

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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(Current Writer, date)

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INT. PASTOR WARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

LISA WARD, Ward's faithful and professionally dressed wife, barges in. Beard and Troy stand, a little embarrassed.

WARD

Lisa!

LISA

Oh, I'm sorry. I just had to see for myself the beautiful young man all the girls have been clamoring about since I got back.

Troy turns red as Lisa puts her hands on his shoulders to inspect him.

LISA (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Yep. Pretty alright.

WARD

Lisa, you're embarrassing Troy.

LISA

Oh, come on, Freddy. I'm a good Christian-- not blind. Isn't Troy pretty, Stephen?

Not wanting to go against her, Beard mutters something close to not disagreeing.

LISA (CONT'D)

You men. If a guy's pretty, why can't you say he's pretty? We women have no problem saying another woman's beautiful.

BEARD

As long as she's not too beautiful.

Lisa gives Beard the look.

TROY

Nice to meet you, ma'm. Troy Taylor.

He offers his hand.

LISA

And manners, too.  
(eyes on Ward while  
shaking Troy's hand)  
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)  
I hope you'll always stay on your  
best behavior.

WARD  
(rising)  
We're in a meeting.

LISA  
Oh. I thought you were praying.

WARD  
Lisa.

LISA  
Freddy.  
(beat)  
Alright. I'm sorry. I'll leave.

She heads for the door.

INT. WARD DEN - DAY

Ward kicks back in his chair with a dreamy smile on his face.  
The door opens and Lisa comes in and eyes Ward.

LISA  
How was the sightseeing?

WARD  
... What did you say, hon'?

LISA  
What the fuck's going on?

Ward tries to rise and answer.

LISA (CONT'D)  
That-- was a rhetorical question.

She marches behind his chair and pulls him back into the  
chair, and begins to massage his shoulders.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Now you tense up.

WARD  
Sorry hon'.

She digs her nails into his shoulders.

LISA  
You should be, mister. We're so  
close, and you're about to blow it.

WARD  
Blow what-- dear?

LISA  
The White House. I put up with  
your shit for a long time, Freddy.

WARD  
You call all this shit?

LISA  
I'm prepared for the humiliation--  
even being a single mom. But I  
will have the bank account.

WARD  
(reaching out for her)  
What are you talking about?

She slaps his hands away.

LISA  
You just better lead that  
delegation to the White House. I  
deserve that honor.

WARD  
Being mother of our church and head  
of the local GOP-- certainly  
couldn't be enough for Lisa  
Johannson Ward.

LISA  
You certainly aren't.

Ward slaps her.

Lisa reels from the slap, but quickly recovers. Ward,  
repentant, quickly pulls her back to her feet.

WARD  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

LISA  
(tears pouring)  
We will never be even for that.

She slaps him back. They stare at each other.

The clock chimes.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Dinner is ready.