

GOOD CHRISTIAN BITCHES

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AWESOME SANTA BARBARA HOUSE/ESTATE - DAY

FEDERAL MARSHALS stand guard outside an Incredible Home as they monitor MOVING MEN load a few boxes into a small Moving Van. The Marshals escort AMANDA (30's), her two children WILL (14), SARA (15), and their Peekapoo GIDGET to their SUV. The SUV and VAN pull away from their Federally-seized home.

WILL
Mom, I can't believe they took my
PlayStation!

SARA
And my doll collection!

AMANDA
They're just things, honey.

ESTABLISH AMANDA'S SUV DRIVING ON I-10

The SUV passes the sign "**You're leaving California!**" Gidget, on the console next to Amanda, barks.

AMANDA
The important thing is that we have
each other.

Will and Sara look at each other, not convinced.

EXT. WASTELANDS OF NEW MEXICO - MOTEL 4 - LATE DAY

Sara whines at the dumpy 'MOTEL 4' as they pull up.

SARA
4? We can't even afford Motel 6?

AMANDA
Things will be better when we get to
Dallas. I promise.

ESTABLISH AMANDA'S SUV TRAVELING THROUGH WEST TEXAS

INT. SUV - IN MOTION - DAY

Will and Sara are apprehensive. Amanda is stoic.

WILL
Will Grandma like us more now that
Dad's dead?

AMANDA
Your grandma has always loved you.
It's me she has a problem with.

SARA
What's her house like?

AMANDA

Free. Your grandmother's being very generous.

ESTABLISH DALLAS - MOVING VAN FOLLOWED BY SUV - DAY

EXT. ARMSTRONG STREET - HILLSIDE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The Van and Amanda's SUV turn onto Armstrong Street.

ESTABLISH DARLENE COCKBURN'S HOUSE ON ARMSTRONG STREET

ANGLE ON AN ELEGANTLY MANICURED HAND with a big-ass diamond pulling back a drape inside Darlene's house.

INT. DARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beautiful, blonde, buxom DARLENE is watching. HER POV OUT HER WINDOW -- Amanda's SUV/the Moving Van pulling into AMANDA'S MOTHER'S driveway three houses down.

Darlene passes on this delicious information via her Vertu.

DARLENE (ON PHONE)

Well, well, well. Amanda Vaughn's come back to Dallas.

CLOSE ON SHARON PEAVY taking a bite of a Snickers bar as she talks on her phone to bejeweled decolletaged Darlene. Sharon is very 'Suzanne Sugarbaker' (3rd Season) i.e. beautiful, but full-figured.

SHARON (ON PHONE)

And she's single, to boot.

DARLENE (ON VERTU)

Of course she's single, Sharon. Most widows are.

INT. AMANDA'S SUV - DAY

Amanda, Will and Sara stare at Amanda's Mom's house as they just sit in the car, too nervous to get out. It's a moment.

WILL

Wow. Big. So this is home now?

AMANDA

Only until we find our own house. This is just a quiet, safe place where we can start rebuilding our lives.

Suddenly two DOBERMANS attack the car like a pair of CUJO's.

The kids scream. Amanda's frantic. Gidget the Peekapoo goes berserk, ricocheting around the SUV.

EXT. GIGI'S FRONT PORCH - AT THAT MOMENT

Amanda's mother GIGI (sexy 50's) comes out, yells.

GIGI
(to the dogs)
Tony! Get down! Romo! Behave.

DARLENE'S POV FROM HER LIVING ROOM WINDOW

It's MAYHEM. Sara's on the roof of the car clutching the insanely yapping Peekapoo while Gigi and maid LUPE wrangle the Dobermans and Amanda protects Will from the dogs.

INT. DARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THE MOMENT

As Darlene watches this, she reports to Sharon.

DARLENE (ON VERTU)
A bit of a rocky start...

INT. SHARON PEAVY'S OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

INTERCUT Sharon's conversation with Darlene.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
How does Amanda look?

INT. DARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Darlene shifts to get a better view of Gigi's house and the arrival of Amanda. The Moving Van has obstructed her view.

DARLENE (ON PHONE)
Can't really tell. The moving van's
in the way. It's such a small van.

INT. CRICKET'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS CARUTH CORP - THAT MOMENT

ON CRICKET CARUTH'S HAND PUNCHING A 'SPEAKERPHONE' BUTTON so her hands can be free to cut the newspaper with scissors while she joins Darlene and Sharon's conversation.

CRICKET (INTO SPEAKERPHONE)
Well, Amanda can't have much.
Supposedly the Feds seized everything.
How could Bill have done this to his
family? Such a tragedy.

WE SEE the Dallas Morning News article Cricket cuts out -
"DALLAS NATIVE INDICTED IN WEST COAST PONZI SCHEME IS DEAD".

INT. SAPPINGTON REALTY HEADQUARTERS - AT THAT MOMENT

HEATHER SAPPINGTON, a hot power babe, works on her Sappington Realty site as she joins the discussion on her headset.

HEATHER (ON HEADSET)
 I still can't believe the same sweet
 Bill who always copied my economics
 homework could have become so corrupt.

ON SHARON washing her Snickers Bar down with Yoohoo.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
 Being married to Amanda for 16 years
 probably had a lot to do with it.

EXT. GIGI'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dogs calmed. Amanda's greeting her estranged mother. Gigi's meeting her grandchildren for the first time since they were babies. Years of emotion flow.

AMANDA
 Mom. This is Sara. And Will. All
 grown up.

SARA/WILL
 Hi/Hey Grandma.

Gigi, overcome by this, breaks down into tears.

GIGI
 No one's ever called me Grandma...

This sets off the emotional waterworks in Amanda. They all hug. Then Gigi finishes her thought.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 ... but let's make it 'Gigi'.

INT. DARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

ON DARLENE who now has an improved POV of AMANDA et al.

DARLENE (ON VERTU)
 The reunion seems to be going well...
 Amanda and Gigi are being civil to
 each other. I prayed for that.

Darlene watches Will and Sara unload the SUV.

DARLENE (ON VERTU) (CONT'D)
 The boy is the spitting image of Bill.

ON CRICKET who pastes the "Ponzi" article on a scrapbook page next to AN ARTICLE, "**CALIFORNIA CON MAN DIES IN CAR CRASH**".

CRICKET (INTO SPEAKERPHONE)
 (smoothing the page)
 Speaking of spitting, you heard how
 Bill died, didn't you?

ON HEATHER who always has the gossip.

HEATHER (ON HEADSET)
Car crash. His Bentley went over the cliff, burst into flames.

ON CRICKET who elaborates into her speakerphone.

CRICKET (INTO SPEAKERPHONE)
I mean, what *caused* the accident.
(savoring the tidbit)
There was a woman in the car...

ON SHARON who's moved onto nibbling popcorn and interrupts...

SHARON (ON PHONE)
Amanda's best friend, no less.

INT. DARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Where she's now using opera glasses for better viewing.

DARLENE (ON VERTU)
Ladies! It is not appropriate to speak of such things on the phone.

Everyone stops talking. They obey Darlene, who then says...

DARLENE (ON VERTU) (CONT'D)
See you in church.

Darlene hangs up, fingering the cross in her cleavage. She steps on the chair to get a better angle on the activity across the street at Gigi's.

INT. GIGI'S ELEGANT HILLSIDE PARK HOUSE - LATER DAY

Amanda is carefully stacking empty boxes. Gigi enters.

GIGI
Oh, don't bother with those. I'll have Lupe throw them away for you.

AMANDA
Don't throw them away. I'll just need them again. We're only here til we find a house.

GIGI
Well, I'm happy to know you *do* have some money.

AMANDA
(touches a nerve)
Mother, the Feds seized everything. It was like running out of a burning house. I grabbed what I could.

GIGI
(with a wink)
But you always hear criminals like Bill stash cash all over the world where nobody can find it.

AMANDA

Don't you dare wink at me. And don't worry—we're only staying here temporarily. Just until I find a job and a place of our own.

GIGI

I didn't like Bill when you dated him in high school, didn't like him marrying you, really hated him when he dragged you away to California...

AMANDA

(the hand)

I know. The fact you didn't come to his funeral wasn't my first clue.

GIGI

I mean, why would anyone in their right mind leave Dallas for Southern California? Dallas has the same weather without the liberals.

AMANDA

Mama. Bill's dead. We can retire the topic now.

GIGI

Why did you come back here if you don't want help?

AMANDA

I need a fresh start. In Santa Barbara I couldn't bear another moment of the stares and gossip and judgment.

GIGI

So... you came to *Dallas*?

Upset Amanda leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - GIGI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda walks through the kitchen. Will is on his laptop. As she passes, she notices the screen and what she sees distresses her even more.

AMANDA

Honey. Stop Googling your father.

WILL

I just can't believe Dad did all this terrible stuff -- old people lost all their savings, charities lost everything. What does committing Hari-kiri mean?

Amanda hugs Will, kissing the top of his head.

AMANDA

Whatever awful things your father did, he was a good dad.

(closing Will's laptop)
That's the only memory worth keeping.

INT. AMANDA'S OLD ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - DAY

Frazzled Amanda enters, Sara is on Amanda's old bed surrounded by Amanda's old **Hillside High yearbooks** (c. 1991). Sara holds up a yearbook turned to a FULL PAGE PHOTO of AMANDA as Homecoming Queen -- very Big D. Very big mane.

SARA
Check out the hair. I know they do it big here,
(the Queen photo)
but that's like -- another life form.

Sara reads a hand-written inscription in the yearbook.

SARA (CONT'D)
"Go Foxes! Go away Javelinas".
What's that mean?

AMANDA
Oh, nothing. Teenage nonsense.

GIGI
Tell her, darlin'.

AMANDA
No. Not my finest moment.

SARA
Then I *have* to know. 'Sounds like a cool cautionary tale.

Amanda explains, but is embarrassed and ashamed.

AMANDA
Back in high school, there were two groups of girls. The Foxes were cute and fun...

GIGI
Your mother was the ringleader.

AMANDA
... and the Javelinas...

SARA
Isn't that some kinda pig?

GIGI
Wild hog. Ugliest thing on God's green earth. Can't kill 'em fast enough.

SARA
And you called these poor girls 'Javelinas'? So wrong, Mom.

AMANDA
I was young. I'm not proud of it.

As Sara flips through the yearbook **WE OFFICIALLY MEET OUR GCB'S IN TEENAGED PHOTOS, THEN AS THEY ARE TODAY...**

ANGLE ON PHOTO OF *DARLENE AS A TEENAGER* - VERY UGLY - PHOTO CAPTIONED '**GOSPEL GIRL**'. Sara makes an instant association.

SARA
She's gotta be a Javelina, right?

GIGI
Darlene's been totally overhauled since then. But she's still all about Jesus.

INT. SPA AT THE CRESCENT - WOMEN'S LOUNGE AREA

ANGLE ON *NOW-GORGEOUS DARLENE* who winces as the last piece of pubic hair is ripped by her *LATINA WAXER*.

Darlene opens her robe to Cricket who is being manicured. She proudly directs Cricket's focus 'down there'.

DARLENE
Does this look like a cross to you?

CRICKET
(impressed)
Absolutely. Now *that's* what you call vajazzled.

In the BG, the disturbed Waxer crosses herself.

BACK TO:

ANOTHER PHOTO -- *TEEN CRICKET CARUTH* - PLAIN WITH UNFORTUNATE HAIR. Their verdict is quick and concise.

SARA/AMANDA/GIGI
Javelina.

AMANDA
Cricket married my first crush, Blake.

SARA
Cricket's lucky *anybody* married her.

ANGLE ON *MUCH-IMPROVED CRICKET* DANCING WITH HANDSOME METROSEXUAL HUBBY BLAKE. We HEAR Gigi's observation...

GIGI (V.O.)
Her family owns about half of Texas. Girls with as much money as Cricket can always find a husband.

BACK TO:

SARA IN AMANDA'S BEDROOM turning pages, landing on *PHOTO OF HEATHER AS A TEENAGER* - CUTE - CHEERLEADER. Amanda points to the photo, comments...

AMANDA
 Heather Sappington. Fox.
 (to Gigi)
 She still in real estate?

GIGI
 Honey, you can't go anywhere in this
 town without sitting on her face.

EXT. DALLAS STREET - DAY

ANGLE ON TWO WOMEN sitting on a bus stop bench. The bus approaches, they stand, revealing HEATHER'S FACE on a **HEATHER SAPPINGTON REALTY** ad.

BACK TO:

SARA FLIPPING TO THE FULL PAGE PICTURE of Teen Sharon. *MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL - SHARON IN BEAUTY QUEEN SWIMSUIT POSE.*

SARA
 Wow. She had that body in high school?

GIGI
 Yep. But now there's a lot more of it.

INT. CHURCH ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

ON *CHUBBY SHARON* NOW as she and Heather stuff charity food baskets. She gobbles tortilla chips and salsa intended for the baskets. An admonishing look from Heather...

HEATHER
 Sharon! That's for charity.

Sharon defends her gluttony.

SHARON
 It's important that we try it. We shouldn't give poor people food we wouldn't eat ourselves.

BACK TO:

THE YEARBOOK - Amanda sees another nostalgic photo...

AMANDA
 And there's that strange little Christina Waterford.

GIGI
 Remember when you switched her grade so she couldn't run for cheerleader against you?
 (Amanda cringes)
 And that time you wanted to steal Erica Cullen's boyfriend so you rigged it so she got stuck in El Paso for a week?

(Amanda winces)
 And oh! Who was it you spread the
 rumor that they had herpes...?

SARA
 Mom! Were you a 'Mean Girl'?

GIGI
 She was a bitch with teeth.

AMANDA
 You can stop now, mother.

Ashamed Amanda closes the Yearbook. She's starting to worry.
 She hadn't considered this repercussion.

SARA
 I wonder how they feel about you now.
 Sounds like you were kinda awful.

Amanda shelves the yearbooks, trying to convince herself...

AMANDA
 It's been sixteen years. I'm sure
 they've forgotten all about me.

INT. ZODIAC ROOM - NEIMAN MARCUS - LUNCH

Darlene, Sharon, Heather and Cricket are having the
 quintessential Neiman's Ladies' Fashion Show Lunch.

CRICKET
 It's been twenty years. And I still
 remember the evil things she did to me
 like it was yesterday.

SHARON
 It's true. We need a plan.

DARLENE
 Ladies, relax. I've already put her
 name on the Bible Study Email Prayer
 Blast.

A MODEL struts by their table carrying a card - 'Gucci'.

SHARON
 If she's still beautiful we better
 start praying that the wandering eyes
 of Hillside Park husbands don't wander
 in her direction.

DARLENE
 Well, get down on your knees, darlin'.
 'Cause she's gorgeous.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
 (has an idea)
 We should assemble a top shelf VIP
 CARE package with a DALLAS SURVIVAL
 KIT for her.

CRICKET
 You're kidding. This is Amanda Vaughn we're discussing. I'm pretty sure her return to Dallas is one of the signs of Apocalypse.

HEATHER
 Calm down.

CRICKET
 Easy for you to say. Do you have any idea how hard it is to prove to boys you don't have herpes?

A MODEL agrees as she slithers by with a card - 'Versace'.

HEATHER
 It's important we reach out and help Amanda, especially after what she's been through.

CRICKET
 Help her? Just because she was nice to you in high school? I'd like to crush her like a bug.

DARLENE
 All the more reason we have to reach out. Did you not read my Bible blog this week?

Cricket looks at her watch, has to leave.

CRICKET
 Gotta go. Have to pick up Alexandra at the doctor's.

DARLENE
 Is she O.K.?

CRICKET
 Oh, it's nothing. She got her 16th birthday present and her chest's a little sore, that's all.

Darlene clandestinely understands the traumas of a boob job.

DARLENE
 Wish Alexandra Happy Birthday for me and tell her 'lots of ice and Advil' will help... er... I'm told.
 (sotto)
 And if she needs any Vicodin, call me.

INT. CRICKET'S CAR - IN MOTION - LATE DAY

Cricket's driving. Heather's in the back seat.

Cricket's beautiful daughter ALEXANDRA (16) slumps uncomfortably in the passenger seat after her boob job.

HEATHER
 How in the world did the woman in
 Bill's car ever survive that horrible
 crash?

CRICKET
 You didn't hear? She had her head in
 Bill's lap. Cushioned "the blow".
 (beat)
 Unlucky for Bill - she bit off more
 than she could chew.

HEATHER
 Lord, is that true?

ALEXANDRA
 Gross, Mama.

Cricket hits a speed bump too fast.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 Ow! Slow down.

HEATHER
 I should put together some listings
 for Amanda. Living with Gigi will
 make her grab a rifle and climb a bell
 tower. Drop me at my office.

EXT. HEATHER SAPPINGTON REALTY HEADQUARTERS - LATE DAY

Heather's FACE is on all signage for SAPPINGTON REALTY. She
 strides into her building.

INT. OFFICE - HEATHER SAPPINGTON REALTY - LATE DAY

Heather on headset talks with Sharon as the listings ROLL.

HEATHER (ON HEADSET)
 So. Amanda's enrolled her kids in
 Hillside High, so she'll want
 something in the 75205.

Heather pulls up pictures of Will and Sara.

HEATHER (ON HEADSET) (CONT'D)
 Her kids are cute. The daughter is
 darling.

INT. SHARON'S CANDY BOX OF A BOUDOIR - LATE DAY

INTERCUT. Full figured Sharon compulsively crams M&M's as
 she talks with Heather.

SHARON (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
 Darling? How darling? 'Cheerleader'
 darling? Or 'Pep Squad' darling?

ON HEATHER'S FINGERS FLYING ON HER KEYBOARD

HEATHER (ON HEADSET)
I'll send you the link.

ON SHARON opening the link. ON HER COMPUTER, Sharon zooms in on SARA'S PHOTO, then holds the FRAMED PHOTO of her own less attractive daughter, MCKINNEY, in a Pep Squad uniform next to Sara's face, comparing the two, grumbling.

SHARON (ON SPEAKER)
She's 'cheerleader' darling.
(then another worry)
How thin is Amanda?

ON HEATHER who fires off another link.

HEATHER (ON HEADSET)
See for yourself.

ON SHARON opening the link, AMANDA'S PHOTO pops up.

SHARON (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
What do you think? A size 2?

At that moment, Sharon's son BOZEMAN (14) passes by, grabs a handful of M&M's and scopes out AMANDA'S PHOTO.

BOZEMAN
Whoa. Who's the MILF?

Sharon instantly clicks off as we HEAR CHURCH BELLS.

CLOSE ON AMANDA - SOUND ASLEEP DROOLING, BEDHEAD.

INT. AMANDA'S OLD ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING

Gigi, dressed in her Sunday Best, wakes Amanda.

GIGI
Get up. We're gonna be late for church.

AMANDA
Huh? Church? Oh, no.

GIGI
Oh yes. If you're going to live in my house, you're going to church. Rules are rules.

EXT. HILLSIDE PARK CHURCH - MORNING

Gigi leads a reluctant Amanda, Will and Sara to the church entrance. Amanda continues her protests.

AMANDA
We didn't raise the kids with any particular religion, I encourage them to find their own spirituality.

GIGI
Cut the Commie crap. My grandchildren
are going to church so they can go to
heaven. End of story. Amen.

Gigi opens the church door. They enter.

INT. SANCTUARY - CHURCH SERVICE IN PROGRESS - DAY

Amanda, Gigi and kids slip in unnoticed. REV. WESLEY TUDOR,
the handsome young Minister asks for Prayer and Concerns...

REV. WESLEY
... and now, does anyone have Prayers
for the People?
(Darlene raises hand)
Darlene?

Darlene rises to give her prayer. Amanda is shocked at
Darlene's va-voomness, whispering to her Mother...

AMANDA
That's Darlene?

Gigi shushes her and they bow their heads. We track Sharon,
Cricket and Heather's reaction as Darlene prays...

DARLENE
This week, let us remember the parable
of the prodigal son, or in our case,
daughter. We are overjoyed at the
return this week of one of our own
back into our fold.
(Amanda's eyes pop open)
Let us open our hearts in support of
her as she struggles to pick up the
pieces of her shattered tragic life.
And keep us ever mindful that the
humiliation of sin, degradation, and
lack of moral decency are not ours to
judge...

Mortified Amanda whispers to Gigi.

AMANDA
Oh my God. She's praying for me.

Gigi pats Amanda's knee reassuringly.

GIGI
See? People 'round here care.

But Amanda's creeped out. All eyes turn to her.

INT. ACTIVITY HALL - HILLSIDE PARK CHURCH - COFFEE HOUR

Amanda, now really shell-shocked, maneuvers through the
stares and greetings of CHURCHGOERS at the coffee hour after
the service. Amanda is rushed by Darlene.

DARLENE
Amanda, Amanda, Amanda. Welcome home.

Darlene hugs Amanda as Heather, Cricket and Sharon approach and greet her.

SHARON
Let me look at you, skinny-Minnie.

AMANDA
I can't believe you even remember me.
Cricket offers up air kisses with a smile of ice.

CRICKET
How could we forget you?

Heather is the warmest and most genuine of the bunch.

HEATHER
So sorry to hear what you've been through. If there's anything...

Amanda hears "Wow" and turns to see ZACK PEAVY, husband of Sharon. Former pro-ball player and in much better shape than his food-loving wife, he's genuinely happy to see Amanda.

AMANDA
Zack? My God. It's great to see you.

Sharon bullets over to take possession of handsome hubby Zack's arm. She's not about to leave him alone with Amanda.

ZACK
Sharon, doesn't Amanda look amazing?
(to Amanda)
I think you look even better than you did in high school.

SHARON
Just gorgeous.

AMANDA
Thank you. And Sharon you're...
(at a loss)
still married. That's so wonderful.

Sharon and Zack's son Bozeman comes up to check out MILF Amanda.

ZACK
Meet our son, Bozeman. Bozeman, this is Mrs. Vaughn.

BOZEMAN
(practically drooling)
Yeah. My mom was checking you out online. Did you date my dad in high school?

Sharon wants the earth to swallow her up.

AMANDA
Oh, no. We were just friends.

ZACK
Yep. Back then, Amanda wouldn't give me the time of day. She only dated quarterbacks.

SHARON
Like Bill. God rest his soul.
(hugs Amanda)
We're all so sorry sweetie.
(over her shoulder to Bozeman)
Time to go. Let's find your sister.

Sharon releases Amanda, and moves off with her family. Suddenly from behind, another pair of hands lift Amanda off the floor and twirl her into a genuine hug. Amanda is surprised to find herself in the arms of BLAKE CARUTH, Cricket's dashing handsome husband. A few feet away, Cricket watches with detached interest.

AMANDA
Blake! Oh, Blakey. Oh my God!

BLAKE
Mandy. How does it feel to be back?

AMANDA
Better. Now that I've seen you.

Clearly a lotta feeling between these two. Blake's tone turns gentle.

BLAKE
Well? So? How are ya?

AMANDA
Well, ya know. Life. I'm sure you've heard.

BLAKE
Yeah. You just never know.

Cricket steps in.

CRICKET
So true.
(veiled sweetness)
If you hadn't stolen Bill away from me in high school, I might have been in your shoes today.
(takes Blake's hand)
I'd have lost the family business and I'd never have married this one.
(hugs unsettled Amanda)
So. Thank you.

ANGLE ON SARA who is approached by teen queen Alexandra and MCKINNEY, Sharon's 'pep squad' cute daughter.

ALEXANDRA
You're Sara, right? I'm Alexandra,
this is McKinney.

SARA
Hi. You go to Hillside?

MCKINNEY
It's awesome. You'll love it.

SARA
It seems very different than my old
school.

ALEXANDRA
Well, wherever you went, Hillside's
better.

MCKINNEY
Mom says you've never been to Dallas
even to visit. How come? Your
grandmother's so cool.

SARA
Did you ever see that old movie, Terms
of Endearment? Well, Gigi is like
Shirley MacLaine and Mom's like Debra
Winger. Only Mom didn't die.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE COFFEE HOUR

Darlene is with oilman husband RIPP and teenaged son LANDRY.
Darlene instructs Landry.

DARLENE
Landry, be a darlin' and go get Mama a
coffee and a kolache.

Landry leaves. Darlene scopes Amanda talking to Blake. Zack
has circled back to join Amanda. Darlene comments to Ripp.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
That Amanda. The men all run to her.

RIPP
She looks familiar.

DARLENE
You wouldn't know her. Amanda moved
away after high school. She was a
monster, God love her, and sordid
circumstances have moved her back here
so we can forgive her.

RIPP
(more focused)
That's Amanda Vaughn?

DARLENE
Yes, darlin'.

RIPP
Married to Bill Vaughn?

DARLENE
Was. Do you know her?

Ripp's face clouds.

RIPP
I knew *him*.

ANGLE ON AMANDA AND HEATHER

Amanda recognizes TOM HARRINGTON from a distance. He's cute, but clearly formerly a major nerd. She comments to Heather.

AMANDA
That's Tom Harrington? What's he doing here? He's Catholic.

HEATHER
He converted when he married LouAnn. You know what happened to him, right?

AMANDA
Who doesn't? Super nerd who couldn't get up the courage to speak to us. Then he goes and invents cyberspace and now he's worth billions.

HEATHER
Squillions. He's re-invented rich.

Tom approaches Amanda and Heather. Tentatively.

TOM
Hi... Amanda. I, uh, heard you were back in town and uh... wanted to say I'm sorry about... uh... Bill. Just awful. Hey Heather.

He shyly backs away. The buzz of all this homecoming is overloading Amanda. She unloads on Heather.

AMANDA
O.K. It's official. I'm freaking.

HEATHER
Relax. It's still just like high school. Only now, people have real money and power.

EXT. HILLSDALE PARK CHURCH - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Amanda, Gigi, Will and Sara leave.

As Amanda walks to the car, she can't help but notice the Bulletin Board on the church lawn that announces today's sermon topic -- **YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW**. Will questions the phrase.

WILL
What's that supposed to mean?

AMANDA
That's Texan for Karma.

Digesting the simple but potent theme, Amanda has a revelation. The light bulb goes on.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You know what, mother? I think I just figured out why I'm here.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOINT. AMANDA'S OLD ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frustrated Amanda searches the internet for jobs. As Gigi enters, sipping coffee, Amanda vents.

AMANDA
I thought Dallas supposedly weathered the recession. Where are the jobs?

GIGI
Darlin', you don't have to rush. You've been through a lot. Let me pick up the tab for awhile. There's nothing at stake.

AMANDA
I'm at stake. Me, as a person, my identity. I've got all sorts of wrongs I have to right. Did you see how Cricket looked at me today? She's hated me for almost two decades. I've got to fix that. I've got kids to raise and I can't afford to fail.

GIGI
I saw you talking to Tom Harrington. Work that. He always liked you.

AMANDA
'Work' that? Stir up the marriage of the richest man in town? I don't think that's the smartest way to re-enter Dallas society.

GIGI
You have to put yourself out there, honey. The Lord will provide.

As Amanda turns off her computer.

AMANDA
Maybe. But right now? The Lord ain't hiring.

INT. KITCHEN - GIGI'S HOUSE - MORNING

The hustle and bustle of morning. Amanda and Gigi are slinging breakfast. The kids are obviously apprehensive about school. Amanda takes charge.

AMANDA
Sit. Eat.
(they do)
O.K., team Vaughn. Today kicks off a whole new ball game. And we're gonna knock it out of the park. Sure there'll be rough spots. I'm sure you'll hear nasty rumors about your Dad, about me. But shake it off...

SARA
What's with the sports metaphors?

WILL
It's because we're in Dallas now.

AMANDA
I'm just saying, be excited about your new life. Carve out your niche. Be yourselves. Don't judge. Don't be afraid.

GIGI
(the clock)
Don't be late for school?

Amanda can't help herself. She holds them tightly.

AMANDA
O.K. I love you so much. Go. Get out there. Be wonderful.

The kids wrest themselves from her grasp and dash out the front door. Amanda expresses her true anxiety to Gigi.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
And just don't follow in my footsteps.

Gigi embraces her daughter in this emotional moment when we HEAR Sara's BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

Panicked Amanda flies out the front door.

EXT. GIGI'S HILLSIDE PARK HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Sara's scream was inspired by a big MERCEDES parked in the driveway with an enormous bow on its hood.

Gigi sees the car and gets even more excited than Sara.

Amanda is dumbfounded. She opens the card addressed to 'Amanda'. "From a Secret Admirer".

INT. SHARON/ZACK'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sharon's on her way out. Zack is looking through his old Hillside High Yearbook.

SHARON
Zack, what're you looking at that for?

ZACK
Just stubbing my toe on Memory Lane.

Sharon looks over his shoulder. He's looking at a candid photo of CHEERLEADER AMANDA on FOOTBALL PLAYER ZACK'S shoulders. Sharon gulps.

ZACK (CONT'D)
Remember? I used to lift Amanda with one hand.

He flips pages and runs across the SWIMSUIT PHOTO of SHARON.

ZACK (CONT'D)
And there you are.
(beat)
Were.

Being super sensitive, Sharon snaps the yearbook shut. Zack checks himself out in the mirror, picks up his gym bag...

ZACK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna start hitting the gym at lunch.

Now Sharon's really starting to sweat.

INT. HALLWAYS OF HILLSIDE PARK HIGH - DAY

Sara is walking with Alexandra and McKinney. Sara's still worked up about the gift Mercedes.

MCKINNEY
Which model Mercedes?

SARA
I dunno. Black. Big. Huge.

ALEXANDRA
A secret admirer?

SARA
Yes. And the bow was bigger than me.

McKinney is blase about the whole thing.

MCKINNEY
There's a shop in Highland Park Village that sells big bows like that. They giftwrap helicopters around here.

TWO CHEERLEADERS pass Alexandra and point to her new boobs approvingly as they pass. They even identify the surgeon.

CHEERLEADER #1
Dr. Mitchell?

ALEXANDRA
Of course.

CHEERLEADER #2
I could tell. Perfect.

Sara looks at Alex's chest. Is this for real?

SARA
Seriously?

ALEXANDRA
Sure. Starter boobs.

SARA
What? Why?

MCKINNEY
You definitely just moved here.

Sara processes this as she walks away. Alexandra waits til Sara's out of earshot, then dials her cell. *INTERCUT*

INT. CRICKET'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS CARUTH CORP - MORNING

Mogul Cricket is behind her desk in the ranch-style headquarters of her multi-company empire. She's on the phone with Alexandra while ASSISTANTS barrage her with business.

CRICKET (ON PHONE)
Which model Mercedes?

ALEXANDRA (ON CELL)
She had no idea. Can you imagine?

CRICKET (ON PHONE)
Ah ah. Don't be a snob. That's the way Amanda treated everyone.
(orders an ASSISTANT)
Rescind the offer. I don't need any more hotels in Miami. Certainly not at that price per square foot.
(back to Alexandra)
Be nice to Sara. Your crowd must embrace her, otherwise you'll never find out the scoop.

As Cricket hangs up, Blake enters her office with wardrobe sketches. He spreads out his western wear designs.

BLAKE
I'm about to green light a big order for the western wear division. Sign.

CRICKET
(glancing at the designs)
Corduroy's back?

BLAKE
Corduroy never goes away. Because everyone's ass looks good in corduroy.

Cricket signs the papers as ANOTHER ASSISTANT interrupts with a PHOTOGRAPHER.

ANOTHER ASSISTANT
Miss Cricket. The photo?

BLAKE
What's this one for?

CRICKET
The Longhorn Ball souvenir poster.

The Assistant presents Cricket with a choice of two Stetsons, a WHITE and a BLUE. Cricket reaches for the White. Blake puts the blue hat on her head.

BLAKE
White washes you out. Blue brings out those cornflower eyes I fell for.

As Cricket softens, she casually mentions to Blake...

CRICKET
Someone gave Amanda a car.

BLAKE
(with a smile)
Who?

As the Photographer flashes, Cricket poses.

CRICKET
Don't know. It was from Zack's dealership.

BLAKE
Well, you know Zack was always hot for Amanda in high school.

Cricket considers. Blake collects his sketches to leave.

CRICKET
I made a reservation at Jeremiah's for dinner.

BLAKE
Sorry. I'll be at the ranch.

CRICKET
Whatever.
(to Assistant)
Then I'll work out. Make me an appointment with Jorge.

INT. GIGI'S CAR - IN MOTION - DAY

Gigi drives, Amanda explains.

AMANDA
Whoever it was paid cash. Not traceable. Oddly enough, it's not that uncommon here.

GIGI
You should keep it.

AMANDA
I'm not keeping it. That's insane. I have enough to worry about. I don't need anybody admiring me. Bill just died a month ago. I'm still mourning the bastard, for God's sake.

GIGI
 What's the difference between flowers
 and an SLS? Just a few zeros. You
 should never reject a gift. I raised
 you to be polite.

They pass a SAPPINGTON REALTY BILLBOARD with HEATHER'S FACE.
 Amanda flips out her cell and dials the number on the board.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 What're you doing?

AMANDA
 Taking charge of my life.
 (into cell)
 Heather? It's Amanda Vaughn.

INTERCUT Amanda's conversation with Heather.

INT. SHOW HOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT

Heather is in an incredible house she's showing to a MALE
 CLIENT who WE SEE moving in the BG. She whispers into her
 cell.

HEATHER (ON CELL)
 I'd love to have lunch, but it'll have
 to be late-ish.

Heather steps outside near the pool away from the Client to
 talk more freely.

HEATHER (ON CELL) (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm just showing a house to a
 very finicky client. Very VIP. He's
 getting a divorce and no one can know
 it yet. Top secret.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
 Got it.

HEATHER (ON CELL)
 See you at 2. Farmer's Market.

INT. SHOW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Heather steps back into the living room of the house to talk
 to the 'VIP Client'. REVEAL the Client is soon-to-be-
 divorced shy squillionaire Tom Harrington.

HEATHER
 Well? Isn't it gorgeous? George Bush
 is three doors down. The only thing
 bigger is Cowboy Stadium. Thoughts?

TOM
 Well? It's great...

HEATHER
 But?

TOM

Uh. It's really nice. But it's so big and now I'm gonna be alone. I don't know if I'd be comfortable. Before I spend this... uh... kind of money, I'd really like to know if I could live in it. 'Wish ya could take houses for test drives.

HEATHER

I get it.
(wheels turning)
I have an idea. It's unorthodox, but you're a special situation. Let me arrange for you to spend the night here. It'll give you better feel for the place.

TOM

That... er... good idea, Heather.

HEATHER

Leave it to me. Come back tonight at 7:00. I'll take care of everything. So sorry to hear your marriage is over. It *is* over, isn't it?

TOM

Oh yeah. We're done.

EXT. QUAD - HILLSIDE HIGH - LUNCHTIME

ANGLE ON THE CORNER OF THE QUAD where loner Will skateboards to a solitary spot with his lunch.

A FOOT deliberately trips up Will, sending him sprawling. It's Darlene's son Landry with Sharon's spawn Bozeman.

WILL

Not cool.

As Will picks himself up, dusts himself off...

LANDRY

Definitely not as cool as the way your Daddy bought it.

BOZEMAN

(high fives Landry)
Ouch!

Will can't keep a lid on it.

WILL

Don't you rednecks have a lunch date with some sheep or something?

BOZEMAN

Tell you what -- I'd definitely meet your mama behind the barn.

That's it. They throw down.

ANGLE WAY ACROSS THE QUAD

Sara, Alexandra and McKinney notice the scuffle.

Alexandra tsks her disapproval.

ALEXANDRA
Bullying. Such a scourge. Putting a
stop to it is so important.

SARA
(recognizing Will)
Wait! That's my brother. Will!

MCKINNEY
(an idea)
I'm chairman of the Student Harassment
Committee. You should join.

As Sara runs away toward the scuffle, McKinney calls...

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
We have a zero tolerance square dance
once a month.

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - LATE LUNCH

Amanda and Heather are having a quick lunch.

AMANDA
A home for me and the kids is the top
priority, but I have to get a job
first.

HEATHER
I'm happy to help, just let me know
when you want to pull the trigger.
So... what kind of job are you looking
for?

AMANDA
Well, I have some marketing experience
--advertising for some boutiques. And
I've decorated some friends' homes in
Santa Barbara.

HEATHER
Can you put together some photos of
your work?

AMANDA
Of course.

HEATHER
My friend Colleen may have something.
I'll text you the deets.

INT. CENTRAL MARKET - A LITTLE LATER

Amanda and Heather chat as Heather shops for 'test run' stuff to impress Tom. Heather selects some top shelf sushi.

AMANDA
You're really puttin' it on.

HEATHER
Selling this house is a very big deal.

AMANDA
(sniffs a candle Heather's bought)
You sure a house isn't all you're trying to sell? You did say this guy's single, right?

HEATHER
(smiles at Amanda's perception)
I wouldn't mind if the client gave me a test run along with the house.

They're at the wine racks. Heather picks up a bottle which Amanda disapproves and immediately puts back on the rack.

AMANDA
No. If you really mean business...
(another bottle)
Snake River Red 1996. It's stunning.

Heather considers the bottle.

HEATHER
Yeow. So's the price.

AMANDA
You said it was a big deal.

Heather agrees and puts the bottle in the cart, reaching for roses. Amanda rejects again.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
No. Too loud. Hydrangeas. Less obvious.

Heather gets hydrangeas. Amanda's pleased, she's found a friend. Amanda's phone RINGS.

INT. ZACK'S OFFICE - PEAUVY MOTORS - DAY

Zack is calling Amanda. *INTERCUT*

ZACK
Hey. It's Zack. Listen I've done some poking around. I have a thought about that car that showed up in your driveway.

AMANDA
 Fantastic. What?

ZACK
 Not on the cell. Come by the
 dealership around 6.

INT. BODY SHOP - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON DARLENE on her Vertu talking to Ripp. *INTERCUT*

DARLENE (ON VERTU)
 I'm running a little late, precious.

INT. RIPP'S OIL BARON OFFICE - LATE DAY

RIPP (ON PHONE)
 Where are you?

DARLENE (ON VERTU)
 I'm having some body work done and
 they've messed up my colon. Just a
 sec...

REVEAL THE BODY SHOP where a WORKMAN is engraving a Bible
 verse on Darlene's car's bumper. She corrects him.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
 Darlin'. It's 'John 3:16'. The colon
 goes BETWEEN the 3 and the 16.
 (back to Ripp)
 I shouldn't be too much longer.

INT. PEAVY MOTORS - AROUND 6:00

Amanda heads to Zack's office. People are leaving for the
 day. The glass-walled showroom's shutting down.

INT. BODY SHOP - AT THAT MOMENT

Darlene watches as the Workman polishes off his engraving of
John 3:16.

DARLENE
 Perfect. Thanks so much.

Darlene gets in the car.

INT. ZACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda enters Zack's office with anticipation.

AMANDA
 Well? Who do you think gave me the
 car?

Zack closes the door, the blinds for 'privacy'. But they
 don't close all the way. Then he turns to Amanda.

ZACK
No idea.

AMANDA
But you said you had a thought.

ZACK
I do. My thought is, I wish I'd
thought of it.

AMANDA
C'mon. Why?.

ZACK
Amanda, you were the love of my life.

AMANDA
No, Zack. Easy. Please don't...

ZACK
When I saw you Sunday, all the
feelings came flooding back. I'm
drowning the in very thought of you...

AMANDA
You're married. Tread water.

Zack can't help himself. He grabs Amanda and kisses her
passionately.

AT THAT MOMENT

ANGLE ON DARLENE as she drives by the outside of Zack's
office and clocks **THE KISS between Zack and Amanda** through
the partially closed blinds.

ON DARLENE BEHIND THE WHEEL

Shocked Darlene slams on the brakes. She pauses to absorb
what this means, then floors it.

BACK TO:

INT. ZACK'S OFFICE - PEAVY MOTORS

Where shocked Amanda wrests herself from Zack's embrace.

AMANDA
No. No. This did not happen. Get a
grip, Zack.

She gets away from Zack as fast as she can.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEINT. RIPP'S OIL BARON OFFICE - EVENING

Darlene can't get the story of the Amanda/Zack kiss out fast enough. Ripp listens, his boots propped on his desk.

DARLENE

Amanda's only been back in town for a minute and she's already up to her old tricks. I don't know what to say to Sharon.

RIPP

You don't say nothing.

DARLENE

But... if I know something and don't tell her, is it a lie?
(reaches for his computer)
I'll Google it.

Ripp's hand stops her.

RIPP

You can't go messing in Sharon and Zack's relationship. You getting in the middle'll just cause you trouble. Sharon needs to find out on her own. Praying for her is all you can do.

Darlene takes a long hard look at her husband.

DARLENE

You are so smart. I am so blessed to have found a husband like you. I wish everyone's marriage could be as happy and secure and spiritually grounded as ours.

RIPP

Me, too.
(a long look)
Wanna do it on the desk?

DARLENE

Sure.

Darlene climbs on the desk in her heels, turning down FRAMED PICTURES of son Landry and Jesus.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

A rattled Amanda has returned from her trauma at Zack's. She passes Will's room. Will is on his headphones. Amanda enters, puts on a happy face to break through his concentration, petting Gidget.

AMANDA

Hey, big guy. How was school?

Will turns towards her and she SEES HIS BLACK EYE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Honey. What happened?

WILL
They're all assholes.

AMANDA
Who did this?

WILL
I got in a fight. No biggie. Leave me alone.

AMANDA
Talk to me. I can help.

WILL
No you can't. It's guy stuff. Dad always helped with guy stuff. I'm on my own now.

Amanda's about to press harder but there's a SCREAM.

GIGI (O.C.)
Amanda. Get down here. Right now!

The Dobermans bark O.C. like crazy. Gidget yaps and bolts, too. Terrified Amanda dashes.

EXT. GIGI'S HOUSE - DAY

As Amanda blasts out the front door, a lotta activity in front of Gigi's house.

A NEIMAN MARCUS delivery truck is delivering half the store, stacking the boxes at the front door. Gigi is ecstatic. Lupe hangs onto the Crazy Dogs. Sara's joined the fray.

GIGI
Look at all this!

JOBETH MARIE presents herself to Amanda.

JOBETH
Amanda Vaughn? I'm Jobeth Marie, your personal Neiman Marcus shopper. So nice to meet you.

AMANDA
Likewise, Jobeth but this is a mistake. I'm not shopping...

JOBETH
Well, someone is. This is all for you.

SARA
Secret admirer strikes again.

A DELIVERY GUY rolls a rack of clothes past Gigi.

GIGI
Ooo. He's got good taste.

AMANDA
What? Take it all back.

Gigi snags a little black Chanel off the rack.

GIGI
Not this one.

Amanda instructs Gigi re: the NM boxes.

AMANDA
Mother, this is unacceptable.

JOBETH
But...

Gigi slips inside with the black Chanel dress.

AMANDA
No buts. Back. All of it.

ESTABLISH EVENING OVER GIGI'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The Neiman Marcus delivery truck is pulling away.

INT. KITCHEN - GIGI'S HILLSIDE PARK HOUSE - EVENING

Photos of Amanda's design work are spread everywhere. She's putting them in a portfolio. Gigi enters wearing the little black Chanel. She presents Amanda with a piece of plastic.

GIGI
Jobeth Marie left a gift card to
replace the loot you returned.

AMANDA
BUT I DON'T WANT IT!

Exasperated Amanda throws the card on the table.

GIGI
Neiman's doesn't take 'no' for an
answer! Besides, you're going to need
a new outfit for the Longhorn Ball.

AMANDA
I'm not going to the Longhorn Ball.

GIGI
How else are the eligible men going to
know you're in town? If you don't put
it in the window, how's anybody gonna
know it's for sale?

AMANDA
I'm not a heifer, Mom.

GIGI
Exactly. You're not young enough to
be a heifer.

Amanda explodes. She lunges for her cell.

AMANDA
I have to get to get outta here!

Amanda dials 'HEATHER', gets voice mail.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Heather? Amanda. Help me. I'm ready
to pull the trigger on that house.

ANGLE ON HEATHER'S PHONE which is on 'Ignore'.

INT. SHOW HOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT - EARLY EVENING

Candles are lit. Sushi spread out. Hydrangeas everywhere.
Tom strolls through the house. He's impressed. Heather
pours him a glass of wine, very 'all systems go'.

TOM
Heather. You're amazing.

Heather almost purrs as she hands him the glass, her cleavage
very much in evidence.

HEATHER
So? You like what you see?

TOM
Very much.

As Heather reaches for a second glass for herself...

TOM (CONT'D)
Thank you. Good night.

Heather realizes it's a closure 'thank you'. Smoothly, she
puts down her glass, masking her disappointment.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll call you tomorrow and tell you
what I think.

The ultimate professional, Heather leaves.

ANGLE ON HEATHER as she leaves the house. Her disappointment
gets the best of her. DOORBELL.

INT. GIGI'S HILLSIDE PARK HOUSE - EVENING

Amanda answers the door to dejected Heather.

HEATHER

I was driving by when I got your message. Everything OK? You sounded frantic.

AMANDA

I just don't know how many more days I can spend under the same roof as my mother.

HEATHER

That's exactly what you used to say when we were kids.

AMANDA

(smiles)

Funny.

(suddenly notices)

Wow. You look fantastic.

Heather is vulnerable, needs to talk.

HEATHER

Not fantastic enough.

Amanda realizes things with her 'client' must've derailed.

AMANDA

Didn't close the deal, huh?

Heather's embarrassment rises. She backs away.

HEATHER

I shouldn't have dropped by. Sorry.

AMANDA

Please stay. The kids have homework. Gigi's out and I can finally hear myself think. C'mon in.

LATER IN THE LIVING ROOM

Heather is showing Amanda some properties on her IPAD. She describes a listing, rattling the gossipy facts.

HEATHER

... now this is a really cute townhouse. Not for sale, but could be rented. The owner, who shall remain nameless of course, uses it to keep her boy toys hidden from her husband, but her full-time 'Pilates Instructor' is about to ditch her for a hotter Sugarmama in Ft. Worth which will send our devastated owner straight to the body shop in Rio which means she won't be picking up another Mr. Jiggy until her scars heal. So. I could get you the townhouse cheap for about six months?

AMANDA
Wow. How do you know all this?

HEATHER
I'm in real estate. It's the job.

More wine for Heather. Amanda pours herself ginger ale.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Don't take this the wrong way. But you're so different from the way you used to be.

AMANDA
I hope that's a compliment.

HEATHER
I know I was your friend in high school, but that was basically in self defense 'cause I didn't want to be on your bad side.

AMANDA
O.K. 'Might as well start the apologies with you. I hadn't realized how much pain I'd caused until I came back here. From now on, no agendas. No manipulation. Honesty, no secrets...

Amanda's CELL RINGS. She answers. *INTERCUT*

INT. SHOW HOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT

Tom is pouring himself another glass of wine from the bottle Heather opened. He's getting a little tipsy.

TOM (ON PHONE)
Hey, Amanda. Tom Harrington. Uh... look... I was wondering if you'd like to get together for a little high school reunion? It's not exactly public knowledge - but I'm recently single - just like you. Well not exactly like you...I mean the circumstances weren't quite as tragic...

Amanda has no idea that Tom is Heather's 'secret client'.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
How sweet. But I shouldn't...

TOM (ON PHONE)
You sure? .. I'm checking out this cool new... crib. Got some great sushi. A bottle of Snake River Red, a '96.

Realization SLAMS Amanda that Tom is the 'client' that Heather's hot for.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
No! I mean... really, I can't.

TOM (ON PHONE)
Well. Rain check?

AMANDA (ON CELL)
I'll call you.

TOM (ON PHONE)
Amanda? I'm glad you're back.

Amanda looks at unsuspecting Heather sitting next to her. Heather smiles back. This would kill Heather. Rattled Amanda hangs up the phone and tries to focus.

AMANDA
Um... what was I saying?

HEATHER
Honesty? No secrets?

Amanda gulps. DING DONG. Amanda's saved by the DOORBELL. Amanda opens the door to Cricket, Sharon and Darlene.

THE GCB'S
Surprise!

Darlene lugs a "Dallas Survival Kit" basket.

Sharon gestures to bottles of wine in the basket.

SHARON
We didn't know if you were a red or white girl.

AMANDA
Actually neither. I'm sober 6 years.

Darlene forms her trademark compassion face.

DARLENE
Don't beat yourself up. Remember, Jesus drank wine. Preferred it to water. Feast of Cana. Look it up.

Cricket chirps.

CRICKET
The closest I could ever get to abstinence is no salt on my margarita.

Sharon who's suspicious of everything, is thrown by Heather's presence at Amanda's. She stares accusatorily at Heather.

SHARON
Heather! How cute you're here.

A LITTLE LATER

Amanda is pouring wine for Heather, Cricket, Darlene, Sharon, then refreshing her own ginger ale. The Welcome basket has been pillaged.

CRICKET

And this is a gift membership to Lone Star Fitness Centers. You can go to any of 'em. I own 'em all.

DARLENE

And of course if you need a cowgirl look, call Cricket. One of her companies makes great western wear. Blake designs the cutest chaps.

CRICKET

Just give a shout. I'll get you all set up for the Longhorn Ball.

Amanda changes the subject, referring to a sheet of paper.

AMANDA

So these are numbers for the pediatricians, gynecologists...

Cricket hands her a thicker stack of physician's numbers...

CRICKET

And these are the doctors for when you feel the need to 'freshen up'.

SHARON

And there's no stigma attached to it in Dallas.

DARLENE

I won't lie to you. I have hair extensions.

The Others swallow their tongues at this understatement of the century.

HEATHER

But! Should you decide to have work done, always check the car the doctor drives. Ferrari? Hire him. If he drives a Jetta it means he's lost the lawsuits.

Sharon gets to the topic of her real fear.

SHARON

We've heard you have a secret admirer. Cars, Neiman's boxes.

AMANDA

How did you know that?

SHARON

Sara texted Cricket's daughter who told McKinney who told me.

Your daughter also said you went by
the dealership to talk to Zack.

Darlene's antennae go up, her accusatory gaze lands on
Amanda. Amanda wants to avoid Zack discussions at all costs.

AMANDA
Word travels fast. Just like old
times. Only with better technology.

CRICKET
Not exactly. In 'old times' I
wouldn't been included in that info
daisy chain. I was a Javelina,
remember?

Amanda grimaces. Darlene smacks Cricket's hand lightly.

DARLENE
Now, now. Ancient history, Crick.

HEATHER
What'd you get from Neiman's?

AMANDA
I don't know. I sent it all back.
But then they left me a gift card.
It's kinda exasperating, really.

SHARON/DARLENE
For how much?/You have no idea who's
doing this?

ON DARLENE whose wheels are turning. She's getting an idea.

Amanda just wants to end this while she's ahead.

AMANDA
Don't know. Don't care. Look at the
time. School night.

A LITTLE LATER

The GCB's are leaving. As she leaves, Darlene's eye lands on
the NEIMAN'S GIFT CARD ENVELOPE Amanda had tossed on the
table. Now her idea is locked and loaded.

AMANDA says farewell as the gracious hostess. Air kisses.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Thank you so much. This means alot to
me. You have no idea.

CRICKET
Let's work out someday. I have my
very own full time Pilates instructor.

WHAT?!

Amanda shoots a glance to Heather who instantly looks away.
Cricket's the one with a boy toy who's about to dump her?
 That secret's out now. Heather quickly closes the door.

INT. DARLENE'S CAR - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Cricket drives Darlene and Sharon.

SHARON

Am I the only one that finds it odd
 Heather was there?

CRICKET

I'm sure she's trying to interest
 Amanda in some overpriced real estate.
 More power to her. It's important to
 stick it to Amanda any way we can.

DARLENE

Cricket! What about forgive and
 forget?

CRICKET

I'm a Texan. Amanda is my own
 personal Alamo and I plan to remember
 it.

DARLENE

Well, I think it was a very profitable
 evening.

SHARON

But we learned absolutely nothing.

DARLENE

Not entirely.

She holds up the Neiman's Gift Card. Sharon is aghast.

SHARON

Darlene Cockburn. You broke number 8?

DARLENE

No. I did not steal. This is research.
 And it's not like I'm going to keep
 it. We'll have it back to Amanda
 before she even knows it's gone.

(pointedly)

You need to find out who her secret
 admirer is.

SHARON

Me?! Why me?

DARLENE

Because knowledge is power, darlin'.
 And I can't do everything around here
 myself.

INT. DARLENE/RIPP BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darlene slips into bed with Ripp.

RIPP
How'd it go?

DARLENE
Perfect. I didn't have to tell Sharon anything. She's gonna find out for herself.

Darlene smiles and turns off the light.

INT. SHOW HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Heather arrives to see if the house met Tom's approval. She knocks. The door is ajar. She opens it. The first thing she sees is **pair of panties** on the floor. She's confused.

HEATHER
Hello?

ANOTHER ANGLE - the living room is a mess. Heather's shocked.

EXT. POOL - THE SHOW HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Heather sees something floating in the pool. She gets a pool hook and fishes out a **bra**. Heather is reeling from what must've gone on here.

Then she's startled when a BIMBO in a towel rushes up, snatches the bra from Heather with a relieved...

BIMBO
There it is!

HEATHER
Uh... is... is Tom here?

A beat of recognition flashes across the Bimbo's face. She scurries and yells up the stairs.

BIMBO
Tom! His name was Tom!

Another BIMBETTE bounces down the stairs buttoning up, remembering...

BIMBETTE
I told you his name was Tom or Tim or something like that.

The Bimbette takes the panties from a stunned Heather with a perky, 'Thanks'.

The two girls scamper out of the mansion leaving Heather trying not to hyperventilate.

ESTABLISH NORTH PARK SHOPPING CENTER - MORNINGINT. NEIMAN'S BUSINESS OFFICES - MORNING

Sharon presents herself to a MANAGER and hands him Amanda's gift card. She lies, as scripted by Darlene.

SHARON
I was given this gift card. Can I get some information about it?

The Manager swipes the card. His eyes widen.

MANAGER
There's 98,728.32 left.

Sharon almost passes out. She had no clue it was so much.

SHARON
Uh. Wow. Um... actually I wanted to know who gave it to me. So I can write a proper 'thank you' note.

Another NM ASSOCIATE appears with a ANOTHER SUIT. Amanda's card has created security interest.

MANAGER
Certainly, Ms...
(checks his computer)
...Vaughn. May we see some ID?

Sharon stammers. That wasn't in Darlene's script.

SHARON
Uh, uh, uh.

Sharon backs away.

ANGLE ON SHARON who can't puff herself out of the store fast enough.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NORTH PARK MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sharon runs and dives into Darlene's car, ducks down.

SHARON
Drive it like you stole it.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - DOWNTOWN DALLAS - LATE MORNING

Amanda, with portfolio, is dressed for her first job interview. She strides in with confidence.

INT. HOTEL CONSULTANT OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Amanda's interview for the consultant position with Heather's friend COLLEEN (30's) is going well. Amanda shows her portfolio.

AMANDA

If your new boutique hotel division is going for a breezy casual California makeover, I'm your girl.

COLLEEN

Your sensibilities seem perfect.
(the portfolio)
And your house is flat out amazing.

AMANDA

Was. I don't live in Santa Barbara anymore.

COLLEEN

You have a great eye. And I owe Heather big time. She got me such a deal on my house.
(down to business)
Can you start tomorrow?

Amanda almost cries she's so relieved to have a job.

AMANDA

Absolutely.

Amanda's CELL RINGS.

CLOSE ON A BAD PHOTO OF SHARON in Amanda's hand.

INT. NEIMAN'S SECURITY OFFICES - LATE AFTERNOON

Amanda is being shown the full tape of Sharon trying to get the information on Amanda's gift card, then running away.

MANAGER

Shall we call the police?

Amanda thinks long and hard as she looks at the mug shot.

AMANDA

No. She's an old friend. She was trying to be helpful.

MANAGER

So... no further action required?

AMANDA

Not that you need to do. Thank you so much. Sorry for the confusion.

ESTABLISH MORNING OVER HILLSIDE HIGH - MORNING BELLS RING

INT. HALLWAY - HILLSIDE HIGH - NEXT MORNING

Sara walks with McKinney and Alexandra.

ALEXANDRA

So. What are your ambitions?

SARA
Ambitions?

ALEXANDRA
Yeah. You know... cheerleader? Pep
squad?

SARA
That's considered an ambition?

MCKINNEY
Is your Mom cool?

SARA
In what context?

MCKINNEY
Our civics club, The Conserva-Teens is
looking for chaperones for the Hayride
to the Longhorn Ball.

SARA
We're not going to the Longhorn Ball.

Alexandra and McKinney react with shock then sympathy.

ALEXANDRA
Then you have to tell everyone you're
going to Europe for the weekend.

SARA
That's stupid. We're not going to the
ball, that's all. Besides, Mom wants
to focus on her new job.

MCKINNEY
Oh, that's so great. What's her job?

SARA
She's consulting for some thing called
the Hill Country Hotel Group.

Alexandra's eyes brighten. This is scoop for her mom.

ANGLE ON ALEXANDRA TEXTING.

INT. CRICKET'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS CARUTH CORP - THAT MOMENT

Cricket reads her daughter's text.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HILL COUNTRY HOTEL GROUP - DAY

Amanda has swatches, paint chips, models of hotel rooms all
splayed in front of her. She's mixing, matching. She's
decisive and clearly earning the respect of FELLOW EMPLOYEES.

AMANDA
So the linen and the sisal instantly
give you informal visual tension...

Her boss Colleen steps into the room and beckons Amanda.

COLLEEN
Amanda? A word?

ANGLE ON AMANDA AND COLLEEN IN THE HALLWAY -- Colleen reluctantly dropping the bomb.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Sorry. It's not working out.

Amanda's floored.

AMANDA
Not working out? I just got here.

COLLEEN
It's a corporate decision from the top. The renovation of the properties has been postponed. It's the economy. It's not you.

Amanda tries to suck up her disappointment as Colleen leaves.

ANGLE ON COLLEEN DIALING - unhappy about what she's done.

COLLEEN (ON CELL) (CONT'D)
O.K. I did it. She's fired.

INT. CRICKET'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS CARUTH CORP - THAT MOMENT

CRICKET (ON CELL)
Thank you.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURINT. JEREMIAH'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amanda joins Heather at the bar, who's also trying to wash away the disappointments of her day.

JEREMIAH (silver fox 40's), the proprietor, approaches.

JEREMIAH
Amanda. 'Heard you were back. Was wondering when you'd make it in here. Buy you a drink?

AMANDA
I'd love a vodka rocks. But give me a club soda.

Jeremiah leaves. Heather is all compassion to Amanda.

HEATHER
Bummer about the job. So odd. I'll get to the bottom of it.

AMANDA
It's just part of the whole 'reap what you sow' mess I've gotta work through.

HEATHER
Yeah. I had the same thing with my secret-client-and-the-show-house expectations. And boy, did I get 'reaped'.

Jeremiah returns with drinks and a wink for Amanda.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
God, Jeremiah's so handsome.

AMANDA
(a quiet confession)
You know he was my first.

HEATHER
Really? I didn't know you guys ever dated.

AMANDA
Dated? Who said dated?

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR OF JEREMIAH'S where dashing Blake Caruth just walked in. No question Blake is very popular, a local favorite. He heads directly to Amanda and Heather.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hey, Blakey. Where's Cricket?

BLAKE
Working out. I'm having dinner with an employee. Wanna join us?

HEATHER
 No thanks.
 (raises her scotch)
 We're just wallowing.

BLAKE
 Aww. Pretty girls like you shouldn't
 wallow.

AMANDA
 It was my first day at work. And my
 last. My plug was pulled.

BLAKE
 Where was the job?

AMANDA
 Hill Country Hotel Group.

BLAKE
 But... that's one of Cricket's
 companies. Her family bought a
 controlling stake in it a couple of
 months ago.

Heather and Amanda exchange a look. Now Amanda totally gets
 what went down. Heather apologizes.

HEATHER
 I had no idea. Her family goes
 through companies like Kleenex.

BLAKE
 I'll talk to Cricket...

Amanda laughs at the thought.

AMANDA
 Don't bother. I think somebody already
 did.

AT THAT MOMENT Tom Harrington walks up to Amanda, Blake and
 Heather. Amanda braces. Heather steels herself.

TOM
 Hey. Uh. Heather. I meant to call
 you about the house. Not the right
 vibe for me. It was kind of a crazy
 night. I don't usually drink. I
 don't remember all that much.

HEATHER
 (as sweetly as possible)
 The cleaning bill will remind you.

TOM
 Oh, Jeez. I'm sorry. Well. Uh...
 (to Amanda)
 Do you ladies have dinner plans?

Amanda decides to give Heather an assist with an instant change of plans.

AMANDA
I'm having dinner with Blake. Why don't you two go on without me?

Amanda plops Tom on the stool next to Heather and drags Blake into the restaurant.

ANGLE ON AMANDA AND BLAKE'S TABLE - LATER

Amanda and Blake are having a blast.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Now that I know Cricket owns the company, I'm not so upset. Working for her would not be a walk in State Fair Park.

BLAKE
C'mon. She's not that bad.

AMANDA
She hates me. Still. And I don't blame her. At least you'll give me the time of day.

BLAKE
The night is young. That can change.
(he sidles closer,
confidentially)
Hey. How do you feel about corduroy?

AMANDA
Love. Always makes my ass look good.

BLAKE
Then you understand what's important about clothes. It's all about the ass.
(beat)
You're hired.

He clinks Amanda's glass.

AMANDA
Really? To do what?

BLAKE
Help me with re-branding my apparel company. It's been in business since 1946 and the name is a contemporary marketing challenge.

Blake hands her his business card. She laughs.

AMANDA
'Westward Ho!?' I see the problem.

AT THAT MOMENT - Blake's dinner companion BOOTH BECKER, a hunky young cowboy comes up. Blake introduces.

BLAKE
Amanda. Booth Becker, my ranch
foreman.

BOOTH
Pleasure. Sorry I'm late. Two horses
foaling. Beauties...

As Booth and Blake rattle on about the farm, Amanda reaches under the table to pick up her purse. HER POV is of them holding hands. She gets Blake's subtext now.

AMANDA
I'd better go.

BLAKE/BOOTH
No/Stay/Why?

BLAKE
I'll call you tomorrow about the job.

Amanda blows him a kiss as she heads out of the dining room.

AT THE BAR - Heather sits alone. Amanda swings by. Amanda watches Heather hide her disappointment.

HEATHER
Tom had a previous engagement.

Amanda doesn't want to let on she knows about Heather's interest in Tom (her 'client'), but she wants to be a friend.

AMANDA
If you like him, don't take 'no' for
an answer. Life's too short and it
can change so quickly. Take it from
me.

She gives Heather a hug. Then directs Heather's attention to Blake and Booth.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Sooo... Blake and Cricket?

Heather takes a beat to catch her drift, then:

HEATHER
Cricket was a rich Javelina who
married a poor cowboy who loves to
dance, travel, shop and make her feel
beautiful. "Don't ask don't tell" is
not just for the military.

AMANDA
Do they have sex?

HEATHER
At least once. They have a daughter.

AMANDA
 (finishes the thought)
 So Cricket doesn't mind if he
 scratches his itches as long as she
 gets to -- do Pilates whenever she's
 horny?

HEATHER
 Those are the dots. Connect them any
 way you wish.

Amanda wraps her head around yet another revelation.

AMANDA
 No wonder Blake never looked at my
 boobs in high school.
 (looks around)
 I want to tell Jeremiah good night.

Heather nods to a dark table in the corner.

ANGLE ON THE DARK TABLE where Jeremiah is making out sloppily
 with a woman.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 God, don't let that be my mother.

Looks closer, realizes, with horror...

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 It is my mother. Can this day please
 be over?

HEATHER
 (signals for another
 drink)
 Better just roll with it. Because
 tomorrow's there's gonna be another
 one just like it.

INT. BEDROOM - CRICKET/BLAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cricket's in bed reading. Blake enters.

CRICKET
 You're late.

BLAKE
 Just passing through. I'm spending
 the night on the ranch.

He grabs a pair of boots.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 By the way. I know what you did to
 Amanda. That was mean.

CRICKET
 So is she.

BLAKE
Let it go. That was 20 years ago.

CRICKET
People don't change.

BLAKE
Wrong. Sometimes people don't change enough. Good night.

CRICKET
(with bitterness)
Ride 'em cowboy.

BLAKE
I intend to.

INT. AMANDA'S OLD ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING

CHURCH BELLS. Amanda's asleep. Gigi enters, all dressed up.

GIGI
Get up. You know the rules.

INT. HALLWAY HILLSIDE CHURCH - SUNDAY MORNING

Sharon, Darlene, Heather and Cricket are in intense recap.

DARLENE
Amanda hasn't mentioned the gift card?

SHARON
Nothing. Not a word. I'm terrified.

CRICKET
You should be. You know how diabolical she can be.

HEATHER
What about the gift card?

SHARON
(the wounded victim)
Darlene was trying to help Amanda find out who was sending her all those expensive gifts, so she made me...

ANGLE ON AMANDA, GIGI, ET AL entering the Hallway.

Amanda sees the GCB's gathered, listening to Sharon's version of the gift card. Amanda pauses, telling Gigi...

AMANDA
Should I lower the boom on Sharon in front of them, or solo?

GIGI
Be careful. If you're gonna stay here, you're gonna have to deal. They have kids, you have kids.

And once upon a time, you were worse
than all of 'em put together.

INT. SANCTUARY - A LITTLE LATER

Hot Reverend Wesley Tudor is beginning the sermon.

WESLEY
I hope some of you were able to
reflect on last week's sermon, 'You
reap what you sow'.

QUICK GLANCES all around. Man, did they ever.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
This week, I want to us to realize,
"To err is human, to forgive, divine".

Yikes. Amanda hears that. Gigi sees Amanda's reaction and
whispers...

GIGI
I think you'll find this church
thing's right on the money.

Amanda nods. She looks at Will and Sara. She ponders.

INT. GIGI'S IMPRESSIVE CLOSET - DAY

Gigi finds Amanda rummaging in Gigi's closet.

GIGI
What're you doing?

Amanda pulls out a couple of Gigi's rockin' western shirts
and plops a bedazzled Stetson on her head.

AMANDA
Looking for something to wear to the
Longhorn Ball.

GIGI
So now you're going? Why?

AMANDA
Because forgiveness is divine and I
plan to look as divine as hell.

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVEEXT. THE LONGHORN BALL - NIGHT

ALL OUR DENIZENS OF HILLSIDE PARK are dressed in their finest Western Wear and staggering jewels.

ON THE KIDS waiting for their turn to ride the MECHANICAL BULL. Will keeps his distance from Landry and Bozeman. Sara is in line with Alexandra and McKinney.

ON AMANDA AND HEATHER as they scope out the CROWD.

AMANDA
I'd forgotten how amazing this party is.

HEATHER
Best meat market in the world.
(sincerely)
Amanda Vaughn - can I just tell you how happy I am that you're back in Dallas.

AMANDA
Honestly?

HEATHER
I hadn't realized how boring things had become since you left.

Amanda hugs her.

AMANDA
Sweetheart, that's the nicest thing I've heard in a long time. I needed that. Thank you.

Heather spies Tom Harrington over Amanda's shoulder.

HEATHER
Excuse me...

ANGLE ON TOM as Heather approaches.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry the house didn't work for you the other night.

TOM
(blushes)
I, gosh, I should probably explain what happened. I invited over my COO and he was with some cheerleaders...

HEATHER
No explanation necessary. Let's keep looking. There are other things I want to show you.

She walks off. Tom's POV of Heather walking away. Her outfit is basically backless. He gets the message.

ANGLE ON THE MECHANICAL BULL where Alexandra is riding it. Sara and McKinney cheer her on. Suddenly, on a particularly violent buck, Alexandra's wardrobe malfunctions. Her NEW BOOBS pop out of her bustier.

Cricket and Blake rush up as Sara and McKinney help Alexandra off the bull. Blake throws a horse blanket around his mortified daughter.

CRICKET

I told you. Didn't I tell you?
They're too big. Aren't you glad you
didn't get the 36's?

ANGLE ON THE BIG STAGE where the live auction "Let 'Er Buck Chuck" is about to begin.

AUCTIONEER

And we're gonna kick off our auction
with a sweetie. Lot #1. A gift card
to Neiman Marcus in the amount of
98,728.32.

ON SHARON'S LOOK that fires between Darlene and Cricket.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

This most generous item is donated by
Sharon Peavy.

ON THE SCREEN the MUG SHOT of Sharon that Amanda got at Neiman's pops up. (It's a still from the NM security footage at the moment Sharon was asked for her ID.) Her mouth and eyes are wide open. It's a horrid picture.

ON AMANDA'S triumphant look to mortified Sharon. She saunters to her as BIDDING BEGINS on the gift card.

AMANDA

To err is human, and I'm divine for
forgiving you, Sharon. Besides. I
wouldn't want to see you in jail.
Orange jumpsuits aren't slenderizing.

Sharon yanks Darlene over.

SHARON

She made me do it. Darlene made me do
it.

DARLENE

(to Amanda)
Darlin'. We were simply trying to
ease your suffering by finding out
who's been stalking you with gifts.

Cricket has joined the GCB's.

CRICKET

Congratulations, Amanda. Blake just told me he hired you on as a marketing consultant. He always did have a soft spot for you.

AMANDA

I think he has a soft spot for all women, Cricket. But you're the one he fell in love with.

She takes their hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Ladies, I just want to tell you how sorry I am for how I behaved all of those years ago. I had a mother I couldn't stand, a daddy who spoiled me too much and a princess streak a mile wide. I know I didn't treat you all with the kindness and respect you deserved - but I'm back home now, and I hope you'll let me prove to you that I've changed. And can be a good friend. Will you at least let me try?

The women look at Amanda, then each other. They nod.

SHARON

Of course sweetheart.

CRICKET

Yes.

DARLENE

I've been praying for this moment for a long time.

They fall into a group hug.

Sharon sees a waiter go by with a passing tray.

SHARON

Oh lord, there go the deep fried twinkies. I only eat them once a year.

She runs after them. The BAND begins to play Donna Summers, "BAD GIRLS". Blake approaches Cricket.

BLAKE

(excited)

Cricket, babe - I think they're playing our song.

Cricket takes Blake's hand as he pulls her onto the dance floor. We can see the fun and delight she takes in this part of her marriage.

Now it's just Amanda left with Darlene.

AMANDA
How lucky for Cricket. A husband that
likes to dance.

Darlene narrows her eyes at Amanda.

DARLENE
Sweetheart, don't think I'm buying
this redemption story for one second.

AMANDA
Excuse me?

DARLENE
I saw you kissing Sharon's husband at
the car dealership. Breaking # 7 and #
10. And God knows what else you've
been up to since you've arrived in
town. You may think you're good. You
might pretend to be a Christian. But
honey... I think you're a bitch.

AT THAT MOMENT, a very SMALL KID (5) dressed in chaps runs to
Amanda and hands her a gift box.

LITTLE COWBOY
This is for you.

EVERYONE, including Darlene is interested and gathers around
as Amanda opens the box with dread.

It's a GIANT CROSS PENDANT encrusted with diamonds and
matching earrings. Gigi sighs.

GIGI
Dear God. Another present?

Amanda looks around for the Little Cowboy. He's vanished.
She sprints through the THRONGS, finds him.

AMANDA
Hi. Listen. Who gave you this box?

LITTLE COWBOY
I dunno.

AMANDA
Well, then. Can you remember anything
about how he looked?

The Little Cowboy thinks, then beams.

LITTLE COWBOY
Yeah. They was wearing a cowboy hat.

The Little Cowboy runs off into the crowd, disappears.

ON AMANDA looking around. In a WIDE SHOT WE SEE she's in the
middle of a SEA OF 2000 COWBOY HATS.

ESTABLISH GIGI'S HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

INT. AMANDA'S OLD ROOM - GIGI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. Amanda's sound asleep. Her CELL BUZZES. She fumbles and manages to answer it without totally waking up.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
Mm...ello?

ANGLE ON THE EDGE OF A MAN'S FACE as he speaks.

MAN (INTO CELL)
How do you like Dallas?

Amanda struggles for more awakesness.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
Who... who is this?

MAN'S VOICE
Don't worry about a thing, honey.
I'll take care of you. Just sit
tight.

AMANDA (ON CELL)
(now alert, with
disbelief)
Bill?!

The line goes dead. Amanda tries to stay calm. She scrolls the cell to the Call Record. WE READ the CALLER I.D...

UNKNOWN

Amanda drops the phone, reeling. What the f...?

FADE OUT.

THE END.