AIMEE (or AMY) MARTIN, late thirties. Co-owner, with her husband Chuck, of Martin Estates Wineries. The responsible one.

AIMEE: The dishes look absolutely delicious! Were you talking to Chuck? Is he Here?

DESIREE: Afraid not, darling. Just me, myself and I in here. By the way, I don't suppose you're expecting any rich eligible bachelors to your little do?

AIMEE: Still trolling for a wealthy husband, are you?

DESIREE: Darling, you make it sound so unbearably vulgar! I'm a woman still in her prime, you know, a poor widow, and I do have periods of terrible loneliness sometimes…

AIMEE: Not to mention periods of terrible debt. You do realize you have a shopping addiction problem.

DESIREE: I don't have a problem! A woman of my status deserves to present herself Well!

AIMEE: Whatever you say.

DESIREE: Besides, if you'd just take me on as a partner in the winery, I wouldn't –

AIMEE: (matter of fact) Not going to happen, Desiree. You didn't see fit to join Maman, Papa and me when we came here, you wanted to stay in France. You showed no interest in the winery whatsoever over the years until boom, one day your husband dies and all of a sudden family and the vineyard "mean everything to you"? It's too late now.

DESIREE: You were thinking about taking me on before, up until you married whats-his-name! I am your older sister!

AIMEE: I know. And I love you, despite your faults. But the only way you'd come into this winery is if I were to die. You might as well know now: by my will the winery will go to my youngest blood relative. If we don't have kids, and it's not looking like we will, it'll be yours. So if you stick around long enough you might have a chance to destroy it years from now.

DESIREE: But Aimee –

AIMEE: I keep telling you, go look for a job.