

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

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INT. SNOWGLOBE

TWO DANCING FIGURES, shaped like a bride and groom, begin dancing the waltz to the orgel tune of "The Second Waltz" by Dmitri Shostakovich. The closer we get, the less we see of the actual globe as more snow falls

Title card: Glass Waltz

EXT. PARK - DAYTIME

The figures dance out of frame and are soon replaced with RICHARD, a young blond man in his mid-20s, and RACHEL, a redhead in her mid-20s, now dancing in the spring as pink blossoms rain.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

When they once again waltz out of frame, the blossoms end and now they are at a beach during sunset, and they dance noticeably slower here as the song ends, while they bow and curtsy to one another, RACHEL falls into RICHARD'S arms as snow once again falls, and we are back to the snowglobe figurines.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - DAYTIME

RICHARD is wearing a black tuxedo, giving the snowglobe a shake as he stares at it with quiet emotion.

A knock is heard on the door, and RYLIE, a young woman also in her mid-20s who looks remarkably like Rachel, is seen walking inside wearing a blue bridesmaid's dress, looking quite exasperated.

RYLIE

Come on, Richie, you've been here for an hour already. You're holding everyone up, and you're not even the one getting married.

RICHARD

Oh, yeah, sorry.

Rylie looks at him, a little less exasperated and more wistful as she waits for him to give his long hair a couple brushes. He then offers her his arm, which she takes.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE

They march down the stairs, the walls and bannister adorned with various wedding decorations and in the living room the bride and groom in their late 30s, CHELSEA and WYATT, breathe a sigh of relief as do the other ATTENDANTS, including the OFFICIANT.

Chelsea covertly takes some cash from Wyatt and the Officiant.

CHELSEA

Good job, Rylie. You're already my favourite little sister.

Rylie chuckles and RICHARD rolls his eyes, and Chelsea rolls her eyes back at him as they get seated. The Officiant clears his throat.

OFFICIANT

Right, then, dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the union of this man and this woman...

His speech fades out as Richard stares on ahead, not listening. Meanwhile Ryle nudges him hard enough for him to wince.

RICHARD

What'd you do that for?

RYLIE

You're thinking about her again.

RICHARD

So what if I was? That's none of your business.

RYLIE

The hell do you mean, it isn't? If you're thinking about her, you're thinking about me, and that's my business because it's gross.

RICHARD

Yeah, sure, that's gross, not our siblings who hooked up right afterwards like a rebound from hell.

They get shushed by attendants near them, and Chelsea shoots them a look, too. Rylie smiles sheepishly while Richard slumps back in his chair.

OFFICIANT

Now then, if there any objections to Chelsea and Wyatt's union, let them speak now, or forever hold their peace.

He gives a lingering look to Richard in particular, and after a rather pronounced pause, he continues.

OFFICIANT

Then by the power invested in me...

Richard is once again not paying attention as everyone cheers, meanwhile Rylie claps as she gives Richard a sidelong glance.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

CHELSEA pops open a bottle of champagne as everyone cheers and line up, a pop song playing on BlueTooth speakers.

RICHARD is standing by a tree, away from the deck setup with its white Christmas lights and general merriment and not wearing his jacket. RYLIE joins him with two glasses of champagne in her hands.

RYLIE

Well, guess we're in-laws now.
Officially.

RICHARD

Yeah, guess so. It was gonna happen
some way or another.

RYLIE

Yeah... I miss Rachel, too, you
know.

She offers him a glass of champagne, which he accepts. They clink their glasses and drink.

RYLIE

Still, it's nice to see Chelsea and
Wyatt happy.

RICHARD

Yeah.

Beat.

RYLIE

Look, Richie... I was thinking, do
you wanna go out sometime? Not like
a date, God forbid, but, you
know...

RICHARD

What, you wanna go pick up women
with me? I know you're one of the
guys, Ry, but I don't know if we're
ready for that.

RYLIE

No, you idiot! I just meant...

She pauses, then sighs.

RICHARD

You know I was just kidding.

RYLIE

All your jokes are bad, Richie.

RICHARD

Yeah, but still. Thanks for asking me out.

RYLIE

So... Is that a yes?

Richard looks over at her, really studies her face. It's clear he sees Rachel's more than hers.

RICHARD

Yeah, why not.

Rylie looks away now, softly giggling and slapping her cheeks. CHELSEA approaches them.

CHELSEA

Come on, you guys. For one day, can you not just sit there being awkward?

RICHARD

Who's being awkward? You ever see Rylie dance? "Two left feet" is an understatement.

RYLIE

Says the guy who knocked himself out trying to throw a football.

CHELSEA

Alright, that does it. Both of you, up. Quit being weird.

Very reluctantly they get up and join everyone, awkwardly dancing solo until Richard stops.

RICHARD

Okay, no. This is all wrong. C'mere.

He grabs Rylie by the wrist and assumes the dancer's position and begins leading in a foxtrot, keeping a straight face through Rylie's mistakes. Rylie looks up at him without meeting his eyes, even trying not to rest her face on his shoulder.

Chelsea stands next to WYATT as they watch them dance, and he reluctantly gives her a small bill as she grins.

INT. BAR

RICHARD is in a booth at the bar, a half-drunk mug of beer before him. RYLIE has already accrued three of them and is drinking her fourth.

RICHARD

No wonder you can't get a boyfriend.

RYLIE

Oh please, you're already quitting
after not even one beer. Just be a
man and order your damn pina
colada.

He shakes his head but nonetheless flags a WAITER down.

RICHARD

Jug of water, for her.

The waiter leaves and Rylie looks on at him, disappointed.

RYLIE

Are you really that bored, Richie?

RICHARD

I'm not bored. I just don't want
you to drink yourself all the way
stupid.

RYLIE

Hah, yeah. But don't worry, even
when I'm this drunk I ain't never
gonna sleep with you. I'm not about
that life anymore.

RICHARD

Yeah, I remember.

RYLIE

I mean, it's only fun if you're an
idiot, anyway. And well... I ain't
gonna be an idiot anymore. That's
my resolution for life, forever.

RICHARD

Hell of a tall order, that one.

RYLIE

I'm serious, I've been thinkin'
about it a lot. Rach said more than
once that I ruined her reputation
cuz I have her face and did the
opposite of everything she always
does.

The waiter returns with the jug of ice water which Rylie
drinks straight from.

RYLIE

But like... I can't help that we
were only supposed to be one
person, y'know? Each other's
shadows or mirror reflections or
whatever.

She downs the rest of the jug of water. As soon as she does
this she gets up, hobbling.

RYLIE

Crap, I gotta pee real bad now.

She awkwardly makes her way to the bathroom and Richard meanwhile sighs.

RICHARD

"Supposed to be one person," huh...

The waiter returns with two jugs of water this time. When Rylie hasn't returned for several noticeable seconds, Richard gets up himself and goes to the bathroom door and knocks.

RICHARD

Hey, Ry! You okay in there?

He ignores the weird looks he's getting. A FEMALE BARTENDER goes inside to check, and shortly after lugs a sleeping Rylie out.

BARTENDER

Want me to call you a cab?

RICHARD

If you don't mind.

She leaves them and Richard lugs Rylie over to the pay desk and she softly sobs herself awake.

RYLIE

Dammit... Why'd you have to die,
Rach? With my damn face...

Richard is stone-faced as he pays for the drinks via card and leaves the bar with her.

INT. TAXI

RYLIE is now leaning on RICHARD who doesn't fight it.

RYLIE

Ugh... My head's killin' me. Never thought saying my thoughts out loud would hurt so damn much. Y'know I can't even look at myself in the mirror anymore? You think it's rough lookin' at me, I have it a million times worse. All her clothes still smell like her and it's really hard not to put them on like I used to do, when she didn't know. Hell, if I really wanted to, I could act just like her... If I did, Richie, would you be nicer to me?

RICHARD

You're drunk, Rylie.

RYLIE

Answer the damn question, it's not fair that I'm saying all the heavy shit. You gotta play, too. Tell me, Richie. You'd rather have her back than me, right?

RICHARD

Quit it, Ry. This isn't funny, it's sad.

RYLIE

What's sad is you, Richie! You're the one determined to be a goddamn tragedy in the name of romance and all that other crap! Gonna die loving her, everyone else be damned, it's so Prince Charming, so romantic, so gross!

She then languidly sits up so she looks right at him, while he looks straight ahead.

RYLIE

Still, I guess I can see why Rachel fell for you. She was all about that romantic crap, even if she was supposed to be smarter than that. Guess love makes fools out of everyone, but you always were an idiot.

RICHARD

(to DRIVER)

You can stop here.

The taxi pulls over.

EXT. RYLIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

They're now at the sidewalk in front of Rylie's house. RICHARD gets out first and RYLIE opens her own door and nearly falls out and laughs. Richard helps her get up and trudges towards the back door.

RICHARD

You're almost home, Ry. Try to move your feet.

RYLIE

My two left? Hey, why don't we dance? It's so nice out right now.

RICHARD

No, Ry. You need to go to bed.

RYLIE

Are you gonna come in with me?

She laughs when Richard doesn't answer. He knocks on the back door and waits, no one answers. Rylie slides off of him and stands languidly, soon "dancing" in drunkenness.

RYLIE

Richie, dance with me. I know you want to.

RICHARD

No, Ry. Gimme your key.

Rylie sings Van Morrison's "Moondance" as she keeps dancing.

RYLIE

"Well, it's a marvelous night for a moondance, with the stars up above in your eyes, a fantabulous night to make romance, 'neath the cover of October skies."

Richard can't help cracking a smile.

RICHARD

You're crazy.

RYLIE

Come on, Richie. Dance with me like we did at the wedding.

When Richard is reluctant, Rylie goes over to him and pulls him into an incorrect dance position. He corrects it and leads in a slow waltz.

RICHARD

You're right, though, it is nice out. No moon, though.

They dance quietly for a while longer, then Richard notices that Rylie is snoring.

RICHARD

Geez, you would fall asleep out here. I don't even know where your keys are.

He looks around, at a loss for what to do next. He sighs.

RICHARD

Well, it is a nice night.

He then gently lays her down on the grassy backyard and lays on his back, too, looking up at the sky. Then he looks at Rylie, completely passed out, and can't help reaching over to move a strand of hair.

He gasps when he realises what he almost did and looks about ready to bolt, but then stops and lays down before her.

RICHARD

Sometimes I forget she's gone when I look at you, you know. For a second I wonder if her death was just a bad dream.

Rylie is still asleep.

RICHARD

There'll never be another one like her. And I don't want there to be.

Rylie stirs in her sleep, then wakes up. She then notices Richard beside her and grabs her head.

RICHARD

Well, good to see you're awake. Think you can get inside okay? I'm gonna go home.

He starts to get up and Rylie grabs onto him.

RYLIE

No, don't. Richie... Don't go home.

RICHARD

I gotta.

RYLIE

I don't want you to. Stay with me.

She pulls him back down to the ground.

RYLIE

Remember how we used to do this when we were kids? Why'd we stop?

RICHARD

I dunno. After a while we just did. I guess we just sorta grew apart.

Beat.

RICHARD

Guess that was hard on you, huh.

Rylie doesn't answer.

RICHARD

You can just say so, you know. You don't have to pretend to be cool all the time.

RYLIE

You wanna fight?

RICHARD

Rachel used to say she wished she was more like you. Couldn't believe I picked her over you. Said if she were in my position, she'd never look twice at herself.

RYLIE

You're kidding.

RICHARD

She said a whole bunch of things I didn't understand at the time. But now that I think about it, she envied you like crazy. Said that at least you didn't pretend, while she couldn't afford not to.

RYLIE

You're making that up.

RICHARD

I'm not. She told me all this the last time I saw her, at the hospital. Made me promise to not let you be the last one to see her.

RYLIE

Dammit... That's just like her.

RICHARD

Yeah. Thinking of everyone else.

He gently pauses.

RICHARD

Maybe you're right, and I'm determined to be a tragedy just like her. Can't be helped, though, maybe one day when you fall in love yourself you'll get it. Though maybe that's a bad thing to hope happens to you.

He gets up and begins hoisting her up, too.

RICHARD

Now c'mon. Go sleep in your bed.

Rylie resists.

RYLIE

You're wrong, Richie. I do understand. I'm a tragedy, too. Not because I can't escape her, but because I don't want to, either.

Richard pauses, and Rylie looks up at him.

RYLIE

I... I guess I gotta come clean.
The truth is--

RICHARD

You have feelings for me.

RYLIE

W-what? You know?

RICHARD

Of course I know, Ry. I've known
forever.

RYLIE

Forever? Then...

RICHARD

Then you know I can't.

RYLIE

...Dammit.

She fishes her key out of her pocket.

RICHARD

I didn't wanna hurt you, Ry.

RYLIE

Yeah, well, neither did I. This was
a bad idea, I'm sorry.

She moves to go towards the door but Richard stops her.

RICHARD

It wasn't. We needed to talk about
it sooner or later. But I'm sorry,
you know it wasn't gonna happen.
You deserve an actual guy of your
own, not your sister's... widower,
or whatever I am.

Rylie hesitates.

RYLIE

...You're right. But I still
should've had you, I knew you
first.

RICHARD

You do have me.

He pulls her around so she's facing him. They hug.

RICHARD

You always have, even it's not how
you wanted.

They stay like that a while, reluctantly letting go.

RICHARD

And you're always gonna. If another
guy ever makes you cry, I'll kick
his ass.

RYLIE

Oh please, Richie. You know that's
my thing. If any girl ever makes
you cry, though...

RICHARD

Fair point.

Richard offers her his hand.

RICHARD

Wanna dance again?

Rylie nods, and takes his hand and they once again waltz as
dawn hits. WYATT and CHELSEA peek out from the window.
Chelsea groans as she gives a smiling Wyatt more money than
he's given her.