

Grosie Gardens Baby Shoppe, the best place to get your last minute baby supplies- and we it needed fast. It was time for the kid to come out and Lucy wanted more stuff for him.

It's September 2nd,1903. My name is Lawrence Exeter and I'm pacing this room because my wife went into labor over an hour ago. Oh, here comes the doc.

"How is she, doc? How's the kid?"

" The baby is fine, you have a healthy, baby boy but your wife didn't make it. I'm sorry Mr. Exeter, we tried our best but she was just too exhausted and went too sleep. She didn't wake up. About your son, we'll send somebody to help you with him and you'll need to bring him in next month for a checkup so we can make sure everything is going fine. Did you think of a name..."

He kept talking. But I wasn't listening anymore. My wife is dead but she gave me a son. My wife, my beautiful, little Lucy is dead.

October 6th,1909. The kid's off to school, where he can stay while I take care of business. I named him Lawrence Exeter Jr., I couldn't think of anything else, that was Lucy's job. Oh my sweet Lucy.

Junior's growing up fast. He's now twelve years old and I'm sending him to military school. Another boarding place no doubt. I can't stand having him around because he remind me so much of my precious Lucy. I want him to learn something too, you know. Let them turn him into a genius, unlike his pop who spent more time in the headmaster's office than in a classroom.

For his eighteenth birthday, I bought Junior a brand new Cadillac which he crashed four days later. Somebody told me he was drunk so you know what that means. I couldn't do much business with Junior around so I sent him off to college, Stanford University. See, he did become a genius. He's a bit of a troublemaker though.

After almost two years of quiet, Junior got kicked out of Stanford and I had to pay Miss Daisy Windsor twenty-five grand for the damage that he did to the place.

I took him to France with me so that he could get a break and just relax. And that's where I met her, the beauty. Not like my Lucy but, a beauty just the same. She was petite, blonde and intelligent. She worked for the bank that sold me the little apartment I bought. I took her out on a couple of dates and we hit it off pretty well. I asked her a few nights before we return to the wonderful America and even the more wonderful Hollywood if she would come with me. She said, "Yes."

We bought a house, a big one, but we needed it. We gave Junior his side and Marie and I had the rest. We paid some people some decorate the house, bringing things over from France. The place looked like the palace of Versailles when they got done.

I went to Hawaii on business. I took Junior with me so he could see how things ran and of course I had to take Marie with me. I asked her to marry me while we were there and she said, "Yes." After we got married and we spent a couple of days together, kind of like a honeymoon, she asked if she could go back to France to visit her parents. I told her I couldn't go with her but gave Junior two hundred grand to take her and do whatever she wanted as long as it didn't stop me from dealing with business. I even sent her flowers so she would know how sorry I was.

Junior and Marie in Paris.

Junior. Marie and I visited her parents and some friends. She's not a bad girl and she knows a lot of people. Our driver Tony, likes her, he makes sure she gets to wherever she wants to go safely and keeps her out of trouble. I'm starting to like her too, there isn't much to do in Paris for a guy like me straight out of Hollywood so she is my close friend. We spend a lot of time together. We always see some French movies and eat in the best restaurants. Nothing but the best for

my little Marie.

She went shopping one day and when she got back, she told me about this guy who wouldn't leave her alone. But she asked me not to tell Pop about it. I couldn't see why but I told her I wouldn't. From then on I always went shopping with her.

Pop joined us a couple months later in Paris and we had to spend more time in Paris than I wanted to. But always Marie was around.

I met the guy one day; Marie's stalker. I went into The Bootery to get some nice boots and he came in there. He told me his name was Felipe Francois and that he was Marie's fiancé, but then a couple of years ago Marie left without a word and nobody in her family would tell him where she was. He saw her the other day in a store but she ignored him. Then the next day I started coming with her, he figured that she was my girl now and wanted me to ask her what happen and why she didn't call him. I told him that Marie was married to my pop now and that he should just forget about her.

I started spending time with dad. He wanted to tell me about business he said I would one day take over. So Marie had to go shopping by herself. I gave Tony a couple extra bucks to keep an eye on her and make sure that that guy didn't bother her again.

Pops went back to America and told me to keep Marie in Paris for a little while longer. He said he was dealing with some business at the house and he didn't want either of us around. This was when Marie turned to me for comfort. She's my pop's wife, but he was ignoring her. I told her to leave my dad and I would take care of her. I asked her to marry me and she said yes. We bought a house in Paris then we returned to America so she could work on her divorce with pop.

My pop never said anything, he just let her go. I gave her five grand so she could go back to Paris until I could follow. When I told pop that I was going to marry Marie, he was mad but then he told me to leave.

Dudley.

We got married in a small church and we lived happy for...seven months...yep seven months and then she asked me for a divorce. I don't know when we started drifting apart. But the marriage ended and she received one hundred and seventy-five grand from me.

I found out a couple weeks later when Tony came to visit, that Marie was spending a lot of time there. He said she told my pop that me and her didn't get married, so my dad forgave her and took her back. I couldn't stand the whole thing so I sold my house and went back to the one and only, Hollywood.

Senior. I got a call from the Hollywood hospital on July 15th,1931, saying that Junior was there suffering from gunshot wounds and it didn't look like he was gonna live long. He died.

Senior by his wife's and son's graves.

"Oh Lucy, everything went wrong after you passed on. I did my best to raise Junior but I failed at that. Now he's gone just like you. I thought that Marie would make me happy, but she just wanted my money. She went to jail eventually. She was charged with Junior's murder. She hired a hit man, some guy name Felipe to kill him. They can't find Felipe but they did some research and found out that he was in "cahoots" with Marie. I've got to get back to work," laughs "you know how it is. Take care of Junior for me."

It turns out that Marie was really a con artist working with Felipe but she got caught up in the game and all the money. She told Lawrence Sr., that she was going back to the house in Paris because she preferred it there and that it was closer to her family, but really, it was to see how she could hustle Junior. That's why Lawrence Sr. was mad at his son when Junior told him that he was going to marry Marie.

When Marie found out that Lawrence Sr. was planning on living in Paris she tried to end her marriage to Junior, and it was after she moved back in with Lawrence Sr. and tried to collect her money from the bank when she found out that the money she took from Junior would have to be returned because they

weren't really married in the first place. She sent Felipe to "take care of Junior". She didn't expect for him to mess up the job and get the Exeter family name all over the newspapers, allowing somebody to recognize her and have people digging into her past, finding out what she really does for living. She received life in prison and Felipe is still wanted for murder.