

INT. BAR - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

A charming small-town bar. Henry enters, on the phone, and sees Lucinda, reading at a corner table. A fraught moment.

HENRY

Fine... Okay. I'll call you later.

(hangs up, then)

That was my fiancée. I have a fiancée. That sounds like I'm rubbing it in. I'm not. I just do have... a fiancée. I keep saying "fiancée."

LUCINDA

(with a smile)

Yeah. Please stop. Wanna sit down, maybe have one of those awkward "we dated forever but now we have nothing to say to each other" chats?

HENRY

How can I resist?

He sits down across from her. The following banter is friendly and nostalgic; it's clear that they get a kick out of challenging each other.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So. You're a minister now.

LUCINDA

And you're a surgeon.

HENRY

So what, you're like the "cool reverend" -- "I preach, but I can also knock back a few at the bar!" Is that your schtick?

LUCINDA

You mean the same way "I have to be Mister Perfect" is your schtick?

HENRY

One, it's "Doctor Perfect." I worked hard for that title. And two, no, I don't have a schtick.

LUCINDA

Well, there's the one up your ~~ass~~ <sup>butt</sup>.

HENRY

Watch it, Reverend, or I'll tell your flock how we used to drink here when we were underage.

LUCINDA

(fake gasp)

You wouldn't dare.

HENRY

Oh I would. I'll tell them about stealing the street sign, and how you streaked by the police station...

LUCINDA

Not how we threw eggs at Mr. Powell's car. Or what we used to do back in your house when we were alone...

HENRY

Everything. I could have you disbarred, or disrobed or whatever so fast...

LUCINDA

You want to disrobe me, huh? So that's what's on your mind.

HENRY

What? No, it isn't-- well now it is, but...

LUCINDA

And here I thought you had a fiancée, a fiancée, I keep saying fiancée.

Henry laughs, defeated.

HENRY

Dammit, you always win.

LUCINDA

Almost always.

HENRY

I... I'm sorry about how things went. With us. How I went, I guess.

LUCINDA

Hen, it's fine. You don't graduate near the top of your class from Harvard Med--

HENRY

At the top, at the top of my class.  
You know that.

LUCINDA

...just to settle down in Granby, New  
Hampshire. You had bigger dreams.  
You're Mister Perfect.

HENRY

I know. Doctor Perfect. But...

LUCINDA

It's okay, Henry. I forgive you.

HENRY

You do?

LUCINDA

I have to. It's my job.

We maybe see a hint of pain behind their smiles.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 4)

Lucinda is working. Henry bursts in, still furious.

HENRY

You forgive me?!

LUCINDA

(underplaying)

Hi, Henry, good to see you how've you  
been can you believe the weather--

HENRY

We were practically engaged! And then  
I take a job in Providence without  
telling you, and in three months I'm  
dating someone else? No! That's  
unforgivable!

LUCINDA

(suddenly offended)

Hold on -- are trying to hog all the  
blame?!

^  
you

HENRY

Well, yes!

LUCINDA

How dare you be so selfish as to tell  
me it was all your fault!

HENRY

Isn't that the opposite of selfish?...

LUCINDA

(overlapping)

Or did you forget how demanding I was,  
or needlessly obnoxious, or how I  
could never back down from an  
argument, including this one? I am  
not so innocent, Mister!

HENRY

It's Doctor! And it was not your  
fault. You were perfect. You were  
exactly what I needed, and I didn't  
care. I still don't care! And that  
is my fault, because my God you were--

Henry kisses her, passionately. He pulls back, horrified.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. What did we just do?!

LUCINDA

I mostly just stood here.

Henry is now deep into a full-on freakout.

HENRY

I have a fiancée! And I'm in a church! I'm engaged! And I kissed a reverend! In a church! And I'm engaged!... I'm the good one!

Henry runs off in a panic. Lucinda turns to the floor in front of the pews, where for the first time we see a group of eight-year-olds in a circle -- her youth Bible study class.

LUCINDA

(composing herself)

So back to Leviticus...

*NOTE: the following scene would take place in a later episode: Henry is trying to make up for a 20-year-old past offense to his brother Jimmy, and needs to use the church sanctuary to make it happen. So he comes to Lucinda...*

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Lucinda is working at her desk. Henry knocks on the open door and enters.

LUCINDA

Oh, hi. Are you here to kiss me then rant like a madman again? I am so swamped -- how does freaking out tomorrow sound?

HENRY

I need to borrow your church.

LUCINDA

Why the hell do you need my church?

HENRY

Just to host this... thing for Jimmy on Thursday. Are reverends allowed to say "hell" like that?

LUCINDA

Yeah they are, and that's a ballsy request. You don't go to this church anymore, you've never even seen me give a sermon...

HENRY

I dated you for years. I got plenty of your sermons. By the way, congratulations on finding a job that lets you tell 200 people what to do. What a great fit.

LUCINDA

This is how you ask me for a favor?

HENRY

You get to literally lord it over them every week -- it's perfect!

LUCINDA

Jesus, what the hell?

HENRY

Again with "Jesus" and "hell." I'd have thought that when you got ordained you woulda kicked your habit of swearing like a truck driver.

LUCINDA

That's it. The answer's no.

HENRY

Okay okay, I'm sorry, this is important. I owe it to Jimmy.

LUCINDA

Then start over.

HENRY

What?

LUCINDA

Go out, come back in, and ask nicely.

HENRY

Lu, I'm not a four-year-old. I need--

LUCINDA

Go out, come back in, and ask nicely.

Henry sighs in exasperation, walks out, knocks on the door and enters again.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

Oh, hi. Are you here to kiss me then rant like a madman again? I am so swamped -- how does freaking out tomorrow sound?

HENRY

(gritted teeth)

Hi Lucinda, you look lovely as always. I can't wait to finally see you give a sermon on Sunday. Could I please use your church on Thursday for a special event for my brother Jimmy?

LUCINDA

That's much better. Now, what's the occasion?

HENRY

It's just a... Pink Floyd laser show.

LUCINDA

Hell no.

HENRY

Oh come on!

Lucinda goes back to her work.