

"Peach"

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**INT. RESURANT - NIGHT**

SOPHIE COLLINS is sitting at a table, looking down and picking at a small dent at the edge of the table. She looks up and smiles.

Opposite her is PETER SPENCER, he looks straight into her eyes and smiles.

**Sophie**

So what do you look for in a girl?

**Peter**

Uh...

Peter smiles nervously. There is a pause as Sophie looks into Peter's eyes.

**Peter** [CONT'D]

[describing Sophie]

Well, she has to have blonde hair, blue eyes and...

Sophie crunches up her mouth and nose whist looking away, she then looks back at Peter and gives a reluctant smile.

**Peter** [CONT'D]

...and a mischievous smile.

**Sophie**

You're full of shit.

**Peter**

Maybe.

**Sophie**

Maybe.

**Peter**

Maybe.

**Sophie**

So you're not going to tell me?

**Peter**

[smiling]

No.

**Sophie**

Probably smart.

Peter takes a sip of wine from his glass.

**Peter**

So what do you want to do with the rest of your life?

**Sophie**  
Rest of my life?

**Peter**  
Yeah?

**Sophie**  
I don't know. I haven't really given much thought about it until now.

**Peter**  
It hasn't seemed important.

**Sophie**  
Yeah. Do you think about it much?

**Peter**  
Yeah. Sometimes.

Sophie continues to look into Peter's eyes and after a long pause she forces another smile.

**Sophie** [CONT'D]  
It doesn't feel like we're breaking up.

**Peter**  
I know.

**Sophie**  
It feels unreal, kind of like a dream.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sophie's eyes open and she takes a deep breath as she wakes up.

**INT. RESURANT - NIGHT**

**Sophie** [CONT'D]  
[forcing a smile]  
...or maybe a nightmare.

**Peter**  
[sympathetic]  
No.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sophie rolls over in bed; she stretches out as she lies alone.

**INT. RESURANT - NIGHT**

**Peter** [CONT'D]  
Would it have been better if I'd brought some fruit?

**Sophie**

Some fruit?

**Peter**

Maybe a peach.

Sophie's eyes widen and gigantic smile expands across her face.

**Sophie**

And then ride on the back of an elephant,  
yeah.

**Peter**

Yeah, a massive, dirty, stinking, blind  
elephant.

**Sophie**

[gasping]  
He didn't stink. Fred Astaire was an  
amazing and trusted steed.

**Peter**

He had conjunctivitis, in both eyes, with  
a rag wrapped around his head to make him  
seem more appealing.

**Sophie**

And he still managed to navigate the  
forest with the grace of a dancer.

**Peter**

Yeah, dancers in Stomp.

**Sophie**

[smiling]  
But when he picked the fruit from the  
trees and then gave it to us while we were  
riding on his back. That was amazing.

**Peter**

Yeah that was alright.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sophie sits up on the bed with her legs crossed while looking down toward her knees. She then raises her head and looks around the room.

**Sophie** [V.O.]

Yeah, that was a great trip.

#### **INT. RESURANT - NIGHT**

Peter reaches out to hold Sophie's hand, and Sophie pulls her hand away quickly.

**Sophie**

No, you don't get it both ways. You don't get to leave me and still think its ok to hold my hand.

**Peter**

Alright.

**Sophie**

You're the one pulling away, not me.

**Peter**

I know it's not easy for you but it's not easy for me either.

When you're given three months to live, you make some 'real' decisions on how you live your life and I don't feel as strong as I did two months ago and I definitely don't want you around to remember me as some sort of cripple with cancer.

**Sophie**

Surely, that's my decision to make.

**Peter**

No, it's not. I would like to have some dignity left.

[pause]

I'm going to go back home now and see my family. And you're going to be ok, you're going...

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sophie sits back on the end of her bed, staring at the wall.

**Peter** [V.O., CONT'D]

...wake up and all of this is going to seem like a distant memory. You're going to get on with your life and forget all about me.

Sophie closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

**The END.**