

Mother Of The Bride

David (Sides)

The lamp casts a warm glow, shadows soft against the walls. Emily lies on her side, staring at nothing. David slips in beside her, his arm brushing hers.

DAVID

You've been quiet all night. What's on your mind?

Emily turns, hesitating before speaking.

EMILY

It's something Aunt Trish said earlier... about Kammi.

David studies her face.

DAVID

Are you going to tell me?

EMILY

She said there's something about Kammi that doesn't sit right.

David leans back against the headboard, thoughtful.

DAVID

And what do you think?

Emily exhales.

EMILY

I don't know. Kammi's been so helpful...

David reaches over, taking her hand, steady and firm.

DAVID

I'll be honest. Kammi's done a lot for us. I appreciate that.

DAVID

But the truth? The jury's still out for me. We don't know her. Not really.

Emily bites her lip, uneasy.

EMILY

So you think Aunt Trish might be right?

David softens, squeezing her hand.

DAVID

I think she's protecting you. That's what family does. Doesn't mean Kammi's bad. Doesn't mean she's good either. Just... be sure.

Emily sighs.

DAVID

No more talk about either of them. Come here.

He kisses her gently, easing the weight from her shoulders. She lets out a small laugh against his lips, and he deepens the kiss. His hand slides across her waist, pulling her closer.

She responds, her fingers curling into his shirt, her body melting into his. The kiss grows slower, warmer, heavier, until she rolls onto her back and he follows.