

THE OBJECT OF MY CONFECTIONS

Written by

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**EXT. CHOCOLATE SHOP - MORNING**

A shop on a calm street in a business district. Everything in this town looks old, European, or both.

The window display contains elaborate cakes, pastries, and other sweet treats.

Fancy lettering on the window reads "SINCLAIR'S CONFECTIONARY CREATIONS."

A hand in white latex gloves turns a hanging sign on the front door from "CLOSED" to "OPEN".

**INT. CHOCOLATE SHOP - THAT MORNING**

BAKING MONTAGE

- Ground cocoa beans are sifted through a FUNNEL
- Tempering chocolate is measured with a CONTACTLESS INFRARED HEAT THERMOMETER
- An upside down mold is hit with a METAL BAKER'S SPATULA, chocolates tumbling out
- A CREME BRULEE torch melts CARAMEL
- A DIPPING FORK drizzles spun sugar over the chocolates
- A DIPPING SPIRAL makes grooves on the tops of the chocolates
- Hands wrap each chocolate in GOLDEN CRINKLY PAPER
- Hands take off the white latex gloves

END OF MONTAGE

SINCLAIR (30s) stands behind the store's counter, wearing a once-white apron, now stained with chocolate, and looks down at his creation...

A HEART-SHAPED BOX filled with delectable, professional, and gorgeous chocolates.

Sinclair can't help but grin at his masterpiece.

There's an empty space at the center of the box, for the *pièce de résistance*.

Sinclair reaches into the front pocket of his apron and produces a small jewelry box.

Sinclair opens it, revealing a tasteful DIAMOND RING.

Sinclair picks up a framed photo of his BELLE (30s, gorgeous) off the counter.

He gazes lovingly at the picture and gives it a smooch.

A long smooch.

DING!

The doorbell above the shop's entrance rings, and a CUSTOMER slowly exits, feeling as if they've seen a private moment.

Sinclair places the jewelry box at the center of the box of chocolates, and places the lid on top.

Sinclair writes an accompanying note...

TEXT ON NOTE: LET'S HAVE A HEART TO HEART, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

He throws away that note, and starts another.

TEXT ON NOTE: LET'S HITCH WAGONS, BABY!

He throws that note away even quicker, and starts again.

The floor begins to fill up with crumpled notes.

TEXT ON NOTE: MARRIAGE, WHATDAYA SAY?

Sinclair grimaces. The words are the hard part.

GLASS SHATTERS in the store.

Sinclair gets out from behind the counter to investigate.

A series of malted milk balls roll across the floor.

Sinclair turns the corner and finds a glass candy dish shattered in the middle of an aisle.

There's no one there. How did this happen?

DING!

The doorbell rings, alerting Sinclair to LIONEL (12) a skinny boy with baby fat in his cheeks and a pack on his back, standing in the doorway - eyes wide open.

Lionel clutches THE HEART-SHAPED BOX!

It dawns on Sinclair that this little bandit planned the misdirection - a literal smash and grab job.

Sinclair and Lionel have a staring contest for a brief moment before Lionel makes a break for it, dashing out the store.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - SECONDS LATER**

Lionel vigorously pumps his short pixie stick legs down the sidewalk with Sinclair in tow behind him.

An OLDER COUPLE exits a store and Lionel slips between them. Sinclair has to stop and maneuver around them, but he's still hot on Lionel's tail.

Lionel grabs a handful of malted milk balls from his pocket and tosses them in his wake.

Sinclair sees the balls but can't stop. He walks right on top of them, his arms waving as he loses his balance.

Sinclair glides through the nerviest moments - a miraculous recovery, and continues the chase, gaining on Lionel.

Lionel reaches a crosswalk with a CROSSING GUARD right before the light changes, and digs deep to sprint across.

Sinclair, right behind, is met with the stiff hand of the crossing guard, who will not permit him to pass.

Sinclair opens his mouth to protest, but no words come out.

Instead, Sinclair yells into his apron.

**EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER**

Lionel continues down the street with the heart-shaped box.

He looks behind him - no sign of Sinclair. He's got away with it!

At the end of the next block, Sinclair slides into frame, locking eyes with Lionel.

Lionel turns into an alley with Sinclair right behind him.

There's a fence at the end of the alley - a dead end.

Lionel starts climbing - he's almost over when A HAND grabs him from behind.

Sinclair grips the backpack, holding Lionel in place.

Lionel has no choice. He slips out and falls to the ground still holding the heart-shaped box, and skitters away.

Sinclair is left behind with the backpack. He unzips it, and pulls out an algebra text book. He opens the cover.

IN TEXT BOOK: PROPERTY OF CLIFTON MIDDLE - LIONEL BERGER

**EXT. CLIFTON MIDDLE SCHOOL - END OF THE SCHOOL DAY**

A typical-looking middle school. The calm before the storm.

SINCLAIR LOOKS THROUGH BINOCULARS

Or we *think* they're binoculars. They're actually TWO FUNNELS.

Sinclair sits in the bushes across the street, spying.

Sitting on the bench in front of him is an older BIRDWATCHING LADY. She has a book with birds on the cover and is looking, with actual binoculars, into the surrounding trees.

!BRRRRING!

Students burst out the school like a pubescent stampede.

Sinclair searches for Lionel, but has no luck.

Sinclair hears someone clear their throat. Ahem.

He sees the disapproving look from the Birdwatching Lady.

Realizing he looks suspicious, Sinclair opens his mouth to explain himself, but no words come out.

Thinking fast, Sinclair positions his funnels upwards to also look at birds in the trees.

Birdwatching Lady goes back to her birds.

Now in the clear, Sinclair resumes his search for Lionel.

There he is!

Lionel tepidly walks down the school steps with the heart-shaped box held behind his back as he approaches a gaggle of confident popular girls.

Lionel reaches up to tap the shoulder of BRITTANY (13) - It's quite the challenge, considering she is taller than him and higher in the social hierarchy.

Brittany turns to look at Lionel. Her friends glower, but Brittany's look is inviting.

Lionel breathes in and out, looking for the words to say.

Lionel's focus shifts to each and every other surrounding student. They're all looking at him, waiting to see what happens.

Lionel's breath reaches a fever pitch. He stops breathing altogether, turns and runs away behind the school.

The school children snicker and openly laugh, but Brittany looks disappointed.

A crestfallen sigh.

Sinclair lowers the funnels and notices the sigh came from the Birdwatching Lady, moved by the scene, watching through her binoculars.

Sinclair rests a comforting hand on the Birdwatching Lady, then runs after Lionel.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

Sinclair rounds the corner, out of breath, and scans the playground for Lionel, but there is no one there. He takes two careful steps forward, still searching-

CRINKLE

Sinclair looks down and notices he has stepped on the wrapping of one of his chocolates.

In the distance, there's another one!

Sinclair follows the trail like a bloodhound.

**EXT. LIONEL'S HOUSE - LATER**

Sinclair follows the wrappers down the sidewalk. He uses the funnels to see across the street, Lionel eating chocolates out of the heart-shaped box as he walks up the steps to his house.

Normally, Sinclair's chocolates bring exuberant joy to those who eat them, but with every bite, Lionel gets more gloomy.

Lionel enters his house and shuts the front door behind him.

Sinclair approaches the door, preparing to ring the buzzer, and notices a sign.

ON SIGN: NO SOLICITORS

Sinclair doesn't heed the warning and rings anyway.

A beat.

He rings again, hitting the buzzer twice.

Still nothing.

Sinclair holds down the buzzer.

Finally, LIONEL'S MOTHER opens the door.

Sinclair opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out. He's just an awkward guy waving funnels about.

Lionel's Mother points directly to the sign, then slams the door in Sinclair's face.

Defeated, Sinclair walks away grumbling to himself.

The light outside fades, as day turns to night.

**EXT. LIONEL'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT**

A FIGURE dressed in all black tip-toes up to the house.

He pulls black latex gloves over his hands, then smears lines of chocolate under his eyes like grease paint.

Sinclair is our culprit, complete with black apron, and he's ready for some casual breaking and entering!

Sinclair uses the funnel to spy into a window with the lights still on.

Lionel walks past it and turns out the light.

Sinclair opens a bag full of his CHOCOLATIER TOOLS and retrieves a jar of CARAMEL. He dips his hands into it.

Sinclair ascends up the front of the house towards the window, the sticky caramel behaving like suction cups, aiding the climb.

He's almost to the window, when the skies open with a torrential downpour, robbing the caramel of it's adhesiveness.

Sinclair falls backwards into the bushes.

He emerges unharmed, but with twigs in his hair.

The rain stops. Of course.

Sinclair goes back to his bag of tricks, taking out his DIPPING FORK and SPIRAL.

**INT. LIONEL'S HOUSE FOYER - MINUTES LATER**

In the dark foyer, the doorknob jiggles for a moment, then-  
KERPLUNK

Sinclair falls inside, having successfully picked the lock.

Unable to see, Sinclair ignites his CREME BRULEE TORCH and cases the surroundings. No signs of life.

ARF!

Sinclair tilts down to find a CURIOUS PUPPY looking back up at him.

Sinclair presses his finger to his lips, trying to talk to the pooch, who misinterprets the signal completely.

The Curious Puppy jumps up on Sinclair and starts yelping for his new friend.

Sinclair doesn't know what to do! He grabs his head in panic.

Sinclair finds the twig in his hair, opens the front door, and throws the twig into the yard.

The Curious Puppy lives up to its name, and runs outside in pursuit of the twig, Sinclair closing the door behind him.

Sinclair catches his breath and moves towards the stairs.

HEARD OFF SCREEN: A DOOR OPENS AND FOOTSTEPS FROM UPSTAIRS

Change of plans. Sinclair escapes towards the kitchen.

**INT. LIONEL'S HOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

LIONEL'S DAD, groggy, shuffles into the kitchen and flips on the lights.

He opens the pantry to get a midnight snack, and does not notice Sinclair inside it, standing completely still.

Lionel's Dad grabs a box of cookies, and closes the pantry.

INSIDE THE DARK PANTRY

Sinclair can't see anything, but hears Lionel's Dad open the refrigerator and sit down.

IN THE KITCHEN

Lionel's Dad sits eating his cookies and drinking milk.

INSIDE THE PANTRY

Sinclair uses his CONTACTLESS INFRARED HEAT THERMOMETER.

Its display shows a numeric reading of the temperature beyond the pantry, but Sinclair flips a switch to THERMAL VISION.

Reminiscent of *Predator*, Sinclair sees the outline of Lionel's Dad, who finishes his snack, flips off the lights, and heads back to bed.

**INT. LIONEL'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Sinclair carefully opens the door to Lionel's bedroom.

There are some remnants of his childhood, like baseball pennant sheets and action figures on a shelf - but also signs of who he will soon become, like a marble notebook on his desk that says "Lyrics and Poetry."

Sinclair slinks over to the bed, where Lionel is fast asleep, laying face down with his arm draped over the heart-shaped box.

Not wanting to wake him, Sinclair uses his METAL BAKER'S SPATULA to carefully lift Lionel's arm, causing him to turn over like a hamburger patty.

Sinclair freezes. After a moment, Lionel, now on his back, starts snoring to break the tension.

Sinclair opens the heart-shaped box, still containing a handful of chocolates, and the diamond ring.

Sinclair slips the ring safely back into his apron pocket, and turns to leave, when something catches his eye.

The note atop the box.

Sinclair's handwriting, the stuff about "Whadaya Say?" Is crossed out. There's new text underneath.

Sinclair lifts the note to the moonlight creeping in through the window to read it.

TEXT ON THE NOTE: FOR BRITTANY, SWEETS TO MATCH YOUR NATURE//  
FOR YOU ARE A CUPCAKE IN A SEA OF MUFFINS// THOUGH MY SPEECH  
OFT FAIL ME, PLEASE KNOW// THAT YOU ARE THE OBJECT OF MY  
CONFECTIONS// YOUR CANDY CRUSH, LIONEL

Sinclair lowers the note, looking at the poet fast asleep.

**EXT. LIONEL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

The Curious Puppy waits on the stoop patiently with the twig  
in its mouth.

Sinclair opens the door, allowing the puppy to come back  
inside on his way out.

Sinclair isn't moving like a burglar anymore. He's deep in  
thought.

**EXT. CHOCOLATE SHOP - OVERNIGHT**

The only light on the whole street comes from inside  
Sinclair's chocolate shop, where the chocolatier is burning  
the midnight oil, his outline working at a furious pace.

**INT. LIONEL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Lionel rolls over, awoken by the sun through his window.

He feels around on the bed - but there's nothing there.

He shoots up, fully awake.

He searches, but to no avail.

The heart-shaped box, and his hopes, are gone.

**INT. 2ND PERIOD MATH CLASS - THAT MORNING**

A boring math class, with the TEACHER writing equations on  
the chalkboard.

Lionel sits towards the back, looking longingly at Brittany,  
who's seated towards the front.

Lionel pictures what he hoped her faced would've looked like  
when he gave her that ring, but it's too much for him, and he  
puts his head on his desk.

The classroom door is thrown open - interrupting everyone's  
morning malaise, and Sinclair waltzes in with a BIG RED BOX.

Sinclair locks eyes with Lionel, who in that moment knows that he's dead meat.

Sinclair takes a few deliberate steps into the room.

Lionel prepares to meet his maker.

Sinclair goes off course, and walks the big red box to Brittany's desk.

Brittany looks up, confused.

Sinclair hands her the note from the heart-shaped box and points at Lionel.

Everyone in the room, math teacher included, turns their attention towards Lionel.

Lionel freezes, his eyes bugging out.

Sinclair leaves with a smirk on face.

Brittany pulls one ribbon from the box, and it opens - revealing an impeccable CHOCOLATE CAROUSEL.

Gasps from the peanut gallery.

There is a button that says "PRESS ME," and naturally, Brittany does.

The carousel is MOTORIZED and starts its mesmerizing dance, complete with accompanying organ music.

Chocolate muffins, in place of carousel horses, bounce up and down, and among them is a singular, beautiful cupcake.

The song ends, and the carousel stops - lights on top illuminating to spell "THE OBJECT OF MY CONFECTIONS."

And if that wasn't enough, a sparkler or two ignites for a grand finale of sorts.

The speechless crowd turns to Lionel, and erupts in a raucous ovation.

Brittany reads the note, and looks right at Lionel.

THAT is the look he was hoping for.

**EXT. FANCY FRENCH RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING**

Sinclair, in his best outfit, sits to dine at an outdoor table for two with his Belle.

Things seems to be going well enough, lots of smiles, but he is nervous - no doubt.

Lionel and Brittany walk down the street at that same moment, sharing a bag of malted milk balls, and laughing.

Lionel notices Sinclair. They have a brief staring contest.

Lionel smiles and nods, then keeps walking down the street.

Sinclair turns to his Belle, and produces the diamond ring.

Sinclair opens his mouth looking for the words.

His Belle looks on, worried. She's been through this before.

But, Sinclair **finds the words!**

They can't be heard, but from his Belle's reactions, we know that they are the right, honest words.

The other patrons at the restaurant cheer and clap.

Sinclair and his Belle share a smooch.

A long smooch.

FADE TO BLACK.