

# ISABEL

**ISABEL** (late 20's, nervous, brittle, immaculately made-up) is filling SOUP BOWLS at the counter as Noah sits at the table.

Scene 1  
Start →

NOAH  
Like herself. Just, you know, older.

ISABEL  
You can say she's beautiful...

She walks the TWO SOUP BOWLS to the table --

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
...I know you two had a thing.

-- and sets them down and sits down kitty-corner from Noah.

NOAH  
She's got nothing on you.

Isabel smiles at that; then, AFTER A BEAT, says, casually --

ISABEL  
I could stay tonight.  
(off his shock)  
Well, don't act SO surprised --

NOAH  
-- I'm not, I'm just --

ISABEL  
-- do you not want me to?

NOAH  
No, I want you to, it's just never  
been part of our plan --

ISABEL  
Plans change.

NOAH  
Well, praise God. Stay over.

She takes his hand in hers and bows her head. He looks at her a moment and smiles, then closes his eyes and bows his head.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Heavenly Father, we just come  
before you now to say thank you for  
all You do for us, every day...

End →

As he prays, Isabel opens her eyes: watches him.

# ISABEL

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NOAH'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Noah and Isabel are furiously making out. He pulls away.

NOAH

This is gonna be harder than I  
thought, having you stay over.

ISABEL

Why?

NOAH

Because. We can't, you know --  
because we can't do anything.

ISABEL

Who says we can't do anything? We  
can't do ONE thing. That leaves a  
whole lot of options.

(off Noah's look)

Unless you don't like options.

NOAH  
(breathless, horny)  
No, I like options. Gimme an option.

ISABEL  
Okay.

She kisses him and then pulls away. He watches with some amazement as she pulls off her underwear under the covers and then turns around and backs herself up against him snugly, pulls his arm over her and presses against him. BEAT.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Well, go ahead.

NOAH  
"Go ahead." You mean --

ISABEL  
-- yeah.

NOAH  
Are you -- are you sure?

ISABEL  
Do you love me?

NOAH  
Yeah.

ISABEL  
Then go ahead. Just don't go --

NOAH  
-- I get it. The one thing. I'll  
stay away from the one thing.  
(looks to God, *silently*)  
*Thank you!*

End →

As Noah, THRILLED, having hit a jackpot of sorts, starts kissing Isabel's neck, we go OFF ISABEL, more daunted by this project than she's letting on, but still kinda triumphant.