

INT. BEACH CHURCH

Daphne and Roger look around at the empty pews of this modest New England style church.

ROGER

God? Are you there? It's me, Roger.

Daphne punches him in the shoulder.

DAPHNE

Ha ha.

A WASPY MINISTER, 50s, salt and pepper butch haircut, kind eyes, approaches.

MINISTER

I think I know why you're here.

ROGER

We're ready for business.

MINISTER

You certainly get points for enthusiasm.

DAPHNE

When you know you know.

MINISTER

Ah love. It's just wonderful. Can I please see your license?

DAPHNE

License?

ROGER

We love each other. That's not enough?

MINISTER

Sorry. It's the law. No escaping.

DAPHNE

Fuck!

Roger LAUGHS.

MINISTER

Excuse you.

DAPHNE

I'm so sorry. It's just.

She's losing control.

MINISTER

Three days, my dear. Then I'll be more than happy to marry you.

She smiles patronizingly at them.