

EST. CHURCH - MORNING

Clay, Bloberta, Shapey, Block and a limping Orel, bringing up the rear, head to church.

INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

Putty is doing his sermon.

PUTTY

"Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You." What's so special about this phrase? Yes, it's true it has the word "unto" in it. Twice, even. Weird word, I know I never use it unless I'm quoting bible babble. But that's not what's really special. That little sentence means: "Since you're already going to be a selfish jerk and just think about yourself all the time, keep thinking about yourself when you're doing a crappy thing to someone else." Hey genius, would you really like it if someone pulled you around by the nose hairs, or painted your cat green, or wouldn't stop dancing in your bath tub? I don't think so. So don't dance in their bath tub! Just think for once...

\*

Putty's eyes wander to the left of the congregation. He sees that Florence is not there in her usual place. Slowly, he imagines her image to dissolve into the seat. She looks down sadly.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

...and don't just say it because it's your job. Really listen to yourself. Practice what you preach. I mean, you're a Reverend. Act like one. Don't just sleep with someone because you're lonely and then act like nothing happened...

The congregation gasps. Putty realizes he was talking out loud.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

...Ub...erg...or other such silly, hypothetical examples...  
(reminding them)  
...like the nose-hair-pulling, the cat-painting, the bath-tub-dancing, and the...one-night-standing. Amen.

EXT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

Putty is greeting people as they leave. It's awkward. People walk by trying not to make contact. Putty overcompensates with cheerfulness.

PUTTY

Thanks for coming! Hope I didn't ramble!  
Come again!

He folds.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Embarrassing...

Dottie walks out. Putty stops her.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Dottie!

DOTTIE

Reverend.

PUTTY

Um...so...how's...?

He doesn't know how to bring her up.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

You know...

DOTTIE

(knows what she's doing)

My relationship with Jesus?

PUTTY

(disappointed)

Okay, I give. How's that?

DOTTIE

I think we're all right. I think we're good.

PUTTY

Terrific.

(trying again)

Are you still living with-?

DOTTIE

My husband? No. Not for six months.

PUTTY

No, I was actually thinking of-

DOTTIE

Oh, Ken Awkwarding! It never got serious.

PUTTY

Knew nothing about that. What I meant was--  
-that the last time I saw you, you were  
roommates with...

DOTTIE

(giving it to him; sadly)

Ah, yes. Florence.

PUTTY

Yeah.

DOTTIE

We're not talking. She moved out.

PUTTY

(disappointed)

Oh...

Putty looks down and starts walking back into the church.  
Dottie looks insulted.

DOTTIE

Is that all you wanted?

PUTTY

Huh? Yeah. Just making conversation.

DOTTIE

(throwing hints)

Well, my place is very conducive to  
conversation. There's no one else there.  
I'm very alone now. It's very private.

PUTTY

(doesn't care)

Must be relaxing.

DOTTIE

Oh, I love it, of course! But it also  
gets-

PUTTY

Lonely?

DOTTIE

I prefer the word: "boring."

PUTTY

Yeah, boring's nice, when you can get it.  
Well, I should get going-

DOTTIE

Wait! I was wondering if you could come  
by and...bless...my bed.

PUTTY

Um. Well...we usually leave that bed-  
blessing stuff up to the Catholics.

DOTTIE

Now, it can't be that hard! Come on!

She yanks him away.

PUTTY

Hey!

INT. DOTTIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It's a SMASH CUT to Dottie throwing Putty down on her bed.

DOTTIE

Bless it!

PUTTY

Ow!

She falls on him, pushing her chest into his face.

DOTTIE

Bless me!

PUTTY

(muffled)

I think you're sufficiently blessed...

DOTTIE

No. Bless me! Bless me long and hard.

PUTTY

(not interested)

Yeah, I don't really have my  
blessing...wand with me.

DOTTIE

Oh, shut up!

She throws the covers over both of them and attacks him  
passionately.

EXT. ALONEFORD - DAY

Sun goes down. Sun starts coming up again.

SAME - MORNING

Putty lays awake, eyes wide open, looking uncomfortable. Dottie is asleep, curled up all over him. Clinging. The sunlight slowly reaches Putty. First his shoulder. He looks at the sunlight without moving his head. The sunlight creeps up to his face, then eyes. Suddenly, not able to stand it anymore, Putty exclaims.

PUTTY

All right, already! I'm going!

Dottie wakes up, confused.

DOTTIE

Who are you talking to?

Putty points up to God/the sun, squinting.

PUTTY

Him! The scrutinizer, that's who! Mr. Judgy-drawers!

He gets up and leaves, leaving Dottie very disoriented.

DOTTIE

Whew?!

INT. REPRESSIONAL - DAY

Orel is in the repressional blabbing away. Putty looks overwhelmed by the information.

OREL

(never waning his optimism)  
...and my leg's doing really great! I'm just down to limping now! And my Grampa's dying in my bed, which is sad, but otherwise, I don't mind because, like you said, "Do Unto Others!" and I guess I'd want my Grampa to let me die in his bed, although it would be fine if he didn't. But what's really sad is that he and my dad had a falling-out lots of years ago and I'm just worried that he's going to die without them both making up and that'll make him and especially my dad even sadder. And my dad can't afford to be sadder really-

\*

Putty stops him, not being able to stand it anymore.

PUTTY

Orel. You have no intention of repressing any of this, do you?

OREL

Gosh, no, Reverend. I think repressing would be the worst thing I cou-

PUTTY

Out!

Orel hurriedly leaves. Bendy enters. Putty is distracted, still irritated with Orel.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Nurse Bendy.

BENDY

Reverend Putty, I need someone to let my chest off to.

PUTTY

I'm not going to touch that with a ten foot pole. So what's this about? Principal Fakey?

BENDY

Wow! You're really thankful!

PUTTY

"Thinkful" is my middle name. So what's the problem?

BENDY

Well, he's just the tip of the icicle. Men everywhere just jump all over me. I hate them all!

PUTTY

Look lady, this is a Repressional, not a phone booth. Now, if you want, you can go to my office and dial the rape hotline.

BENDY

But you don't understand. I don't want to hate all men. Especially now that I have a son living with me who's twice as young as I am.

PUTTY

Well that makes him--I have no idea what you're talking about.

BENDY

Oh. You think I'm stupid, too.

PUTTY

Nurse Bendy, you are not stupid. You are smart-defying, but not stupid.

BENDY

(flattered)

Really?

PUTTY

Yes, really. Now, I gotta go.

She looks at him, turned on.

BENDY

Wait!

INT. BENDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Putty and Bendy are fucking. Bendy is very passionate for once. Putty looks bored. Then, Bendy turns into fat Florence. He gets into it.

INT. ALONEFORD HALLWAY - EVENING

Putty is leaving her apartment.

BENDY

Toodle loodle bye!

PUTTY

See ya.

She shuts the door. He starts leaving.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Wait a second.

Then he stops and points back to the door.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Did I just...? With Nurse Bendy...?

\*

He turns and looks.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's where she lives. Huh. What do you know about that? I don't even care.

(MORE)

PUTTY (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Must be sick.

MONTAGE

Putty fucking three different women in their respective bedrooms. He looks bored throughout. NOTE: WE CAN DO THIS FROM AN AERIAL VIEW AND DO ALL THREE SCENES ON THE SAME SET BUT WITH DIFFERENT BEDDING.

INT. FIRST WOMAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

First woman is a blond.

PUTTY  
(to himself)  
Yep.

INT. SECOND WOMAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Second woman is a brunette.

PUTTY  
(to himself)  
I'm.

INT. THIRD WOMAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Third woman is a redhead.

PUTTY  
(to himself)  
Sick.

He looks at his watch.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Putty is trying to get into church but is mobbed by beautiful women clamoring for his attention. He joylessly signs his autograph on photos of himself as ladies claw at him. Finally, he breaks away from the group.

PUTTY  
Gotta go! Sermon's calling.

The women swoon. Two ladies speak under their breaths to each other.



LADY ONE

Amazing. He doesn't seem to care about  
any of us.

LADY TWO

Speak for yourself. I know there's  
something behind that bored expression.  
(to herself)  
I hope.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Putty is at the pulpit. The congregation is completely  
made up of starry-eyed women and Orel. Putty doesn't even  
notice. All he notices is that one empty space that  
Florence is not in.

PUTTY

(longing)

Jeez...where is she?

He pulls himself together and starts his sermon.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

(grumpy)

Well, here we are again. Sunday. Just how  
many Sundays are there in a week, anyway?  
It feels like three or four. I mean, is  
it actually ever not Sunday? Here are the  
days of the week, in order: Sunday,  
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday,  
Sunday, Sunday. That's right. Eight of  
them, all in a row.

He gets distracted and points to Florence's empty space.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Can someone fill that seat in, please?!  
Orel, get over there and sit down!

Orel looks confused.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Now! Snap-snap! Come on! I don't have all  
day!

He quickly limps over and sits in her place.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

All right. That's better. Uh...  
(crumbling; can't go on)  
Amen.

INT. ALL-YOU-CAN-EATERY - EVENING

Putty has a big tray of food, just like Florence used to eat. He looks around, doesn't see her. He sits down at a table. He doesn't eat. He just waits, hoping to see her. He sees a few fat people, but no Florence. Finally, he gets up and leaves, not touching his food.

INT. FORGHETTY'S PUB - LATER

Putty sits at a table by himself. Mr. Shrugger enters with Florence. She has lost weight and looks fit. Putty's back is to them. Florence doesn't notice Putty or vice versa. Shrugger points to a table behind Putty. (NOTE: MAYBE THEY'RE OUT OF FOCUS OR BEHIND PUTTY SO THAT WE DON'T SEE THEM EITHER.) \*

SHRUGGER

This table okay, Florence?

Putty perks up, but doesn't look.

FLORENCE

Yes. Is it all right with you?

Shrugger shrugs a vague: "yes." They hesitate, then sit. Putty sits there stiffly while they speak.

SHRUGGER

Should I get you a drink?

FLORENCE

Yes, that's very nice of you.

He shrugs and goes to the bar. Putty ever-so-slowly turns around. Florence's eyes look away. She still doesn't know it's him. He is astounded and a bit disappointed at the sight of her weight loss.

PUTTY

Florence?

She looks over and sees Putty. She's surprised and uncomfortable.

FLORENCE

Oh! Hello.

PUTTY

Um...you're...

FLORENCE

Yes...normal.

PUTTY

Oh, Florence, you'll never be normal.  
(quickly adding)  
And I mean that as a compliment.

Shrugged comes back. Florence awkwardly introduces them.

FLORENCE

Uh...Reverend Putty, do you know Mr.  
Shrugged?

REVEREND PUTTY

Yeah...yeah. I've seen ya in the  
congregation.

Shrugged shrugs.

SHRUGGED

Hi!

An awkward beat.

REVEREND PUTTY

Well, I should get going.

Putty leaves as Shrugged sits down. Florence looks  
distracted but politely fights not to look over her  
shoulder at the Reverend exiting.

INT. BURIED PLEASURES - EVENING

Putty enters wearing his usual "disguise." Stephanie is  
behind the counter, looking through a box.

STEPHANIE

I know it's you, Dad...

PUTTY

(vexed)

It's only because you've seen this  
disguise before.

STEPHANIE

And it's a good one. So what's up?

PUTTY

Oh...nothing...

She pulls a deflated, hair in curlers, sex doll out of the  
box.

STEPHANIE

Need an inflatable spouse doll?

PUTTY

Please...

She also pulls out a deflated legal document and a deflated priest.

STEPHANIE

Comes with a blow-up marriage license signed by Reverend Stretch-Breath.

PUTTY

Disgusting. Look...I came to talk to you about a real woman.

STEPHANIE

(happily)

For you?!

PUTTY

Shhh. This is private. I don't want anyone else to know-

Orel enters from the back with a mop.

OREL

Reverend Putty!

PUTTY

Gads! I'm outa here!

STEPHANIE

No, Dad, please stay. It's only Orel.

OREL

Yeah! I won't hurt you!

PUTTY

Not on purpose, anyway.

(concedes)

I...met A woman I want to be serious with.

OREL

Hooray!

PUTTY

Orel, this is not a good thing.

STEPHANIE

What's the matter, Dad? Did ya screw something up?

PUTTY

I...

Doesn't know how to say it with Orel there.

PUTTY (CONT'D)  
...didn't follow up on our  
initial...physical encounter.

OREL  
Oh no! You mean you one-night-standed  
her?!

PUTTY  
(winces)  
Orel, where do you learn these things?

OREL  
Your sermon, three weeks ago-

PUTTY  
Rhetorical question!

STEPHANIE  
Well, Dad, if she's willing to forgive  
you, she's worth your affection.

PUTTY  
I know, but she's changed. She's happier.

STEPHANIE  
How do you know?

PUTTY  
Because she's thinner, that's how! It's  
really depressing, too, because I really  
miss all of her...and all of her's just  
not there anymore.

She pulls out Reverend Stretch-Breath again.

STEPHANIE  
Well, I think that Reverend Stretch-  
Breath would say that all of her is still  
there...it's just less expanded.

PUTTY  
Look, whether Reverend Stretch-Breath is  
right or not...put him away, please.

OREL  
Reverend, I hate to bring your "Do Unto  
Others" sermon again, but I think if you  
really feel down deep into you, you'll  
know what to do and how to treat  
her...and, gosh, what you really want.

PUTTY

What I really want? Come on, Orel. Who actually knows what they really want?

STEPHANIE

You do, Dad. Go and see her. The right words will come out.

Putty looks at them both, incredulously.

\*

PUTTY

I don't know where you two get so much faith that I know what the hell I'm doing.

He stomps out. Orel and Stephanie look at each other and smile.

EXT. ALONEFORD - EVENING

Putty sees her name on the bell and hesitantly walks inside. He doesn't ring for her.

INT. ALONEFORD HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He stands outside her apartment. He about to knock. She opens the door.

FLORENCE

I thought I heard something.

PUTTY

Interesting. Maybe I blinked too loud.

FLORENCE

(unfriendly)

What do you want?

PUTTY

I...want to take you to dinner.

FLORENCE

I don't have much of an appetite.

PUTTY

Really? When did this thing start?

FLORENCE

Around...Eastertime.

PUTTY

Oh, yeah... The last time I saw you.

FLORENCE

(beat)

Usually I binge when I'm depressed. This time, things are different.

PUTTY

(happily)

You're depressed?!

(sobers)

I mean, yeah...things are different with me, too.

FLORENCE

(doubtful)

Oh? How so?

PUTTY

Florence, I haven't been interested in any woman besides you since we've been together.

FLORENCE

Really?

He looks at her, sincerely. They stare.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Well, me neither. I mean: men for me. I'm not interested in any men. I mean: or women, either, of course.

PUTTY

Of course.

(beat)

So...you went through the same thing I did.

FLORENCE

(still hesitant)

Could be...

PUTTY

All the meaningless sex. Over and over and over again.

FLORENCE

(coldly)

No.

She starts to leave.

PUTTY

Wait! Meaningless sex! I said, "meaningless!"

FLORENCE

There is no meaningless sex.

PUTTY

There is when I have it.

FLORENCE

(adamant)

Well, not for me...when you have it.

PUTTY

For the first time ever, I care about someone else other than me. And by coincidence, it's you! Congratulations. Isn't that great?

FLORENCE

No. You haven't changed. You still only care about yourself. You're a narcissist.

PUTTY

Narcissist? Don't give me that pagan crap. You'll burn in hell. \*

FLORENCE

Then I'll burn in hell with you.

PUTTY

Whoah.

FLORENCE

You treated me awful. And now you think you're thinking about me instead of you. But I'm just a part of your narcissism now. Your obsession. \*

(painfully looks down)

Because I'm thin. \*

PUTTY

(disdainful)

Thin. Has there ever been an uglier word? Thin lipped, thin ice, thin skinned, thinly veiled. Florence, I just want to see you looking like you used to. Heck, I just want to see you. To be with you. \*

FLORENCE

(bitterly)

Fat chance.

She shuts the door on him.



INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She locks the door and sadly leans against it. She walks deeper into her apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - MORNING

Florence is ready for the day. She unlocks the door. Putty falls into her apartment, asleep against the door.

PUTTY  
(disoriented)  
All right! Hold your horses! I'm awake already!

FLORENCE  
Reverend!

Putty sits up.

PUTTY  
Florence! You came back for me!

FLORENCE  
No, actually, I'm leaving my apartment.

He stands all the way up.

PUTTY  
Oh. I guess I am a tad narcissistic, huh?

FLORENCE  
A tad.

PUTTY  
Please, Florence. And I never say "please" unless I'm praying. But please forgive me. I'm sorry. I want to be with you.

FLORENCE  
(skeptical)  
Why?

PUTTY  
Because I don't know, that's why. It's unexplainable. Weird, even. There's no word for it.

FLORENCE  
You're a man of God. Think of the word.

PUTTY

Just because I'm a Reverend doesn't mean  
I'm a mind reader. How would I know what  
I'm thinking?

She starts closing the door on him. He desperately keeps  
trying to convince her.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

I run a repressional, you know! I can't  
just bring things up! You think the right  
word's going to magically appear just  
because I love you?

Florence smiles. Putty looks shocked.

PUTTY (CONT'D)

Oh. That word.

FLORENCE

I love you, too.

She ushers him inside and shuts the door.

FADE OUT.