

EXT. THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA- DAY

Pluto Plantation, the Mississippi Delta. The sky is vast and the cotton bowls are in full bloom. We go down an empty road to an isolated area of farmland. In the distance, on the far left, we see a beautiful old wooden farmhouse, the Carver house. A long gravel road leads to the farmhouse.

EXT. CARVER HOUSE FRONT YARD- DAY

A slender woman wearing a t shirt and athletic shorts walks down the sidewalk carrying a stack of mail towards the house. Emily Carver, brunette, 30's, deeply perceptive.

We pan to the right- the driveway- and see a big white truck turn from the road, kicking up dust as it approaches the house.

INT. OLD HOUSE- DAY

Emily walks through the den. The house has an air of authenticity about it. Woven rugs, hand built furniture. Landscape paintings, an old quilt. Sitting on the coffee tables and hanging on the walls are framed pictures. A few of her and an attractive older man. And many of children- his children. Finally, we see one of all them together- on their wedding day. She is the second wife.

Emily also carries an air of authenticity. What you see is what you get. And despite her best efforts, what is on the inside has a way of showing up on the outside. She is somewhat translucent that way.

Emily walks down a short wide hallway.

INT. DEN- DAY

Josh, attractive, dark hair, around 50, and decked out in camouflage walks into the house holding a rifle. He then walks into a study room and puts the rifle away in a cabinet. We watch him from the den. A sound from another part of the house. He turns his head at the noise, then takes off his ball cap, tossing it onto his desk as he exits the study.

INT KITCHEN-DAY

An island stands in the middle of the kitchen with a bowl of fruit on it.

Emily drops the mail on the kitchen counter to her left when she walks in, next to a camera and some other papers. She holds onto one Time magazine and turns towards the island. Taking a peach from the bowl, she bites in and flips through the magazine until she gets to an article on the war in Yemen. Her eyes dart towards underneath the title of the article where in small print we see "photographed by Jackson Bird". She shakes her head slightly as she looks through the photographs.

We hear rustling noises and footsteps. She continues to eat her peach. Juice dribbles all down her chin and onto her t shirt. She doesn't care. Josh walks into the kitchen. Emily turns slightly to face him, still eating.

He groans as he approaches Emily.

JOSH

I told you you can't eat those in front of me.

He puts his right hand in her hair as his left holds her side. He kisses her hard, pressing her against the island counter top.

JOSH (cont'd)

Look at you. You're a mess.

She smirks as he grazes her neck and jawline, sucking up the juices. He uses both hands to grab her ass, picking her up and placing her on the island as he continues to kiss her neck. The peach is gone, falling to the wayside along with the magazine. Our view lowers to beneath the island. Pots and pans are stacked on a shelf below. We see Josh's legs facing the island, standing, sturdy. And we see Emily's legs dangling from the island, bare and slender, her feet stretching out occasionally in pleasure. We come back up and Josh pushes her shoulder back laying her down, raising her t shirt to kiss her navel. Our POV changes again to above her head. Josh is now facing us. He pulls her shorts off and lifts her right leg up high, towards her chest. A hunter taking what's his. With her leg in both hands, he begins to kiss it, starting at the ankle. Our POV changes one more time and we are now beside Emily, her head turned sideways against the island, facing the camera directly. Her eyes closed. A look of pleasure on her face. Submissive, serene. Happy.

TITLE CARD: CANARY