

# THE FISHWIFE

Script and concept by Clinton Smith

EXT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY.

Aerial God's-eye-view, moving in on main street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ever wonder what would happen if your wildest wish came true?  
Somewhere down there, someone's about to find out.

Theme up and super title: "JUST ONE WISH"

EXT. STORE. DAY.

We follow GLORIA along the street. She's a quietly attractive but severely short-sighted and reticent young woman with thick spectacles. She stops outside the LOON HING Chinese restaurant and peers at the fishtanks in the window - tanks packed with live crayfish and other edible varieties. She feels her way to entrance where the proprietor, WING DING, sweeps the pavement outside the door.

GLORIA

Excuse me. Is this the aquarium shop?

WING DING

This Loon Hing. I Wing Ding. You go nex' door. Nex' door.

GLORIA

Thank you.

She moves on to the shop next door, BLUE DREAM AQUARIUMS. The fish in the window here are multicoloured exotics. Again she stares in, squinting. Then reacts to the faint sound of classical music.

GLORIA

(TO HERSELF) Johann Sebastian.

INT. AQUARIUM SHOP. DAY.

Proprietor HANS KRAUT, is at the back of the shop, playing his cello.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Hans Kraut. A cultured man who relishes peace. But gets none. Because his wife never gives him any.

LOTTIE KRAUT, his frumpish and crass wife, carrying shopping bags, pushes into the shop. The warning bell on the door TING TINGS discordantly with the cello. Hans stops playing with a sigh.

LOTTIE

The price of things! Fourteen dollars for two bits of steak. And we haven't sold a tank in a week. If you forgot about music and put your mind on business, we'd be a darn side better off. Why I married a shopkeeper, I've no idea. Need my head read. (COMES UP TO HIM NASTILY.) Wing Ding, next door, makes a fortune out fish. Because he's got the good sense to sell them as food, not ornaments.

HANS

Fish make you calm. Fish bother no vone.

LOTTIE

(SIDELONG LOOK) Is that a slap at me? What're you saying?

HANS

I vish you ver a fish.

LOTTIE

Oh, that's nice. That's charming. Well I'm not. And you're stuck with it. Bleeding ineffectual dreamer. All you do is dream and scrape that bloody instrument. You're not a businessman's bootlace. Well there's a customer outside. And if she comes in, don't you make a mess of it. Sell her something. You hear?

She stalks off out the back of the shop.

Hans looks at the woman peering in the window. He'd love such a young and placid partner. A man can dream.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hans Kraut has just become a man who wishes his wife were a fish.  
And you know what they say - be careful what you wish for.

Super title: "THE FISHWIFE".

Gloria enters store - TING TING. Stumbles over the step.  
Hans rushes to support her.

GLORIA

Oh, thank you. My eyes aren't so good. Was someone in here just playing...?

HANS

Bach.

GLORIA

It sounded like one of his two-part sonatas.

HANS

Sadly, I am only one part.

She stumbles into his cello. Feels it.

GLORIA

Of course. I'm so sorry. (FEELS CELLO) What a lovely instrument.

HANS

You know about music?

GLORIA

It's my life.

HANS

You play?

GLORIA

Harpsichord.

HANS

How vonderful! (EAGERLY) I am Hans. Hans Kraut.

GLORIA

Good to meet you, Hans. (HAS SOME DIFFICULTY LOCATING HIS HAND TO SHAKE IT.) Gloria.

HANS

(CHARMED BY HER.) Gloria. In excelsis, no doubt?

She titters.

HANS

A pretty name. So, Gloria, how must I help you?

She peers at fish.

GLORIA

Well! (SIGH) My doctor says I should get some fish. He said I'd feel much calmer if I watched fish. You see he can't treat me systemically because it might do more damage to my eyes.

HANS

Very wise. Fish feed ze soul. Zey are as calming... as an adagio.

GLORIA

How beautifully put. You're quite a poet. (STARING AT FISH, NOSE ALMOST TOUCHING TANK) They're so... colourful. (INSPIRATION STRIKES) Could I... just stay here for a while and watch them. Just to

be sure.

Goes to get a chair for her.

HANS

Of course. Of course. Please sit.

Some delicate manoeuvring as she feels behind her, mistakes the upright of a display stand for the back of the chair and is about to miss the chair completely and sit down hard on the floor. Hans, adroitly repositions the chair beneath her neat rear.

GLORIA

Thank you.

HANS

No trouble. Ze pleasure is mine.

Lottie peers from rear door of the shop, watching him hover over Gloria.

LOTTIE

Psst.

He looks around and frowns, follows her out the back.

INT. BACK ROOM. DAY.

The room doubles as kitchen and sitting room and looks out on the back yard. There is a fish-net on a stick and an antique rod, crossed on the wall. They talk in conspiratorial hisses.

HANS

Vot is your problem?

LOTTIE

You. Sucking up to young women.

HANS

You tell me to make a sale.

LOTTIE

From where I sit, you're trying to make more than a sale.

HANS

Vot nonsense you talk.

LOTTIE

Wishing I was a fish!

HANS

It means I wish you would stop nagging me. You drive me insane.

LOTTIE

Because I curse the day I first set eyes on you.

HANS

Always you yell at me. Yelling, yelling, yelling. For years, you do nozzing but complain.

LOTTIE

Is this the man who begged me to marry him?

He is generally a mild person but, for some reason, the remark gets his goat. He yanks the wedding ring from his finger.

HANS

Thees ees vot I theenk of our marriage.

He flicks the ring at her. She has her mouth open, derisively.

The ring goes in.

She holds her throat, choking.

INT. THE DEPARTMENT.

It's a space with no horizons or joins, (photographer's `egg') painted light orange. GWEN, the Facilitator, a thickset female in orange dress and wearing orange phone headset, sits on orange office chair, a huge crystal globe in front of her. One or two other STAFF move through frame wearing conventional but all orange clothes and carrying small glass balls. UNA, younger than Gwen and pretty, drifts up to her, pointing at her ball and chuckling. The orange clothes are slightly deeper in tone than the orange background.

UNA

How about this? A man who wants his wife to be a fish! Do you think we should oblige him?

GWEN

No, I don't think this department turns women into fish.

UNA

Well at least it wouldn't destroy the world. I mean, (DISPLAYS THE GLOBE TO HER.) compared to a woman from Tuvalu who wants the sea level three metres lower and a Rabbi who wants to resurrect the lost tribes of Israel, it's a pretty reasonable ask.

GWEN

What about the poor woman who's going to end up with fins?

UNA

Serve her right. She's a bitch. She's given him hell him for years.

GWEN

Anyway, it's ridiculous.

UNA

No sillier than this one - changing the family dog into an intercontinental railway.

GWEN

Why does he want her to be a fish? Why not just... have her disappear?

UNA

Search me. All I'm saying is that turning a wife into a fish... is comparatively innocuous compared to...

The DEPARTMENT HEAD, a orange-suited sage in bifocals comes up.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Is there a problem?

GWEN

No, sir. Just a wish about a fish.

Department head looks quizzical, peers into the globe.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Turn his wife into a fish? (CHUCKLES) That's a new one.

GWEN

Pretty ridiculous.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

(HE SMILES) Still. Full marks for originality.

INT. BACK ROOM. DAY.

No time has passed. Lottie is still choking.

HANS

Lottie?

He hits her on the back. It doesn't work. Concerned, he runs to sink, pours glass of water. Gives it to her.

She swallows. The ring goes down. But she is out of danger.

HANS

Vere is ze ring?

She points to herself. He is aghast.

HANS

You - swallow it?

The store bell TING TINGS.

He sees she's all right, hurries out.

INT. AQUARIUM SHOP. DAY.

Gwen has entered shop. She now wears business clothes and carries a hard-cover folder full of forms and a pen, looks like a public servant.

GWEN

Good morning. I'm looking for Hans Kraut?

HANS

I am Kraut.

GWEN

How do you do. I'm Gwen, Facilitator Grade Three from the Department of Requests and Disbursements.

HANS

(ALARMED) I send ze activity statement.

GWEN

It's not about tax.

HANS

(MORE ALARMED) I am nationalised citizen.

GWEN

It's not about immigration. It's a personal matter. And the best thing would be if I could see you and your wife together and explain it.

HANS

My Wife? (CONFUSED) Come, please.

He ushers her through to back of shop.

INT. BACK ROOM. DAY.

The astonished Lottie and confused Hans, are sitting around the table listening to Gwen who is putting forms out to show them.

LOTTIE

(TO HANS) You rotten mongrel. You spread this around?

HANS

(TO GWEN) Thees is practical joke, no?

GWEN

No.

HANS

No?

GWEN

Certainly not. We don't authorise many requests like this but occasionally, one gets passed.

HANS

Ees crazy.

GWEN

You *did* make the wish.

He nods.

GWEN

And meant it?

LOTTIE

He meant it, all right. The mongrel.

GWEN

Good. So just a few conditions. Basically, when your wife becomes a fish, you're not allowed to harm her. You have to feed her and care for her as you would any other fish in the shop. Is that quite clear?

LOTTIE

(TO GWEN) You for real? Who exactly do you think you are? Coming in here, spouting crap? Look. That's a ten year old telly. There's nothing here to steal. No computer. No DVD. You've picked the wrong place, to check out. (GRABS THE PHONE) I'm calling the police.

GWEN

I'd think twice about that, Mrs Kraut.

LOTTIE

Try and stop me.

GWEN

Because you're only allowed one call before the transformation.

LOTTIE

Before the *what*?

GWEN

Before you become a fish. Now. (TO HANS) Is there a particular fish you have in mind?

HANS

N-no. You decide.

GWEN

Because, in matters like this, it's best to be specific. I assume we're not talking big fish? Tuna, shark...?

HANS

No, no. Leetle fish. (HE SHOWS LENGTH WITH HANDS.)

LOTTIE

Have you two gone *mad*?

GWEN

(WRITING) Well that's pretty simple. Let's say a thirty centimetre fish. (CHECKS WATCH. THEN, TO LOTTIE.) Now, we don't have much time, so, Mrs Kraut, I suggest you make your call.

LOTTIE

You've got a nerve.

Gwen hands Hans forms.

GWEN

And Mr Kraut, you need to sign here, here and here...

Lottie snatching at forms.

LOTTIE

Incredible. Give me those.

Close up of forms. They are very official with the Department of Wishes and Disbursements crest. Waiver. Release and Indemnity.

LOTTIE

You printed up this horseshit? I'm lost for words.

HANS

Would be first time in your life.

Hans snatches forms back for her and begins to sign them.

Gwen passes Lottie the phone.

GWEN

One call.

Lottie, worried now, looks at her savagely, dials.

LOTTIE

Mildred? It's Lottie. Don't worry about that now. I'm in trouble. ...There's a mad woman here and she's got Hans signing forms. ...about turning me into a fish. ...That's exactly what I said. *A fish.* ...

Hans has signed the last of the forms. Gwen checks them and nods.

LOTTIE

...Of course it's mad. But if anything funny happens to me. Are you listening? Are you listening? If I don't ring back in half an hour, I

want you to look over the fence and see what's going on. ...I don't know. ...Tear the house down if you have to. You hear? You...

Suddenly, where Lottie was on the chair, is a flapping trout.

Hans's jaw drops. Gwen puts forms back in her briefcase and gets up.

GWEN

Well, I think that's about it.

But the fish talks.

LOTTIE

Hey! What the hell do you think you're playing at?

HANS

Sheizer. She still talks!

GWEN

Well, you said nothing about her not talking.

LOTTIE

You bastards. You filthy rotten swines. You mongrels... Haaa. Haaa.  
(GASPING)

HANS

But fish *don't* talk. Ze whole point of her being a fish vas not to talk.

GWEN

Well that makes good logical sense. But these things are very tricky. Hence our policy of all care but no responsibility. Like I said, it's always best to be specific.

LOTTIE

Haaa. Haaa. I'm suffocating. Water! Water!

Hans, looking at fish, stunned.

GWEN

I think you'd better attend to her.

Hans comes back to life, grabs the net off the wall and scoops her up.

HANS

Mein Gott. Lottie. Don't flap.

Gwen consulting the forms again.

GWEN

According to the brief you have a pond out the back. I suggest you put her out there. Then you won't hear her. Problem solved. Well, must be off. Have fun.

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

Hans with the fish in the net, rushes to the old pond by the back shed.

LOTTIE

(YELLING) My God. You'll pay for this. Mildred. Mildred!

MILDRED, an overweight endomorphic housewife hanging out her washing next door, lumbers to the fence but can't see Lottie.

MILDRED

Lottie? You all right?

Hans dumps fish in pond. Hurries back to the house.

MILDRED

Hans? What are you up to? Where's Lottie?

HANS

Hello, Mildred. I have customer waiting. We talk later, Ja?

He hurries into house.

LOTTIE

(DISTANT VOICE CALLING) Mildred. Mildred.

Mildred, still lingering by the fence, frowns, puts hands to ears. She can hear her name but can't see anyone.

INT. AQUARIUM SHOP. DAY.

Hans has rejoined Gloria who has fallen asleep against the tank. He shakes her gently.

HANS

Gloria?

GLORIA

Oh. I'm so sorry. I must have drifted off. But isn't that wonderful? It shows they really do *calm* you.

HANS

I think it shows your glucose levels are low. Perhaps you would like a cup of tea.

GLORIA

Oh, that would be nice.

She almost walks into the counter. But he guides her adroitly past it to the door.

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

Mildred is very suspicious. She stops hanging out the washing and opens a gate in the fence between the two backyards.

INT. BACK ROOM. DAY.

Hans and Gloria are getting on supremely well. Except that Gloria, is sugaring the small bowl of flowers near her cup. Hans quickly switches both so things come right.

GLORIA

Yes but very few harpsichords built during the seventeenth century possessed a sixteen foot register. So their lower range lacked depth. Although it probably had plenty of power.

HANS

Do you realise we could play duet sonatas?

GLORIA

Bach sonatas. He wrote three for gamba and harpsichord. And the gamba's place can be taken by the cello.

HANS

Which has greater expressive power. Then Beethoven wrote five for cello and pianoforte.

GLORIA

Don't you love the A major, Opus 68?

HANS

With ze *Scherzo* in the tonic minor?

GLORIA

Oh, Hans. (SHOCKED LITTLE LAUGH) I think we're soulmates.

She is delicately about to drink from the sugar bowl.

HANS

I theenk so, too.

He corrects her gently and guides her hand to her cup.

GLORIA

We *must* play together.

HANS

That... is decided.

GLORIA

I'm so glad.

HANS

But, tell me. Vy are you nervous?

GLORIA

(SIGHS) I suppose, because, since my husband died, I've had no one to cherish me and... look after me. The eyes are a problem, of course, but it's not so much that. It's hard to say this to a stranger but I... (SHE BLURTS IT, BLUSHING) The male/female relationship. I miss it so much.

He takes her hand.

HANS

I, too.

GLORIA

But... don't you have a wife?

HANS

My wife is a... (THINKS QUICKLY) queer fish. Ve are - how you say - separated by vater.

GLORIA

She's overseas?

HANS

And never will come back.

GLORIA

Poor thing. You must be suffering, too .

HANS

For years I have been lonesome. Forgive me for being so bold. But do you think two lonesome people who love music could - how to say...

She grasps his hands.

GLORIA

You know, it's strange but... I feel confident with you. You have a warm heart. I can tell.

During this speech, Mildred has appeared at the window. Her eyes narrow at what she sees. So Hans has disposed of his wife some way? So that he can be with this younger woman?

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

The pond is murky. Bubbles break on the surface.

LOTTIE

Mud and filth. You expect me to breathe in this? It's dis-gusting. Hans? You heard what she said. I want a proper, filtered tank.

Mildred creeping toward pond, hand to her ear.

MILDRED

Lottie? (TO HERSELF) The bastard's locked her in the shed.

LOTTIE

Mildred? Is that you?

MILDRED

Lottie? Where are you?

Mildred makes it to the shed, pulls the bolt and looks in. No Lottie.

She stares around the back yard, puzzled, looks around the pond. Lifts the lid of a plastic bin for garden refuse. She's a slow thinker and confused.

LOTTIE

Mildred! I'm in the pond.

MILDRED

Pond?

LOTTIE

Use your bloody eyes, you stupid cow.

Mildred sees the bubbles, gasps.

MILDRED

(KNEELS AT POND) Lottie?

LOTTIE

I'm here.

Mildred doesn't get it.

LOTTIE

I'm the *fish*.

Mildred's jaw drops. She begins to quiver. Which, considering her size, is not a pretty sight.

MILDRED

Oh, my gawd. I'm dreaming.

LOTTIE

For God's sake, get your act together. Get a bucket. Get me out of here.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Hans and Gloria are holding hands.

GLORIA

And then he just... wasted away.

HANS

Such tragedies in life.

GLORIA

You're so... understanding. Well, I suppose we should... talk about the price of fish.

HANS

I suppose we should.

It's the last thing either of them want to do.

HANS

(GATHERS COURAGE) Gloria?

GLORIA

Yes, Hans.

HANS

I so seldom have someone to talk to. I wonder if you would consider...  
joining me for lunch?

GLORIA

(DELIGHTED) Oh, what a lovely thought. It's *years* since I've been taken to lunch.

HANS

(BEAMS) Then it's settled, no? Gut. Gut.

Thrilled and energised, he gets a bottle from the fridge.

HANS

(DISPLAYS BOTTLE) Liebfraumilch.

She puts her hand out and feels the bottle.

GLORIA

Perfect.

HANS

I just lock up and we go.

She gets up.

GLORIA

Do you mind if I use your toilet?

HANS

Straight behind you.

She turns and opens cupboard door and we fear she will soon be sitting down on the ringer mop bucket. He guides her to the real door. They are considerate to each other, touch each other shyly.

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

Mildred has a plastic bucket and is getting the fish from the pond.

LOTTIE

You dozy cow. Is that the biggest you could find?

MILDRED

You're always complaining. I'm surprised you're not a carp.

LOTTIE

Oh, funny bubble. Ha-ha.

MILDRED

Well, come on. Are you getting in or not?

She lifts bucket out of the pond and struggles off with it toward the gate in the fence.

MILDRED

Stupid business. I'm getting sick of this.

LOTTIE

It's all very well for you. I ask you to do one simple thing...

MILDRED

Well, I'm doing it, aren't I?

LOTTIE

Reluctantly.

Mildred puts the bucket down, angry.

LOTTIE

Don't slop me. What on earth are you *doing*?

MILDRED

Either you behave. Or I throw you back?

LOTTIE

Don't use that tone with me, Mildred Pierce. I'm the victim here. Not you. So get that straight for a start.

Splashes come out of the bucket and drench her.

MILDRED

How... dare you.

She brushes herself off, then looks up and sees Hans coming to lock the back door.

In a moment, he'll see her. She grabs up the bucket and gets through the gate.

She waddles down the aisle between the houses and out into the street, talking to the bucket. She has a spiteful streak and is determined to get her own back.

MILDRED

Just for your information, Hans has got himself a new bird. I saw them in there. Holding hands.

LOTTIE

What?

MILDRED

Dark horse there. Take him long.

LOTTIE

What's she look like?

MILDRED

Young brunette. Nice figure.

LOTTIE

Not that blind bitch? I'll kill him.

Mildred makes it through the front gate but bangs the bucket.

LOTTIE

For God's sake, watch what you're doing. Mildred? Where are you taking me?

Mildred is hurrying down road. As she passes the Blue Dream, Hans is helping Gloria down the step.

MILDRED

Oh, gawd, they're coming out.

LOTTIE

What?

MILDRED

Hans and the girl.

Hans frowns at the spectacle of his neighbour hurrying along the street talking to a bucket.

LOTTIE

Where are you taking me? Mildred?

MILDRED

(PUTS HER FACE PRACTICALLY INTO THE BUCKET) I don't *know*.  
I'm thinking. I'm thinking.

LOTTIE

That'd be a change.

MILDRED

If you want me to get you out of this, shut up! Or I'll tip you down the drain.

Lottie now has the message, shuts up.

Mildred hurries into the Chinese restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Wing Ding is behind the takeaway counter and behind him, seen through a servery hatch, is his wife LIN DING.

WING DING

Hello. Nice day. What you got.

MILDRED

A fish.

WING DING

Fish. (LOOKS AT IT, POINTS TO TANK.) We have fish.

MILDRED

I want you to keep it for me. Just... put it in one of your tanks. And I'll get it later. Right?

WING DING

Why fish? Why?

MILDRED

(LOSING PATIENCE) Don't ask.

WING DING

Fish for Wing Ding? Loon Hing?

MILDRED

Look. You wouldn't understand.

He still waits for answer.

MILDRED

I'm trying to help a battered wife.

WING DING

Batter. Fine. Salt or vinegar?

MILDRED

No. Not to eat. To mind. In the tank. You get it?

WING DING

Just to mind. Okay.

It's all the same to him. No, he doesn't understand but he doesn't waste time on imponderables. He tips fish into tank with other fish, gives her back the bucket.

Mildred, relieved, hurries out again.

INT TANK. DAY.

Lottie is confronted with other trout.

LOTTIE

Oh, shit. I'm in with bleeding clones. Don't bump me, you brain-dead bastards or I'll gum you to death.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Hans and Gloria are walking to the restaurant. Gloria brushes against a telegraph pole.

GLORIA

I wish people would watch where they're going.

Mildred approaching, gives Hans a nasty look as she passes him.

HANS

Mildred?

She goes past, nose in the air.

He doesn't understand what he's done wrong.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Hans pulls out chair for Gloria. They sit. Win Ding is opening bottle.

WIN DING

An' today special. Fillet trout.

GLORIA

Sounds good.

HANS

(HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS) For two. And dim sims to start.

WING DING

Flied lice, two dim sim and Loon Hing trout a la Ding. I bring.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

At tanks, Lin is netting trout.

LOTTIE

Stupid bitch! Pick one of these zombies. Not me.

Lin looks around but can see no one.

She takes the flapping Lottie to the kitchen bench and picks up knife.

LOTTIE

No. Lin Ding. Lin Ding.

LIN

It say my name?

LOTTIE

It's me. Lottie. Lottie from next door. Haaa. Haaa. Can't... breathe.  
Help! Help!

Lin recoils from the bench, eyes wide as Win Ding comes back into the kitchen.

WING DING

Two trout. Chop, chop. What wrong with you? Why look like that.

LIN DING

The fish. It talk.

WIN DING

Fish talk? You mad.

LIN DING

No. It *talk*. Say my name.

WING DING

You mad. (CACKLES) Fish talk! Huh! (APPLIES EAR TO FISH IN  
SATIRICAL WAY.) Hello, fish. Hello? You are receiving me?  
Testing. One, two, three?

LOTTIE

(CHOKING) Haaaa. Haaaa.

WING DING

(STRAIGHTENS) Make funny noise. But not talk.

LOTTIE

Haaa...

He picks up cleaver and brings it down - THOCK.

WIN DING

Anyway, not talk now.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Hans and Gloria have finished their dim sims and are having a wonderful time.

HANS

I totally agree. Bach sits on ze knees of Gott. But I'm also fond of ze Renaissance.

GLORIA

Monteverdi. The Vespers. Divine! And Orpheo...

HANS

And Return of Ulysses...

GLORIA

Superb. And Poppea...

HANS

The duet. Sublime sensual richness. Lyricism so exquisite it fuses vonder wis... ze enlightened anguish of bliss.

GLORIA

You took the words out of my mouth.

They are in transports and slightly sozzled. He pours them more wine.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Wing Ding is picking up the plates of garnished Lottie.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

GLORIA

Do you realise that... Monteverdi... introduced the unprepared entrance of dissonances.

HANS

Ze dominant seventh and ninth.

GLORIA

Yes! Yes! (SHE IS OVERWHELMED) You don't know what it *means* to me to have someone who understands.

Wing Ding arrives with the main course.

WING DING

Trout a la Ding.

They beam, and when he has left, touch their glasses, eyes liquid with joy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, Hans and Gloria discovered they were meant for each other.

ECU as fork parts fillets. The ring is there.

Hans stops chewing and seems about to be sick. Then he manfully swallows and almost throws up with the thought of it.

HANS

Mein Gott!

She peers short-sightedly.

GLORIA

Is something wrong?

HANS

(BRAVELY) No. No.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After all, it's not every man who can render an obnoxious wife digestible. As for marriage...

He looks at Gloria with love and cleans up ring with his napkin.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

Match diss to ring as he places it on her finger and widen to see scene. The blushing bride. The loving groom.

The organist strikes up Bach.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ah, yes. Marriage. Generally, the ultimate blunder. But, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Preferably with the ideal person. And your dearest wish... may come true.

As we widen, we spot among the friends and relations, Gwen and Una indulgently smiling.

Theme up and roll titles.