

You Belong With Me
By: Sarah E. Y. Miller
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saraheymiller@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. LA BELLE ROSE

PETER WINSLOW, a thirty something semisuccessful business man, waits at a table in the trendy French restaurant, dressed for a night out on the town.

The MAITRE D leads EVELYN SEWELL-BRYCE, a late twenty something society heiress who is dating Peter, over to the table.

Peter stands and holds the chair out for her.

EVELYN
Sorry I'm late, darling . . .

She brushes a kiss across his cheek as she sits.

He scoots her chair in, moves around the table and takes his seat.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Cher was absolutely swamped. I had to wait more than half an hour for my appointment. Then she used pale peach pearl instead of peach pale pearl. There is a difference, believe you me, so I had to have my nails redone. It was a drama filled afternoon.

Evelyn picks up the menu.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
So how was your day?

PETER
Busy. The new assistant--

EVELYN
That's nice.

CLAUDE, the native French sommelier, comes over.

CLAUDE
Monsieur Winslow, good to see you again.

PETER
It's been a while but I thought the occasion justified the setting.

CLAUDE
Oh, it is an occasion, is it?

PETER

It is. Bring a bottle of your best
Champagne.

CLAUDE

Certainly.

Claude bustles away.

Evelyn sets down the menu.

EVELYN

What occasion, darling?

Peter pulls out a small velvet covered box from his pocket.

Evelyn picks up her water glass.

PETER

I was going to wait . . .

He gets up, walks around the table to kneel in front of her.

EVELYN

Peter. Please. Don't.

She reaches a hand to stop him but he shrugs it off.

PETER

. . . until after dessert, but now
will do.

He opens the velvet box in his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

Evelyn Sewell-Bryce, will you do me
the honor of being my wife?

Evelyn drops the water glass, spilling its contents all over
the table.

EVELYN

I can't . . .

She takes the napkin out of her lap and tosses it on the
table.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

She picks up her purse and stands.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I can't. I'm sorry I just can't.

She takes a step around him.

Peter's stare follows her.

PETER
Evelyn? I'll call you later and we
can work this out.

EVELYN
Don't call me.

She runs out of the restaurant and right by Claude.

Claude steps around her and over to Peter.

CLAUDE
Will you still be wishing . . .

Peter gets up and retakes his seat.

PETER
Why the hell not.

Claude raises an eyebrow.

PETER (CONT'D)
Pop the cork and join me, Claude.

CLAUDE
Certainly, sir.

Claude pops the cork, pours two glasses, and sets the bottle
in the ice bucket.

He looks around and then down at the chair Evelyn vacated.
He lifts the tails of his coat and sits primly in the chair.

PETER
To . . . I can't think of a toast.

Peter raises his glass.

CLAUDE
To the vicissitudes of women.

Claude raises his glass.

Peter clinks his glass to Claude's.

PETER
I'll drink to that.

Peter drains his glass.

Several of the men, at tables near by, raise their glasses
and silently drink the toast.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Peter opens the door and stumbles in. He tosses his suit
jacket at a chair and misses.

He shuts the door and stumbles further into the apartment, removing his tie and dropping it on the back of the couch as he reaches the living area.

He walks to the liquor cabinet set against the far wall. He opens the door and grabs a bottle of whiskey.

He walks to the desk and grabs the handset for the phone and takes it and the booze to the couch. He sinks down into the corner of the couch, opens the whiskey and drinks straight from the bottle.

He wedges the bottle between him and the arm of the couch.

He takes the phone and dials a number.

The phone on the other end RINGS and RINGS and finally the answering machine CLICKS on.

EVELYN (O.S.)
You've reached Evelyn. Leave a message.

PETER
Evelyn, pick up. . . Why won't you pick up.

He takes another swig from the bottle.

PETER (CONT'D)
I just don't understand. Why did you leave? Was it something I did?

He takes another swig.

PETER (CONT'D)
That's it, isn't it? I did something. Just tell me what it is and I'll fix it.

The answering machine BEEPS and then the DIAL TONE.

PETER (CONT'D)
Shit.

He takes another drink and then hits radial.

The phone on the other end RINGS and RINGS and finally the answering machine CLICKS on.

EVELYN (O.S.)
You've reached Evelyn. Leave a message.

PETER
Evelyn, give me some idea what it was I did. I need to know why.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Just tell me why. . . I guess you're
not talking so I'll leave you alone
since that seems to be what you want.

He hangs up and takes another drink.

He spots a throw pillow on the other end of the couch. He
picks it up and throws it at the mantle, knocking a picture
of him and Evelyn off, breaking the frame.

He clutches the bottle to his chest and gets up.

He drains the bottle as he wobbles towards the bedroom.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Peter kicks off his shoes and takes off his belt dropping it
on the floor.

He drops the empty bottle in the chair by the door and
stumbles to the bed.

He reaches the foot of the bed, falls forward, and sprawls
face down on the bed, asleep.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- MORNING

The sun shines on Peter, still face down on the bed. He
swats at the light and hits himself in the head.

He groans and rolls over.

PETER

Ugghhh.

He sits up and looks around. Evelyn's spare robe taunts him
from the chair on her side of the bed. He spies her clothes
in the closet and her spare toiletries on the bathroom
counter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Awh hell.

He sits forward and puts his head in his hands and shakes
his head.

He levers himself up right and staggers to the closet. He
grabs her clothes by the hangers and throws the pile on the
bed.

He stalks into the bathroom and scoops up the toiletries and
stomps back to the bed and tosses them on the pile.

The phone RINGS.

He strides out to the living room

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

He walks over to the couch and looks for the phone. It's not on the couch so he sinks down to his knees and ducks his head to look under it.

The phone is there, just out of reach. He lays on the floor and finally grasps it and pulls the phone out from under the couch.

PETER

Hello? Evelyn?

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

No. It's your Grandfather.

PETER

What do you want, Gramps?

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

I was just checking on how last night went, but I'll go if you're expecting a call from Evelyn.

PETER

Unhuh.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

I take it she didn't exactly give you an answer last night.

PETER

We have some details to work out.

He sits up.

PETER (CONT'D)

But we will work them out.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Good because I want to announce your promotion as soon as possible, so I can retire.

PETER

Can't you retire regardless?

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

I won't retire until I know the company is in good hands for the next two generations. My Granddaddy started it and he didn't retire. I was already a managing Vice President when he died of a heart attack at his desk.

PETER

I know. By then you were married
and Grandma was eight months pregnant
with Dad. I know.

Peter uses his free hand to rub his pounding temple.

PETER (CONT'D)

I also know what I owe the company
and family. My Fiancee and I will
be at dinner Friday.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Good. I'll see you in the office
first thing Monday morning.

The phone CLICKS off.

Peter stares at the receiver.

PETER

See you then, sir.

Peter groans.

He dials Evelyn's number.

The phone on the other end RINGS and RINGS and finally the
answering machine CLICKS on.

EVELYN (O.S.)

You've reached Evelyn. Leave a
message.

PETER

So you're still not talking to me
fine.

He stands.

PETER (CONT'D)

Please, tell me what I did wrong. I
want to fix it. I thought marriage
was the next logical step, but if
that's not where you see us heading,
could you tell me . . .

The machine BEEPS the tape is full.

He hits the end button and sinks down on the couch.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah. That went well.

EXT. PETER'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- MORNING

The neighborhood wakes for a sleepy warm Spring Sunday. A few joggers are out taking advantage of the surprise warm weather.

Peter leaves his apartment building for a jog.

He jogs down the block, around the corner, and a couple blocks down.

Across the street and down the block a bistro is open for brunch.

EXT. BISTRO -- CONTINUOUS

Evelyn, ALICE, and BECCA, Evelyn's two best friends, sit at a table on the open air patio, sipping mimosas in champagne flutes.

Alice points her champagne flute at Peter jogging at the far end of the block.

ALICE

Ev, dear, isn't that your boyfriend?

Evelyn looks in the direction Alice indicated.

EVELYN

You mean my ex.

Evelyn laughs.

Peter, directly across the street from Evelyn and her friends, pauses and waves at Evelyn.

Evelyn turns her head and whispers to her cronies

Peter ducks his head and jogs on.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks in the door.

GREG, the concierge with aspirations for betterment, rushes from behind the desk.

GREG

Mr. Winslow?

Peter stops on the way to the elevators and sighs.

PETER

What is it Greg? I'm really not in the mood to chat about your night classes today.

GREG

Uh. No, sir. I can see that.

Greg turns and retrieves a box from behind the desk.

GREG (CONT'D)

Ms. Sewell-Bryce dropped this off
for you.

Peter looks at it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Shall I bring it up for you?

PETER

Yeah, sure.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter enters carrying the box and sets it down on the couch
before going to the kitchen.

He opens the fridge and grabs a sports drink.

He gulps down a generous portion of the drink as he wanders
back to the couch.

He looks down at the box and turns away. His gaze falls on
an old photo album.

He sets his drink down on the table as he walks across the
room and picks up the album.

He leafs through a few pictures of Peter and Clara hiking
through Europe ten years ago.

He takes the album back to the couch and sinks down on it as
he continues to look at the pictures.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PATIO -- AFTERNOON

Peter waits at a table, shaded from the late afternoon sun
by an umbrella. He spins a blended iced coffee beverage on
the table top while he waits.

CLARA MAYFIELD, a mid thirties free spirit artist and Peter's
best friend, sashays over to him carrying her own frosted
treat.

CLARA

Sorry, I'm late. My students really
got inspired and I hated to cut them
off when they were so focused.

Peter stands and air kisses her cheeks. Clara hugs him while
carefully holding her drink.

PETER

No problem. I only just got here myself.

Clara sets her drink down and takes her seat across from Peter. She pushes her sunglasses up on her head and looks him in the eye.

CLARA

So how'd it go Friday night?

Clara takes a sip of her drink.

Peter turns his drink around again.

PETER

Not good.

CLARA

Not good how?

Peter takes a drink and fiddles with his straw.

PETER

She said no.

He pulls the straw out and puts it back in the drink.

PETER (CONT'D)

There I was, on bended knee holding a velvet box with a ring in it and she looks at the ring and runs out of the restaurant saying "I can't. I really can't. Don't call me."

CLARA

She did that?

Clara puts her drink down with enough force that a little of the drink splashes out around the straw.

PETER

Yeah. Of all the reactions I could predict, that wasn't one of them.

She takes a couple napkins and wipes of the splashed drink.

CLARA

I never thought she'd do that, in a million years.

PETER

What did you think would happen?

CLARA

Well . . . um . . . uh . . . I just wasn't sure.

Peter sputters.

PETER
You knew she might say no?

CLARA
I wasn't sure what she'd answer but
never thought she'd go that far.

Clara takes a sip of her drink.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Are you doing okay?

Clara reaches out and puts a hand on his.

Peter contemplates his drink.

PETER
The strange thing is . . .

He looks up at her.

She removes her hand.

PETER (CONT'D)
. . . yeah. I'm actually more hurt
by the wound to my pride and the
humiliation of being left in the
restaurant on bended knee then by
her refusal.

He takes a drink.

CLARA
That's good. I guess.

Clara takes a drink.

PETER
What I'm having a hard time with is
the way she seems to have moved on,
over one weekend.

CLARA
What makes you say that?

PETER
I was out for my jog yesterday and I
saw her and her friends having brunch --

CLARA
And let me guess she totally ignored
you and whispered with her friends
and they laughed?

PETER
Yeah. How'd you know?

CLARA

That is a classic brush off, my friend. I know it well.

PETER

Well, she followed it up with leaving my stuff in a box with Greg.

CLARA

The concierge? How's his night course going?

PETER

Fine. At the rate he's going, he'll have a degree next spring.

CLARA

That's good.

Clara takes a sip of her drink.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So what about that promotion you were telling me about?

PETER

Probably not going to happen. Evelyn's dad is sure to veto it.

Clara sets down her drink.

CLARA

Why? Isn't your grandfather the CEO?

PETER

Yeah he is. But Clarence is second in command and I doubt that he'll stick up for me if I don't have a wife and fulfill the job description. And Grandfather is into "the rules that apply to everyone else apply to you too, son. Just because you're my grandson doesn't mean you get to bend the rules."

CLARA

So he's sticking with "the Vice Presidents have to be married" thing.

She picks up her drink and sips.

PETER

Yes. Not because of any family values thing but because a VP needs to have a hostess when he entertains.

CLARA

How archaic. Doesn't he know you don't have to be married to have a live-in woman?

She puts down her drink.

PETER

He knows but he is rather old fashioned that way. Besides it was actually written into the job description with the word wife.

CLARA

Weren't you telling me that there was one VP who wasn't married when he got the job?

PETER

Yeah, but George was engaged and the wedding was set for a couple months out when the office unexpectedly opened up early.

CLARA

So there you go, just get engaged and set the date. If something happens after you get the job but before the wedding, your Grandfather can't claim you didn't follow precedent.

PETER

But I tried calling Evelyn late last night and again this morning. Her machine picked up both times. She won't have me

Clara looks down at her drink.

CLARA

You know, Evelyn isn't the only fish in the sea.

She sips her drink through the straw and makes eye contact with him.

PETER

Are you suggesting what I think you are?

CLARA

I don't know. What do you think I'm suggesting?

Peter looks around and then back to Clara.

PETER

That I go find someone else. But Grandpa wouldn't be happy if I got engaged to just anyone. He knows I was dating Evelyn and to say "Hi Grandpa, I want you to meet my Fiancee, we just met and are getting married in two months, now give me my promotion." Yeah that will go over really well.

Clara stares at her drink as she turns the cup on the table.

CLARA

What if it is somebody your grandfather already knows?

Peter sputters again.

PETER

You? Are you suggesting I engage myself to you?

Clara looks up.

CLARA

Why not? How long have we been friends?

PETER

Sixteen years. Since Junior year in high school.

CLARA

Right, and how many break ups have we been through together? You saw me at my worst when Chris broke my heart.

PETER

You might be right. Grandpa adores you. But can we be a convincing couple?

CLARA

I'm willing to try for the month or so it takes to get your promotion if you are.

Peter pulls out the ring from his pocket.

PETER

I was going to return this this afternoon . . .

He stands up, moves in front of her and gets down on one knee.

PETER (CONT'D)

Clara Belle Mayfield, will you be my fiancée? With the understanding that if we don't suit we can break the engagement after I get my promotion?

Clara laughs.

CLARA

You're such a goof.

She covers his hand holding the ring with hers.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll be your fiancée as long as it takes to get you that promotion.

She stands and gets ready to leave.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Furthermore, I'll go with you right now to exchange that ring.

Peter stands and links her arm through his.

PETER

Sounds like a plan.

She picks up their empty cups and tosses them in the trash on their way to Peter's car.

INT. JEWELRY STORE -- LATER

Peter and Clara wander the fancy glass display cases.

PETER

Find a ring you like, don't worry about the price.

JUDY, the middle aged sales woman, comes over to greet them.

JUDY

May I help you?

Peter pulls out the ring box from his pocket.

PETER

I'd like to exchange this . . .

He opens the box.

PETER (CONT'D)

For whatever she wants.

Peter indicates Clara.

JUDY

I see.

CLARA

It's just that I feel less is more
and this has too much going on with
it.

Judy nods.

JUDY

I see. The classics are always in.

CLARA

Exactly. This is too dated.

PETER

I wanted a ring that was fashionable.

CLARA

I know you did, honey, but I plan on
wearing this for a long time . . .

JUDY

The traditional solitaires are over
here.

Judy leads the way.

PETER

(whispering)

What was that all about?

Peter and Clara follow.

CLARA

(whispering back)

Just giving a reason for the return
without raising questions.

PETER

(whispering)

Uh, thanks.

JUDY

Here are the traditional solitaires.

She points to the next case over.

JUDY (CONT'D)

And over there are the new modern
classics.

Clara looks over the rings.

JUDY (CONT'D)

If you have the receipt for this one
I'll start the paperwork and let you
two lovebirds look by yourselves.

Peter fishes out his wallet and looks for the receipt.

He finds it and hands it to Judy.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Just ring the bell when you're ready.

Judy indicates a small silver bell resting on a corner of
the counter.

She leaves.

CLARA

You know you don't have to buy me a
ring.

PETER

But I want to.

Clara looks again at the rings.

CLARA

If you're sure.

PETER

I'm sure. Besides Grandfather would
expect it.

CLARA

Well then, lets get a ring that will
make a statement.

Clara RINGS the bell.

Judy bustles over.

JUDY

Found something already?

CLARA

If I can have the stone changed?

JUDY

Certainly. Which ring?

Clara points.

JUDY (CONT'D)

The square cut half carat platinum.
Good choice. I suppose you'd like a
larger stone?

CLARA

No. I'd like a sapphire.

JUDY

A lady who knows her mind. Let me go get the loose sapphires from the vault.

Judy punches in a code to a door in the interior wall and goes into the vault room.

PETER

What was that about?

CLARA

I've never liked diamonds. They're too clear and everyone has them. I prefer something with color and not the expected.

PETER

That suits you. You're definitely unexpected. It's one of the things I like best about you.

Clara beams.

CLARA

Thanks.

Judy comes back with a small box. She lays out a mat and carefully places sapphires on it.

JUDY

First, what color sapphire are you looking for?

Clara examines the stones and points to a dark one second from the right.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Very good choice. Grade A color. Did you want this size or one a bit bigger?

CLARA

That size is plenty big, isn't darling?

Clara places her hand on Peter's biceps.

PETER

If that is the one you want, it'll be perfect, sweetheart.

CLARA

I want that stone in that ring.

Judy pulls out a special order envelope and writes the instructions on it. She puts the ring and stone into the envelope.

JUDY

It should be ready by Friday.

PETER

We'll be back then.

Judy picks up the remaining stones and puts them back into the box.

Peter and Clara leave.

INT. PETER'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Clara get into Peter's car.

Clara fastens her seat belt while Peter puts the key in the ignition, but doesn't start the car.

CLARA

Something the matter?

PETER

No.

He turns in his seat to look at her.

PETER (CONT'D)

It just occurred to me that we might not know each other as well as well we think we do.

CLARA

What do you mean?

PETER

Like I didn't know your thing about diamonds being clear.

Clara unfastens her seat belt and turns to him.

CLARA

It never came up before.

PETER

But that's the point. How much about you . . . us . . . each other hasn't come up before?

CLARA

I don't know.

Peter opens his mouth to speak.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Let me finish.

PETER

Okay.

CLARA

But what I do know is that it is impossible for two people to completely know each other. That there are always surprises even after 20 or 30 years of marriage.

Clara looks away.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Or at least that's what my Mom said after Dad died and she discovered exactly how he got that scar on the side of his face.

PETER

I thought he got that from a fireworks accident.

CLARA

He did but what he never mentioned was that it was his idea or that he was the one who had altered them to be more explosive.

PETER

Your dad always was a pyromaniac. That wasn't news.

CLARA

That's not the point.

PETER

What is?

CLARA

That he never told her the full story. Thirty years they were married and he hadn't admitted to her that he was at fault.

PETER

So how did she find out?

CLARA

Dad kept a journal of his explosive experiments in high school and she found the entry for that day with the details of how he altered the firecracker.

(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)

It was the last entry and he never picked up the 'research' again. She found the journal when she was sorting through his sock drawer.

PETER

That does sound like him.

Peter turns back to the steering wheel and turns on the ignition.

Clara refastens her seat belt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are you free Friday night?

Peter fastens his own seat belt.

CLARA

Yeah. Why?

PETER

There's a family dinner. Grandfather was expecting to be able to announce my engagement to the family.

Peter backs out of the parking space.

CLARA

So, he knew you were going to propose?

Peter drives to the exit and waits for a gap in the traffic.

PETER

Yeah.

Peter turns into the right lane.

PETER (CONT'D)

I asked his advice about how to do it.

CLARA

I take it you followed the advice?

PETER

Nice French restaurant, expensive champagne, and having the ring already. Yeah I did.

CLARA

Sounds nice and perfect.

PETER

It would have been with a different answer.

Peter turns into the coffee shop parking lot.

PETER (CONT'D)
So you never answered, you free
Friday?

Peter glances at her.

PETER (CONT'D)
You said you were. But you want to
brave my family?

CLARA
Sure. I've always liked your family.

Peter pulls into the empty space next to Clara's car.

PETER
Good. I'll pick you up from your
work at 5:30 then?

CLARA
I'll be waiting.

Clara undoes her seat belt.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What should I wear?

PETER
I don't know. Why?

CLARA
I just want to know how formal to
be.

PETER
A nice dress, I guess.

Clara opens the door.

CLARA
I can do that. See you Friday then.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Clara, curled up in her favorite chair, dials the phone.

The phone on the other end RINGS.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Hello?

CLARA
Sis.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Clara, hi.

CLARA
I've got some news.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Good news, I hope.

CLARA
I think so. Peter proposed today
and I accepted.

INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

HEATHER CLARIDGE, Clara's older sister, stands talking on the phone in the kitchen. She was in the middle of making lunches for her husband and kids when the phone rang and now the stuff litters the counters.

HEATHER
(shouting)
Jim!

JIM CLARIDGE, Heather's husband, a middle aged computer programmer, walks in.

JIM
(jokingly)
You beckoned, oh light of my life?

HEATHER
I'm going to need to go to Portland
tomorrow.

JIM
(suddenly serious)
Any thing happen?

HEATHER
Clara got engaged to Peter.

JIM
That's good isn't it?

HEATHER
That's what I'm going to find out.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I'm coming up for a visit tomorrow
and you can tell me all about it.

Heather hangs up

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clara stares at the phone a second.

CLARA
Oh, won't that be fun.

She sets the receiver down and picks up her waiting cup of cocoa and turns on the TV.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CLARA'S CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON

The class room is filled with easels with paintings in various states of completeness and art supplies for multiple mediums. A table in the back corner is covered with canvas and set up for clay. Beside it sits a potter's wheel.

Clara, dressed more formally than normal, straightens a pile of drawings on her desk.

PETER (O.S.)

Nice dress.

Clara turns and drops the papers back on the desk.

Peter leans casually against the door frame.

CLARA

Thanks. You're not looking too bad yourself.

Clara opens the bottom drawer of her desk and removes her purse.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You sure it's all right?

PETER

It's perfect. Except . . .

He shoves off the door frame and walks over to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

. . . for one thing.

CLARA

Oh. What's that?

He fishes the ring box out of his pocket.

PETER

This.

He opens the box and removes the ring.

PETER (CONT'D)

Do you want me to put it on or you?

CLARA

I'll let you do it.

Peter takes her hand and slips the ring on her ring finger.

PETER

There it's official.

Clara tilts her face for him to kiss her but he kisses her cheek instead.

CLARA
Shall we go then?

Clara gets her coat from her desk chair.

PETER
Sure.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION -- EVENING

GRANDFATHER, PETER WINSLOW SR., stands at the window looking out at the sunset, holding a before dinner cocktail.

JOHN WINSLOW, a Senior Vice President at his father's company, and SANDRA WINSLOW, a society wife, Peter's parents, sit on the divan with their drinks.

Peter and Clara enter.

Grandfather turns to them.

GRANDFATHER
So where's your fiancée?

Peter looks at Clara.

PETER
She's right here . . .

He gestures to Clara.

PETER (CONT'D)
You remember Clara.

Grandfather walks over and sticks out his hand to Clara.

GRANDFATHER
(to Peter)
What happened to Evelyn?

Clara shakes it.

PETER
She turned me down.

GRANDFATHER
I'm sorry to hear that.

PETER
I'm not.

John stand and walks to the bar on the far side of the room.

GRANDFATHER

So how did he persuade you to marry
him, Clara?

John takes the ingredients of the drink that are on the bar
and starts mixing a new batch.

JOHN

Dad!

Grandfather waves off John's exclamation.

John addresses Clara.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You want a drink?

CLARA

Yes, thank you.

Clara turns to Peter.

CLARA (CONT'D)

How about you?

PETER

Sure.

Clara walks over to John.

Peter goes to follow.

GRANDFATHER

I'm not finished with you, young
man.

Peter stops.

Clara looks at him and he gestures for her to go on with out
him.

PETER

All right, Gramps. What do you want
to know?

GRANDFATHER

So why the switch in brides? What
happened with Evelyn? Last you told
me you were going to work it out
with her.

PETER

Evelyn didn't want to work it out.
She turned me down last Friday and
refused to talk to me except to say
she never wanted to see me again.

GRANDFATHER

Did you want the Vice Presidency
that badly?

PETER

What makes you think that?

GRANDFATHER

You show up here engaged to a girl
who's been in love with you for the
last fifteen years.

PETER

What? Clara?

Peter redirects his gaze to Clara.

She brushes at a stray strand of hair and tucks it behind
her ear.

GRANDFATHER

You didn't know?

Peter shakes his head.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

It's been obvious to anyone who
bothered to look. Since you didn't
look and see the obvious, you can't
tell me you're marrying for love so
what else am I supposed to think but
that you want that promotion so badly
you'd use your best friend?

PETER

Maybe I just felt it was time to
settle down and Clara . . . well I
don't know why she agreed but it's
what we want.

GRANDFATHER

I hope it works out the way you want.

John shakes the drinks in the cocktail shaker.

JOHN

You know Dad. He's all bark.

He pours the drinks out amongst the waiting glasses.

CLARA

I know but it's never been directed
at me before.

JOHN

I don't think it is now.

Clara comes over with her drink and a spare for Peter.

CLARA

I brought you your drink, honey.

Peter takes the drink.

PETER

(whispers to her)

Thanks, but he guessed it's not a love match.

CLARA

Oh.

SANDRA

Peter, why don't you come over here and tell us about your plans.

Sandra pats the empty seat on the divan next to her.

Peter goes over and sits next to his mother.

GRANDFATHER

So Clara, why are you marrying my grandson?

Clara nearly chokes on her drink.

CLARA

Because I love him.

Grandfather looks her in the eye.

GRANDFATHER

I believe you do. Good. He'll need some persuading.

CLARA

Persuading of what?

GRANDFATHER

Why, that he loves you too, of course.

CLARA

Are you sure? We've been friends a long time and he's never said anything.

GRANDFATHER

I think that he's pegged you as a friend so he doesn't have to admit anything. But we shall see.

The clock CHIMES the quarter hour.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Shall we go in to dinner.

Grandfather extends his arm and Clara takes it. He leads her to the dining room.

PETER

Mother?

He offers Sandra his arm, she takes it and they follow Grandfather and Clara.

John follows after them.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Peter and Clara stand around Clara's car.

PETER

Thanks for coming tonight.
Grandfather is convinced that we're
marrying for the promotion.

CLARA

But isn't that why we got engaged?

PETER

It is but . . .

CLARA

But you don't like to think of
yourself as that mercenary.

PETER

Yeah. How'd you know?

CLARA

Because I know you. We've been
friends a long time.

PETER

We have.

He shuffles on his feet.

PETER (CONT'D)

Clara . . . what if we give it a
shot?

CLARA

What do you mean?

PETER

What if we gave it a try? A real
try.

CLARA

You mean not just a convenient
engagement but a real one. With
kissing and such?

PETER

Yeah. You move in with me and everything.

CLARA

Whoa. Wait a second. I like my place.

PETER

It's a rat hole.

CLARA

It's got character and history.

PETER

It's falling apart and is in a dangerous neighborhood.

CLARA

I'll give you that, but it doesn't mean I'm moving in with you.

PETER

You should, for your safety and health's sake.

CLARA

Nope. I need a better reason.

PETER

How about it's what's expected of us?

CLARA

Oh, come on, Pete. You know me. Since when has what's expected of me been a motivating factor in anything I do?

PETER

Right. I should have said it would be expected of me. Remember the whole, 'live in hostess thing'?

CLARA

Yeah. But I don't see you hosting too many parties in the bachelor pad you call home.

PETER

You're right. But as my fiancée then you get to help me pick out the right Mc Mansion.

CLARA

All right. I'll help you pick out a Mc Mansion.

(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)

I'll even live there with you, but
I've got to have my own studio for
my art.

PETER

I think that can be arranged, but
for now . . .

CLARA

For now, I'll share your apartment.

Clara gets her keys out of her purse.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is next week soon enough for me to
move in, or do I need to start moving
in tomorrow?

PETER

Next week will be soon enough.

Clara unlocks her car.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll call you tomorrow.

He leans in.

She steps back.

He opens his arms for a hug.

She steps in and hugs him briefly before opening her car
door and slides in.

Peter steps back.

Clara drives off.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Peter puts the coffee on, goes to the front door and opens
it.

He retrieves the morning paper and steps back inside.

The phone RINGS.

Peter rushes to the phone and picks up.

PETER

Hello?

CLARA (O.S.)

Peter? Did I wake you?

PETER

No. I just haven't had coffee yet.

CLARA (O.S.)

I know the feeling. I just finished my first cup of the day and am waiting for the caffeine to hit.

PETER

Ughh.

The coffee maker finishes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Give me a second and I'll be getting my fix.

Peter carries the phone between his head and shoulder as he walks to the cupboard and grabs a mug, not one of the ones that match his other dishes but one Clara had made him in college pottery class.

CLARA (O.S.)

Sure.

He turns to the coffee maker and pours a mug full.

PETER

Okay. Coffee poured.

He takes a sip.

PETER (CONT'D)

I can feel the caffeine begin to hit.

He settles into one of the comfy bar stools at the counter.

PETER (CONT'D)

So what's up?

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clara sits curled up in an overstuffed box chair, cradling a mug of coffee, and wearing a hands free phone head set.

CLARA

I was just thinking about last night
. . .

PETER (O.S.)

I'm sorry about Grandfather . . .

CLARA

He was blunt, but he wasn't the thing I was thinking about.

PETER (O.S.)

Then what are you talking about?

Clara shifts and takes a drink of her coffee.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Clara? You still there?

CLARA

Yeah. I'm still here. I was just thinking how to say this.

PETER (O.S.)

You were the one who called me to talk.

CLARA

Now that I called, I'm not sure I really want to talk about it.

PETER (O.S.)

Why not?

CLARA

I'm embarrassed.

PETER (O.S.)

I didn't think there was anything for you to be embarrassed about.

CLARA

I was just wondering . . . if things are always going . . . to be so awkward for us.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

PETER

Awkward? How?

CLARA (O.S.)

See like this.

PETER

I don't know what you mean.

CLARA (O.S.)

The hug goodbye. It just seemed . . .

PETER

Awkward?

CLARA (O.S.)

Yes.

Peter shifts on his bar stool.

PETER

It was a bit awkward.

CLARA (O.S.)

That's my point. Before we got
'engaged' there would have been no
question. We'd've just hugged but
now . . .

PETER

But now, I didn't know if you wanted
me to kiss you or if a hug would do.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clara fumbles her coffee cup splashing it on her chair.

CLARA

Crap!

PETER (O.S.)

What?

CLARA

I just spilled coffee all over my
chair.

Clara puts the mug on the coffee table and stands up.

PETER (O.S.)

You okay? You didn't burn yourself
did you?

CLARA

No. The coffee was cold anyway.

Clara hurries to the kitchen area and grabs a bunch of paper
towels from beside the sink and a spray bottle from under
it.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But the brown coffee doesn't look
good on the cream upholstery.

She sprays the stain and rubs it.

PETER (O.S.)

Why did you get cream colored
furniture?

CLARA

I didn't pick it out. I inherited
it when my sister redid her living
room last year.

She sprays some more.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I'd never buy it myself because I'd
spill stuff on it with my klutz genes
but . . .

PETER (O.S.)

But it was free. I know.

CLARA

That will have to do.

Clara takes the dirty paper towels and tosses them in the
trash.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So what were we talking about before
my klutzyness reared its ugly head?

PETER (O.S.)

Last night's awkwardness.

CLARA

Right.

She paces to the window and looks out.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So, is that how it's going to be
from now on?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

PETER

I don't know.

CLARA (O.S.)

Maybe we should just say we made a
mistake and call the whole thing
off.

Peter jumps down from his seat.

PETER

No. We can work this out.

CLARA (O.S.)

The job promotion means that much to
you? That you want to let the
awkwardness fester in our friendship?

PETER

It's not just the job anymore. You
saw how happy Grandfather was that I
was getting married . . .

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

CLARA
You could find someone else to marry
. . .

Clara sits on her couch.

PETER (O.S.)
It wasn't just that I was getting
married but that I'd chosen you that
had Grandfather so happy.

Clara leans back into the corner of the couch.

CLARA
So you want to keep the engagement,
just to make your Grandfather happy?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Peter walks to his window and looks out at the city below
him.

PETER
No. I think that marriage to you
will make me happy too.

He turns around and looks at the framed picture of him and
Clara in front of the Eiffel Tower on the mantle.

PETER (CONT'D)
Will it make you happy?

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clara sits up and looks at her copy of the Paris picture in
her nicknack cabinet.

CLARA
It will.
(whispering)
More than you'll ever know.

PETER (O.S.)
What was that last bit?

CLARA
Just, what will we do now?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Peter walks over to the mantle and picks up the picture.

PETER
Get married and do our best to make
each other happy.

CLARA (O.S.)
Sounds so simple.

Peter puts the picture down.

PETER
So do you have plans for the day?

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clara looks at her apartment.

CLARA
Apparently, I have to pack up my
apartment in the next week to move
in with my fiancé, so I'm going to
spend the day packing and sorting.

PETER (O.S.)
Would you like some help?

CLARA
I'd love the help, especially if you
bring lunch.

PETER (O.S.)
I have some work to do here first,
but I'll be over with lunch around
one.

CLARA
Sounds perfect.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

A rhythmic, secret code like, KNOCK sounds on the door.

Clara, with her hair tied back by a bandanna and dressed in
clothes not fit to be seen in public, opens the door.

Peter, dressed in designer grubbies, stands in the doorway
holding a bag of take out Italian food and a drink carrier
with two mochas.

PETER
Lunch, Mademoiselle.

Clara laughs and steps back.

CLARA
About time.

Peter steps in and sees the sea of boxes and packing material.

PETER
Where do you want it?

Clara looks around and sees the coffee table is the only free flat surface.

CLARA
The coffee table.

PETER
Oui, Mademoiselle.

Clara shuts the door with a shake of her head.

CLARA
What has gotten into you today?

Peter unpacks the food.

PETER
I was reminded of The Trip this morning, and it has given me hope that this might all work out.

CLARA
The Trip?

Peter points to the Paris picture.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oh. That trip. I remember you nearly got us lost in Paris. I hope that isn't what you're talking about.

Peter takes a bread stick out of the foil bag.

PETER
I didn't get us lost. I was just making sure we saw the most of Paris in the short time we had.

He dips it in a small plastic tube of marinara sauce.

CLARA
Yeah right. We were in a hurry to get to the train station, and you wanted to take the scenic route?

Clara swipes the bread stick from him before he could take a bite.

PETER
All right. I admit it. I was a bit turned around.

Peter swipes the bread stick back and takes a bite.

CLARA
Finally! After ten years you finally admit you were lost.

Clara peels back the tin foil from the top of the take out container in front of her.

PETER

Not lost. Just turned around.

Clara pauses the bite she has speared on her fork midway.

CLARA

What's the difference?

Clara eats the bite.

PETER

Not a whole lot.

Peter opens his take out container.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The piles of stuff have been filed away in boxes. The boxes piled by the door and what furniture that could be dismantled has been broken down.

Clara stands, disheveled, in the center of the room.

PETER

What are you going to do with this furniture?

CLARA

Sell what I can, and donate the rest.

She looks around and spies the sculptural clock that has the face as part of the pregnant woman's stomach.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But I want to take the clock with me.

Peter moves a step ladder over to it.

PETER

Why are you taking this monstrosity?

Peter climbs the ladder

CLARA

I made that clock as part of my final for my Sculpture class senior year in college.

PETER

I know that, but the question still stands.

CLARA

I'm not only taking it with me but
I'm putting it up in your bedroom.

Peter shudders, but lifts it down.

PETER

You mean our bedroom? At least at
my current apartment. I only have
the one, remember.

Clara comes over and helps move the clock to lay it on the
couch.

CLARA

Right.

Peter steps away.

PETER

So dinner?

CLARA

I'm too tired to cook or go out.

PETER

I wasn't suggesting either one.

He goes over to the pile of papers on the kitchen table.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was asking which menu to chose
from.

CLARA

Chinese. I could really go for some
fried wantons and barbecue pork.

PETER

Chinese it is. Shall I get the usual
order?

Peter pulls out his cell phone and dials the number.

CLARA

Please.

Clara walks around the counter into the kitchen to the fridge.

She pulls out a bottle of wine and holds it up for Peter to
see. Peter nods. Clara opens the bottle and pulls out two
glasses from the dishwasher.

Peter hangs up the phone.

PETER

What's the occasion?

CLARA

No occasion.

Peter shakes his head.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

She pours the glasses of wine.

PETER

No. Not really.

He picks up his glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just sort of reminded me of last
Friday night.

Clara picks up her glass and leads the way to sit at the
kitchen table.

CLARA

Oh, sorry.

She sits at the head of the table and Peter takes the seat
to her right.

PETER

Don't worry about it. I'm much better
off.

He drinks down half his glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm not really sure what I saw in
her anyway.

CLARA

She was from a good family. Knew
what was expected of a society wife.
And gorgeous.

PETER

When you put it like that, I can
kind of see it, but why would I
imagine myself in love with her?

CLARA

Did you?

PETER

Imagine myself in love with her?
Yes.

CLARA

No, I meant, did you love her?

Peter drains his glass, reaches for the bottle, and refills his glass.

PETER

I thought so, right up until she left me there in the restaurant.

He takes a drink.

PETER (CONT'D)

Then, I started thinking and seeing things more clearly.

Clara takes a sip of her wine.

CLARA

And what did you see?

PETER

That she was always concerned with her image, and how I could help enhance it and her social status.

Peter puts his glass down.

PETER (CONT'D)

The prime example was the night I proposed. She was late, because her manicurist had used the wrong shade of peach on her nails and she had to have them redone.

CLARA

She didn't?!

PETER

Yep. It wasn't the first time.

CLARA

You're better off with out her.

PETER

I'm beginning to see that.

The doorbell RINGS.

Clara hops up from her seat.

Peter stands behind her.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm getting this.

He pulls his wallet out and fishes out the money.

CLARA

I'm not going to argue with you.

Clara sits back down.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Clara and Peter sit on the floor, their backs to the couch watching a movie. The remains of a bowl of popcorn sit between them. The empty wine glasses sit on the end table.

The credits roll on the television.

Clara yawns.

CLARA
Another movie?

Peter stands and weaves on his feet a bit.

PETER
As tired as I am, I think another
movie might be a good idea. I need
to sober up.

He looks at the three empty bottles on the kitchen counter.

PETER (CONT'D)
Were you trying to get me drunk?

CLARA
Not really. Just wanted to finish
the open bottles. And I hate to
drink alone.

Peter makes his way to the bathroom

Clara crawls forward, ejects the DVD and puts in another, a romantic comedy.

She scoots back to her seat.

PETER (O.S.)
I should have known.

Peter drops down to his spot.

CLARA
You have problem with my movie choice?

PETER
Not at all.

He stretches his arm out with a yawn and settles it across her shoulder.

Clara gazes up at him.

He shrugs and pulls her a little closer.

Clara sighs, scoots closer and puts a hand on his chest.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- LATER

The movie is almost over.

Clara lays half over Peter and doses.

Peter brushes the hair out of her face and drops a kiss on her forehead.

Clara stirs.

CLARA
How long was I out?

PETER
Just about twenty minutes.

She sits up and looks at the screen

CLARA
Oh good. I didn't miss it.

PETER
You always like it when the guy tells
the girl he can't live without her.

Clara waves at him.

CLARA
Shhh. So I can watch it.

He pulls her closer and they watch the end.

EXT. WINSLOW MANSION -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Grandfather, on his knees, weeds a bed of roses.

Peter rounds the corner of the hedge.

PETER
Grandfather, don't you have gardeners
to do that?

Grandfather starts to get up and Peter rushes over to help him up. Grandfather waves him away.

GRANDFATHER
I can do it boy.

Grandfather gets up.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
I may have gardeners but I enjoy a
good bout of weeding. I find it
relaxing after weeks of negotiating
high finance and being indoors. So
I have the gardeners leave a small
patch for me to weed.

Grandfather removes his garden gloves.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Enough about me. What I want to
know is about you.

PETER
What about me?

GRANDFATHER
I want to know about your plans.

PETER
My plans?

Grandfather strides across the lawn.

GRANDFATHER
Your plans with the lovely Miss
Mayfield. When is the wedding?

Peter runs to keep up.

PETER
We haven't set a date yet.

GRANDFATHER
Are you waiting to see if I'll relent
and promote you without you being
married?

Peter stops.

PETER
What makes you say that?

Grandfather stops and turns toward Peter.

GRANDFATHER
You think I was born yesterday?

PETER
No, sir.

GRANDFATHER
You were dating Evelyn, for what two
years?

PETER
Pretty close.

GRANDFATHER
So you date a woman for that long
and tell me you're thinking of
proposing and then show up to what
was supposed to be your engagement
dinner engaged to Clara. Give me
some credit.

PETER

Yes, sir.

GRANDFATHER

So did you get engaged just to get the promotion?

PETER

It started out that way.

GRANDFATHER

And now?

PETER

Now, it might be something more.

GRANDFATHER

Good.

Grandfather resumes the walk to the house.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

I'm glad to hear it.

Peter follows.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

So what is it developing into?

PETER

I don't know but I'm rapidly being convinced that Evelyn would have made me miserable and with Clara I have a chance to be happy.

They climb the couple of steps to a stone patio. They cross the patio.

Grandfather opens a set of French doors and steps inside.

Peter takes a second and then follows.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION -STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Grandfather's study looks like it was lifted right out of a late nineteenth century business tycoon's house.

Grandfather drops his gloves on a small table by the doors on his way to sit behind the expansive mahogany desk.

GRANDFATHER

Will she be happy with you?

PETER

I'll try to make her happy.

GRANDFATHER

That's really what I want is for you
both, to be happy.

Grandfather opens a drawer, takes out a file, and lays it in
the center of the blotter.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Now for the business you actually
came here for.

Grandfather hands over the papers.

Peter looks through them.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

The first set are the papers to make
you a VP in the company.

Peter puts the papers on the desk.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

That will take effect one week after
you get married.

PETER

Isn't that kind of nebulous?

GRANDFATHER

I'll fill in the date once the wedding
is set.

PETER

Then I'll wait to sign it.

GRANDFATHER

As well you should but I thought I'd
show you all is in readiness for
you.

Grandfather takes the papers back and hands Peter the other
set.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

These are a private arrangement I
wish to make with you.

PETER

What arrangement is that?

GRANDFATHER

Every year on your anniversary, I
will gift you and your bride with a
portion of my share of the company.
As well as on the occasion of the
birth of any children.

PETER

What?!

GRANDFATHER

I don't want your marriage just to be a pro forma one, but a true relationship. And this is the only way I know to encourage it.

Peter puts the papers down on the desk.

PETER

You can't be serious!

He stands.

GRANDFATHER

Sit down and listen to me, son.

Peter looks at his Grandfather.

PETER

I find that insulting to Clara if not myself. Do you think we'd stay together and have children just for your money? Do you really think that we're that mercenary?

GRANDFATHER

I didn't mean it like that.

PETER

I'm sure you didn't but that is how it sounds.

GRANDFATHER

I'm sorry.

Peter walks to the hall door.

PETER

I can't talk about this right now.

GRANDFATHER

That's fine. Go talk it over with Clara. She'll have to sign them too. As a form of a prenuptial agreement.

PETER

I'll tell her.

Peter walks out the door.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CLARA'S CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON

Clara helps TORY, a twelve year old student on the potter's wheel.

CLARA
Cup your hands a bit more.

Clara demonstrates the desired technique. Tory imitates her and the clay moves back to center.

TORY
Like this?

CLARA
Exactly like that.

Grandfather stands in the doorway.

Clara looks up and sees him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Mr. Winslow.

Clara wipes her hands on a towel and walks towards him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
This is a surprise.

GRANDFATHER
I'll bet.

CLARA
Tory, why don't you clean up a little early today.

GRANDFATHER
Don't short change the child on my account, let her finish. I can wait.

He wanders over and inspects the art work on the easels and walls.

CLARA
If you're sure.

She turns back to Tory.

Tory shapes the cylinder of clay in to a bowl.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Good.

Tory cuts the bowl off the wheel.

TORY
Miss Mayfield? Now what?

Clara helps slide the piece off the wheel and onto a bat.

CLARA
Put it in the damp cupboard and clean up.

TORY

Yes, ma'am.

Tory does as she was told.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CLARA'S CLASSROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tory picks up her school bag and leaves.

Clara washes her clay covered hands in the sink, dries them on a paper towel, unties her clay encrusted apron and hangs it up next to the wheel.

She turns to Grandfather.

CLARA

Now. Mr. Winslow what can I do for you?

GRANDFATHER

Please call me Grandfather.

Grandfather points to one of the paintings on the easel nearest him.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

You have some talented students.
You must be very proud.

CLARA

I am and they are. I hope to do a show with the soon to graduate seniors but lack the funds to do it up right with a gallery. Right now it would be in the cafeteria here and that lacks the professional polish . . .

GRANDFATHER

The Winslow Financial Group would be proud to underwrite the show.

Clara appears touch by the generous offer.

CLARA

Thank you. I wasn't asking you to do that.

GRANDFATHER

I know. That's why I offered.

CLARA

Then, I thank you on behalf of my students.

GRANDFATHER

Just call my secretary tomorrow and you two can work out the details.

Grandfather hands her a business card.

CLARA

I'll do that.

Clara puts the card in her jean's pocket.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But you didn't come here to talk
about my students' work.

GRANDFATHER

No, I didn't. Can we sit?

CLARA

Of course.

Clara leads the way to her desk. She sits behind it and
Grandfather pulls up one of the stools that had been beside
an easel.

GRANDFATHER

I came by to find out if you have a
date in mind for the wedding.

CLARA

Peter and I haven't discussed it
yet.

GRANDFATHER

That's what he said earlier this
afternoon.

CLARA

If he told you that then why come
see me?

GRANDFATHER

Because I thought you might have a
rough ballpark date for me.

CLARA

Nope. No ballpark date.

GRANDFATHER

Do have an idea when you might have
one?

CLARA

I'll talk to him about it tonight.

GRANDFATHER

Good. Very good.

CLARA

Was there anything else I can help
you with?

GRANDFATHER
Only take a look at and sign this
prenuptial agreement.

Grandfather takes the folded legal document out of his inner
breast jacket pocket and lays it on her desk.

CLARA
A prenup?

GRANDFATHER
It's not the usual kind. Trust me.
No insult intended.

Clara picks up the document, unfolds it, and reads it.

CLARA
You're right it's not the usual type.
At least not from what I've heard
about them.

GRANDFATHER
And are you going to sign it?

CLARA
I'll have to discuss it with Peter
first.

She glances at the blank signature lines.

CLARA (CONT'D)
He does know about this right?

GRANDFATHER
I showed it to him when I saw him
this afternoon.

CLARA
And?

GRANDFATHER
He was insulted that I wanted to
bribe you into staying married and
having children. He thought it was
too mercenary.

CLARA
I see.

She looks him in the eye.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Is it a bribe?

GRANDFATHER
I like think of it as more a reward
for doing what I think the two of
(MORE)

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

you will want to do once you figure out you really do love each other, romantically, and not in the friendly way you've convinced yourselves you do.

CLARA

If you waited for him to admit that you'll be waiting forever. Believe me I know.

GRANDFATHER

I know you do, dear. That's why I've hatched my little plan.

Clara picks up the papers and puts them in her purse.

CLARA

I'll think about the part you've asked me to play in it.

Clara stands.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But, if I do play into your plans, I'll do it for myself and for Peter and not for you.

Grandfather stands and pats her on her shoulder.

GRANDFATHER

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Grandfather leaves and Clara follows.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Clara opens the front door and wheels two suitcases in behind her.

CLARA

Honey, I'm home.

Peter comes around the counter, wearing an apron and holding a pot holder.

PETER

Good, because I have dinner almost ready.

Clara laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

CLARA

We've got our roles reversed.

Peter chuckles.

PETER
It is the twenty first century.
We're just keeping up with the times.

CLARA
I know. Shacking up together before
we're married.

The oven timer DINGS.

PETER
Hold that thought. The roast is
done.

Peter hurries back to the kitchen.

CLARA
Shall I just put these in the bedroom?

PETER (O.S.)
Sure. There is room in the closet
to hang some stuff. The dresser is
full though.

CLARA
I'll wait to unpack the non hanging
clothes then.

Clara tosses her purse on the table and the prenup slides
out.

She wheels her suitcases into the bedroom.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She wheels the suitcases in and lifts one up on the bed and
unzips it.

She walks over to the closet and throws open the door. Half
the space is free.

She flips the suitcase open and grabs a handful of hanging
clothes.

She carries them to the closet and hangs them up.

Once the suitcase is empty, Clara stands and takes in the
room.

PETER (O.S.)
Dinner's on.

CLARA
Be there in a second.

She zips the suitcase closed and puts it away in the closet.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

The table set with two places and a lit pillar candle.

Clara walks over to the table.

Peter shuffles the stuff on the table and notices the prenup.

He picks it up.

PETER

What's this?

CLARA

The prenuptial agreement your
Grandfather dropped off this
afternoon.

PETER

I gathered as much. Are going to
sign it?

Peter hands it to Clara.

CLARA

I'm not sure yet.

She sets the papers on the nearby desk.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Do you want me to?

PETER

I'm not sure either.

Peter goes back into the kitchen and brings out the roast
and vegetables.

He sets them on the table.

PETER (CONT'D)

But let's eat while it's still hot.

Clara takes a seat. Peter moves to help push her chair in
before taking his seat, but Clara waves him off.

CLARA

I got it.

She scoots her own chair in as Peter takes his seat.

Peter carves the roast and puts a portion on Clara's plate
and then serves himself.

She takes a bite.

CLARA (CONT'D)

This is really good.

PETER

You sound surprised.

Peter takes a bite.

CLARA

I must admit I am, because I remember the burnt food while we were hiking through the Alps.

PETER

That was different. I wasn't used to cooking on camp stoves.

CLARA

You keep telling yourself that.

PETER

Seriously, I took a few classes for fun. I got tired of take out and burnt toast. So I learned to make food I could stomach and found out I enjoy cooking. Although I can't bake to save my life.

CLARA

That's okay. I can bake like nobody's business.

PETER

Then I guess we're a good match.

CLARA

I guess we are at that.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Clara's sculptural clock hangs on the wall opposite the bed.

Her clothes for tomorrow lay across the chair by the door.

Peter, ready for bed, stands looking out the window.

The bathroom door opens and Clara walks out, in her pajamas, surrounded by a cloud of steam.

CLARA

So . . .

Peter turns around to face her.

PETER

So . . .

Clara walks to the bed.

CLARA

This is awkward.

PETER

Yeah.

Peter walks to the side of the bed nearest the window.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh, this is my side . . .

He looks at her.

PETER (CONT'D)

. . . unless you want it.

Clara pulls back the covers on the side of the bed closest to her.

CLARA

No, no, this is fine.

She slides in.

Peter turns out the light and climbs in beside her, careful not to touch her.

PETER

Remind me, why we're doing this again?

CLARA

Because neither one of us would let the other sleep on the couch.

PETER

I could, you know.

CLARA

No. I'm not kicking you out of your own bed. If anyone is sleeping on the couch, it will be me.

PETER

If we shared that room in Germany, we can do it again.

CLARA

(muttering)

You keep telling yourself that.

PETER

What was that?

CLARA

Nothing. Good night.

She rolls on to her side facing away from him.

PETER

Night.

He turns so that his back is to her.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- MORNING

The early morning light hits Clara's hair spread out over Peter's chest and chin. She lays sprawled all over him. His arm around her shoulders.

Clara shifts in her sleep and snuggles closer.

Peter wakes and brushes the hair out of his face.

He brushes a kiss on her forehead.

Clara looks up at him, half awake.

Peter kisses her lips. She stretches up to kiss him back as she wraps her arm around his neck.

He pulls her more squarely on top of him and wraps his other arm around her.

She slips her other arm under his neck.

The alarm clock BUZZES.

Clara slides off of him and sits up with her back to him.

Peter reaches over his head and slaps the off button on the alarm clock.

CLARA

What were we doing?

Peter sits up.

PETER

I would've thought that obvious,
even to you.

Clara hops off the bed and glares at him.

CLARA

What's that supposed to mean?

Peter climbs out of bed.

PETER

Just that you have limited experience
. . .

CLARA

By that you mean none.

PETER

Really? I thought you and . . .
what's his name . . .

CLARA

Nope. We got very close and then his roommate unexpectedly came home a day early from a business trip.

PETER

Bummer.

CLARA

It was.

PETER

Why didn't you tell me?

CLARA

After all the advice I asked you for before hand, to admit it went no where? No thank you. I wasn't going to listen to your teasing.

Clara heads for the bathroom.

Peter opens the closet and grabs today's suit from the hook on the door.

PETER

Crap!

Clara turns at the door to face him.

CLARA

What?

PETER

Clearly we're going to have to rush this wedding.

CLARA

Why?

PETER

Because you deserve a traditional wedding night.

He peels off his pajama pants and puts on the pants of his suit.

Clara walks over to him.

CLARA

What?! Just because I'm a virgin? Have you been reading romance novels again?

He pauses with one leg in and one out.

PETER

What?! No. I don't read romance novels. How could you say such a hurtful thing?

Clara cocks an eyebrow at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

That was once. In college. To see what all the fuss was about. Besides it was the only book in the bathroom.

CLARA

Sure it was.

Clara sighs.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We've gotten off topic.

Peter finishes putting on his pants.

PETER

And the topic was . . .?

CLARA

Our wedding.

Peter pulls on an undershirt.

PETER

Can we at least get dressed and have some coffee before we get into this?

CLARA

Fine.

She stalks off to the bathroom.

PETER

(to himself)

Hooboy. What a mess.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter, now fully dressed except the suit coat laying across the back of the couch, carries two steaming mugs of coffee out of the kitchen and sets them down on the table.

He walks back in the kitchen and makes a bowl of cereal.

Clara, ready for her day, walks out of the bedroom. She opens her mouth to say something.

PETER

Uhhunh. Drink coffee first.

He points to her cup.

Clara takes a sip.

CLARA
There. Satisfied?

PETER
No, but it'll do.

Peter carries his bowl to the table.

PETER (CONT'D)
Did you want something? I've got
cereal and oatmeal. There's eggs in
the fridge.

Clara grabs a banana from the bunch on the counter.

CLARA
This'll do.

She peels the banana.

CLARA (CONT'D)
So our wedding?

Peter puts down his spoon.

PETER
Yeah. So how long do you have left
on your lease?

CLARA
A month and a half.

PETER
Okay we have our time frame.

CLARA
What's wrong with the original plan
of me moving in with you for now and
getting married in a year or so.

PETER
Because, if this morning is any
indication, I won't be able to hold
out that long.

He eats his cereal.

CLARA
Why would you?

PETER
Because, as I said earlier, you
deserve a fairy tale wedding with a
traditional wedding night.

CLARA

Since when? Since I told you I was a virgin?

PETER

That's part of it--

CLARA

Oh. Really. I know for a fact it's never made you want to rush a wedding with any of your other girlfriends.

PETER

That's because they were girlfriends and not *friends* who happen to be girls.

CLARA

Oh, there's *such* a difference.

Clara takes a bite of her banana.

PETER

Actually there is.

CLARA

What is it?

PETER

I want to do things right with you and not hurt you. Because if I did, I don't think I could live with myself.

CLARA

What makes me so special, and not them?

PETER

You've been a constant in my life so long, that I'd feel lost without you.

He checks his watch.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oops. I've got to go.

He takes his empty bowl to the sink and rushes to the couch to grab his suit jacket.

PETER (CONT'D)

We'll continue this tonight.

CLARA

Fine.

He walks back to her and gives her a peck on the cheek.

PETER
You have the key I gave you?

CLARA
Yeah.

PETER
Good then see you tonight.

He rushes out the door.

CLARA
Hooboy.

She scrubs a hand across her face then gets up and tosses the banana peel in the trash.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- EVENING

Clara sits at a table in the corner, sipping a large chai.

Peter carries a latte cup over to the table and sits.

PETER
Thanks, for meeting me here.

CLARA
Neutral ground. I get it.

Clara sips her chai.

PETER
Yes. Of course.

CLARA
So. . .

PETER
We need to figure out what we're doing, about this living situation.

CLARA
I don't think we have to do anything about it, except move the rest of my stuff in.

PETER
Are you sure?

CLARA
I say we stick with the original plan.

PETER
You sure?

CLARA

I'm sure, but you were the one who wanted to change the deal.

PETER

Yes, but I wanted to slow things down.

CLARA

It's still a change in plans.

PETER

Fine, I'm trying to change the deal. Do you want out?

CLARA

No. I want to stick to the original deal.

Clara takes a long drink of her chai.

PETER

If you insist, we'll stick to the original deal.

Peter takes a drink of his coffee.

PETER (CONT'D)

So are you staying tonight?

CLARA

I thought I might.

Clara takes another sip.

CLARA (CONT'D)

That is if it is all right with you?

PETER

It's fine. We might as well begin the way we intend to go on.

CLARA

Exactly.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION -STUDY -- AFTERNOON

Grandfather sits behind his desk, reading papers and making notes.

Peter knocks on the open door.

PETER

Grandfather, Gladys said you wanted to see me?

GRANDFATHER

Yes, come on in.

Grandfather waves him over and points at the chair across the desk from him.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Peter takes the seat.

PETER

I take it, this isn't a social request?

GRANDFATHER

No. It's business. Both the company and family.

PETER

I thought as much.

He leans back in the chair.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's get the family business out of the way.

GRANDFATHER

It isn't that simple to separate the two.

Grandfather shuffles the papers on his desk and lays them out in front of Peter.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

This will make you a Senior Vice President and place you and your father in charge should something happen to me.

PETER

Are you expecting something to happen to you?

GRANDFATHER

Hopefully not anytime soon but . . .

PETER

But you never know.

GRANDFATHER

I'm going in for open heart surgery in less than two months.

PETER

I didn't know you were sick.

GRANDFATHER

Good. I was trying to keep it from the stockholders.

PETER

But you kept it from the family.
Does my Dad know?

GRANDFATHER

He knows I was going to have my heart
checked out.

PETER

But does he know about the surgery?

GRANDFATHER

Not yet.

PETER

Are you going to tell him or just
have your driver take you to the
hospital and disappear for awhile?

GRANDFATHER

Oh, I 'll tell him but just what
depends on you.

PETER

Me? Why?

GRANDFATHER

It depends on what you and Clara
decide.

PETER

About what? Our wedding? Or that
prenup?

GRANDFATHER

Both. The prenuptial agreement
bestows on you both certain powers
over the company --

PETER

In the form of stocks, sure.

GRANDFATHER

And your position as a Senior VP.
But that's business. What really
has me concerned is your lack of
settling down.

PETER

I just hadn't met the right person
yet.

GRANDFATHER

Or you had, and just pegged her as a
friend and refused to see her in any
other way.

PETER

You think Clara is the right girl
for me?

GRANDFATHER

I'm sure of it, and I've been sure
for the last five years.

PETER

Why didn't you say something before
now?

GRANDFATHER

You wouldn't have listened. I kept
hoping you'd figure it out on your
own.

PETER

So now that I've asked Clara to marry
me . . . ?

GRANDFATHER

I'd like to see you actually marry
her before I go in for my procedure,
just in case something goes wrong.

PETER

I'll talk to Clara. We'll see if we
can't come to an understanding and
see if we could make that happen.

GRANDFATHER

That is all I can ask.

Grandfather motions to the papers.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Now, back to business.

Peter leans forward and reads the papers.

PETER

Wait a second, these papers give me
the VP position immediately and not
after the wedding.

GRANDFATHER

If you accept, you'll need immediate
training to take over in case
something goes wrong.

PETER

What about the company rule that
requires a wedding date at least to
promote someone to the VP level.

GRANDFATHER

The board did away with that rule last week at the monthly board meeting.

PETER

So, I don't have to marry Clara?

GRANDFATHER

Not if that is your only reason. But I'd hope you'd go through with it.

PETER

So you can see me safely wed?

GRANDFATHER

No. Well yes, but not just that but so you can be happy.

PETER

And you think Clara will make me happy?

GRANDFATHER

Yes. And more importantly I'm certain you, and only you, can make her happy.

Peter picks a pen out of the ceramic holder on the desk.

PETER

I'm not convinced of that. But we'll see.

He takes the papers.

PETER (CONT'D)

I will sign these and you can rest assured the company will be in good hands.

He signs them.

Grandfather takes the papers and the pen and signs them as well.

GRANDFATHER

I know it is.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The lights are low, candles flicker in the silver candlesticks, fresh roses in the crystal vase, and two place settings on the table.

Peter tosses a salad at the counter.

Clara opens the door. She's covered in paint and clay splatters.

PETER
Tough day at work?

Clara tosses her purse on the hall table.

CLARA
No. Why do you ask?

Peter points to her face.

PETER
You're covered in . . . what is that?

Clara looks in the mirror above the table.

CLARA
Paint and Clay. It was just a really productive and creative day. I'm just going to wash up.

PETER
Dinner will be ready in ten minutes.

CLARA
Okay.

Clara walks into the bedroom.

Peter carries the salad to the table.

The timer DINGS.

Peter takes dinner out of the oven and plates it.

Clara comes out of the bedroom, cleaned up.

Peter puts dinner on the table.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Dinner smells delicious.

PETER
Thank you.

Clara takes her seat and Peter scoots it in.

CLARA
Okay. What's going on?

Peter takes his seat.

PETER
What do you mean?

Peter pours a glass of wine for each of them.

CLARA
The flowers, the candlelight, and
dinner already made.

Clara picks up her silverware.

PETER
Oh, that.

CLARA
Yes, that. Is there something you're
trying to butter me up for?

PETER
Actually, yes.

Clara puts down her knife and fork.

CLARA
What is it?

PETER
Our wedding. Can we have it in the
next month and a half?

CLARA
I thought we covered this--

PETER
I know. I'm not asking because I
want to move up the wedding--

CLARA
Then why?

PETER
Because Grandfather is having open
heart surgery in less than two months.

CLARA
What? Is he okay?

PETER
He says he'll be fine but just in
case, he wants to see me - us married.

CLARA
I think that can be arranged.

Clara takes a bite of her food.

CLARA (CONT'D)
You didn't have to try to butter me
up with all this.

Peter eats a bite of his own food.

PETER

I didn't?

CLARA

Nope. All you had to do was explain about your Grandfather and I'd've gladly moved up the wedding with no debate.

PETER

Really? You not debate something?

CLARA

Okay. A little debate.

Clara takes a sip of her wine.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So does your Grandfather have our wedding planned or am I allowed to do that?

PETER

Grandfather didn't say anything about planning the wedding, so I guess that is up to you.

Clara takes a bite.

CLARA

So do you have any ideas?

PETER

I just want a small wedding. Nothing outlandish.

CLARA

I wouldn't dream of it.

She loads her fork up with a bite.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So no swans swimming in the lake at your family mansion?

She eats the bite.

PETER

What? Wait. What?

CLARA

I think the best place for our wedding would be in the garden at your Grandfather's.

PETER

I get that. But swans?

Clara smiles and continues eating.

PETER (CONT'D)
You're teasing me.

Peter takes a bite of his dinner.

CLARA
Yes, I am. I want a small, simple
wedding with just family and a few
friends.

PETER
Sounds like a plan to me. Especially
since we have so little time.

Peter takes a bite.

PETER (CONT'D)
So don't involve my Mother.

CLARA
I wasn't planning on it.

PETER
Good. She'll take a small wedding
and turn it in to THE social event
of the season.

CLARA
And probably involving swans.

PETER
Probably.

INT. JACQUELINE'S BRIDAL BOUTIQUE -- AFTERNOON

Elegant old world antiques make Jacqueline's look like the
boudoir of a French noble woman from the era when titles
meant something.

Sandra, Clara, and Heather wander around the racks of bridal
gowns.

JACQUELINE, the French proprietor and designer, breezes out
of the back room with an arm load of new veils.

She displays one on the door of a open armoire and notices
the ladies.

She hastily lays the rest down on one of the shelves and
bustles over to them.

JACQUELINE
May I help you?

SANDRA

I certainly hope so. Clara here is getting married to my son in three weeks and needs a gown.

CLARA

I want a simple dress for an outdoor wedding.

JACQUELINE

I see.

HEATHER

But you can wear any gown outside. Isn't that right?

JACQUELINE

Absolument!

Heather pulls an elaborate gown off the rack.

HEATHER

So try this one.

Sandra finds a classic style ivory gown.

SANDRA

And this one.

Clara looks at the gowns.

CLARA

Fine. But I get the last word.

SANDRA

Of course, you're the bride.

JACQUELINE

I'll just put these in a room for you.

Jacqueline takes the dresses and walks towards the back of the store.

Clara wanders to the tastefully marked sales area.

HEATHER

What are you doing?

CLARA

Looking for a bargain.

HEATHER

(whispering)

Why? Aren't the soon to be in-laws paying for the wedding?

CLARA

Yes.

HEATHER

Then there is no need to bargain
hunt.

CLARA

I don't want more money than
absolutely necessary spent on my
account.

HEATHER

Why?

Sandra comes over with an elegant and clearly top of the
line gown.

SANDRA

I think this would be perfect.

Clara fingers the gown.

CLARA

You could be right.

Sandra thrusts it at her.

SANDRA

Go try it on.

Clara carries the gown carefully to the dressing room and
disappears inside.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

So, Heather, what do you think of
your sister marrying my son?

Heather turns from the dress she was looking at.

HEATHER

I was surprised at the suddenness of
the engagement, but I think it will
be the best for both of them.

Heather moves a few dresses, passing over them.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What do you think?

SANDRA

I couldn't be happier nor could I
wish anyone better for Peter. I
always thought there was more to
their relationship than the just
friends they claimed to be.

HEATHER

Me too. They've always been so close. I'm pretty sure that Clara tells Peter stuff she'd never even think of telling me.

SANDRA

You had no idea they were romantically involved?

HEATHER

Nope, but I'm not surprised. Clara has had a crush on Peter since high school.

SANDRA

But a high school crush isn't a foundation for marriage.

HEATHER

I think it long ago evolved into love, on her part at least.

SANDRA

I hope so. That is all I want for my son, a wife who loves him and that he can love in return.

Clara carefully picks her way across the store, holding the skirt up in front. Jacqueline holds the train.

Clara steps onto the fitting platform. Jacqueline arranges the skirt and train around Clara.

Sandra claps her hands to her chest and sighs.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

It's perfect.

HEATHER

Not quite.

Heather rushes over to the armoire of veils. She sorts through them and finds a fingertip length one attached to a tiara.

Heather brings it over and helps arrange it on Clara's head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Now, it's perfect.

Clara turns and looks in the three sided mirror.

CLARA

You could be right.

JACQUELINE

Could be? Non. C'est perfect.

Jacqueline steps up in the platform behind her and starts tugging. The dress doesn't move.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
No adjustments needed.

CLARA
Except to shorten the hem in front.

Jacqueline steps down and moves to inspect the hem. She picks it up just a bit.

JACQUELINE
Maybe only by an inch.

Sandra bends down and looks.

SANDRA
An inch should do it.

HEATHER
But what about the heels she'll wear.

CLARA
I'm right here. And I'm not wearing heels.

HEATHER
But --

CLARA
I'm not wearing heels. I want simple ballet slippers that are comfortable and won't get stuck in the grass as I walk across it.

HEATHER
You have a point.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Heather and Clara walk in carrying bags from their shopping trip.

HEATHER
So what was that about limiting the budget?

Clara pauses from unpacking the bags.

CLARA
What do you mean?

HEATHER
Is there something going on? The comment sounded like you're trying limit the wedding.

CLARA

You think something's up because I
don't want a circus for a wedding?

Clara lifts out the veil and carries it to her bedroom.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Clara drapes the veil carefully on the mirror of her almost
empty vanity.

HEATHER

I thought you'd moved into Peter's
place?

CLARA

We decided that since the wedding
was so soon to wait for the rest
until afterward.

HEATHER

Makes sense.

Heather sits down on the bed.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But you're not going to distract me
from the point.

CLARA

And the point is?

HEATHER

There is something you're hiding. I
want to know what it is.

CLARA

Why?

HEATHER

Because I care. Because with Mom
and Dad gone, I feel responsible for
you. And because I want to know
you'll be happy and that this is
what you want.

CLARA

This is what I want and I love him.

HEATHER

Does he love you?

CLARA

I know he loves me, I'm just not
sure it is a romantic love. At least
not yet. But I believe it could
lead to that.

HEATHER

If it doesn't, will you be happy?

CLARA

I believe I will.

HEATHER

Then I'm happy for you.

Heather hugs Clara.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

So how about that wine and movie?

CLARA

Sounds like a plan.

They walk back into the main part of the apartment.

EXT. WINSLOW MANSION -- EVENING

A large white party pavilion sits on the lawn.

Swans, do indeed, swim in the pools of the fountains with whit lights glowing through the water.

Candle lanterns and small bouquets are suspended from small wrought iron stakes all along the slate path.

Wedding guests mingle around the chairs set up next to the pavilion. A temporary alter stands in front of the arch in the rose hedge.

A trumpet FANFARE.

The guests swiftly take their seats.

Peter and his groomsmen take their places.

PASTOR REYNOLYDS, the kindly older man that has known Clara and Peter since their high school days, joins them.

The bridesmaids float down the aisle.

Heather, as Matron of Honor, glides down the aisle. She stops at the foot of the two steps.

The WEDDING MARCH.

The guests stand and turn to watch Clara, on Grandfather's arm stand at the head of the aisle. They take their walk up the aisle. GRACE and THOMAS, Heather's adorable five year old fraternal twins, wrangle the train.

They reach the alter and Peter takes the few steps down to stand beside Clara.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony.

He nods to Peter and Clara respectively.

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Who gives this woman to this man?

Heather steps forward.

HEATHER

I do.

Heather nudges Clara with the hand not holding her bouquet.

Grandfather places Clara's free hand in Peter's. He raises her veil and kisses her cheek. He moves and takes his seat in the front row.

Peter helps Clara up the steps.

Heather helps arrange the train.

Thomas moves to stand by one of the groomsmen.

Heather retakes her place.

Grace moves to stand next to her mother.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

If anyone knows just cause why these two should not be joined let them speak now or forever hold their piece.

The congregation shifts. A few people clear their throats.

Grandfather motions for Pastor Reynolds to get on with the ceremony.

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Do you, Clara Belle Mayfield, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband? To have and to hold in sickness and in health? To be faithful unto him? For as long as you both shall live?

CLARA

I do.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

And do you, Peter Edward Christopher Winslow, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife? To have and to hold in sickness and in health?

(MORE)

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

To be faithful unto her? For as
long as you both shall live?

PETER

I do.

Sandra digs in her purse and removes a handkerchief. She hands it to John.

John dabs at his eyes and tries to hand it back but Sandra pulls out a second handkerchief for herself.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

Turn and take each others hands.

Clara turns and hands her bouquet to Heather. Heather exchanges the bouquet for the ring.

Clara turns back to face Peter.

Peter turns and his BEST MAN hands him the ring.

Peter turns to face Clara.

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Peter take her left hand in yours
and place the ring on her finger and
repeat after me - Clara Belle with
this ring I thee wed.

PETER

Clara Belle with this ring I thee
wed.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

Clara, now you take his hand and
place the ring on his finger and
repeat after me - Peter Edward
Christopher with this ring I thee
wed.

CLARA

Peter Edward Christopher, with this
ring I thee wed.

Grandfather reaches over and takes the handkerchief from Sandra and wipes his eyes.

PASTOR REYNOLDS

By the power invested in me by the
State of Oregon and the church, I
now pronounce you man and wife.
What God has joined let no one put
asunder.

Pastor Reynolds looks at Peter.

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You may now kiss your bride.

Peter lifts the veil, pulls her close and kisses her. Clara wraps her arms around his neck. They kiss rather deeply for being in public.

Pastor Reynolds clears his throat.

Peter and Clara jump a part, embarrassed.

They turn to face the congregation.

Heather thrusts Clara's bouquet into her hands.

PASTOR REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

It is my pleasure to introduce Mr.
and Mrs. Peter Edward Christopher
Winslow.

Peter links Clara's free hand through his arm and leads her down the aisle. Grace and Thomas take up their positions and carry the train.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION - PAVILION -- LATER

Wedding guests sit at elegant tables lit by candle light, finishing dinner.

The wedding party sit at a long head table.

A string quartet sit at the edge of the dance floor.

Grandfather stands and taps his knife against his water glass.

Conversations die down.

GRANDFATHER

I know the toasts come later, but
I'm going to take advantage of an
old man's prerogative.

He picks up his champagne flute.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Peter, I'm so proud of you. You
chose a good one.

Peter makes eye contact with his Grandfather and nods.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

And Clara, for years you moved on
the outskirts of this family and
nothing makes me happier than to be
able to call you granddaughter.

Clara smiles as she cries.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

So I want to wish you a long and happy life. Never forget the value of family.

Grandfather lifts the glass higher.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Long life to Peter and Clara.

The audience stands and lifts their glasses.

EVERYONE

To Peter and Clara.

Everyone drinks the toast.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION - PAVILION -- LATER

The String Quartet plays a waltz.

Clara, her train buttoned up for dancing, waltzes with Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER

You take care of Peter now, you hear.

CLARA

That's the plan, Mr. Winslow.

GRANDFATHER

Now that you're family, none of this Mr. Winslow crap. Call me Grandfather or Gramps.

CLARA

Sure thing, Gramps.

They make a couple turns around the dance floor.

Grandfather suddenly stops.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Gramps, you okay?

GRANDFATHER

I think I just need to sit down.

Clara helps Grandfather to a chair at the edge of the dance floor.

Clara kneels at his side.

Peter rushes over.

PETER

Is everything all right?

Clara looks up.

CLARA
I don't think so.

PETER
I'll get help.

Peter walks over to a competent middle aged woman, DR. RUTH HURST.

PETER (CONT'D)
(leans into whisper
in her ear)
Dr. Hurst, could you come with me?

DR. HURST
Certainly.

She turns to her group of friends.

DR. HURST (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She follows Peter back over to Grandfather.

Grandfather is now surrounded by Sandra, John, and Heather.

Dr. Hurst gives Grandfather a once over.

DR. HURST (CONT'D)
He needs to get to the hospital.

JOHN
I'll take him.

PETER
But --

GRANDFATHER
No. You and Clara go on with your
plans. I'll be fine.

CLARA
Are you sure?

GRANDFATHER
Yes.

DR. HURST
Stop talking, Mr. Winslow. We have
to get you to the hospital.

Dr. Hurst and John help Grandfather out of the pavilion.

Peter and Clara start to follow but Sandra stops them.

SANDRA

Son, listen to your Grandfather.

Peter turns to her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

He wanted you and Clara to enjoy your honeymoon.

PETER

But what if he dies?

SANDRA

Then he dies. Is there anything you can do for him medically? Do you have an MD, I don't know about?

PETER

No, Mom.

SANDRA

I know your Grandfather wants you and Clara to be happy. I'm pretty sure that spending your wedding night in a crappy hospital waiting room is not a part of his definition of happiness. So stay and enjoy your reception. I'll call if the situation changes.

Sandra grabs her purse.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the family, Clara.

Sandra hugs Clara and kisses her on the cheek.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You did good, son. I'm so proud of you.

Sandra hugs Peter and rushes after her husband and Father-in-Law.

INT. FAIRMOUNT HOTEL -- EVENING

Peter opens the door and carries Clara, wedding dress and all, across the threshold.

He sets her down in the middle of the suite.

CLARA

So . . .

Peter takes of the jacket of his tux and lays it on the couch.

PETER

So . . .

CLARA

Do you think your Grandfather is going to be all right?

PETER

Either he will be or he won't be, but my Mother was right . . .

Clara reaches up and unpins her hair.

PETER (CONT'D)

Gramps would want us to go on with our lives and not wait in the hospital for him.

CLARA

Well then, let's not worry.

Peter steps closer to her.

PETER

That's exactly what I was thinking.

He steps even closer.

Clara takes the last step so that they collide.

She flings her arms around his neck and he puts his hand on her waist to steady her.

CLARA

So now what?

Peter moves his hands to her back and unbuttons the train.

PETER

At the very least, we could change into something more comfortable?

CLARA

Sounds like an excellent place to start.

PETER

Are you going to need help?

Clara reaches for the buttons behind her but can't reach.

CLARA

Yeah. I think so.

Peter motions for her to turn around and she does.

Peter undoes the top few tiny buttons.

He brushes his fingertips across the newly exposed bare shoulder blade.

He undoes a few more buttons and brushes the gown from her shoulders.

He leans forward and kisses her neck.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

PETER
I saw naked neck and it seemed to
need kissing.

CLARA
Oh.

PETER
Is that a problem?

CLARA
Oh, no problem.

Clara turns around and unties his bow tie.

PETER
Good.

He finishes unbuttoning the long line of tiny buttons and slides the gown to puddle on the floor.

He holds his hand out to her and she steps over the gown

PETER (CONT'D)
So that's what you wear under a dress
like that.

Peter takes a long look at the modern corset, pantyhose, and ballet slippers.

CLARA
Of course. What did you think I'd
wear?

Peter steps back and unbuttons his shirt.

PETER
I don't think I gave it much thought
but that looks a little old fashioned.

Clara bends to remove the shoes.

CLARA
Of course it's old fashioned. The
gown was an old fashioned one.

He removes his shirt and undershirt.

Clara moves to the vanity where her travel makeup case has been unpacked.

CLARA (CONT'D)

A woman's wedding day is the one chance she gets to dress up as Cinderella and have a fancy and ridiculously large ball gown.

She removes her earrings, bracelet, and necklace and place them in a jewelers' pouch.

Peter sits on the bed and removes his shoes and socks.

PETER

Why don't you come over here?

He pats the bed next to him.

CLARA

Okay.

Clara perches next to him.

PETER

I'm not going to bite.

He lifts his hand and brushes the hair of her neck and leans in.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, at least not unless you ask.

He nibbles her neck.

PETER (CONT'D)

At least not hard.

Clara giggles.

CLARA

That tickles.

PETER

In a bad way?

CLARA

No.

PETER

Good.

Peter kisses her ear lobe.

PETER (CONT'D)

How about we get rid of the rest of these clothes?

CLARA

How about we turn off the light?

Peter gets up and turns off the light in the bedroom and flips on the light over the sink in the bathroom and leaves the door barely ajar.

PETER
That good enough?

CLARA
I guess.

She stands, sheds the pantyhose and corset and dives under the covers.

Peter takes off his pants and climbs in bed beside her.

He reaches over and pulls her closer.

PETER
I love you, you know.

CLARA
I know. I love you too. I have for years.

PETER
I meant romantically.

She stretches up and kisses him.

CLARA
So did I.

PETER
Really?

He wraps his arms around her, pulls her tighter and kisses her.

He shifts so she lays on top of him.

INT. FAIRMOUNT HOTEL -- NIGHT

Clara lays curled up on Peter's shoulder. She rolls over on her side and he follows.

INT. FAIRMOUNT HOTEL -- MORNING

The early morning light shines through the curtains onto Peter and Clara.

Clara is curled up on her side and Peter spoons her.

Peter's cellphone RINGS.

Peter wakes and extracts himself from Clara answers it.

PETER
(groggily)
Hello?

Clara wakes.

SANDRA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Peter. I don't know how to say this--

Peter sits up.

PETER
Mom? Is it Grandfather? Is he worse?

Clara crawls up and curls up next to him.

CLARA
Is everything okay?

Peter shakes his head.

SANDRA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
I'm sorry but your Grandfather passed
away an hour ago.

PETER
Why didn't you call sooner?

SANDRA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Your father thought an hour or so
wouldn't make a difference. Besides
we've been making the arrangements
and this is the first chance I've
had to call.

PETER
Okay, Mama.

Clara places a hand on his chest.

PETER (CONT'D)
We'll be at the house as soon as we
can.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Don't rush over. We still have some
details to take care of here before
we get home. Take your time. Enjoy
your morning. You know that's what
your Grandfather would've wanted.

PETER
Yes, Ma. We'll see you early
afternoon then.

Peter closes the phone.

CLARA
Grandfather?

PETER
Yes. He passed away an hour ago.

Clara wraps her other arm around him.

CLARA
I'm so sorry.

PETER
I just wish I could have been there.

CLARA
I know.

Peter gets out of bed and finds his underwear and pulls them on.

PETER
I don't care what Mom said we're
going to the house.

Clara slides out of bed clutching the sheet to cover her.

CLARA
I agree. We need to be with the
family.

Peter grabs his clothes and puts them on.

PETER
I don't know how they could expect
me to go on as if nothing changed.

Clara fishes her clothes out of her overnight bag.

CLARA
You can't.

He sits and pulls on his socks and shoes.

PETER
I couldn't just go on like normal.

She pulls on her clothes and packs up her stuff.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION -- DAY

Peter and Clara sit in the living room.

Sandra and John come in.

PETER
Dad.

Peter gets up and goes over and hugs his father.

JOHN

Son.

John returns the hug.

Clara gets up and walks over to Sandra.

CLARA

Mrs. Winslow --

SANDRA

Cut that out. You're Mrs. Winslow now too. Can you just imagine the conversation if we kept calling each other Mrs. Winslow?

Clara giggles and then stifles it.

CLARA

Sorry.

SANDRA

No don't. It would be rather comical.

Sandra starts to laugh. Clara joins her.

The menfolk turn and stare at their women.

JOHN

Sandy? What could possibly be funny at a time like this?

Sandra composes herself.

SANDRA

Clara and I were just imagining what a conversation would be like--

CLARA

If we kept calling each other Mrs. Winslow.

SANDRA

How nice you're looking this morning, Mrs. Winslow.

CLARA

Why thank you Mrs. Winslow. You're looking rather smashing yourself.

They collapse into giggles.

John and Peter crack smiles.

JOHN

That is rather amusing.

CLARA

So if I can't call you Mrs. Winslow,
what do I call you?

SANDRA

Mom? Or Sandy. Either will work.

CLARA

Mom. I think I like that.

INT. WINSLOW MANSION - STUDY -- AFTERNOON

Grandfather's longtime attorney and friend, DONALD MORGAN,
sits behind the desk.

John sits on a chair beside the desk, Sandra stands next to
him clasping his hand.

Peter sits in a wing chair with Clara perched on the arm,
with an arm around his shoulder.

CLARENCE BRYCE, Evelyn's father and a Senior Vice President
of Winslow Corporation sits in the other wing chair.

DONALD

Are we all here?

He looks around the room.

DONALD (CONT'D)

We're just waiting on one more --

Evelyn breezes in, looking like a fashion plate even though
she is in head to toe black.

EVELYN

Sorry, I'm late.

Peter hops up.

PETER

What are you doing here?

EVELYN

I was invited.

PETER

By who?

DONALD

That would be me.

Peter turns to Donald.

PETER

Why?

DONALD
Because she has business here.

PETER
What?

Evelyn takes Peter's vacated chair.

Clara slides off the arm.

DONALD
Shall we begin?

Peter stands behind his parents and Clara moves to his side.

DONALD (CONT'D)
To summarize, Mr. Winslow left his shares in the company to be split amongst the three Vice Presidents, Mr. Bryce, Mr. John Winslow, and Mr. Peter Winslow.

John and Clarence nod.

DONALD (CONT'D)
The house and grounds he left to Mrs. Sandra Winslow and Mrs. Clara Winslow.

PETER
When did you say he wrote this?

DONALD
He updated the will earlier this week and signed it just before the wedding.

Donald shuffles the papers.

DONALD (CONT'D)
To continue. Mr. Winslow left trusts to the Historical Society and the hospital for five hundred thousand each. There is also a hundred thousand dollar bequest to Evelyn Sewell-Bryce.

Peter's jaw drops.

Clara gasps.

Evelyn looks smug.

Clarence looks at his daughter.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Any other assets both real and monetary are left to be divided equally between Mr. John Winslow and Mr. Peter Winslow and their wives. That concludes the last will and testament of Peter Edward Winslow.

JOHN

He left money to you, Evelyn?

EVELYN

It appears so.

She turns to Donald.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

When can I get my money?

DONALD

Um. The will has to go through probate--

EVELYN

How long will that take?

DONALD

Depends.

EVELYN

On what?

DONALD

Weather or not anyone challenges the will.

EVELYN

If no one contests it?

DONALD

A couple months.

EVELYN

Well, contact me when you have a check for me.

Evelyn moves towards the door. Peter runs after her and grabs her arm to stop her.

PETER

Why did my Grandfather leave you money?

Evelyn turns to face him.

EVELYN

It was part of our deal.

Clara comes over and wraps an arm around Peter's waist.

CLARA
What deal?

EVELYN
Mr. Winslow paid me off.

PETER
What?

CLARA
Paid you to do what?

EVELYN
Dump you.

PETER
WHAT?!

EVELYN
Your Grandfather thought I would be
marrying you for position and money.
So he thought to buy me off.

CLARA
How much did he pay you?

EVELYN
I don't see how that is any of your
business.

CLARA
Ah. It must be more than he left in
his will.

EVELYN
It was.

Evelyn shakes off Peter's hand and leaves.

John clears his throat.

Donald shuffles his papers and stuff them in his briefcase.

Clarence moves to John.

CLARENCE
I'm sorry . . .

JOHN
Not your fault.

CLARENCE
I didn't raise her like that.

JOHN
I know.

Clarence turns to leave.

CLARENCE
I'll hold down the fort at the office
for as long as you need.

John stands and shakes Clarence's hand.

JOHN
Thanks. I'll probably be in next
week.

CLARENCE
We'll keep the business afloat till
then.

John walks with Clarence out the door.

Peter walks over to the nearest unoccupied chair and plops
down into it.

Clara walks over to him.

CLARA
Say something.

PETER
He paid her off?

Sandra walks over to them.

SANDRA
Apparently.

PETER
Why would he do something like that
to me?

SANDRA
He didn't think she was right for
you.

PETER
What gave him the right to decide
who was right for me? I made my
choice and he should have abided by
it.

Clara edges towards the door.

SANDRA
Maybe he thought he wanted you to be
happy and that he could keep you
from making a mistake.

PETER
But it was my mistake to make. He
shouldn't have interfered.

Clara slips out the door . . .

INT. WINSLOW MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

. . .And runs down the hall.

She yanks open the nearly invisible door to a small coat closet under the hall stairs and grabs her coat and purse.

She fishes out her keys as she rushes out the front door.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Clara sits on the couch, amid the almost empty apartment crying. She dabs at her eye with a tissue and then throws it on the heap beside her.

Heather comes out of the kitchen with two steaming mugs of tea.

HEATHER

Want to tell me about it?

Clara shakes her head as she takes the mug Heather hands her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I sent Jim and the kids home and I'm not needed at work until Wednesday. So I'm here for a while.

Heather sinks onto the other end of the couch facing Clara.

CLARA

Thank you.

Clara blows on her tea to cool it.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It's just that I thought he'd gotten over Evelyn. But there he was almost yelling that his Grandfather had messed up that relationship.

HEATHER

Men say funny things when their pride is hurt.

CLARA

But why is his pride hurt now more than it was when she dumped him?

HEATHER

I don't know.

Clara thoughtfully sips her tea.

CLARA

I really thought he was being to see me romantically.

HEATHER

Well he did marry you.

CLARA

But he didn't know the facts. Now he regrets it.

HEATHER

Did he tell you that?

CLARA

He didn't have to. It was in the way he was talking about how Grandfather should have respected his decision.

HEATHER

Maybe that was his grief talking.

CLARA

I hope so, but I doubt it.

Heather sets her mug on the floor and stands up.

HEATHER

Enough moping.

She swings Clara's legs to the floor.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Come on.

CLARA

Where are we going?

Clara sets her mug down.

HEATHER

Retail Therapy.

CLARA

More shopping?

HEATHER

Yes. But today we aren't shopping for the practical or functional but an outfit or thing that just makes you smile.

Clara reaches her hands up for Heather to pull her up.

Heather pulls.

A KNOCK at the door.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Heather lets Clara fall back to the couch.

CLARA

I don't know. But whoever it is I
don't want to talk to them.

Heather goes to the door, looks out the peephole and then
opens the door as far as the still attached chain lock will
allow.

HEATHER

What do you want?

PETER (O.S.)

To talk to my wife.

HEATHER

Well, she doesn't want to talk to
you.

Heather slams the door in Peter's face.

KNOCK KNOCK

PETER (O.S.)

COME ON. Let me talk to her.

HEATHER

She doesn't want to talk to you.

Clara gets off the couch and comes over. She motions Heather
to move.

CLARA

I'll take care of this.

Clara opens the door.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

PETER

To talk to you.

CLARA

So, talk.

Clara stands blocking the door with her arms folded over her
chest.

PETER

Can I come in? I don't want the
neighbors knowing our business.

CLARA
Tough. Talk or go away.

PETER
Fine. I don't know what has you so
upset--

Clara starts to shut the door but Peter puts a hand up to
stop it.

PETER (CONT'D)
I don't know what, exactly, but I
think it might have been my reaction
to Evelyn's news.

HEATHER
You think?

PETER
Fine. I know it was my reaction to
finding out Grandfather bought Evelyn
off . . .

Clara steps back and Peter enters and shuts the door behind
him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do we have to do this with your sister
here?

HEATHER
I'm not going anywhere until Clara
tells me to.

CLARA
Heather, I'm fine. Go and I'll call
you later.

Heather looks at her.

HEATHER
You sure?

CLARA
I'm sure.

Clara hugs Heather.

HEATHER
Fine.

Heather gathers up her purse and overnight bag.

She walks by Peter.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But if you hurt her, physically or emotionally, You'll have to answer to me.

PETER

I know. I'll take good care of her.

HEATHER

See that you do.

Heather sweeps out of the apartment.

CLARA

So what did you want to say to me?

PETER

To say, I love you.

CLARA

I know. You have for years. As your best friend. You've told me that before.

PETER

And it's true. But I meant, I love you as my wife.

Clara looks him in the eye.

CLARA

You do? Since when?

PETER

I don't know. I think I realized it when you said "I do", but it has been coming on gradually for sometime.

CLARA

Very convenient.

Clara walks away from him and sits on the arm of the couch.

PETER

What can I do to prove it to you?

Peter walks over to her.

CLARA

I don't know.

He walks over and places a hand on either side of her on the couch arm.

PETER

Maybe I can show it?

He leans in and kisses her.

Clara wraps her arms around him and returns the kiss.

She pulls away.

CLARA
That's cheating.

PETER
It was the only thing I could think
of that would show the decidedly not
just friendly nature of my feelings.

CLARA
Well it worked.

PETER
So you ready to come home with me?

CLARA
Home sounds good.

Clara grabs her purse from the counter where she'd tossed
it.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Let me . . .

Clara moves to put the mugs away.

PETER
Just turn out the lights. We'll
comeback tomorrow as we planned and
finish packing this place up.

Clara turns out the lights.

CLARA
Okay. Let's go.

Peter walks beside her with his hand on her waist as they
head to the door.

INT. LA BELLE ROSE -- EVENING

Peter and Clara sit at a table.

Claude comes over with the wine menu.

CLAUDE
Monsieur Winslow, nice to see you
again.

PETER
It's good to be back.

CLAUDE
And who is this lovely young lady?

PETER
My wife, Clara.

Claude takes Clara's hand and bows over it, almost kissing it.

CLAUDE
Enchante, madame.

Claude turns to Peter.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Are we celebrating an occasion today?

PETER
We are. Our one week anniversary.

CLAUDE
Champagne?

PETER
Absolutely.

Claude bustles off.

CLARA
So how do you know this place?

PETER
Grandfather brought me a few times
for special occasions - when I
graduated high school and then again
college. But the last time was when
Evelyn . . .

CLARA
Sold you out?

PETER
Yep.

CLARA
So why bring me here?

PETER
Because I wanted to share the good
memories of Grandfather with the
woman I love.

Claude returns, pops the cork, pours two glasses, smiles,
and leaves.

Peter picks up his glass in a toast.

PETER (CONT'D)
To Grandfather, who taught me that
you can have it all- a family that
you love and material success.

Clara clinks her flute to his.

CLARA
To your grandfather.

Clara moves the flute to her lips.

PETER
I'm not finished with the toast.

Clara raises the flute back in the air next to his.

CLARA
Sorry. Continue.

PETER
To my beautiful bride, Clara who
will make sure I learned the lesson.

Peter clinks his glass to hers and drinks.

He sets the glass down and leans over and kisses her.

FADE OUT.