

FADE IN:

INT. PASADENA MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - APRIL
1922

A lavishly spacious Art-Deco style bedroom with pink silk-covered walls and Palladian windows that cast an afternoon shadow. A chandelier hangs high.

CATHERINE HILL, 22, a blonde woman with striking blue eyes in a satin wedding dress, stares out the window as elegantly dressed people take their seats in the courtyard outside.

She struggles to clasp together her pearl bracelet. Catherine's maid, NORA, 16, rushes over. She wears a black dress with a white apron and a ruffled, lace headpiece.

NORA

Please, allow me, Miss?

Catherine completely unaware of Nora, starts to pace barefooted around the room. Nora follows.

Catherine's breath becomes faster, with every failed attempt at closing her bracelet. Her breath becomes faster, faster, faster, until...

Catherine's older sister, ROSE, 26, swings OPEN the door. She has a strawberry-blonde, wavy updo and a cream-colored beaded dress on.

Startled, the bracelet snaps, causing all the pearls to fly all over the room.

CATHERINE
Oh, my god.

ROSE
Is this a bad time?

Catherine sits at her vanity. She buries her head in her hands.

CATHERINE
I don't know what I'm doing.

Rose closes the door. She looks over at Nora, who carefully picks up the scattered pearls. She kneels down close to her sister.

ROSE
It's your wedding day!

Catherine looks into the vanity mirror and studies herself in her wedding dress. She doesn't like what she sees.

CATHERINE
Then, why am I not happy?

ROSE
Who says marriage equals happiness?

(beat)

I surely didn't marry Harold because I wanted to be happy.

CATHERINE
Then, why did you marry Harold?

ROSE
Because I didn't want to die alone.

(beat)

That, and Harold's not so bad.

CATHERINE
I wish I could say the same.

ROSE
Oh come on, David's not so bad. You'll learn to like him.
Give it time.

Catherine sighs.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I mean really, Catherine, what other option is there for us?
Become an old maid?

They laugh.

ROSE (CONT'D)
If you really want, we can call the whole thing off.

Rose strokes her chin, like she's thinking about this.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Mother will be so devastated, though...

CATHERINE
(sarcastically)

Can't have that now.

(level-headed)

No, all the guests have arrived. It's alright. And like you said,
I'll learn to like him.

ROSE
Yes! You're just experiencing a little cold feet, baby sister.

(beat)

Looks like you need a little warming up!

Rose playfully tickles her sister's feet, which causes Catherine to laugh profusely. Nora looks on with delight.

Catherine's oldest sister, MARGARET-ELIZABETH, 30, OPENS the door. She has a black bob and a peach-colored lace dress on.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH
What are you two doing?

Everyone stops laughing.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
We're in need of a bride. Everyone's downstairs waiting and you two are up here laughing.

Rose gets up.

ROSE
I'll go and get her veil.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH
(sarcastically)

That would be nice.

Margaret-Elizabeth looks at all the scattered pearls.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(to Nora)

And you can do your job and pick up this mess.

*Margaret-Elizabeth SLAMS the door shut.
Catherine mouths the words "sorry" to Nora.*

Rose grabs the veil out of a box.

ROSE
Who does she think she is coming in here and barking orders like that?

Catherine puts on her heels.

CATHERINE
You know how Maggie is.

*Rose places the veil on top of Catherine's head.
She gasps.*

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What is it?

Rose turns Catherine to look in the mirror.

ROSE
You're stunning.

Catherine doesn't know what to make of it.

EXT. PASADENA MANSION - COURTYARD - DAY

*Violinists begin to play classical music, as people
stand to turn towards the back of the aisle.
Catherine walks slowly down the aisle with her
stern-looking father, FRANKLIN HILL, 52. He's a
silver-haired man with a handlebar mustache.*

*She looks at all the faces staring at her. Some
are serious.*

Some are smiling.

A kid sticks his tongue out at her.

*She quickly looks up at the front of the aisle
to a 6-foot tall man in a tuxedo, with a pencil
thin mustache and jet black hair. This is DAVID
BOURNE, 25.*

*The closer she gets to David, the more his
presence appears towering.*

*She arrives at the wedding arch, she shyly looks
up at him.*

The MARRIAGE OFFICIANT proceeds.

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT
Dearly beloved...

CUT TO:

INT. PASADENA MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Catherine and David BURST through the doors hand-in-hand, out into a room full of people standing and applauding at their dining tables.

A TRUMPET PLAYER plays a LOUD note, as the rest of a Jazz ensemble join in on playing a lively, dance number.

Guests begin to make their way to the dance floor. They dance the "Charleston."

David nudges Catherine over to the dance floor. She smiles, but shakes her head.

DAVID
Come on, just one dance.

CATHERINE
I get nervous.

DAVID
Well, I can help that.

David forcefully takes Catherine and dances with her.

Catherine sees people staring.

She breaks away from David, then walks away.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Touchy, touchy.

David sees people staring. He does a mock of the "Charleston" dance. People laugh and cheer him on.

INT. PASADENA MANSION - BALLROOM - TABLE #4 - NIGHT

Catherine approaches "TABLE #4," where the HILL family sits.

Catherine kisses her mother, SUSAN HILL, 48, on the cheek.

She wears a lavishly beaded dress and a diamond headpiece.

SUSAN

Don't leave lipstick, dear. It's very unsightly.

Catherine rolls her eyes. She approaches her father.

CATHERINE

Hello, father.

Franklin is busy lighting his smoking pipe. He mumbles to himself.

SUSAN

Franklin, your daughter is talking to you.

Franklin looks at Susan.

She nudges her head towards Catherine.

Franklin looks up at Catherine.

FRANKLIN

(coughing)

Oh! My sweet girl.

He smiles, then returns to fidgeting with his smoking pipe.

Catherine lets out a little laugh, then kisses her father's forehead.

She sits next to Rose.

SUSAN

Darling, where is your husband?

MARGARET-ELIZABETH

Yes, mother, that's a very good question.

Margaret-Elizabeth looks up and sees David smoking a cigar with some YOUNG MEN and a FLAPPER near the jazz ensemble.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Found out his wife doesn't put out, so he found himself someone who does.

SUSAN

That's enough!

ROSE

Really Maggie, sometimes I forget that you're related to us.

Maggie shoots Rose a fake smile.

CATHERINE

I wish you two didn't fight. Today's been too much already...

SUSAN

How so, dear?

ROSE

Mother, she just married someone she doesn't love.

SUSAN

(scoffing)

Love!

Susan sips her champagne.

MARGARET-ELIZABETH

Mother, why didn't you find me a suitor? At least, I would have been more grateful.

SUSAN

Because you're too dowdy, my dear. If you put a little more effort into your appearance like Catherine, then, maybe, we can find someone for you too.

Margaret-Elizabeth looks down in embarrassment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I think we'd better be going now.

Susan stands up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I can't stand to be around an ungrateful child.

(beat)

Catherine, you married into a great, noble, family. I'm really sorry that doesn't fit your standards, I really am. Sorry to have disappointed you.

CATHERINE

Wait, mother.

Susan nudges Franklin.

SUSAN

Franklin, we're going.

FRANKLIN

Yes, yes.

Susan and Franklin leave the table.

SUSAN

(calls out to Margaret-Elizabeth)

Maggie!

MARGARET-ELIZABETH
Yes, mother. Coming!

Margaret-Elizabeth leaves the table.

Catherine and Rose look at each other and sigh. Catherine rests her head on Rose's shoulder. Rose pats her sister's head.

CATHERINE
Mother cares about status. Always has, always will.

ROSE
What do you care about?

Catherine raises her head. She looks at Rose.

David approaches the sisters.

DAVID

(to Catherine)

This is where you've been hiding! I've been looking all over for you.

CATHERINE
I haven't been hiding, David. I was just--

DAVID
—Mother would like to see you.

CATHERINE
Oh, yes, of course.

Catherine gets up and endearingly grabs Rose's hand. Their hands break away from each other, as Catherine leaves the table.

INT. PASADENA MANSION - BALLROOM - TABLE #11 - NIGHT

Catherine and David approach "TABLE #11," where David's mother, GERTRUDE BOURNE, 58,

sits. She wears extravagant furs and smokes a cigarette with a long holder. She stands up.

GERTRUDE

(in a smoker voice)

Catherine, let me look at you.

She grabs Catherine's hands and checks out her dress.

Catherine looks uncomfortable.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Marvelous, simply marvelous.

She releases Catherine's hand.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Oh, the wedding today was splendid. Catherine, you looked stunning walking down that aisle.

CATHERINE
Thank you, Mrs. Bourne.

GERTRUDE
Please, call me mother. We're family now.

Catherine fakes a smile.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

(touches David's face)

And my son, my handsome son—

DAVID
Mother...

GERTRUDE
—takes after his father's good looks! God rest his poor soul.

(beat)

Where are you two lovebirds spending your honeymoon?

CATHERINE

We're headed off to the French Riviera.

GERTRUDE

Oh, how grand! In all my years and I've never been.

CATHERINE

It's so lovely!

Catherine blushes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Well, at least from what I've seen in my travel books. I can't wait to visit Aigues-Mortes. It's a medieval walled city that dates back to the 13th century...

GERTRUDE

The French have such a rich history.

CATHERINE

And the wild horses of Camar—

David snores.

Catherine looks over at David.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Am I boring you?

David laughs.

DAVID

I'm sorry Darling, but what is this about horses and ruins? I'm going there to write and relax. Take a dip into those big, blue seas, get as fat as a pig, and drink every last cocktail in the Riviera.

GERTRUDE

David!

DAVID
Sorry, mother.

GERTRUDE
Think of your father. Alcoholism runs in the Bourne blood,
you know. Keep it up and you'll end up in the grave with
him!

DAVID
Yes, mother.

GERTRUDE
I do worry about you dear boy.

(at Catherine)

Catherine, please tell me you'll take care of my David.

CATHERINE
Yes, Mrs. Bourne. I mean mother.

Gertrude smiles.

DAVID
I'm not a child anymore, mother. Besides, Catherine won't
have to look after me since I'll be busy writing my next
novel.

*David puts his hands on his hips, in an
overconfident way.*

DAVID (CONT'D)
Can't disappoint the fans with this one.

Catherine rolls her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(at Catherine)

No, Catherine won't be bothering me.

He pulls in Catherine tightly beside him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to Gertrude)

She'll be a supportive wife. Nothing comes between a man
and his work.

GERTRUDE
Very true.

*Catherine looks like she wants to scream on the
inside, but, instead, smiles at her new husband.*

