEN
Angelita worships you. The only
gift she wants is more time with
you.

He thinks in silence for several seconds.

HUDSON
It isn't too late. We can go back.

She throws her arms around his neck, gives him a big hug.
They carry their suitcases back to the house.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The only furniture is a beat-up wooden dresser with one
broken drawer that hangs open. Bags and clothes are in the
background.

Hudson and Bryden sit together on a stained mattress on the
floor, wearing their undergarments. They kiss passionately.
Then she stands up.

BRYDEN
I'm going to sleep with the girls.

He pretends to be offended.

HUDSON
You don't trust me to protect your
virtue?

BRYDEN
Actually, it's myself I don't
trust. You're a tough man to
resist. There's a lot to like
about you, inside and out.

She grabs the sombrero, slaps it on his head, yanks it hard
down over his eyes, blows him a kiss as she walks through the
open doorway.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE

A fashionable, yet casual eatery. The outside tables are
filled with customers. Beth sits at a small table with a
canopy above it, eats breakfast. Candy walks up, joins her.

BETH
I've already ordered your usual.
Is Bryden back yet?

CANDY

She called again this morning. Now they're in Mexico City ... on a full-fledged date, as Bryden put it.

Beth shakes her head in disgust.

BETH

You sure screwed up this time.

CANDY

(arms and hands
outspread)

How could I know? You should have seen the junker he was driving! It had loser written all over it!

BETH

McCoy drives a blue Italian job.
An expensive job!

Candy raises her voice, responds defensively.

CANDY

Well, he sure wasn't driving it that night!

BETH

Maybe he didn't want to leave it on a lot for a week while he plays geographic gotcha with your cousin.

CANDY

Geographic gotcha?

Beth responds snidely.

BETH

He's already screwed her in Acapulco and Mexico City. Where next?

Candy grins.

CANDY

It does make you wonder what he does for a second date.

Beth answers angrily, raises her voice, points accusingly at Candy with a piece of toast.

BETH

You may think this whole thing is hilarious, but I don't. I didn't blow two grand so that your cousin can trot around the world wearing your glass slipper.

Candy screams back.

CANDY

I know I screwed up! I'm jealous as hell, but what do you expect me to do now?

Beth bites viciously on her toast, chews rapidly, lowers her voice.

BETH

We're going to get you that date I paid for.

Candy also resumes a normal tone of voice.

CANDY

That's easier said than done. I'll bet Bryden already has her brand burned onto his ass.

Candy pauses as a waiter delivers her breakfast, resumes talking as he leaves.

CANDY

Bryden says she's still pretending to be me. And she's afraid to tell him who she really is.

Beth grins sadistically, thinks for a second.

BETH

That's interesting! Do you know how to reach them?

Candy looks puzzled, then nods.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Elegant. Hudson and Bryden enter.

HUDSON

I need to buy some shaving cream. I'll be up in a minute.

BRYDEN

Okay. Shaving cream is good. We can do other things with it besides shave, you know.

He grins widely, hands her the room key. As she leaves, he walks into the hotel store.

HOTEL STORE

The clerk is busy with another customer. Hudson stares into space, deep in thought.

INT. HAREM - FANTASY (BLACK AND WHITE)

The same four women attend to Bryden. Patty combs her hair.

BRYDEN

But I want a man to love me.

PATTY

He will, girl. Every other Tuesday.

Jackie sprays her with perfume from an oversized Chanel vial.

BRYDEN

I want to be the prince's only woman.

PATTY

That is against all that we have been taught. A woman has to know her place in society.

Bryden raises her voice.

BRYDEN

One man! One woman! Joined for life!

JACKIE

It must be that crazy European idea. I think they call it "monotony."

Marsha helps Bryden slip into an ornate gown. Jackie places a large flower in her hair. Patty picks up a large sombrero and moves toward Bryden as if to place it on her head, then frowns, shakes her head vigorously, and tosses the sombrero aside.

CANDY

She has a point. This once every two weeks stuff is the pits. I am climbing the walls -- and vibrators have not even been invented.

The four women put their arms around Bryden, console her.

JACKIE

It is not that big a deal. You could be out of there in fifteen minutes. That is a small price to pay for a life of comfort.

Bryden shakes her head.

BRYDEN

Fifteen minutes!? That is a big deal! Most guys would take five, tops.

All the women nod in agreement. Vigorously.

END FANTASY

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Luxurious. Two queen-sized beds with a separate sitting area.

Bryden enters, digs a cosmetics bag from her suitcase, sets it on the bathroom vanity, then notices that the message indicator is flashing on the bedside phone. She pushes the button, is shocked to hear Beth's voice.

BETH (O.S.)

Hi, Hudson. This is Candy's mother, Beth. Your date isn't my daughter. It's a gold-digging cousin who badgered Candy into letting her take her place. She dreams of becoming an actress and wants to use you for a casting couch.

Bryden erases the message, sits on the bed, takes a card from her pocket, then punches a number on the phone.

BRYDEN

Hi, Patty. I can't talk long. Hudson will be back soon.

She stammers, then continues.

BRYDEN

Candy's bitchy mother is trying to get ahold of Hudson -- to tell him I'm a substitute date and that I'm just using him to get into movies.

She pauses again.

BRYDEN

I have to tell him first, but I don't know how. It's not just that I deceived him, I flat-out lied. He and I are really clicking, and now ...

(pauses)

Not only that. He'll be PO'd because this will completely mess up the new script he's writing.

She pauses again, listens.

BRYDEN

Yes, script! He's let me read some of his notes for it. He's writing a movie about me, and I don't even like the lead character. She's nothing like me.

Bryden hears a noise from the hall. She looks apprehensively at the door. Another door slams.

BRYDEN

God, I just realized something. Hudson thinks that bitch is my mother! Got to go. Bye.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hudson and Bryden are dressed, about to leave. The phone rings. Hudson, who is closest, answers it.

HUDSON

Hello.

Bryden grows pale, looks apprehensive. She obviously fears Beth has called back. Hudson listens quietly, then responds.

HUDSON

Yes, we are.

He hangs up the phone.

HUDSON
Just the front desk. Verifying
our limo reservation tomorrow.

She sighs, looks relieved.

BRYDEN
Let's go.

She almost runs from the room. He follows her out.

EXT. SPANISH MISSION

The mission is small, very old and needs repairs.

INT. THE MISSION

Hudson and Bryden are with tourists guided by a monk. He leaves the mission with the group. She lingers behind by a statue of the Virgin. She lights a candle, kneels, speaks softly.

BRYDEN
I'm falling in love. Help me find
a way to tell him who I am without
wrecking everything.

She crosses herself, mutters.

BRYDEN
I have to tell him before Beth
does.

She hurries to catch up with Hudson.

INT. SMALL SUITE OF OFFICES

A sign on the door says Angelo Talent Agency. VICKI, a woman in her late 20s, types at a reception desk.

RECEPTION AREA

Jack Angelo can be seen through an open office door, seated at a desk, surrounded by scripts. He calls out loudly.

JACK
Vicki, did you call McCoy and see
when he can meet with Steinberg
and his people?

Vicki stops typing, shouts back.

VICKI
I tried, but I can't find him!

Jack walks out of his office, stands by her desk.

JACK
You can't find him!?

VICKI
After the premiere, he went to a party at Caldwell's place in Acapulco. Everyone else is back, but Hudson and his date flew to Mexico City.

JACK
Find him, damn it, even if you have to call every hotel in Mexico City. This deal's important. Hudson said he wants to do a comedy so badly he can taste it, but he's in danger of screwing up his chance!

VICKI
I'll do my best.

EXT. MEXICAN SHOPPING AREA - DAY

Hudson and Bryden walk leisurely. He carries packages, she clings to his arm. She is quiet, pensive, doesn't speak for several seconds. Then she pulls Hudson to a stop.

BRYDEN
We need to be alone. Can we go back to the hotel?

HUDSON
Jeez, Candy, it's all the way across town.

She looks around.

BRYDEN
The hotel across the street looks nice. Can we get a room?

He looks into her eyes.

HUDSON
That's a mighty big step for you. I thought you didn't believe in sex without commitment.

BRYDEN

I still don't! But I've thought about our relationship a lot. Maybe it's enough for just one of us to be fully committed.

She pauses, chooses her words carefully.

BRYDEN

I want to take our relationship to the next level, even if you don't feel as committed as I do. Maybe your feelings will grow, like mine have.

HUDSON

You're sure?

BRYDEN

Yes. Absolutely.

HUDSON

It's two in the afternoon.

BRYDEN

What're you, a clock-watcher?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Hudson and Bryden enter. A BELLHOP, a young woman, carries their packages. The bellhop sets down the packages, opens the drapes to a view of the city, gives Hudson the key. He presses a bill into the bellhop's hand.

HUDSON

Can you get us a bottle of champagne?

BELLHOP

Yes. I fetch the wine.

The bellhop leaves. Bryden opens packages, hangs up clothes for both herself and Hudson. She pulls a toothbrush and toothpaste from her purse, hands them to him. He doesn't see her also palm a small pair of scissors.

BRYDEN

You can have the bathroom first. You'll have to use my toothbrush.

Hudson removes his shoes and socks, strips to the waist, enters the bathroom, leaves the door ajar. Water runs.

She kicks off her shoes, strips to bra and panties, hangs up their clothes. She turns down the bedcovers, examines one of the pillows, as he emerges from the bathroom.

HUDSON

The bathroom's all yours.

She takes a pillow into the bathroom with her, closes the door part way. He has a puzzled expression, comments on the pillow.

HUDSON

Are you going to take a nap in there?

BRYDEN (O.S.)

I'll be right out. I'm defacing hotel property.

Water runs. Hudson sits on the corner of the bed. The water stops. Seconds of quiet. He walks to the bathroom door.

HUDSON

Is that my pillow you took or yours?

She emerges. Holds the pillow in front of her. It has no pillow case.

BRYDEN

It's definitely yours. I made myself a negligee. Ta da!

Bryden throws the pillow on the bed. She wears a silky pillowcase, a lace border on the bottom.

BRYDEN

Do you like it?

HUDSON

Mmmm! Very sexy -- and inventive, too.

He takes a pen from the pocket of his hanging shirt, picks up a yellow writing pad, begins to take notes. She stands grinning, hands on hips, pretends to be offended.

BRYDEN

I don't want to interfere with your career, but this does seem like an odd time to start writing.

He tosses the pad and pen on a dresser.

HUDSON

I just wrote a couple of words to jog my memory later. Right now, I'm in danger of forgetting my own name.

HALLWAY

The same female bellhop from the earlier scene carries a bucket of ice, champagne and wine glasses, knocks on the door to a room.

INT. ROOM

Return to Hudson and Bryden. Hudson opens the door and the bellhop enters, sets what she is carrying on a bedside table. Then she notices Bryden.

BELLHOP

(shocked expression,
gasps)

Bicu dios! She is wearing the pillow cover! That is not permitted!

She moves closer to her. Leans forward for a closer look, becomes more excited.

BELLHOP

She has cut it!

Hudson smiles, presses a bill into the bellhop's hand.

HUDSON

Some of this will pay for the pillowcase. The rest is for you.

The bellhop smiles, jams the bill down the front of her uniform. As the bellhop leaves, Hudson opens the champagne. A loud pop. He fills the glasses, gives one to Bryden, clicks his own glass against hers.

HUDSON

To love in the daytime.

BRYDEN

To love any time.

They both sip the champagne.

BRYDEN

Let's finish drinking it in bed.

She takes his glass, sets both glasses on a bedside stand, opens his belt, unzips his pants. They fall about his knees. As he steps out of the pants, they kiss passionately. She removes his underwear.

No male frontal nudity is shown, as her body blocks the view. Nor are her breasts or buttocks in full view. They continue to kiss, fall into bed. He covers them with a sheet, tugs at the pillowcase she is wearing. She giggles.

BRYDEN

What are you doing?

HUDSON

Retrieving my pillowcase.

BRYDEN

If you do, can I keep it as a souvenir?

HUDSON

Why not? We paid for it.

She lifts her arms. He removes the pillowcase.

HUDSON

This is the nicest surprise I've ever found under my pillow. Still certain you made the right decision?

BRYDEN

It's still growing!
(grinning)
My certainty, I mean.

They both laugh, then kiss passionately.

INT. BATHROOM

Bryden stands at the bathroom mirror, in the same clothes she wore earlier, looks at her reflection, pouts, mutters to herself.

BRYDEN

You just made love to a man who doesn't even know your name. What's going to happen when he finds out who you really are?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Hudson is in bed, undressed but awake, lying on his back, his hands under his head. He is deep in thought.

INT. ARABIAN PRINCE'S BED CHAMBER (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - NIGHT

Hudson sits on the edge of the bed. Bryden enters, veil off, wears an ornate gown and again has a flower in her hair. The pearls he purchased are around her neck. She carries scissors, places them on an end table.

Her gown has a ragged bottom, apparently has been cut shorter. He walks to her.

BRYDEN

Thank you for the pearls, Sire.
They are lovely.

HUDSON

Your beauty puts them to shame.

She blushes.

HUDSON

I have a proposal for you.

BRYDEN

Deal or no deal?!

He pauses, rolls his eyes.

HUDSON

I cannot make you my only woman,
but you will be my favorite. You
will share my bed two nights every
week. Maybe three, even.

BRYDEN

It is even a more generous gift
than the pearls. I bend to your
will, Sire.

She bows, then puts her arms around his neck. They kiss.

END FANTASY

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO

Bryden sits on a bed, dressed casually, is on the phone.

BRYDEN

Whenever he calls me Candy, I just
want to scream. I know I have to
tell him before we get back, but
I'm afraid to.

She stands up, pauses to listen.

BRYDEN

Oh, Patty, he's going to think I'm a gold digger -- or worse. A Midwest manure-kicker fulfilling a fantasy at his expense.

She pauses again.

BRYDEN

Sure, it's been fantastic. One week in the jet set. It's every small-town girl's dream, isn't it?

Hudson enters.

BRYDEN

(hurriedly)

Uh, I have to go. Bye.

She hangs up.

HUDSON

Who was that?

BRYDEN

Just my, uh, mother.

She pauses, abruptly stands, faces him, looks him in the eye, then blurts out her story.

BRYDEN

That's a lie. I was talking to Patty.

HUDSON

Why lie about that?

BRYDEN

(paces about as she speaks)

This entire relationship of ours is a lie.

She shouts.

BRYDEN

I'm not Candy! I'm her cousin, Bryden. From Nowheresville, Wisconsin. We switched places at the last second when you came to pick her up.

He looks stunned, sits hard on the bed, thinks for a few seconds before responding.

HUDSON

A cousin from the back woods of Wisconsin? I should have known. You sure don't know much about Hollywood.

She sits on the bed beside him, reaches out as if to touch his arm, then pulls back.

BRYDEN

I'm really sorry about lying to you.

She stutters.

BRYDEN

I, I wanted to tell you earlier, but I was afraid to.

HUDSON

I feel pretty stupid ... uh, Bryden.

He picks up his yellow pad from the dresser top, thumbs through it, tosses it on one of the beds, shakes his head.

BRYDEN

(bitterly)

I guess this really messes up your script, too.

HUDSON

That it does. It kind of changes everything ... everything ... except ...

He sits quietly, deep in thought.

BRYDEN

Don't just sit there! Talk to me!

He doesn't respond.

BRYDEN

God, I'm sorry. I wish I could fix this mess.

(paces about)

Talk to me, Hudson. Please!

He sits quietly, thinks. She looks frustrated, impatient.

HUDSON

I'm not really sure how to feel,
or how to react.

(pauses)

I need time to think -- and I need
a drink. I'm going down to the
bar.

He leaves.

MOTEL BAR

Hudson sits in a booth, deep in thought, sips a mixed drink.
His yellow pad is on the table, a pen beside it. Only he and
the bartender are present.

HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Bryden sits on the bed, leans against the headboard, blankly
watches TV. She has been crying. Hudson enters. She leaps
from the bed.

BRYDEN

You've been gone over an hour!
You're really scaring me!

He smiles.

HUDSON

I'd never met either you or Candy
before, so your changing places is
no big deal.

He sits beside her.

HUDSON

Actually, I'm flattered that you
wanted to go out with me when
Candy didn't ... and this, uh,
situation makes an even better
story.

BRYDEN

Then I'm forgiven? You're not mad?

He nods, grins.

BRYDEN

Vicki called while you were gone,
said you need to get back to LA.
Your agent's frantic about
something.

HUDSON

I'll bet he is! We can fly back in the morning.

(grins)

But tonight ... Well, now that we're formally introduced, we should go out and celebrate. Sort of a coming-out party.

BRYDEN

Let's celebrate here. Make love to me.

(smiles)

And keep saying my name over and over while you do it.

Hudson repeats her name, louder and louder each time, and each time removing an article of his or her clothing, tossing it wildly.

HUDSON

Bryden ... Bryden ... Bryden ...
Bryden!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bryden is dressed, packing a suitcase that is open on the bed. Hudson calls to her from the bathroom.

HUDSON (O.S.)

Do I have time to shower?

She looks at her watch.

BRYDEN

If you make it a quickie.

The shower runs. She walks into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Bryden applies her lipstick, combs her hair. She turns to leave, pauses to watch Hudson, a shadowy figure through the smoked glass shower door. She ponders for a second, then removes her skirt and blouse, hangs them on a towel rack.

She lays her bra and panties on the vanity, steps into the shower.

BRYDEN

It's time to come clean, Hudson.
Do you find me as desirable in the daylight as you did last night?

HUDSON

Every bit as much. Hey, I thought you already showered.

Bryden responds coyly.

BRYDEN

I'm feeling a little dirty right now.

He pushes her into a sitting position on the wooden bench, squats beside her, begins washing her feet.

BRYDEN

Isn't that a pretty low place to start on a gal who has a plane to catch?

HUDSON

I'm going to start out sucking on those cute little toes and work my way up. There'll always be another flight.

Seen through the smoked glass, he stands up, raises one her feet to his mouth, kisses it.

LATER

The shower runs. Hudson stands at the vanity, shaving, a towel around his waist. Bryden's shadowy figure shows through the shower door. The door opens slightly, she sticks her head out.

BRYDEN

These last few days have been like a fairy tale. Does it have to end? What happens when we get back to LA?

HUDSON

Fairy tales always end.

BRYDEN

They don't just end. They end happily ever after.

HUDSON

Hmmm ... Yeah. Well, we'll still see each other, but I have to get back to work.

BRYDEN

Can't I be involved in your work,
too? Am I just a plaything?

HUDSON

Of course not. You're very
special -- the kind of woman I
want a relationship with some day.

BRYDEN

Some day?!

She swiftly and angrily whacks him with a wadded-up towel.

BRYDEN

I'm not special enough to change
your stupid commitment timetable?

HUDSON

I wish I could keep both my career
and a relationship on track at the
same time. I'd mess up one or the
other for sure.

In a huff, she runs from the bathroom wrapped in a towel. He
yells to her.

HUDSON

Don't run away. You're still wet!

BRYDEN (O.S.)

Your ideas about relationships are
all wet, too.

HOTEL ROOM

Bryden sits on the bed, still wrapped in the towel, tears in
her eyes. She stares at the white rose from her corsage in
a glass of water on a bedside stand. Hudson joins her.

BRYDEN

Your damn story's coming to a sad
ending, Hudson. Aren't romantic
comedies supposed to end happy?

She continues to stare at the rose.

BRYDEN

(wistfully)

It's going to wither away soon.
Why can't something so beautiful
last forever?

HUDSON

It does last forever, through what
it gives seed to.

She flings the glass against the wall, smashes it. She
thinks about what she's done, walks over, picks up the
flower. He comforts her, uses the corner of her towel to
wipe her tears.

BRYDEN

You're so generous with your
money, with Angelita, with your
friends. If only you could give
yourself as easily to a real
relationship. To me!

HUDSON

Don't be so upset. We just need
time. Let our feelings evolve.

BRYDEN

Evolve!? I've become a full-blown
woman, and you'd still rather hold
a pen than me.

He gently takes her face between his hands, looks her in the
eye.

HUDSON

Can I say just two things?

She looks down, nods.

HUDSON

You kind of have the corner on
lying in this deal. I've never
deceived you, ever.

She nods again, slowly.

BRYDEN

Touche, what else?

HUDSON

I gave you more time to decide
about sex than you gave me to
decide about the rest of my life.

BRYDEN

Touche again.

She reaches up with one hand, lays it on one of his. A tear
rolls down her cheek.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING

Hudson's Lamborghini pulls into the lot. He and Bryden get out, walk to the condo. He carries a suitcase.

BRYDEN

Nick didn't seem too anxious to give your car back.

HUDSON

I love that car, but Nick gets an even bigger kick out of driving it than I do.

BRYDEN

I really like him and Nance. I hope we see them again soon.

HUDSON

We will.

They arrive at Candy's condo.

BRYDEN

Want to come in?

HUDSON

Mmmm, I'd better not. I've got to start mending fences with Jack, fast. I'll call you later.

They kiss. She takes the suitcase.

INT. CONDO LIVING ROOM

Bryden enters. Candy greets her in the entryway with a smile and a hug. She appears genuinely happy to see her.

CANDY

I guess I don't have to ask how it went. If a date's a bummer, you probably call it quits after, oh, three or four days.

Bryden smiles, sets down the suitcase. She sits cross-legged on the floor, opens it, takes out a sheer, off-the-shoulders blouse with a bright floral pattern. She hands the blouse to Candy, who sits beside her.

BRYDEN

I brought you a present from Mexico. It's the least I can do. I am so grateful, Candy.

CANDY

Thanks. It's beautiful. It doesn't measure up to a fling in Mexico, but not much does!

Candy holds the blouse against her chest. Then she sets it aside, looks at the other clothes in the suitcase. She picks up the "modified" pillowcase, cocks her head, looks at it cross-eyed, then replaces it in the suitcase.

BRYDEN

I'm in love, but Hudson doesn't think he's ready for a long-term relationship.

CANDY

(nods)

Men rarely do.

Bryden grabs Candy's hand.

BRYDEN

I need you to help me. I want to be a better lover. Hudson is so special. I want to be special for him.

CANDY

You don't need experience to turn a man on. Most of it comes naturally, believe me.

BRYDEN

I hope so. They didn't give us sex education in high school. I could kill those nuns!

Candy shakes her head.

CANDY

Maybe you just need a couple of good videos. Come to think of it, I've got a couple with nuns in them ... Well, not real nuns.

BRYDEN

Before Mexico, I was a little straight-laced, like a nun, but I'm not now. I've changed a lot in the last week.

Candy smiles wryly.

CANDY

Yeah, you changed your habits.

Bryden smiles, shakes her head. She closes the suitcase, carries it into the guest bedroom. She leaves the door open, begins unbuttoning her blouse.

GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bryden is in her bra and panties, hangs up her clothes. She turns, sees Candy in the doorway holding the teddy bear.

CANDY

If you really want to work on your lovemaking, you could practice on Bruno.

BRYDEN

Oooh, oooh! I get really turned on by a brute with a hairy chest.

CANDY

Wet your lips and give him a big kiss.

Bryden complies, laughs.

CANDY

Let's lay him on the bed.

She lays the teddy bear on the bed on its back.

CANDY

Let's check out your foreplay. If you can get Bruno to rise to the occasion, you can arouse anyone. Get on the bed.

Bryden hesitates, gives Candy a disbelieving look, lies on her side on the bed, faces Bruno.

CANDY

Okay, take it nice and slow. Don't be in too big a hurry to get to the family jewels.

BRYDEN

What jewels? He's not too well endowed.

They both laugh. Bryden sits up.

BRYDEN

I can't do this. I feel stupid.

Candy pushes her back down.

CANDY

You're too uptight. The secret to being a good lover is learning to relax and have fun.

Candy picks up Bryden's hand, guides it to Bruno's torso.

CANDY

Tease Bruno a little. Work on his chest and legs first. Use a light touch -- just your nails or fingertips. This drives most guys crazy.

Bryden rubs the teddy bear's chest and legs.

BRYDEN

I feel pretty silly.

CANDY

The same with your mouth. Just brush your lips, very lightly.

Bryden sits up again.

BRYDEN

This is crazy!

CANDY

Loosen up, I told you! Want me to find a man for you to practice on? I don't think Hudson would like that.

Bryden resumes caressing Bruno.

CANDY

Lay some skin on him.

Bryden spreads one leg atop the teddy bear's legs.

CANDY

Use your tongue on him. Just flick it.

Bryden does as she suggests, looks up, laughs, removes hair from her mouth.

CANDY

Good! Now start moving toward the groin, but go slowly. Tantalize him.

Bryden kisses the teddy bear lower on the stomach.

CANDY
That's it! He's so aroused, he can
hardly bear it.

BRYDEN
How can you tell?

Candy lifts Bruno's ears.

CANDY
His ears stand up.

They both giggle. Bryden leans away to get a better look at Bruno, and in doing so slides her leg off of Bruno's legs. The small white tag atop the teddy bear's leg rolls up, stands erect. Both girls notice this, laugh loudly.

INT. SMALL SUITE OF OFFICES -RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Vicki types at her desk. Jack can be seen through the open door to his office. He reads a script at his desk. Hudson enters. Vicki looks up, smiles.

VICKI
Go right in. He's been waiting
for you ... for a week.

JACK'S OFFICE

Hudson enters.

JACK
My God! You're finally back!

He yells to Vicki.

JACK
Hold any calls, Vicki!

Hudson shuts the door, sits down.

HUDSON
(with deliberate calm)
I don't blame you if you're
pissed, Jack.

Jack paces back and forth behind the desk.

JACK

I'm not the one who should be pissed. Anything I lose is only ten percent of what you give away by not jumping all over this opportunity.

Hudson leans forward, elbows on knees.

HUDSON

Is there anything I can do to recoup?

JACK

Abe. Abe Steinberg. He's the key. Think you could bring him around?

Hudson nods, leans back in his chair.

HUDSON

It's certainly worth a try.

JACK

He'll be in Aspen this weekend.

HUDSON

I'll get up there and corner him. Schussing and schmoozing -- that should be fun.

JACK

And no screwing! This is business. Leave the girlfriend here!

Hudson nods. Jack shows obvious relief, finally sits down.

JACK

I guess your blind date turned out a lot better than you expected.

HUDSON

And how! It's the first time since college I've been with a woman who really cares about me -- not just what I can buy her, or do for her career.

JACK

In this town, that is unusual.

Hudson nods, gazes wistfully out the window.

HUDSON

I think about her all the time.
I can't even write. I just stare
at the blank screen.

JACK

Well, I suggest you do whatever it
takes to keep writing. Buy her a
one way ticket back to wherever
she came from.

(he grins)

Or marry her.

HUDSON

(pretends he's been
stabbed)

Ouch! Let me deal with one problem
at a time. I'll call you as soon
as I get back from Aspen.

He leaves.

RECEPTION AREA

As Hudson walks by, Vicki looks up and grins, pushes her hair
behind her ear, cocks her head.

VICKI

I understand you show a girl quite
a time. I'm free next week. We
could start out with something
simple -- like an African safari.

He winks, walks out.

INT. CANDY'S KITCHEN

Candy and Beth sit at the table drinking coffee.

BETH

So where's the backwoods
Cinderella?

CANDY

Out looking for a job.

BETH

Is McCoy with her?

CANDY

No. Bryden said he's up in Aspen.

BETH

Aspen? By himself?

CANDY

He's meeting a producer. Trying to work out a movie deal.

Beth sits up straighter, raises her voice.

BETH

Then what the hell are you doing here? This is your chance! Get your ass up to Aspen!

CANDY

Whoa! Get serious, Mother! Bryden's in love with the guy.

BETH

Life's a bitch. She'll get over it.

Candy shakes her head, stares at her cup.

CANDY

I'm not like you. When I screw people, they enjoy it.

BETH

Nonsense! Let Bryden find her own meal ticket. McCoy is a Hollywood up-and-comer. He could really help your career.

Candy looks conflicted.

CANDY

You think so?

BETH

Right now he's a hot commodity. And he knows a lot of studio people.

Candy shrugs, stirs her coffee aimlessly.

CANDY

Well, maybe I did misjudge him. Bryden's no fool, and she thinks he's the best thing since oral contraceptives.

BETH

Well, go find out if she's right. I'll help pay for the weekend.

Candy fidgets with the coffee cup.

CANDY

It's still a lousy thing to do to my own cousin.

BETH

Get real! I'll disown you if you turn noble and screw up again.

Candy stands up.

CANDY

I guess it's worth a try if it means a chance to become a real actress.

BETH

That's the spirit. Go knock him off his feet.

CANDY

(stands, begins to leave room)

That's exactly the position I had in mind.

EXT. A SIDEWALK CAFE

Beth sits at a small table with a canopy above it. Hudson's Lamborghini pulls into a nearby parking spot. Bryden climbs out, joins Beth.

BETH

Hi, Bryden, I've already ordered. Can I buy you lunch?

Bryden sits.

BRYDEN

No, thanks. I was eating when you called.

BETH

(nods her head toward the street)

You're driving McCoy's car?

BRYDEN

Yes, it's a real kick, but I'm scared to death something will happen to it. Hudson just laughs at me. He says it's insured and I need wheels while he's gone.

(more)

BRYDEN (cont'd)
(looks apprehensive)
Does this have something to do
with Candy -- or Hudson?

BETH
Both of them, actually Do you
know where Hudson is?

BRYDEN
Sure. In Aspen on business.

BETH
(frowns)
Yeah, monkey business! He and
Candy are spending the weekend
skiing.

Bryden looks surprised, then dismayed, then composed. She
pauses before responding.

BRYDEN
I don't believe you. Hudson isn't
like that. And I don't think
Candy is either.

BETH
Out here, Honey, everyone is like
that. But Candy was wrong to let
Hudson talk her into this.

Bryden raises her voice, looks incredulous.

BRYDEN
It was his idea!?

BETH
Your mother would never forgive me
if I didn't tell you. You're
being played for a fool.

BRYDEN
I know Hudson's skittish about
commitment, but this ...

BETH
Go back to Wisconsin and find
yourself a man who carries an
attache case and drives a station
wagon -- someone who can give you
a couple of kids and a house with
a picket fence.

BRYDEN

That's pretty much what I hoped to get from Hudson some day. Well, maybe not the picket fence ...

BETH

Hoping won't do it. You'll only find guys like that back in Wisconsin.

BRYDEN

I still can't believe he would do this.

BETH

Go back to Lake Nebagamon before you get hurt any worse.

Bryden looks shaken. She leaves, drives off. Beth smiles, gazes at the departing Lamborghini, then raises her glass, toasting her own success.

EXT. CITY STREET

The Lamborghini drives down a few blocks of a city street.

INT. CAR

Bryden is distraught and preoccupied, her eyes look watery. She fails to notice a stop sign that is partly obscured by a bush.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The Lamborghini is struck on the passenger side by a pickup truck. Screeching brakes and tires. A loud bang.

A middle-aged MAN leaps from the truck cab as Bryden climbs from the car with a stunned look. Damage to the truck is minimal, but the car is badly smashed.

MAN

Are you okay, Lady?

BRYDEN

Yeah, but look!

She examines the damage, places hands on cheeks.

BRYDEN

Oh, my God! It's not even my car.

INT. CANDY'S LIVING ROOM

The red light on the telephone recorder flashes. Bryden enters, walks to the phone and pushes the button on the recorder.

CANDY (V.O.)

Hi, Bryden. A hot date came up.
I'm spending the weekend in Aspen.
Make yourself at home. Bye.

Bryden sinks into the couch. Tears run down her cheeks.

EXT. SKI AREA

Hudson stands poised atop a ski run, goggles on his forehead. Candy watches from a few yards away, behind him. He doesn't see her. Hudson pulls the goggles over his eyes, descends slowly, turns sharply into the hill.

Candy lowers her goggles, descends faster, passes Hudson, cuts in front of him. She falls, somersaults spectacularly. He skis to her, lifts his goggles.

HUDSON

Are you okay, Miss?

CANDY

Hudson!?

She lifts her goggles.

CANDY

Remember me? Candy. I mean I really am Candy.

HUDSON

Hi. Wow! Crazy we should meet up like this, in Aspen of all places!

CANDY

I can't believe this, either! Oh, and by the way, I'm sorry about not keeping that date. You must think I'm an awful bitch.

HUDSON

Not at all. Your substitute filled in quite nicely. Very nicely!

CANDY

It's just that I'd ended up
picking up the check for two dates
in a row. A couple of losers.
When I saw your car, I thought I
was looking at a third strike.

She pauses. Offers him her hand.

CANDY

Friends?

HUDSON

Sure.

He pulls her to her feet, brushes snow off her. She laughs.

CANDY

A guy once told me that skiing is
like sex. He said you're great if
you just stay upright long enough.
I guess I'm not destined for
greatness.

Hudson wiggles his eyebrows up and down, grins.

HUDSON

Not on the slopes, anyway.

Candy laughs, waves, skis away, yells.

CANDY

See you at the lodge!

Hudson waves back, heads for a chair lift.

EXT. CHAIR LIFT

He boards the lift beside another skier, sits deep in thought.

INT. ARABIAN PRINCE'S BED CHAMBER (FANTASY, BLACK AND
WHITE) - NIGHT

Hudson sits on the edge of his bed. Candy removes her veil
as she enters the chamber. She wears a flowing gown and a
flower in her hair, and carries a riding crop.

CANDY

Good evening, Sire.

HUDSON

Good evening.

He eyes the crop.

HUDSON

Do you plan to whip me into submission?

CANDY

You need a sexual change of pace, my prince. Want to horse around?

She snaps the crop for emphasis.

HUDSON

Mmmm! Tell me what you have in mind.

She walks to him, whispers in his ear, simultaneously caressing his neck. He smiles broadly. He catches a very brief glimpse of a big teddy bear on the bed, wears a quizzical look as the scene fades.

END FANTASY

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bryden lies on Candy's bed, dressed except for her shoes. Bruno sits in the corner.

She has been crying. Her eyes are puffy, her makeup smeared. She looks at the white rose Hudson gave her. It is dried up and stuck in the back of her checkbook.

She sits up, takes a phone book from a bedside stand, looks up a number, adds it to her cell phone.

BRYDEN

Hi, Nick. It's Bryden. I had an accident with Hudson's car. I'm afraid to drive it. And I need to get to the airport.

She listens.

BRYDEN

That'd be great. I really appreciate it, Nick. I'll see you in a couple of hours.

She hangs up the phone, sits quietly. Then she gets up, lays Bruno on the bed, lies back down, curls up with her head on the teddy bear's chest. She closes her eyes.

INT. AIRPORT COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Bryden, Nick and Nance sit at a small table. Bryden and Nick have mixed drinks. Nance drinks milk.

BRYDEN

I'd better get going. My flight's almost ready to board.

NICK

Don't go home now. At least wait until Hudson gets back.

BRYDEN

I can't stay. I'm being played for a fool, just like my aunt said.

NANCE

Stay with us for a few days, let things calm down.

Bryden stirs her drink aimlessly.

BRYDEN

I don't have a job, and my money's almost gone.

NANCE

You're sure you don't want to give it another shot with Hudson?

BRYDEN

We just aren't on the same wave length. Eventually, we'll have to go our own ways. It'd hurt even worse later.

She sips her drink.

BRYDEN

It's better this way. I had a week I'll never forget. Like the honeymoon without the wedding.

NANCE

Hudson would have been a heck of a catch.

BRYDEN

I really don't care about the money or how famous he is. I'd gladly trade that for the kind of relationship you two have.

She stands up, fights back tears. She kisses Nick on the cheek, hugs Nance. They wave as she leaves.

NICK

I guess Hudson isn't as savvy as we thought. Letting that one get away was a dumb move.

Nance nods her agreement.

INT. SKI LODGE - EARLY EVENING

Hudson and Candy sit across from each other in a booth near the bar. Several other skiers are drinking. They are nearly finished eating hamburgers and fries, have half-full mugs of beer. Hudson's fries are soaked in catsup.

Candy takes Hudson's hand in both of hers.

CANDY

I really had fun today, Hudson.
Thanks for everything.

HUDSON

A lot of great skiing, a terrific dining experience, time spent with a beautiful woman -- Hey, I enjoyed it, too.

CANDY

I've decided the real Hudson McCoy is a pretty darn nice guy.

She notices catsup smeared on his finger. Some of it has rubbed off on her hand. She laughs, licks the catsup from her hand, lifts his hand to her face, puts his finger in her mouth, slowly sucks off the catsup.

Hudson smiles, more to himself than at Candy.

HUDSON

What do you mean "the real Hudson McCoy?"

She releases his hand.

CANDY

What you did that night was a little dishonest. You know, pretending you can't afford a decent car.

He takes a big gulp of beer, wipes his mouth.

HUDSON

I think I'm the same guy I was three years ago. Back then I didn't have a dime. I just wanted to see your reaction to the car.

CANDY

(blushing)

Is it so wrong for a girl to look for a man who has it all together?

The BARTENDER rings up a sale behind them, and the cash register clangs loudly. Hudson notices this and smiles.

HUDSON

Is it so bad for a guy to look for a woman who doesn't care how much money he has?

Candy fidgets.

CANDY

Don't get me wrong. It's not just a matter of money. It's finding someone who can inspire you to shape up your own act.

The cash register clangs again. Hudson fakes a pensive look.

HUDSON

Hmmm. That's a different outlook. So I, uh, inspire you?

CANDY

In a way, yes. A woman wants the security of knowing a man is mature enough to take care of her. Emotional maturity should be accompanied by financial stability, don't you think?

The cash register clangs again. Hudson flinches in mid-sip.

CANDY

But sometimes I believe in paying my own way.

She grabs and holds his hand again.

CANDY

Dessert's on me. Room service -- so to speak!

Hudson shakes his head, smiles weakly.

HUDSON

I'd take you up on that offer,
but, well, I haven't the time
right now.

Candy looks crushed. She removes her hand from his.

CANDY

Why not?

HUDSON

I came up here to sweet-talk a
producer. He agreed to meet with
me in a few minutes from now.

CANDY

Maybe later then?

Hudson looks at his watch, finishes his beer, sets down the
mug, gets up to leave.

HUDSON

Maybe. I don't know how long this
will take.

INT. JETLINER - NIGHT

The plane is in flight. Bryden sits alone next to a window.
She looks at photos from her trip with Hudson, wipes a tear
from her cheek.

INT. CHALET HALLWAY

Candy walks slowly down the hallway, her arms full. She
carries a plate of dessert, a bottle of champagne, wine
glasses, plates, napkins and eating utensils. She wears a
loose-knit sweater blouse. She stops at a door.

CANDY

Well, here goes. Wet your lips
and get to work, girl.

She wets her lips with her tongue, knocks by kicking the door.

ROOM

There is a lighted gas fireplace at one end. Hudson walks to
the door, opens it, sees Candy smiling broadly.

CANDY

I promised you dessert by room
service, and here it is!

She enters, sets the stuff she is carrying on the bed. Hudson hesitates, then slowly shuts the door. Candy pauses, again wets her lips.

CANDY
I brought ... cherry cobbler.

HUDSON
It sounds delicious.

CANDY
Let's eat by the fire.

She moves Hudson's suitcase near the fireplace, puts it on its side, sets the improvised table, divides the cobbler, opens the champagne with a loud pop, and fills both glasses.

She takes two pillows from the bed, turns down the lights, sets the pillows beside the suitcase, kicks off her shoes, sits on one pillow, pats the other, inviting Hudson to join her.

He takes a long look at his pillow, smiles.

CANDY
What?

HUDSON
Nothing. I was just thinking of something.

He takes off his shoes, sits beside her, takes a bite of the cobbler, then leisurely licks his spoon.

HUDSON
Cherry, huh? It is good.

As Candy talks, she gives one glass to Hudson.

CANDY
Did you succeed in sweet-talking that producer?

HUDSON
No, but I gave it my best shot. That's okay. I'd rather write my own script -- not rewrite someone else's. Of course, there's no guarantee it'll sell.

CANDY
I'm sure it will. You've sold one, and more will come.
(more)

CANDY (cont'd)
 (smiles seductively)
 I'm glad we ran into each other.

She raises her glass in a toast.

CANDY
 To happy coincidences!

He smiles, pauses thoughtfully, takes a drink. Candy lifts a large spoonful of cobbler, fumbles it, drops it on her sweater blouse.

HUDSON
 Oops!

CANDY
 Nuts! What a mess.

She hesitates, then pulls the blouse off. Cobbler is smeared on her bra and the flesh above it. She laughs.

CANDY
 Look. It's all over me.

She looks at him coyly. He's looking, a spoonful of cobbler poised in mid-air.

CANDY
 (bats eyelashes,
 smirks)
 Want to help clean it off?

He smiles.

HUDSON
 Sure, if nothing else, I'm a helpful kinda guy.

He pauses, seems deep in thought, freezes. Candy has a puzzled expression.

EXT. WALLED ARABIAN PALACE - FANTASY (BLACK AND WHITE) - NIGHT

A full moon provides ample light. Hudson's white stallion gallops across the landscape carrying him and Candy bareback on a blanket. He has the reins, she faces him with her arms and legs wrapped around him, her skirt flapping.

Candy laughs and cheers.

CANDY
 Go, go! Faster, my prince.
 Faster!

She lets out an extra loud cheer and throws her head back.
 The stallion slows to a walk. She kisses him passionately.

CLOSE-UP ON HORSE'S FACE

The horse rolls its eyes.

RETURN TO SCENE

The horse stops, sits. Candy and Hudson slide off the back
 end, still leg-locked. They both laugh.

HUDSON
 Wow! That was a most unique
 experience. I am happy you
 suggested such, uh, horseplay.

CANDY
 That, my prince, is this century's
 version of the Mile High Club.

END FANTASY

INT. CHALET ROOM

Return to Hudson and Candy. She looks at her messy bra and
 chest, pokes him.

CANDY
 Wake up, lover! Help me clean up
 this mess.

He picks up a napkin, dips it in his drink, wipes her chest.

CANDY
 Dang it! I was hoping you'd use
 your tongue!

She puts her arms around his neck, presses her body against
 him, gives him a long kiss. Hudson doesn't resist her
 advances, but doesn't kiss back. Candy pulls away, has a
 puzzled expression.

INT. SKI LODGE BAR

The same bartender from the earlier scene is at the cash
 register. He rings up "No Sale."

INT. HUDSON'S ROOM

Return to Hudson and Candy.

CANDY
(very disappointed
expression)
Damn! This isn't going to work.
I'm just as pretty as Bryden, and
I'm sure I'm better in bed. But
that doesn't matter, does it?

HUDSON
(stands, slumps,
shakes head)
I guess not. I'm really sorry
about this ...

Candy stands, takes the pillows back to the bed.

CANDY
That country girl really got to
you, didn't she?

He blushes, rubs his neck, nods.

HUDSON
Apparently so, but I didn't
realize it until just now. I have
to admit it, Candy, you're not an
easy woman to resist.

Candy remakes the bed.

CANDY
Not easy to resist! You did it
pretty well! Too well!

HUDSON
So, why the seduction, anyway?
You're Bryden's cousin, for God's
sake.

CANDY
I hoped you could introduce me to
studio insiders -- maybe help me
get an acting job. My mom came up
with this Aspen idea and, well, so
much for great ideas!

He walks to the fireplace, pours another glass of champagne,
takes a sip.

HUDSON

Mothers don't always know best.
You don't have to sleep with me to
get my help, you know.

Candy smiles broadly.

CANDY

You mean you'll help me just
because I'm Bryden's cousin?

HUDSON

And her friend, supposedly.

CANDY

So there wasn't any need for me to
act like a damned vamp, was there?

She smooths out the bed covers.

HUDSON

No. This little tryst wasn't going
anywhere ... But I loved the
cobbler.

He sits on the bed, leans back, closes his eyes.

EXT. WALLED ARABIAN PALACE (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) -
DAY

A wagon drawn by four horses pulls away from the palace.
Standing in back are twelve veiled women from Hudson's harem,
everyone except Bryden and Candy.

John, with Patty on his lap, her boobs in his ear, sits up
front with the driver, grins from ear to ear.

The camera zooms in on the rear of the wagon as it pulls
away, Focus sharpens on a "U-Haul of Yemen" sign, and other
typical specifications found on U-Haul trailers.

END FANTASY

INT. CHALET ROOM - EVENING

Return to Hudson and Candy. He is still on the bed. A rap on
the door snaps him back to reality. He answers it, is
confronted by Bryden, who holds a check in her hand.

CANDY

(whistles, takes
steps backward)

Whoo, boy! I guess things are
about to get pretty interesting.

Bryden enters. Looks at Candy's exposed chest, then at Hudson. He stares back, his glass of champagne spills on his feet.

BRYDEN
"Pretty interesting" hardly
describes this little scene!

She addresses Hudson with bitter sarcasm.

BRYDEN
I suppose you're working on
another script!

He still stares, not moving, his tilted glass still dripping champagne on the carpet. Bryden angrily waves the check in his face. He doesn't take it.

BRYDEN
I owe you this. I smashed up that
fancy, schmancy car of yours. The
agent told me the policy's a
thousand dollar deductible.

He snaps to, sets down the champagne glass.

HUDSON
Don't worry about it. I'm just
glad you weren't hurt.

BRYDEN
(bitterly)
If you really didn't want to see
me hurt, you wouldn't leave me in
LA and take my cousin away for the
weekend.

He looks puzzled.

BRYDEN
(hands on hips)
Beth told me you'd gone skiing
together.

Hudson looks at Candy accusingly.

CANDY
(to Hudson)
I didn't know my mother talked to
Bryden. I swear! This is
unbelievably bitchy, even for her.

She turns to Bryden, throws up her hands.

CANDY

I followed him up here. He came on business, like he told you.

BRYDEN

Apparently it wasn't too hard to get him to mix in a little pleasure.

Hudson interrupts, looks from one woman to the other.

HUDSON

It's flattering to be fought over, but I don't recall wearing either of your brands.

Candy tugs playfully at the back of his pants.

CANDY

I'll be happy to check.

Bryden glares at Candy. Hudson pulls away from Candy, gesturing at her bra-clad torso.

HUDSON

(to Bryden)

Okay, it looks bad, but nothing happened here. And nothing was about to.

BRYDEN

That's hard to believe. Candy could seduce a priest -- on the altar, and with a church full of witnesses.

Hudson nods, vigorously.

CANDY

(to Bryden, grinning)

Only if the priest wasn't more interested in the altar boy.

INT. SKI LODGE - NIGHT

Hudson, Bryden and Candy are in a booth, beers in front of them.

HUDSON

(to Bryden)

Why'd you really come up here?

She stares at the table top.

BRYDEN

I thought about going home -- back
to bratwurst and cheese and the
Packers, but ...

She pauses, lifts her head, looks him in the eye, sets her
jaw.

BRYDEN

But then I decided to fight for
what I want.

HUDSON

(eyes twinkling)
And what do you want?

BRYDEN

I want you. And I want you all to
myself. Forever.

HUDSON

I want you, too, but, well, I
don't want to completely change my
life.

CANDY

(to Bryden)
Shit, all I want is a role in one
of his movies.
(to Hudson)
Do you love her?

HUDSON

(to Candy)
I don't know, but without this
incredible woman, I may never
write anything again.

Candy grins. Bryden squirms.

CANDY

You mean she affects your
performance above the waist, too?

HUDSON

I prefer to call it "inspiration."

CANDY

You already know what to do. All
you need now is the balls to do it.

Bryden picks up her mug, lifts it high.

BRYDEN

I'll drink to that.

Candy clicks her mug against Bryden's. Hudson hesitates, then clicks his mug against the girls' drinks.

INT. HUDSON'S CONDO - LIVING AREA - EVENING

Hudson sits on the couch, edits a script, then leans back deep in thought.

EXT. AN OASIS (FANTASY, BLACK AND WHITE) - DAY

A small pool surrounded by a few palm trees. Hudson, clad in princely attire, and Bryden, wearing a number of gossamer veils and wrappings, sit together on a small rug on the sand, enjoy a picnic. Two horses are tethered nearby.

HUDSON

I hope you are not offended that
I did not sell Candy along with
the others.

Bryden cocks her head, waiting for more. Hudson takes a drumstick from a bucket of KFC, chomps on it, chews, then speaks.

HUDSON

If I had only one woman, I would
be no different from a peasant.

She takes his hand.

BRYDEN

I understand that, my prince. It
is nice to have someone to fill in
for me when I am not feeling up to
romance.

She slides into his lap, looks into his face, grabs the drumstick, tosses it over her shoulder.

BRYDEN

But that will not happen very
often.

Using the back of her hand, she wipes chicken grease from her mouth, kisses him. She then stands up, speaks excitedly.

BRYDEN

Let us do it riding your stallion!

HUDSON

Hmmm. I found that to be a tricky and dangerous way to make love.

She takes his hand, helps pull him up.

BRYDEN

I am hot to trot. I will try anything! There is nothing Candy can do that I cannot.

He smiles.

HUDSON

Even for four stallions, you were a fantastic bargain, my darling.

END FANTASY

INT. CONDO LIVING AREA - EVENING

Return to Hudson's condo. The doorbell rings. He walks to the door and opens it, greets Nick and Nance.

HUDSON

Come on in, guys. Can I fix you a drink, Nick?

NICK

Sure. I'll have a gin and tonic.

Hudson shuts the door, leads them to the bar.

HUDSON

You're drinking milk, Nance. My godson's not going to be born with a hangover.

NICK

How's the script coming?

HUDSON

Great. I'm using the Arabian theme as an interior plot. I call it "Sold on Love."

NANCE

I like that. It's catchy.

Bryden enters the living area from the kitchen, wears an apron, glows with happiness.

BRYDEN

I'm sure sold on love!

She hugs and kisses the guests. Nance notices Bruno sitting on the couch, sits down alongside the bear.

NANCE

I like the new addition, the teddy bear, too.

BRYDEN

That's Bruno. Candy's engagement present. She says she's outgrown him.

Nance picks up Bruno, places him atop her large tummy.

NANCE

Bruno's cool.

BRYDEN

We're going to regift him. Bring him to Angelita, a young friend in Mexico, next time we visit her.

NANCE

She'll love Bruno.

(pauses)

Nick and I are really happy for you and Hudson.

Bryden slips her arms around Hudson from behind, kisses his neck.

BRYDEN

We're really happy about us, too.

Hudson turns to face Bryden. As they kiss, Nance playfully puts her hand over Bruno's eyes. Bruno's leg tag rolls up, pops erect.

FADE OUT:

-The End-

