

THE GHOSTS ARE
MY FRIENDS



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Written By

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INT. CHAPEL, SMALL TOWN, IOWA - DAY

An almost empty chapel making for a sad looking funeral. At the base of the pulpit is a casket for one Edward Jameson.

Two volunteer parishioners(both female), gossip quietly.

PARISHIONER 2

Little miss angel of death makes an appearance.

PARISHIONER 1

She usually doesn't set foot in the chapel.

PARISHIONER 2

I'm surprised she didn't burst into flames the second she stepped in.

PARISHIONER 1

(secretly delighted)
Donna!

PARISHIONER 2

What? It's God's house after all.
He's not exactly a fan of people of her-proclivity.

PARISHIONER 1

Maybe we should extend an olive branch?

PARISHIONER 2

(absolutely not)
Hm.

PARISHIONER 1

You think she knew him?

PARISHIONER 2

She might as well know all of them.

Slowly we reveal FLORENCE HANNAN, 31, dressed all in black, gloves included, sitting towards the back holding a small hand bound book. She sticks out like an awkward sore thumb.

MARGARET, the daughter of the deceased, and her TWO KIDS gather up their things and leave.

As they pass, Florence stops them.

FLORENCE

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Margaret nods and tries to continue past.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
This is for you. From him.

She holds out the book. Margaret looks at it but doesn't take it.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
It's a memoir of his life.

MARGARET
Do I know you?

FLORENCE
No, uh, he paid me-

Margaret looks her up and down.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
To write the memoir. We'd been
working on it together up until his
death.

MARGARET
No thank you.

Margaret leaves the chapel. One of her children, KENT, stays back and stares at Florence. It's clear he thinks she's odd.

Margaret comes back and puts her arm over Kent's shoulder and guides him out.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Let's get a move on.

Florence follows.

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

FLORENCE
It was his last request that I get
this to you.

MARGARET
Look, I don't know what sugar
coated version of his life he sold
you. But my dad was not a good man.

FLORENCE
I know you didn't have the best
relationship-

MARGARET
You don't know me.

Margaret continues to walk to her car. She loads in her kids. Kent continues to stare at Florence before the door is closed between them.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
And he certainly didn't want to know me while he was alive. So why should I want to get to know him in death? Where was he the last 25 years? Do you think he even knew my kids names? I mean-

FLORENCE
I understand-

MARGARET
Why else do you think no one is at his funeral? God, I shouldn't even be here.

FLORENCE
I'm just trying to finish my job.

MARGARET
Not my problem.

Margaret rushes it for the car door. Florence panics slightly.

FLORENCE
Look, you don't have to read it. You can do whatever you want with it, but can you please just take it?

Margaret looks at her. Considering.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
I told him I'd make sure you got it. It was in our contract.

Margaret grabs the book harshly and closes the car door. She drives forward for only a moment before stopping abruptly. She rolls down the window and chucks the book into a dumpster.

Florence watches her leave. She approaches the dumpster.

She looks down at the book amongst the trash and grimaces. She grabs a handkerchief out of her purse and uses it to save the memoir.

Florence walks to the stairs at the entrance. The two parishioners from earlier exit the chapel and cross her. They shoot her a dirty glance and giggle on their way to their cars.

Florence, unfazed, reaches the stairs and sits.

She looks back at the casket then down at the book. She opens it flipping through its pages fondly, as if chatting with an old friend.

After a moment she reads a passage.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(reading)

I don't remember much from the house I grew up in, except for the attic door. When it was windy the drafts that flowed through the cracks by that little door sounded like ghosts. They would holler and howl and keep me up all night. I remember spending evenings just staring at it, almost expecting it to open itself. You couldn't ask me what was up there. I never went. Not once. Yet when I think about home, what I hear is the howling.

A beat. Florence rises and walks to her car. Inside she grabs a basket full of cleaning supplies and a color-coded journal. She puts the memoir on the driver's seat.

INT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

From her car Florence walks through a field to reach a nearby graveyard. She opens her journal and writes as she walks.

TITLE APPEARS: THE GHOSTS ARE MY FRIENDS

TITLE CREDITS PLAY.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GRAVEYARD - DAY

Florence arrives to a collection of gravestones that look a little worse for wear.

She kneels in front of one, grabs a cloth, wets it, and begins to clean the stone. Meanwhile, she carefully reads its words.

Florence takes a breath, appreciating the quiet. She moves to the next gravestone, starting with a duster.

ANNE(O.S)

I think they pay someone to do that, you know.

Florence jumps. Standing above her is ANNE, 30, charming and worldly, holding a bouquet.

FLORENCE

Actually, they don't. I asked.

ANNE

Of course you did.

(then)

I take it you're the reason my father's is always so clean?

Florence nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I can do it. Now that mom has passed I'll be here more often anyway.

FLORENCE

It's no problem.

ANNE

No, what I'm saying is some people's families want to do it.

FLORENCE

Some people's families never do. If they even have one.

Anne walks past her to her mother's grave. Florence keeps cleaning, but is distracted. She watches Anne quietly, debating whether or not she should join her. Ultimately she does.

They stand together for a moment. It's obvious they want to talk, but there's too much to say.

After a long silence Anne chuckles.

ANNE

She'd like that we're here together.

Florence nods, agreeing.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I think she thought of you like
another daughter. One who actually
came to visit.

FLORENCE
You were here when it mattered.

ANNE
(tearing up)
No. I should've been here long
before she got so sick that-I
didn't-it doesn't matter.

Anne wipes her eyes. Florence thinks about comforting her,
but doesn't. Anne notices. She isn't surprised.

ANNE (CONT'D)
She told me, at the hospital, she
said that you never stopped asking
about me.

Florence seems embarrassed by this.

FLORENCE
You were lucky to have such a great
mother.

ANNE
We used to drive her crazy. After
school she'd deal with us as long
as she could before casting us off
to your grandparents.

FLORENCE
It was probably good they were hard
of hearing.

Anne laughs, surprised Florence told a joke.

ANNE
How is the place? You inherited it
right?

FLORENCE
Yeah, good.

ANNE
You think you'd ever let me come
over and see it?

Florence looks at Anne's face as she wipes her eyes again.
She's hard to say no to.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Two cars roll up to an old, beautiful farmhouse.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Anne tracks behind Florence, in awe of the place. Florence searches for her house keys as they walk up the stairs to the front door when-

CRASH! Glass from one of the porch lights shatters onto the porch!

Anne seems more surprised than Florence, who simply unlocks the door and goes in.

ANNE
Should we clean that up?

FLORENCE
I'll get it later.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anne sneaks past Florence, her mouth drops to the ground.

The house is a ghost of its past occupants. Obviously decorated by Florence's grandparents and she seemingly hasn't changed a thing. Even a pair of her grandparent's shoes are still sitting next to the door.

The house has seen better days. It needs some remodeling. It may feel haunted, but really it's just old.

ANNE
Jesus.

The house breaths as Anne takes in its glory.

ANNE (CONT'D)
It's like stepping back in time.

Florence shrugs and begins a weird ritual of sorts. She takes off her shoes and sprays them with disinfectant.

She takes each item out of her pockets and disinfects them before putting them carefully into their designated spots.

Then she throws her coat and gloves into a wash bin. Grabbing a new pair of gloves and putting them on. Anne watches her. The house is old, but this is new to her.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I thought you'd at least have
gotten a new TV.

FLORENCE
I don't watch it much anyway.

Florence walks over to a large bookshelf filled with hand bound books. Each has a framed obituary next to it. She finds a place on the shelf for her newest memoir.

Anne joins her by the bookshelf.

ANNE
Who are these people?

FLORENCE
Were. They were my clients. These
are all of the memoirs I've
written.

ANNE
And you have a shrine to them
because?

FLORENCE
It's not a shrine, it's a memoriam.

Anne looks at the newest volume.

ANNE
Oh yeah, it was Edward Jameson's
funeral today, how are you? Okay?

Anne tries to rub Florence's shoulder, she pulls away.

FLORENCE
I'm fine. Thanks. I don't usually
go to the funerals.

ANNE
Then why this one? I mean, Mr.
Jameson was always kind of-well you
know.

FLORENCE
It was the only place I could think
to find his daughter. To give her
the memoir.

ANNE
I didn't know he had a daughter.

FLORENCE

She lives somewhere in the south,
they don't-didn't-get along.

(then)

Still I thought she'd like the
memoir. She wasn't even curious to
look at it. Wouldn't you want to
know?

Anne shrugs with a sympathetic look. She continues down
memory lane, Florence watches her with affection. She'd never
say it, but she's happy Anne is here. Even if it makes her
nervous.

Anne spots a photo of them as kids, and grabs it off of a
freestanding shelf. As soon as she does the whole shelf falls
off the wall in a loud THUD.

ANNE

(shocked)

Okay.

FLORENCE

Sorry. I, uh, I should've really-I
haven't-

ANNE

It's okay.

(Re: Photo)

I still remember those amazing
dinner parties your grandparents
would host.

Anne looks back at Florence.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's kind of eerie without them.
Such a big house for one.

FLORENCE

They're still here. Kind of.

ANNE

You still believe in ghosts?
Tracks. Should we offer them
something? Like we used to?

FLORENCE

Grandma always hated when we did
that. I don't think she'd like it
anymore in death.

ANNE

Maybe we could try and summon her
this time, see if we can get her to
yell at us again!

(mimicking her voice)

'Stop playing with the spirits! You
don't know what you're inviting!'

Anne laughs to herself. Florence breaks a smile. Anne stops
in front for a photo of a young woman.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's not like your mom ever took
the invitation anyway. She's still
so beautiful.

FLORENCE

Yeah she is.

ANNE

I never thought you looked like her
then, but you do now. I suppose
that makes some sense, now that
you're her age.

This should be sweet but it's almost scary to Florence.

Below the picture is a box filled with papers, notes, and
personal belongings of Florence's mother. The items are
mapped out onto a board. Anne grabs it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Woah, did you pick up the
investigation without me?

Florence grabs the board from her.

FLORENCE

I'm just, seeing if I can find more
about her.

ANNE

How's that going?

FLORENCE

About as good as it was when we
were both doing it.

ANNE

Your mom, I know we can't say for
sure, but she probably wasn't like
a professional CIA agent with
multiple personas.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

And we're so much smarter than we were at 16. I think if we picked things up and-

FLORENCE

I don't need your help.

ANNE

Oh. Of course you don't. I just, I'm here if you need me. On standby, one might say.

An uncomfortable silence sets over the room. Anne tries to change the topic.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What about your old bedroom?

FLORENCE

I don't think-

Anne walks up the stairs, not minding Florence, who follows after her.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING

Anne stands frozen in the middle of the hallway looking into the master bedroom. Florence approaches.

ANNE

(gravely serious)

Florence. Why haven't you moved into the master bedroom?

FLORENCE

I have my room.

Florence pushes past her and goes into her childhood bedroom. Anne eyes the master once again, then follows suit.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - FLORENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Florence straightens out the bedding. It's a bedroom decorated by a child, twin bed and all.

Anne wanders over to the far wall where there's a shelf filled to the brim with color-coded journals.

ANNE

I see the collection has grown. I bet everything you've ever done is in one of these.

FLORENCE
What does that mean?

ANNE
Nothing, I'm just saying you're
prolific. Can I take a peek?

FLORENCE
Absolutely not.

ANNE
What's the point if no one can read
them?

FLORENCE
I read them.

Anne continues to peruse.

ANNE
You know most people hide their
diaries for this exact reason.

FLORENCE
You know I prefer journals.

ANNE
Yeah, I know.

Anne continues to look around. Florence watches her. Anne
seems saddened by the state of Florence's world.

Anne looks at a calendar hung on the wall; it's probably the
newest thing in the room. A date is circled on it two weeks
from now.

ANNE (CONT'D)
The big one is coming up.

FLORENCE
What?

ANNE
Your birthday. It's the one, your
32nd.

FLORENCE
It's just another day.

Anne sits down next to Florence on the bed.

ANNE

I'm glad you feel that way. When we were kids it felt like it was so far away and that-

FLORENCE

I'm fine.

Anne puts her hand on top of Florence's.

ANNE

I'm glad.

Anne smiles at her. Florence pulls away. It's too much.

FLORENCE

(flustered)

I have some things I need to work on. I think you should leave.

ANNE

Of course. Thank you for letting me look around, I didn't mean to-it's nice. Talking to you again.

Florence let's out a little smile but doesn't respond.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'll see myself out.

Anne leaves.

Florence looks out the window and watches Anne leave. She turns back to the house, alone again. She gets up and moves to the hallway.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Florence passes through the hallway to the threshold of the master bedroom and peers inside. She's left the room exactly as it was before her grandparents passed.

There's even old medical equipment laying around. Florence takes a long look...

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And heads back down the hallway.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence exits the house and notices the broken porch glass. Oddly, she opts not to clean it up.

She walks to the mail box, grabs the mail, and continues to the backyard.

Around the back of the house is a small family cemetery.

EXT. FAMILY CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

There are several gravestones, all immaculately up kept. In the middle is a small concrete bench. Florence sits and goes through her mail.

She talks to the graves as if they can hear her.

FLORENCE
Anne was here.

She eyes her grandmother's grave. The newest tombstone.

Florence's eyes move over to her grandfather's tombstone, then her fathers, then her mother's where her eyes linger longest.

Florence returns to the mail, landing on a handwritten, wax-sealed envelope. She opens it.

Inside is a letter on beautiful stationary. After a moment, she speaks again to the graves.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Would you like to know what it
says?
(reading out loud)
*Dear Ms. Hannan, I'm writing to
you, as I'm sure many others have
before me, to ask of your services.
While I am not so close to death
myself, I worry it could come for
me any second.*

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Florence's truck passes by.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
*I think it would be a shame if I
never put my life to paper.*
(MORE)

FLORENCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It suddenly feels very important to me to make sure there is some sort of record. Would you be so kind as to meet me at mine and see if we might be a good match? Sincerely, Connie Bernard.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence exits her car, anxiously adjusts her gloves, and straightens out her pants. She looks professional.

She goes to knock on the door when she notices it's ever so slightly ajar. A grim feeling settles over her.

Still, she knocks.

FLORENCE
Hello? Ms. Bernard?

Silence.

Florence hesitates before knocking once more.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Ms. Bernard, it's Florence Hannan?
We have an appointment.

A BANG from inside.

What was that? Florence swallows her manners, opens the front door, and walks in slowly.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is in need of a serious cleaning. Boxes and clutter are everywhere. You'd think she was planning to move out or something.

The TV is on, but otherwise it's quiet.

FLORENCE
Hello?

Another BANG.

Florence jumps and slowly approaches the source of the sound.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Ms. Bernard?

CONNIE (O.S.)

What?

Florence rounds the corner into the kitchen.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Connie is covered in flour and stirring a mixture. Florence breathes a sigh of relief.

FLORENCE

Ms. Bernard, Hi, I'm Florence Hannan-

The over beeps.

CONNIE

Oo, Can you take those out of the oven?

Connie motions towards the heat pads, Florence grabs them and pulls a sheet of cookies out of the oven.

FLORENCE

You didn't have to make these for our meeting.

CONNIE

Oh these aren't for you.
(handing her the bowl)
Here stir this.

Florence starts stirring, confused. Connie puts down a step stool and loudly looks up in the cabinets for something.

FLORENCE

Ms. Bernard.

CONNIE

Coco. You can call me Coco.

FLORENCE

Right. I'm Florence Hannan-

CONNIE

I know who you are. I don't have just anyone waltzing through my front door.

FLORENCE

Well it was open.

CONNIE

By design!

Connie finds what she was looking for: a travel container.

FLORENCE

Regardless, I'm here to write your memoir.

CONNIE

Yes, yes, and I'm very excited about all that, I have a whole day planned for us.

FLORENCE

Ms. Bernard-

CONNIE

At least call me Connie.

Connie takes the bowl from Florence and starts drizzling the chocolate mixture onto the cookies.

FLORENCE

Connie, you didn't have to plan anything. It's my job to guide our sessions and make sure you get what you want.

CONNIE

Oh I know what I want. Don't worry, we'll have fun!

FLORENCE

I'm not-there's a procedure to all of this.

CONNIE

Which is?

FLORENCE

Well, usually we'd sit down, and starting at the beginning we'd go through all of your memories.

CONNIE

Sound dull. You're here to get to know me, yes?

Connie piles the cookies into the a travel container.

FLORENCE

Correct.

CONNIE

Well isn't that what we're doing?

FLORENCE

No, I mean, yes I suppose so, but that's not how it works.

CONNIE

Well I don't see why not. Now, let's best get to it.

Connie grabs the container and heads for the front door.

FLORENCE

Connie, wait-where are you going?

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Florence follows after Connie.

CONNIE

Surprise. It's a surprise. Now keep up.

Connie exits the front door. Florence reluctantly follows.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Florence closes the door behind her.

Connie continues past the house.

FLORENCE

Connie.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Florence catches up. Worried that Connie is over-exerting herself. Florence grabs the cookies.

FLORENCE

Here, let me help.

CONNIE

If I needed help, I'd have asked.

Florence back off. She's completely thrown for a loop, unsure how to advance. An awkward silence follows.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

So tell me about yourself.

This shakes Florence back into shape.

FLORENCE

Shouldn't I be the one asking you questions?

CONNIE

You expect me to just tell my whole life story to someone I've just met?

FLORENCE

What?

CONNIE

This memoir thing, it seems unnatural.

FLORENCE

Do I need to remind you that it was you who called me?

CONNIE

I may seem daft but I assure you I am not.

FLORENCE

I don't usually talk about myself in these sessions. Not really.

CONNIE

Well that just won't do. I won't share a thing unless I know you.

FLORENCE

What?

CONNIE

I'm not going to talk to a complete stranger.

FLORENCE

I'm not sure this is going to work then.

CONNIE

Really? You never talk about yourself in these sessions? I can't believe that.

FLORENCE

No. I'm hired to write about you. I'm really not that important to the process.

CONNIE

I don't think that's true.

(then)

You know I loved what you wrote for
your grandfather in the paper,
instead of an obituary.

Florence stops in her tracks. Connie stops as well,
surprised.

FLORENCE

(taken aback)

That was years ago.

CONNIE

I liked it so much I clipped it and
kept it. It's a beautiful way to be
remembered.

FLORENCE

(genuinely touched)

Thank you.

CONNIE

Every other obituary is just who
you are. Where you're from. Who
you're survived by. Is that all
there is?

Florence feels like her thoughts are being said out loud.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We gotta keep moving.

Connie continues, Florence follows, intrigued.

FLORENCE

Sometimes they include other
things. Beloved pets, hobbies,
community impact.

CONNIE

What do you write obituaries too?

FLORENCE

No, but I read them every morning.

CONNIE

That's odd. You're odd.

FLORENCE

You're odd.

Touché.

CONNIE

Well see, now I know something
about you, isn't that nice?

(then)

Oh, there's Denise!

Connie waves to a woman walking opposite them on the other
side of the road. DENISE waves back with a smile.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

This is Florence! She's writing me
a memoir!

Denise's face hardens when she sees Florence. Connie and
Florence both notice.

DENISE

What do you need a memoir for
Connie? You aren't dying. Who would
you give it to?

CONNIE

I just want one!

DENISE

Well I'd reconsider.

Denise starts to walk off. Connie attempts a wave. Florence
and Connie continue on their way.

Connie puckers up her face in thought. Florence seems mostly
unfazed.

FLORENCE

How much further?

CONNIE

What?

FLORENCE

How much further is this place?

CONNIE

Oh. It's just up the road.

EXT. AFTER SCHOOL PROGRAM - DAY

Florence and Connie approach a small afterschool program/day
care.

Connie walks up to the front door, but before she can enter a
voice stops her.

JANET

Oh, no, no.

JANET, the receptionist, rushes to the front door.

JANET (CONT'D)

Hi Connie. I'm sorry. You can't come in, not with those.

CONNIE

They're cookies Janet, not poison.

JANET

I know-

Janet notices Florence.

CONNIE

Oh, yes, silly me! Meet my friend Florence Hannan.

Florence holds out her hand.

FLORENCE

Nice to meet you.

JANET

And you. Connie, it's just that the last time you brought cookies we got complaints.

CONNIE

What because they're too good?

Florence watches this conversation carefully, unsure how to interject.

JANET

No, the parents don't want their kids having all that extra sugar. You know we all appreciate how much you and Gary did, but we can't give these parents any reason to go elsewhere. It's been rough.

Connie nods, understanding.

CONNIE

I just so happen to remember one little girl who'd wait here every week for my cookies.

JANET

I do too.

(turning to Florence)

I'm sorry. Maybe you both can come back next week? Things should be a little more relaxed then.

FLORENCE

Thank you.

JANET

We can go through the old photos. I don't know what they are and could use your help Connie.

(re: cookies)

Just don't bring these. I'm sorry.

CONNIE

Okay, Thanks Janet.

Janet smiles meekly.

FLORENCE

It was nice to meet you.

Janet nods and heads back inside. Connie, trying to hide her disappointment walks down the parking lot to a curbside bench and sits.

Florence watches her from a distance, then joins her.

Connie silently offers Florence a cookie. They both take one and start to eat.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

These are really good.

CONNIE

I've had practice.

Florence looks at her. Despite Connie's contagious energy something seems to be weighing on her.

FLORENCE

Why are we here?

CONNIE

My husband opened this place.

FLORENCE

That's great. I imagine you spent a lot of time here then?

Connie shrugs, disinterested. They eat.

After some silence, a new idea forms in Florence's mind.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

When I was in elementary school
there was this girl.

Connie turns, surprised.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

And everyday she had the most
amazing lunches. Beautiful
sandwiches on freshly baked bread.
Croissants. Homemade cupcakes. Her
lunch bag smelled like a bakery.
Which made sense because her
parents owned one.

Florence seems uncomfortable sharing, but pushes on.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

So, my grandparents were many
things, but chefs, not so much.
This girl, I thought she was
popular, until one day I saw her
sitting alone at lunch. Then again
the next day, and the next. After a
week I decided to try and befriend
her because, well, I wanted to
mooch off her lunch.

CONNIE

You did not.

FLORENCE

I did. And it worked. She started
bringing extra treats from the
bakery for me.

(then)

That first day I sat down her face
was so relieved. She told me all
about how her friends had just
stopped talking to her one day.
Shunned her. She said she was so
happy to have a new friend, and
there I was for the food.

CONNIE

Did she find out?

FLORENCE

It's funny actually, it started as
fake, but you spend that much time
with someone and I guess you become
friends.

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(then)

I still dream about their kolaches.

She offers her another cookie.

CONNIE

How do these compare? To her mom's?

FLORENCE

(hesitant)

Honestly?

CONNIE

Don't even finish.

They both laugh. A long silence.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I thought it'd be fun if we came
here, spent the day with the kids.
Like I used to.

FLORENCE

Did you ever have kids of your own?

Connie fidgets with the Tupperware. She seems a little
uncomfortable talking about herself.

CONNIE

No. Really these kids were like
ours.

(then)

Gary, my husband, always wanted but
we just couldn't-

She stops. A beat.

FLORENCE

Connie. If you still want this
memoir, what would you think about
doing a story for a story?

CONNIE

You tell one, I tell one?

FLORENCE

Yeah.

Connie thinks about it. Then extends a hand.

CONNIE

Let's give it a try.

Florence takes her hand and shakes it.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Florence watches Connie take the last steps up to her front door.

She heads to her car, box of cookies in hand, with a wave.

CONNIE

You're sure the drive isn't too far?

FLORENCE

I'm just a town over, it's only 30 minutes. I'll see you Tuesday, okay?

CONNIE

No guarantees I'm here.

FLORENCE

In that case the Tupperware will be on the porch.

CONNIE

Or, I suppose, you could just break in again, put it on the counter.

Florence shakes her head with a smile and gets into the car.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - DAY

Florence, now in workout gear but still wearing gloves, runs along a path. She has amazing endurance. She does this a lot.

The sound of kids playing nearby. A ball rolls out in front of her. She stops.

She looks over to see 3 CHILDREN, watching to see what she'll do. They look scared of her?

She picks up the ball and walks it over to them. She holds it out with a smile.

FLORENCE

Is this yours?

All three look at one another, as if some silent conversation is taking place. One steps forward and grabs it, grazing Florence's hand.

They quickly run away.

CHILD 1
You touched her!

CHILD 2
She cursed you!

CHILD 3
Shut up!

Florence's smile fades. She watches after them.

Child 3 slows down. She stops and turns back to look at Florence. From a distance she yells.

CHILD 3 (CONT'D)
Are you really friends with the
angel of death?

Florence is surprised by this.

FLORENCE
I guess you could say we're
familiar with each other.

Child 3 nods, and runs off.

After a moment, Florence continues her run.

Down the line a voice stops her.

ANNE
Florence! Hey!

Florence turns around and sees Anne running to catch up to her. She stops.

ANNE (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Wow, you are fast. How's it going?

FLORENCE
What do you need?

ANNE
Yeah, good, thanks. Uhm. Okay, so
I'm still going through my mom's
old things, and you remember, she
reused everything. So it's all
wrapped up in these old newspapers.
And, I was looking through them,
it's fun to see what stories they
were reporting on, and-anyway I
found this.

She pulls a newspaper out of her purse, it's crumpled and old but has been folded as nicely as possible. Anne hands it to Florence.

The front page image reads "local boy wins race big time!" The picture shows said boy celebrating at the finish line.

FLORENCE

Okay?

ANNE

Oh, right, so look here.

Anne gets in close to Florence, this takes her off guard. She points at a woman in the background of this photo.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Doesn't she look familiar? Like your mom, right?

Florence grabs the paper closer. It does look like her mom.

FLORENCE

It does actually.

ANNE

I was hoping you'd think so too! I got so excited when I found it I had to *run* it over.

Anne laughs at her own pun. Florence too enraptured by the photo to think about anything else.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Looks like she might've been a runner too. I thought that was neat.

(then)

So anyway, you can thank my mom for her incredibly frugal ways.

FLORENCE

(genuinely kind)

Thank you. This is-thank you.

ANNE

No problem. Keep it. I mean-of course. I'm lucky I saw our old investigation board, it kind of made me put my detective hat on again.

Anne leans in closer again. Florence doesn't pull away, but her face reddens.

ANNE (CONT'D)
It's-uh, the race was in town. So we know she didn't grow up here but maybe somewhere nearby?

FLORENCE
Maybe. This is really great. Thanks Anne.

ANNE
Of course. If I find anything else I'll let you know. I mean, I know you said you didn't want help, but I'll be thinking of it so-

A couple of towns people walk by, eyeing them with a snarky look. Anne instantly pulls away from Florence. Embarrassed.

ANNE (CONT'D)
You should get back to your run. I'm sorry I kept you. I need to- yeah.

Anne heads back towards town. Florence watches her off.

FLORENCE
Okay, I'll see you.

Florence looks at the paper one more time.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Florence sits alone at the large dinning table, hair wet, and journal in front of her.

Following after her grandparent's cooking, her meal is a sad-looking combo of pasta and peas.

Florence closes her eyes. As if remembering, we hear a lively dinner party around her. It's bright and wonderful.

It feels so close, so real. The sounds fades.

Florence opens her eyes, and she's still completely alone.

She looks at the photo of her mom. A longing. She pulls the newspaper clipping Anne gave her closer.

She gets up, grabbing the clipping, and walks over to the photo.

On the way a piece of her clothing gets snagged on a screw hanging out of the armrest on the couch. How did that get here?

She pulls the cloth back, ignoring the screw. She compares her mom's photo to the newspaper clipping. It certainly does look like the same woman.

She grabs the box full of her old 'investigation' and begins to look through it with a new eye.

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY

Florence eats an orderly and clean breakfast of one boiled egg, buttered toast, and oatmeal on a tray she's brought outside. She's still in her pajamas.

She opens the newspaper, going directly to the obituaries. She peruses, once again reading out loud to the graves.

FLORENCE

Gracie June, 83, of Clear Lake, IA, born in Sioux City, IA passed away peacefully on Monday morning. Her service will be held on the 5th at Grace Chapel where she worked devotedly for many years. She is survived by her husband, 2 daughters...

She trails off. She looks at her parent's graves. She tosses the newspaper down next to her. A little anger.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Where you were born. What you did.
Who you're survived by. Is that all there is?

Florence opens her journal and writes.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - MUD ROOM - DAY

Florence stands awkwardly in the doorway. Connie is running around from thing to thing.

CONNIE

We're shoes off in this house.

Florence looks at the unkept floor. Good thing she wore socks today. She takes off her shoes and notes again all of the boxes.

FLORENCE

Are you moving sometime soon?

CONNIE

Oh what, you don't like my decor?

(then)

I couldn't afford the storage unit anymore. So it all came here. I just need to find some time to go through it all.

FLORENCE

This is all just your stuff?

CONNIE

Over there is my parents. Over here Gary's parents. This whole section is just Gary's things. I got stuck with all the stuff it seems.

FLORENCE

What are you looking for?

CONNIE

It's a surprise.

FLORENCE

You're full of those.

CONNIE

Go, sit in the living room, I'll be in in a moment.

Florence nods and does as she's told.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV is on, just like the other day. Florence sits down and grabs for the remote. Connie appears as if she has a sixth sense.

CONNIE

TV stays on.

Florence realizes she's hit a boundary and backs off.

Connie continues searching through boxes and banging in the other room.

CONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So I've been meaning to ask you about your grandfather, he must've been an important-

FLORENCE
Hey Connie?

CONNIE (O.S.)
Yes?

FLORENCE
Can we try things my way today?
Story for a story yes, but I have a
big list of questions I'd like to
get through today if possible.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Sure, sure.

FLORENCE
Great! Then, what was your first
memory?

CONNIE (O.S.)
I am 74 years old, you expect me to
remember my first memory?

FLORENCE
Yes. Because it's whichever one you
remember first. You could be 5 or
15, there has to be one.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Oh jeez. I don't know.
(under her breath)
Maybe over here?

Florence looks at the framed photos behind her. A younger
Connie and her husband on various road trips.

FLORENCE
Mine's a car ride. With my parents.
It was a bright day, the sun was
warm. They were laughing.

CONNIE (O.S.)
So why would that be important to
the memoir, who cares?

FLORENCE
Well we have to start somewhere.

A moment later, Connie comes into the room holding a tray
full of tea.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
I thought you were looking for
something?

CONNIE

I am, but I thought tea sounded nice.

FLORENCE

You can't sit still can you?

CONNIE

My mother always said I was a petulant child. Milk or sugar?

FLORENCE

I can do it, thanks.

They both take a sip. Connie shoots up.

CONNIE

Oh, the tea gave me knowledge, it always does!

She flies out of the room again.

FLORENCE

You still haven't answered my question.

CONNIE (O.S.)

This really seems silly to me. I'd much rather ask you about-

FLORENCE

You can pick the next question.

As Connie speaks Florence notices a weird dent on Connie's teacup. She picks it up and examines it with her finger. A strange worn down section.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Fine. I remember my baby crib. Laying in it at night. There was this round window that moonlight would shine in through. And sometimes the branches in the light looked like hands coming to grab me. Not exactly Shakespeare?

FLORENCE

Don't you think it's interesting that your first memory is based in fear?

Connie comes back into the room, a box in hand.

CONNIE

Huh, yeah.

(then)

That's my cup, you can tell. The
little worn-down part.

Connie grabs the cup from Florence, and starts to tap the
worn down part. A nervous tick.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You do it long enough and I guess
the cup changes too.

CONNIE DIGS THROUGH THE BOX AND PULLS OUT A WELL WORN
SCRAPBOOK.

CONNIE

Ah, see? Pictures. Better than
words.

Connie flips open the book and the two look through it.

FLORENCE

You have to at least explain what
we're looking at.

CONNIE

These are my parents. I grew up a
few hours west.

FLORENCE

Did they always live there?

CONNIE

No, they were Russian.

FLORENCE

Oh, they immigrated? Do you know
any of the language?

CONNIE

No.

FLORENCE

Do you wish you had learned?

CONNIE

(overwhelmed)

I-I don't know.

FLORENCE

Who's this?

She points to a photo of Connie with another girl maybe 5 years younger than her.

CONNIE

Wait a second, I seem to remember it's my turn to ask a question.

FLORENCE

Sure. What would you like to know?

Connie looks down at the photos.

CONNIE

Your parents? Are you close?

FLORENCE

(pragmatic)

Uh, no. They, uh, dropped me off at my grandparents when I was five. Was suppose to only be for a weekend, but, sadly, they didn't make it back from their trip. So my grandparents raised me. I don't remember them much at all.

CONNIE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

FLORENCE

It's okay. My grandparents were great, and they taught me everything they could about my parents. Showed me every tape, picture, and report card from my father-their son, but my mom was kind of a mystery to them. They had eloped, and she was very sparse on details. Maybe she was running from something, I don't know.

Florence points at the younger girl in the photo again.

CONNIE

That's Donna. My sister.

FLORENCE

Where is she now? Are you close?

CONNIE

She's states away. Oregon. We don't talk.

(changing the subject)

Oh that's a good one!

Connie points to a photo of a teenager in a convertible.

FLORENCE

Is that you?

Connie laughs and answers her first question with some excitement.

CONNIE

You bet it is, in my dad's brand spanking new convertible. He only let me drive it once, but oh, the wind in your hair, the sky above. It's like anything is possible.

FLORENCE

You never got your own convertible?

CONNIE

Convertible? I haven't driven in nearly 50 years!

FLORENCE

Really?

CONNIE

Once I started going steady with Gary he just, drove me everywhere.
(re: travel photos)
Each summer we took a road trip.
Almost made it to all 50 states.

Connie looks at the photo with a sweet longing.

FLORENCE

Who is this?

Florence points at a photo of young Connie and a woman about Florence's age.

CONNIE

No idea.

FLORENCE

You don't know?

CONNIE

I'm like 8 in that photo.

(then)

You know, I'm sorry, but I can't stop thinking about how hard of a transition that must've been for you, you know with your parents.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

It makes me think about this book I
read once...

As Connie trails on, Florence looks down at her long list of questions. She isn't going to get through these.

Then she looks at the unknown woman in the photo. It bothers her more than it should. A forgotten person.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Florence is mapping out a family tree for Connie on a piece of paper. It's very sparse.

Into the computer in front of her, she searches Connie's name.

The first thing that comes up is an old article detailing a spelling bee win. Cute.

Next an article detailing a particularly good corn harvest on Connie's father's farm, attached is a photo of young Connie and her sister Donna hugging.

Suddenly, Florence feels eyes on her.

She turns to see a TOWNSPERSON staring at her. They make eye contact and the towns person looks away. Florence attempts to shake it off and get back into her work.

Next she finds an article on the after school program Gary created.

Then, in huge text, FIRE CLAIMS LOCAL MOTHER. An article detailing the death of Connie's mother by a kitchen fire. Florence stares at it with an intense sadness.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - DAY

Florence exits the library. Journal and papers in hand.

She spots a piece of graffiti that says "beware the angel of death". Beyond the graffiti is Anne, sitting at a park bench alone.

Florence looks at her and considers. She really wants to talk to her, but also doesn't want to at all.

Eventually the feeling of wanting to wins out, and she approaches Anne.

FLORENCE
Lunch break?

ANNE
(surprised)
Oh. Florence. Hi, uh, yeah. You can
join me, if you want.

Florence does so.

ANNE (CONT'D)
(re: papers)
What's all that?

FLORENCE
Just some research on my newest
client.

ANNE
Oh fun.
(food falls down her
chest)
Shoot, sorry. I gotta remind myself
to slow down when I eat. I'm my own
boss. I don't have to rush. I'm
still used to the 5 minutes lunches
I'd get while chef yelled at me.

FLORENCE
Sounds miserable.

ANNE
You don't work at a Michelin star
restaurant for the lunch breaks,
that's for sure.

FLORENCE
I've never even seen a Michelin
star restaurant. Is it, worth the
price?

Anne smiles, why is Florence being kind to her? She gets lost
in Florence's face for a moment, before answering.

ANNE
Some of it's pretension, a lot of
it is the best food you've ever
had. In my opinion anyway. I could
cook for you sometime. I won't have
access to as many crazy ingredients
here but I could still make
something Michelin worthy. Could be
fun?

Florence pulls back, laughter stops her thoughts.

Behind them TWO TEENAGERS laugh at the new graffiti.

TEENAGER 1

I can't believe he actually went through with it.

TEENAGER 2

I know dude freaking-

They look up and notice Florence. A quick feeling of fear washed over by teenage embarrassment. Both begin to laugh and walk the other way.

ANNE

Idiots. It's just funny to them they don't think about the real person or-

FLORENCE

It's okay. I need to go anyway. I'll see you around.

ANNE

(saddened)

Okay, see ya.

Florence gets up and leaves.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Connie and Florence sit at the dining room table. In front of them is a puzzle. Who knows what Connie pulled to get them both to do this activity.

They sit in silence, except for the TV, as always.

Florence tries to place a single piece, but is struggling. Meanwhile Connie is on a roll.

CONNIE

Watch this.

Connie connects two big sections.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Boom!

She laughs to herself. Florence can't help but smile too.

FLORENCE

I think that may be all I have in me.

CONNIE

Oh come on, this has to be more fun than cleaning tombstones.

The comment makes Florence pause. She's never told Connie that she does that.

FLORENCE

We should get back to the memoir though.

CONNIE

5 more minutes.

She continues working on the puzzle.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - FLORENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Florence sit on her bed, paper in hand. Florence attempts to write more of the memoir. She looks over at her questions, only maybe half crossed off.

There's nothing on her page. She doesn't know what to write. It's not working like it usually does. She's at a loss of words.

Florence looks over at her calendar. It's now 2 days away from her birthday. This makes her anxious.

She puts down the paper, turns off the lights, and tries to sleep.

The wind outside is loud, and the house is creaking eerily along with it.

Florence lays wide awake.

She looks around the dark room, listens to the awful soundscape.

She tries to close her eyes but ultimately she gets up.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Florence stumbles into the bedroom. She's cold.

She rustles through a drawer and pulls out one of her grandma's old comfortable sweaters and puts it on.

She snuggles into her grandparent's bed.

She looks for one moment at a photo of her grandparents on the nightstand.

She closes her eyes and it's almost like she can hear them. Memories wash over her.

She opens her eyes again, the voices fade, she rolls over, and goes to sleep.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence exits her car and walks toward the house, holding a small box of items.

She stops. The door is, once again, slightly ajar.

A pit grows in her stomach, though smaller this time.

She knocks.

FLORNECE

Connie?

Then lets herself in.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Florence sets her stuff down on the table.

FLORENCE

Connie? It's the girl who keeps breaking into your house.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Did you just tell a joke?

Connie rushes in from her bedroom.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

FLORENCE

Ha. Ha. Brought you something I thought might help today.

CONNIE

Oh yeah?

Florence gestures for her to come look in the box. Inside are a bunch of hand-bound books.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What is this?

FLORENCE
A few of my other memoirs. I
thought they might inspire you,
help loosen up your memories, show
you what we're working towards.

CONNIE
Are you sure I should be reading
these?

FLORENCE
People ask me to write them because
they want people to read them.
(then)
Puzzle is almost done I see.

Connie makes her way to the couch with one of the memoirs.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE
Yeah, and I'm doing all the work!
(re: the memoir)
Do you mind?

She points to the book and sits.

FLORENCE
Not at all, take your time. I'll
see what I can do here.

Florence sits by the puzzle.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Connie puts down the memoir and looks at Florence.

FLORENCE
What?

CONNIE
Is this all true?

FLORENCE
(surprised)
Uh, yeah I mean, that's what a
memoir is.

CONNIE

I mean, do you really believe this is how everything happened?

FLORENCE

I'm just writing what I'm told.

CONNIE

Sure, sure. But do you believe them?

Florence shakes her head in disbelief.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What if they're just revising their past, creating a better version of themselves that never existed?

FLORENCE

Then they can do that I guess? I don't know what you expect me to do about it.

CONNIE

I don't know I just-your writing is so beautiful, but I guess I don't know if people can be honest about themselves. Really honest.

FLORENCE

I'm not a lie detector. I'm just doing my job.

CONNIE

Of course, but no one person has a clear view of themselves. We make up excuses for our actions, play them down. So what's the hope here? To leave behind a legacy that's a sugar-coated version of ourselves?

The word sugar-coated hits Florence like a dagger.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I mean, what's the hardest question you ask?

FLORENCE

(scoffing)

I don't know.

CONNIE

Like what's the worst thing you've ever done?

FLORENCE

How would you like it if I asked you that?

CONNIE

I don't know, but I think I'd want every side of me in my memoir.

FLORENCE

You don't even want to answer my regular questions.

CONNIE

Okay, well hit me with a hard one.

FLORENCE

(flustered)

Connie I don't think this is a good idea-

CONNIE

Come on Florence, they don't call you the angel of death because you're sweet.

FLORENCE

(under her breath)

What?

CONNIE

Come on!

FLORENCE

Okay, tell me about your mother's death.

Connie comes to a halt, she was not expecting this.

CONNIE

What?

FLORENCE

I was doing research and I saw she passed in a kitchen fire. That's awful.

CONNIE

You were looking me up?

FLORENCE

I always do.

CONNIE

I didn't know that.

FLORENCE

It's not-Connie you aren't giving me much to work with.

CONNIE

Well, I don't want to talk about that.

FLORENCE

Shocker.

They sit in silence for a moment.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Why did you want this memoir anyway?

CONNIE

Why does anyone?

FLORENCE

(frustrated)

Most people have someone they want to give it to. Kids. A Spouse. A loved one. An estranged sister maybe.

CONNIE

Yeah I don't have anyone, I get it. That's something we seem to have in common.

Ouch.

FLORENCE

Why did you call me Connie? It doesn't seem like you want a memoir, and that fine, but what do you want?

CONNIE

I just, I want-

Connie pauses, then decides to be honest.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You're right. I don't really want a memoir. I wanted to get to know you.

FLORENCE

What?

CONNIE

I read the obituary, and then I started to hear the weird stories about the isolated angel of death girl who writes memoirs for people who are dying, and I thought it would be interesting to talk to you. This seemed like the best way.

FLORENCE

Why?

CONNIE

I thought maybe I could help bring you out of your comfort zone.

FLORENCE

What like some sort of project?

During Connie's speech Florence starts packing up her things.

CONNIE

(embarrassed)
(I don't know. Thing's just got so boring around here after Gary passed and, I don't know, this seemed like something and I know that'd-)

FLORENCE

Stop. Just stop. You don't want a memoir? Great. Looks like I'm done here. Send me the check via mail. I won't be coming here again.

CONNIE

Florence I'm sorry, I just-

FLORENCE

Via mail Ms. Bernard.

(then)

And I finished the puzzle!

She storms out of the house.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Florence sits with a glass of wine and a journal.

There's a faint shuffling and laughter outside. Florence ignores it until she hears a voice.

ANNE(O.S)
What do you think you're doing??
Get out of here before I tell your
parents!

Florence rises, grabbing her gloves and putting them on
before going outside.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Florence opens her door and finds Anne yelling at two figures
who are running away.

Florence's house has been tee-peed by these them, and in the
grass on the front lawn they've spray painted the same angel
of death image as in the graffiti. Minus the words.

ANNE
Yeah! You better run!

Anne turns and is surprised to see Florence. She holds up a
bottle of wine.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Hi.

Florence looks at the scene with a great sadness.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I stopped them as soon as I could.
I know their moms, they're gonna be
sorry they were ever-

FLORENCE
It's fine.

ANNE
Can I help you clean up?

FLORENCE
It's fine. What do you want?

ANNE
I'm sorry to just drop in on you,
can I come inside? A peace
offering?

Anne holds out the bottle. Florence walks in, signaling for
Anne to join.

Anne steps up the porch and notes the broken glass is still
there before going inside.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anne sees the already open wine.

ANNE

Oh, it looks like you already got
the party started.

Florence nods and leaves to find Anne a glass.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So, how are you doing?

FLORENCE (O.S.)

Why are you here Anne?

ANNE

That's not a weird question.

FLORENCE (O.S.)

You want something.

ANNE

Yeah, I wanna hang out with you.
Are you working on a new memoir?

Anne fiddles with some papers on the table. Florence enters.

FLORENCE

I was.

ANNE

What happened?
(grabbing the wine glass)
Thanks.

Anne plops down on the couch.

FLORENCE

She doesn't want the memoir after
all.

(then)

And honestly, good riddance,
getting anything out of her was
like pulling teeth.

ANNE

What do you do then? Like, how do
you get her to talk to you?

FLORENCE

We had talked about doing a story
for a story.

ANNE
Ohh, that sounds fun!

FLORENCE
I don't usually have to talk about myself.

Florence sits down next to Anne.

ANNE
Lets do it.

FLORENCE
What?

ANNE
A story for a story.

FLORENCE
No, I don't think-

ANNE
It'll be fun! Please? I'll even start.

Florence considers.

FLORENCE
Okay, fine.

ANNE
Yes! Let me think.
(then)
Oh. Okay, this one is good. When I first moved to France, I didn't know anyone, I had a entry level understanding of the language, and I was lonely. Very lonely. Uhm, and since classes hadn't started yet I didn't know how to make friends. So I thought of you, and started journaling.

FLORENCE
You did?

ANNE
Yeah, It was really helpful at that time. 18, in a whole new country, so many life changes. I actually still do it occasionally. Like, maybe 3 or 4 times a year. I thought about writing you to tell you about it.

FLORENCE

You never sent me anything. Not once.

ANNE

You made it pretty clear you didn't want to talk to me.

FLORENCE

You left me, not the other way around.

Anne avoids the conversation.

ANNE

You owe me one. A story.

FLORENCE

Okay. Do you remember how we met?

ANNE

Yes. I want to hear a new one. From the last 10 years.

FLORENCE

I don't know. That's-

Anne smiles as if to say "please?"

Florence thinks for a surprisingly long amount of time.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Uhm, do you remember Ms. Elroy? She taught our 1st grade?

Anne nods.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I wrote a memoir for her. The first time I went over to visit, she let me into her living room and it was full, head to toe, with teapots.

ANNE

(bemused)

Teapots?

FLORENCE

She had been collecting them her whole life. She had a museum-worthy collection, there must've had hundreds. All color coordinated too, just like her classroom.

(then)

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

When she passed, her kids sold most of them in an estate sale.

Anne notices a rather particular kitschy teapot behind Florence.

ANNE

Ah. I was kind of hoping the story would be about you.

FLORENCE

I was there.

ANNE

I suppose. Music?

Anne gets up and goes to an old record player. Florence gulps down the rest of her wine.

FLORENCE

No, it uh, recently stopped working. I haven't had time to take it in yet.

ANNE

(trying to joke around)
Does anything work around here?

Florence does not laugh.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(grabbing her phone)

Huh, do you have a Bluetooth speaker? No, of course not.

Anne scrolls through a list of songs and lands on "Pink Lite" by Sir Babygirl. It plays through her phone speaker.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I feel like you'll like this one.

She sits back down.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Okay. My turn again.

(then)

Do you remember that dance we made for the talent show?

FLORENCE

No. No.

ANNE

This has the same beat.

Anne does the hand motions of the dance, sloppily.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Oh come on, I know you remember it.
You remember everything.

Florence, just intoxicated enough to not be embarrassed,
sloppily does the hand motions too.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Ah! I knew it!

Anne gets up.

FLORENCE
No.

She started to do the dance, at least, what she can remember
of it.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
That's not right.

ANNE
Then show me.

Florence shakes her head. Anne smiles. Her bad moves
eventually convince Florence to join.

FLORENCE
It's like this.

Florence starts and Anne follows. They aren't good, but it
looks like they might actually be having fun.

The dance brings them closer, nearly face to face. It's too
intense for Florence, she pulls away and sits down.

ANNE
You okay? Come on, I know you know
more.

FLORENCE
It's silly.

ANNE
It's okay to be silly, it's fun
even!

FLORENCE
Anne.

Anne stops and sits next to her.

ANNE

What?

Florence kisses her. Hard.

Anne kisses back.

Things escalate and Anne pushes Florence back into a laying position. Something stings.

Anne, on top, pulls away and looks in horror.

Just centimeters from Florence's face is the screw popping out of the armrest. Luckily it just grazed Florence's face and nothing more. She's bleeding.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, are you okay?

FLORENCE

Get off.

ANNE

How did that even get there? Jesus, this place is falling apart.

Anne reaches for Florence's face.

FLORENCE

It's not. Stop.

Florence tries to catch her breath.

ANNE

It's gonna be okay. It's just a scratch.

FLORENCE

You don't know that.

Florence is filled with fear and anger. She gets up and checks her face in the mirror.

Anne inspects the screw.

ANNE

When was the last time you did anything to this place?

FLORENCE

Anne, please.

ANNE

It's an old house, we just need to make sure it's safe-

FLORENCE

Stop acting like you care!

ANNE

Seriously-- why don't you stop acting like the world hates you! You're like a moody teenager!

FLORENCE

Well we can't all run away from our problems.

ANNE

I wasn't-- I wanted you to come with me!

FLORENCE

You know I couldn't!

ANNE

Who are you? You used to be fun, we used to have fun!

FLORENCE

How much fun would you be, huh? If everyone you loved either died or went half way across the world just to get away from you.

ANNE

Don't act like I'm not trying!

FLORENCE

It's too late! You left because you were scared of being with me in public.

ANNE

Like you weren't! What would everyone have said if they knew about us? We could have left, together!

FLORENCE

Look at what they already say about me! I don't care, I just wanted to be with you! You knew I couldn't leave them. Grandpa was already sick.

ANNE

And so you've just never left!
Never done anything!
(then)
I'm worried about you.

FLORENCE

What I do is none of your business!

ANNE

This place is falling apart and
it'll take you with it! I'm here
now. I'm back now. For you.

FLORENCE

No you came back because your mom
was dying. What did you expect from
me? To be patiently waiting for
your return? It's been 13 years
Anne. Am I just suppose to take you
back? What'd you think? No one else
could ever love me so of course I'd
just fall back into your arms? Am I
that worthless?

(then)

Maybe no one else will ever love me
but maybe I don't need them to.
Maybe I'm fine alone, actually.

Florence won't even turn around to look at her.

ANNE

Is this really how you'd want to
die? Alone? Surrounded by ghosts?

FLORENCE

Get out.

Florence steps away from Anne.

ANNE

I'm sorry--I don't--

FLORENCE

Get out!

The song winds down, Anne grabs her phone and heads for the
door. She thinks about saying something, anything. She wants
to, but she doesn't.

Florence looks back and realizes Anne forgot her scarf. She
grabs it and heads outside.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She steps out in her bare feet. Anne is already at her car.

FLORENCE
Anne wait!--

CRUNCH.

She steps directly into the broken glass. She grabs her foot and hobbles to safety.

She watches Anne's tail lights as they get further and further away. Leaving Florence alone again.