

**WHEN IN LONDON**

**Genre:** Romantic Drama / Comedy set in the 1960's.

**INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Clara celebrates. Edward opens champagne.

**CLARA**

You helped me get this.

**EDWARD**

Nonsense. I merely complained in your direction.

**CLARA**

You believed in me.

**EDWARD**

Briefly. Don't let it become a habit.

She touches his hand.

**CLARA**

Edward.

He looks at her.

**EDWARD**

Clara?

She leans in and they kiss.

It is tender, unexpected, and full of all the words they avoided.

**INT. EDWARD'S BEDROOM DOORWAY — LATER**

They stand together in the hallway.

Neither moves.

**CLARA**

This is dangerous.

**EDWARD**

Most worthwhile things are.

**CLARA**

People will talk.

**EDWARD**

People talk when they're bored.

**CLARA**

And you?

**EDWARD**

I haven't been bored since you arrived.

She smiles sadly. They hold each other.

**INT. KITCHEN — DAYS LATER**

Morning sunlight. Clara wears one of Edward's jumpers.  
Edward makes breakfast.

They are happy. Too happy.

**CLARA**

Come with me to Paris.

Edward freezes.

**EDWARD**

No.

**CLARA**

That was quick.

**EDWARD**

I don't belong in Paris.

**CLARA**

You belong wherever you choose.

**EDWARD**

I belong here. In my house. With my work.

**CLARA**

Your work? Or your hiding place?

He turns.

**EDWARD**

Careful.

**CLARA**

No. You don't get to kiss me like the world has started again and then retreat into an old fuddy-duddy.

**EDWARD**

And you don't get to arrive in my life and demand I rewrite the ending.

**CLARA**

I'm not demanding. I'm asking.

**EDWARD**

You're leaving.

**CLARA**

For work.

**EDWARD**

For youth. For applause. For everything I can can't give you.

She is hurt.

**CLARA**

That's cruel.

**EDWARD**

It's accurate.

**CLARA**

No. It's fear dressed up as wisdom.

Silence.

**CLARA**

I thought you liked me, maybe even loved me.

Edward ponders with a hidden smile.

**EDWARD**

Actually.

**CLARA**

Yes?

**EDWARD**

I ...

Silence.

**CLARA**

Bloody hell Eddie, is it really that hard.

**EDWARD**

Eddie?

**CLARA**

Yes, Eddie, it's a term of affection.

**EDWARD**

Endearment.

**CLARA**

What?

**EDWARD**

Eddie is a term of endearment and what you whispered in my ear last night as we were making whoopee.

**CLARA**

I know, I'm not stupid.

She smiles through the silence.

**CLARA**

Say it then.

More silence.

**CLARA**

Edward? ... Eddie?

She flutters her eye lids at him.

**EDWARD**

I can't.

**CLARA**

You're pushing me away then?

He cannot answer.

**CLARA**

Right.

She leaves the kitchen.

**INT. HALLWAY — DAY**

Clara carries her suitcases down the stairs.

Edward stands at the bottom.

**EDWARD**

Clara.

She stops at the front door not turning around.

**EDWARD**

I hope Paris is kind to you.

Her eyes fill.

**CLARA**

I hope London forgives you.

She opens the door and leaves & Edward stands alone.

The house becomes silent again.

He approaches a grand mirror by the front door and talks to his reflection slowly shaking his head and pointing his finger at himself.

**EDWARD**

Three bloody words, that's all you had to say.  
She wasn't asking for much was she. I mean,  
she's only the most gorgeous woman you've ever  
met.

He walks away.

The empty reflection lingers to the audience and then  
Edward returns for more.

**EDWARD**

I know you've met a few gorgeous women in your time but this one, you idiot! Has a warm heart, smile, intellect and legs that go up to her neck.

What's wrong with you? All you had to say was..

It's revealed that Clara is at the front door outside listening. She mouths to herself as Edward says quietly to himself.

**EDWARD / CLARA**

I love you.

They both walk away at the same time with the door still closed.