

Rosalene prided herself as a serious student of the Mysteries, and therefore regarded her school's rather raucous celebration of the Feast of the Greater Saints a frivolous distraction at best and utterly improper at worst. That is not to say she was not looking forward to the occasion, however - the festivities in the quad and courtyards meant that, ironically, Temple of Saints would be uncharacteristically quiet in the morning, giving her the perfect opportunity to work on her beloved translations in peace.

What Rosalene didn't know, however, is that another student had made his way to the Temple that morning, nor that this student was equally dedicated, though to a very different discipline...

Int. TEMPLE HALL, mid-morning

An exasperated-looking STUDENT (in her early 20s, light blonde, big blue eyes, hair tied back) seems to be struggling to translate an inscription carved on the stone walls of the hall. She repeatedly writes, then scribbles out, then re-writes notes in a stuffed notebook all the while checking a small translator she brought along with her. A large statue of a sad looking famous saint looms over her.

As she finishes a row, she suddenly notices a MAN coming out of the inner side doorway to her right, behind the altar.

The MAN speaks in a soft but bright and clear voice.

"My, Saint Caspian, your taste in company has improved!"

The STUDENT turns to see a very handsome MAN standing in the inner side doorway to the TEMPLE HALL. He has black hair that falls in wavy curls around his neck and just above his golden eyes, which seem to catch and somehow refract each light source in the room, such that they shimmer as he approaches. He is wearing a very well-fitting and expensive-looking midnight blue tunic with silver trimming and holding a miniature, well-used easel in one hand and a stick of charcoal in the other. His hands are, somehow, very clean.

As he makes his way over to stand beside her, the MAN continues speaking:

"Usually good Saint Caspian only entertains the fussy old men who tend his offering boxes. Or myself, I suppose."

He reaches her and addresses the statue by cocking his head lazily to the side. "What does that make me, eh, grandfather?"

There's a beat. The STUDENT realizes that she is meant to speak next.

STUDENT: "Lord Primrose!"

She attempts a curtsy. He blinks, utterly guileless.

STUDENT: "I'm sorry, I did not realize you would be in residence today, ser."

PRIMROSE lets out a small amused laugh, very friendly and open.

PRIMROSE: "'In residence?' My, I really must stop visiting you so frequently, grandfather. The people have begun to talk!"

The STUDENT, hurrying to gather her things, drops her notebook. Without missing a beat, PRIMROSE picks it up, holding it open with his thumb, index, and middle fingers while still holding the charcoal in the same hand between his ring finger and pinky.

PRIMROSE: "You're correct, though - I'm not working today. Even we ever-diligent nobles take off the Holy Days."

As he speaks, he lazily flips through pages of the notebook, scanning them with his golden eyes.

"Though it would seem particularly-dedicated students do not?"

The STUDENT moves as if to reach out for the notebook, remembers herself, and turns away quickly, embarrassed. She picks without looking at him.

STUDENT: "Oh yes, well, it's just that something was - I'm sorry, I guess I lost track of time. I'll take my leave, Lord Primrose, if I could just have my -"

As she reaches for the notebook, he pivots a single step away from her, so naturally that he somehow seems to be moving much slower than she is. His movements are graceful, such that he almost appears to be dancing.

As he turns away, he uses his fingers to snap the notebook closed forcefully, as if he had committed a shameful transgression by opening it, but still does not return it. Instead, he taps the spine to his brow, in mock consternation.

PRIMROSE: "Aah, please no! It is I who must apologize. The first pleasant company my grandfather's had in so long, and on such a blessed day, and I scared her off with my boorishness."

He turns the notebook over in his fingers and turns to address the statue again, still walking toward the statue.

PRIMROSE: "It's no wonder the two of us are here together so often."

The STUDENT starts.

STUDENT: "Oh no ser, I did not mean--"

In her eagerness to clear up the misunderstanding, the STUDENT bounds forward and collides with PRIMROSE, who had just begun to turn back around to face her himself. The NOTEBOOK and EASEL are both sent clattering to the ground at the opposite end of each person.

The STUDENT is mortified and rushes to pick everything up. PRIMROSE looks undisturbed and slowly reaches out for her notebook again, apparently completely unconcerned with his own effects.

STUDENT: "Oh my gosh! I'm so SO sorry my lord, I didn't realize--"

She forgets what she's saying when she sees the sketch on his easel: it is not a charcoal drawing of the saint - or, at least, he is not its primary subject. Instead, it's a drawing of her, bathed in light from the windows and examining the etchings on the wall intensely and she writes in her notebook. She looks beautiful. Unfortunately, knocking the drawing to the ground produced a large streak over most of the rest of the drawing.

STUDENT: "What is this..?"

She doesn't realize PRIMROSE is next to her until he quietly holds out her notebook next to her arm. She jumps, and would have collided with him again, except that this time he's ready, and softly catches her in his arms. He laughs good-naturedly before slowly releasing her and politely stepping backward.

PRIMROSE: "Flattered as I am, the dances aren't until this evening, my lady."

The STUDENT looks crestfallen, tears welling up in her eyes, and is clearly at a loss for words. She hands him his easel with two hands outstretched and shaking, her head down.

STUDENT: "I-I'm sorry, milord, I think I've ruined your drawing."

PRIMROSE moves forward to comfort her, graciously taking the easel from her. When he sees the easel, however, he stifles a small gasp, as if he had forgotten what he had drawn there. He takes a single stride away from her, still holding the notebook, and speaks in a near-whisper:

PRIMROSE: "Oh my, no, it is I who must apologize. I... didn't mean for you to see this. You see, it's actually quite unbecoming of me--"

She is stammering, unbalanced by the sudden shift in dynamic.

STUDENT: "Not at all, I -"

He continues.

PRIMROSE: "It's only that you were such a radiant sight as you were studying. I felt compelled to capture the moment, but I didn't want to disturb you just to satisfy my own vanity. I see how inconsiderate I've been. Please forgive me, I'll take my leave--"

He turns away from her and pulls out an oil cloth as if to wipe the canvas clean, pocketing her notebook in one smooth, utterly natural motion as he does so.

For her part, the STUDENT has completely forgotten the notebook as she closes the distance between them, nearly tripping over herself on the way.

STUDENT: "No, wait!"

Stumbling forward, she grabs his arm to prevent him from wiping the easel clean. Suddenly, he becomes almost preternaturally still. She realizes what she's done and pulls back with violent speed.

STUDENT: "Oh, I'm so sorry again! I don't know why I keep forgetting myself!"

PRIMROSE unfreezes from his feet up, seeming to stretch back into motion like a cat waking up from a nap. He lets out a gentle laugh and folds the oil rag in half with his fingers before placing it back in his tunic pocket, unused.

PRIMROSE: "You really must stop apologizing. There's no law against touching nobility, particularly not the good-for-nothing sons of nobility."

STUDENT smiles shyly and laughs a little, brushing her hair back absentmindedly

PRIMROSE: "Truly, it is I who must beg *your* forgiveness. It is not right of me to take your likeness without your permission. And to do you such poor justice to you besides!"

PRIMROSE diminishes. He looks suddenly disgusted with himself. The STUDENT jumps to comfort him.

STUDENT: "No! Not at all! I meant only to stop you from destroying such a work of art! Though I do not deserve such a generous rendering!"

PRIMROSE looks confused as he looks from his drawing to her.

PRIMROSE: "What, this?"

PRIMROSE does his level-best to look mock-offended.

PRIMROSE: "Well, now I believe you **should** apologize!"

STUDENT starts, looking shocked and afraid.

STUDENT: "Oh! I'm... so sorry my Lord!"

There's a small beat. The room becomes very quiet.

STUDENT: "But... um... for what, exactly, should I apologize..?"

PRIMROSE's facade drops, and he lets a mischievous smile slip. He answers slowly.

PRIMROSE: "Well, you must have quite a low opinion of me as an artist if you think this is the best I could do with such a subject."

STUDENT blushes.

STUDENT: "Oh no, my Lord, I would never say anything of the sort. Everyone knows you're one of the most talented..."

PRIMROSE senses her trailing off and interjects, ramping up, speaking louder and with mock-formality:

PRIMROSE: "But I understand where such an evaluation would come from, of course."

He looks toward the statue longingly, tossing his hair back from out of his eyes with one hand. STUDENT follows his gaze upward.

PRIMROSE: "With such a wondrous subject such as yourself, and under such auspicious circumstances - here, in the crypt of my honored grandfather, on the morn of the Feast of Greater Saints itself - I thought I might at last compose my masterpiece."

He looks down at his drawing.

PRIMROSE: "Although, perhaps..."

STUDENT looks down from the statue to see that PRIMROSE is regarding her curiously. She blushes again. She can't seem to meet his gaze.

STUDENT: "Wh--what is it, my lord?"

PRIMROSE takes a step closer to her, still regarding her closely. She tries not to squirm.

PRIMROSE: "Perhaps you might give me an opportunity to make up for my rudeness... properly?"

STUDENT is quite nervous and confused, but can't quite resist.

STUDENT: "I-I don't understand, my Lord. Apologize for what..?"

He smiles. He's getting quite close to her.

STUDENT: "Apologize... how?"

Suddenly PRIMROSE looks bashful and maybe a little embarrassed. He takes a step and a half back from her. She takes half a step forward.

STUDENT: "My Lord..?"

PRIMROSE: "Please forgive the presumption. I only thought..."

He pauses, clears his throat. He's working up to something, still.

PRIMROSE: "I've realized that the reason my drawing bears such poor likeness to the majesty of the occasion may be because I worked in secret. I was cowardly for fear of frightening you and losing my scene."

STUDENT doesn't know how to respond.

He addresses her head-on, with surprising formality.

PRIMROSE: "True art cannot bloom under cowardice. Please, Rosalene, let me attempt to correct my mistake: allow me to draw you again, properly this time."

ROSALENE is stunned. There is a pregnant pause. It feels as though all the air goes out of the room.

STUDENT: "You want to--how do you know my name..?"

PRIMROSE exhales and begins breathing again. He stares at her for a second and blinks, as if he doesn't understand her question; of course he knows her name, they're old friends.

PRIMROSE: "How do I - Oh! Please, how stupid of me, now you must forgive me once again..."

He produces her NOTEBOOK, which has her name inscribed on its cover, and hands it back to her.

It takes ROSALENE a moment to realize what she's looking at.

ROSALENE: "Oh!"

She takes it quickly but he holds onto it, so they're standing close and clutching the NOTEBOOK together.

PRIMROSE: "Oh, please, Miss Rosalene, if you would only model for me now, while we have this moment..."

She takes a step back, quite flustered now.

ROSALENE: "M-miss..? Bu-but I... I'm not..."

PRIMROSE inches up on the NOTEBOOK, taking her hands. She barely notices, because she's staring into his eyes, finally meeting his gaze.

PRIMROSE: "Rosalene, I believe you and I can create a masterpiece here, together. Will you help me?"

ROSALENE feels herself drawing closer to him almost subconsciously. Drawing herself up on tips of her toes, they are nearly face-to-face...

Suddenly, she reacts as if she remembers something, and gasps, breaking eye contact. He blinks.

She pulls the NOTEBOOK away and takes several steps back, looking down at the floor as her face turns a deep red.

PRIMROSE speaks softly and quietly, as if to himself.

PRIMROSE: "Aah, of course. Forgive me... I forgot myself in the moment."

The STUDENT is staring at the floor, hard. She has withdrawn into herself and looks almost ashamed.

He chuckles to himself derisively.

PRIMROSE: "To think I've become such a sentimental artist." (Addressing the statue) "What must you think, seeing my sorry display, grandfather? Perhaps they're all right about me, after all."

ROSALENE blurts it out all at once, suddenly, clutching the NOTEBOOK hard to her chest.

ROSALENE: "What would you have me do?!"

PRIMROSE looks shocked, and lets his mouth hang agape for only a moment before composing himself and striding closer to her.

She allows him to get close, then retreats about a third of the distance he covers.

PRIMROSE: "Does... does this mean you'll model for me, Miss Rosalene? Truly?!"

His eyes are pleading, his tone earnest. He has one hand over his chest as if to stop his beating heart.

ROSALENE: "I... I suppose... I couldn't refuse a request from... If... if you'll let me stay and study her while you're working..."

PRIMROSE beams. She's never seen a smile like his.

PRIMROSE: "Of course, of course! I wanted to compose you as you worked in any event! That's splendid--splendid!"

He has covered the distance. He takes her hands. With great difficulty, she looks up at him.

PRIMROSE: "Oh, will you truly help me? Thank you, Miss Rosalene!"

ROSALENE: "Rosalene."

She says it very quietly.

He peers at her, leaning forward.

PRIMROSE: "Pardon?"

Louder this time.

ROSALENE: "Rosalene, m-my Lord. My name is just..."

As she speaks she looks up at him again and what she sees stuns her out of talking. All of the fear and anxiety is completely gone from his face. He looks enraptured with her, and fully in control. He whispers.

PRIMROSE: "Rosalene, then. Thank you. Shall we get started, Rosalene?"

He's still holding her hands. She can only nod.

PRIMROSE: "Splendid. But before we begin, there's just one thing, Rosalene."

She looks pleadingly at him.

ROSALENE: "Yes, my Lord?"

He smiles.

PRIMROSE: "That."

He chuckles softly and kindly, as if resolving a misunderstanding with an old friend.

PRIMROSE: "I do so hate to be called 'My Lord,' especially by a peer and fellow scholar such as yourself. We're both merely students, there's no need to stand on ceremony here."

ROSALENE searches his face, but he simply smiles.

ROSALENE: "Then...?"

He grins at her.

PRIMROSE: "Well, I should think you would know it. It's his name too, remember?"

He cocks his head briefly toward the statue.

She takes her hands back and looks up at the statue, almost transfixed.

ROSALENE: "Lysander... Prim--"

LYSANDER CASPIAN PRIMROSE III takes a step forward and very tenderly stops her lips before she can finish his name, turning her head back toward him.

LYSANDER: "Just... Lysander, Rosalene. Please. Call me Lysander."

ROSALENE takes one half step back.

ROSALENE: "Yes... My I--Lysander. I will."

LYSANDER nods and smiles beautifully. He takes her arm and guides her toward the altar. She's still looking up at him.

LYSANDER: "Splendid. Let's begin."