

**WHEN IN LONDON**

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

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. LONDON STREET — MORNING**

Rain taps gently against black taxis, buses hiss past, and the city moves with its usual elegant impatience.

A handsome Georgian townhouse stands on a quiet street in West London.

Inside the front window, a man watches the rain.

This is **EDWARD VALE**, early 60s, famous film director, stylish, sharp-eyed, and slightly tired of the world.

He is wearing smart but old-fashioned pyjamas and holding a cup of tea like it has disappointed him.

**INT. EDWARD'S HOME GYM — MORNING**

A small but well-kept room. Free weights, a bench, a mirror.

**EDWARD now in classic 60's gym wear and white vest is lifting iron dumbbells. Slow. Controlled. Determined.**

A metronome ticks. He counts under his breath.

**EDWARD**

...eight... nine... ten...

He struggles on eleven—but pushes through.

Drops the weights.

Breathes heavily.

He studies himself in the mirror—not vanity, but resistance. He looks at his tattooed arm and strokes it revealing a clapperboard which says "LOVE FILM" under it.

**EDWARD**

Not done yet.

He picks up a towel, wipes sweat, then adjusts his posture, standing taller than he feels.

On a nearby shelf: Film awards, Old photos  
A younger Edward, vibrant and alive.

He notices that photo. Then looks back at himself.

A beat. Under his breath. "Good grief"

**INT. EDWARD'S TOWNHOUSE — KITCHEN — MORNING**

The kitchen is large, beautiful, and too quiet.

Edward reads a newspaper headline:

**LEGENDARY DIRECTOR EDWARD VALE CONSIDERS RETIREMENT**

He folds the paper with irritation.

**EDWARD**

Retirement. A polite word for being quietly  
buried while still breathing.

The doorbell rings. Edward sighs.

**INT. EDWARD'S HALLWAY — MOMENTS LATER**

He opens the door.

Standing there is **CLARA WREN**, late 30s,  
beautiful, confident, carrying two suitcases  
and the energy of a woman who refuses to be  
ignored.

**CLARA**

Edward Vale?

**EDWARD**

That depends on who's asking.

**CLARA**

Clara Wren. I'm here about the room.

Edward looks her up and down.

**EDWARD**

You're late.

**CLARA**

And you're very rude.

A beat. Edward almost smiles.

**EDWARD**

Come in before I change my mind.

She enters.

**INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — DAY**

The room is filled with film awards, framed posters, scripts, and old photographs of Edward with famous actors. Clara notices everything.

**CLARA**

You directed *Life After Love*.

**EDWARD**

Among other mistakes.

**CLARA**

That film made me want to act.

**EDWARD**

My condolences.

She looks at him.

**CLARA**

Do you always insult people who admire you?

**EDWARD**

Only if I think they may stay.