

# BLAKE

4.

start sc 2



INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- PARIS -- NIGHT

BLAKE sits across TOM (30, out of place), as a tuxedoed WAITER takes their order. There's chemistry between Blake and Tom, but first-date awkwardness threatens to eclipse it...

BLAKE

(to waiter)

Which pairs better with the scallops,  
the Chablis or the Sav Blanc?

WAITER

I would recommend the Chablis.

BLAKE

Excellent, I'll go with that.

WAITER

And for you, monsieur?

Tom shifts uncomfortably, eyes fixed on the menu.

TOM

(beat)

I, uh... just a sec...

Blake senses his hesitation and swoops in, breezy.

BLAKE

(waiter)

You know what, why don't we just get  
a bottle of the Chablis? *Merci.*

The waiter exits. Tom smiles sheepishly at Blake.

TOM

I'm sorry I don't... know about this  
stuff. It's like there's this whole  
world of things people suddenly expect  
you to know when you have money-- I  
mean, how did you learn all of it?

Blake thinks for a moment.

BLAKE

Well, for instance: when I was 14,  
my parents were having a dinner party  
with a few other couples, and they  
caught me and my friend trying to  
sneak upstairs with a bottle we stole  
from their wine cellar. So my dad  
comes over to me in front of all  
their friends and takes the bottle  
out of my hand, real serious, and

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'm completely terrified... and then he asks me what we were planning to eat. I say probably pizza... And he just says, "This is too full-bodied. Go get a Chianti."

(beat)

So I guess that was my first lesson in wine pairings.

She cracks a grin and Tom grins back, relaxing a little.

TOM

I've always been more of a pizza-and-beer guy...

BLAKE

Oh, trust me, if they had an IPA on the menu here I would've ordered it in a heartbeat.

TOM

(feigning horror)

Keep it down, will you? The waiter'll have a stroke.

Blake laughs. Then she reaches out and puts her hand over Tom's, genuine.

BLAKE

I don't care that you didn't grow up the way I did. It's what I like about you. You don't pretend to be someone you're not... You're just you.

Tom bristles a little, pulling his hand away.

TOM

You don't know me that well.

BLAKE

Well, I want to.

TOM

I don't think you do. My life has been dark and complicated for a long time.

(softer)

You have this whole happy family, and a life full of people who care about you... Trust me, you don't want to get dragged down with me.

Blake studies him quietly for a long time. For all her easy sociability, she's not someone who shows true vulnerability often...

BLAKE

People love that story about my dad and the wine... I told it at his 60th, it was a huge hit.

(beat)

The part I never tell is that he didn't speak to me for two months after that. Not one goddamn word. I cried, I said I was sorry, I begged him to just punish me and get it over with, but... nothing. Then finally one day he was waiting in his Cadillac outside my school, and when I got in he said, "Never forget what it feels like to lose the respect of your father."

She frowns, lost for a moment in the pain of the memory.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Then he drove me home and we never talked about it again.

TOM

That's awful.

BLAKE

(shrugging)

We're very close now.

TOM

Still...

Blake smiles a small, tight smile.

BLAKE

Still.

This time it's Tom who takes her hand across the table. They share a long, tender look. Then Tom breaks the silence.

TOM

Okay, help me pick out a dessert I can pronounce.

BLAKE

Oh, you for sure can't pronounce any of them.

end sc 2

