

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, JANET and LEANNE, gossip quietly.

LEANNE

She usually doesn't set foot in the chapel.

JANET

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

LEANNE

(secretly delighted)

Janet!

JANET

What? It's God's house after all.

LEANNE

Maybe we should extend an olive branch?

JANET

Hm.

LEANNE

You think she knew him?

JANET

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 seems anxious and uncomfortable.

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 pass.

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 up her up and down.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
To write the memoir.

MARGARET
No thank you.

Margaret leaves the chapel. One of her children, KENT, stays, staring at Florence. He looks scared, like Florence is a witch about to curse him.

Margaret comes back and puts her arm over his 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 continuing 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?

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, then heads for the dumpster.

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

The chapel parking lot is empty. Florence walks to the stairs at the entrance.

Janet and Leanne 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 it's pages fondly, as if chatting with an old friend.

After a moment she reads a passage.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

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 drivers 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.

CHARON: THE GHOSTS ARE MY FRIENDS

TITLE CREDITS PLAY.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GRAVEYARD - DAY

Finally she 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 carefully reads its words.

The shadows of the branches above almost make it look like she has wings. Like she's the angel of death.

Florence takes a breath, appreciating the quiet. The wind almost sounds like whispers.

Florence spots an OLDER WOMAN looking at her on a nearby bench. The woman looks away quickly, almost scared.

Florence 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 your the reason my mother's is always so clean?

Florence nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I can do it. I'm here a least once a month.

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

You can't fix the world Florence.

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 (CONT'D)

She's get a laugh out of this. The two of us together. Again.

Florence smiles, but hides it from Anne.

FLORENCE
She probably would.

ANNE
'The prodigal daughter returns' On
her death bed but still enough
energy to make fun of me.

FLORENCE
She never lost her wit.

ANNE
Definitely not.

FLORENCE
You were lucky to have such a great
mother.

ANNE
Yeah.
(then)
We were always too loud for her,
remember? Of course you do. She'd
send us to your house just to get
peace.

FLORENCE
My grandparents *loved* that.

ANNE
Is the place still the same? The
house?

FLORENCE
More or less.

ANNE
Can I see it?

Florence looks at her, she's hard to say no to.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Two cars roll up to an old, beautiful farmhouse. Far too big
for one person.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

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

CRASH. Glass from one of the porch lights shatters on the porch.

Anne seems more surprised than Florence, who 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 pass Florence, her mouth drops to the ground.

The house is a ghost of its pass occupants. Cute, but it was 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.

ANNE
Jesus.

The house breaths as Anne takes in it's 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'd have thought you'd at least gotten a new TV.

FLORENCE
I don't watch it much anyway.

ANNE
What's this?

She walks over to a large bookshelf fill with hand bound books. Each with a framed obituary next to it.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Who are these people?

FLORENCE
Were. They were my clients. Those
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.
I didn't bring you over here to-

ANNE
I know. I'm sorry. It's just-oh!
our old potholders. Aw.
(then)
You missed a stitch.

Florence grabs them, she did miss a stitch.

FLORENCE
Oh.

Anne continues down memory lane, Florence watches her with
affection.

ANNE
It's kind of eerie without your
grandparents. 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)

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)
'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.

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. She's
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. A bedroom decorated by a
child. Twin bed and all.

Anne wonders 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 every memory you've ever had is in there.

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 watching her. Anne seems sadder by the state of Florence's world.

Anne looks at a calendar hung on the wall, its probably the newest thing in the room. A date is circled on it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Huh. I'm surprised you circled your least favorite holiday.

FLORENCE

Huh?

ANNE

Your birthday?

FLORENCE
It's just a day.

Something clicks in Anne's brain.

ANNE
Florence, you don't still think
that, do you?

FLORENCE
What?

ANNE
The-the curse.
(then)
We were kids. It was just some
stupid-

FLORENCE
No, I don't.

ANNE
This isn't how you would spend the
time, if you still really thought
that, right?

Anne reaches for Florence's hand, she pulls away. Anne realizes she's touched a nerve.

FLORENCE
I think you should leave.

ANNE
I'm sorry, 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.

Theres even old medical equipment laying around. Florence gives a long look...

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTUINUOUS

And heads back down the hallway. The door of the master bedroom slowly closing on it own.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence exits the house, journal in hand, and notices the broken porch glass, oddly opting not to clean it up once again.

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.

Florence 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 tomb, then her fathers, then her mothers where her eyes linger longest.

Florence pauses and grabs a few twigs off the ground. She shuffles them around on her lap, then closing her eyes, she grabs one.

She's drawn the short straw. She sighs.

Florence then continues through the mail, landing on a handwritten, wax seal envelope. She opens it with curiosity.

Inside a handwritten letter on beautiful stationary. After a moment.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Would you like to know what it says?

(reading out loud)

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

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 I never put my life to paper. 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 had 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?

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Florence turns the corner and breaths a sigh of relief.

CONNIE BERNARD, Mid 70s, is in the middle of the kitchen covered in flour and stirring frantically.

CONNIE

Can you get that?

She points to the pot on the stove.

FLORENCE

What-

CONNIE

Quickly! Or it'll overflow!

Florence rushes over to the pot and lowers the heat.

FLORENCE

It's nice to meet-

An alarm goes off.

CONNIE

Oh the cookies! Hot pads-there!

Connie points again. Florence rushes over to the hot pads and pulls the cookies out of the oven. Connie inspects them.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Perfect! Still a little doughy.
Here.

Connie hands Florence the bowl and spoon she was using.

She then climbs up a step stool and looks loudly for something in an upper cabinet.

FLORENCE
Ms. Bernard?

CONNIE
Coco.

FLORENCE
What?

CONNIE
You can call me Coco.

FLORENCE
Okay. I'm Florence Hannan. We talked on the phone earlier, remember?

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

FLORENCE
It was open.

CONNIE
By design!

Florence tries to reset back to a professional mindset.

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

CONNIE
Oh these aren't for you.

Connie puts some fresh cilantro on a cutting board and grabs the bowl from Florence.

If Florence is stagnant, Connie is all motion.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(re: cilantro)
Finely chopped.

Connie drizzles the mixture from the bowl over the cookies.

FLORENCE

Connie. I'm not here to help you cook. Shall we get started?

CONNIE

Oh I can't right now, but maybe I can pencil you in later.

FLORENCE

We scheduled this.

Connie gestures to the cilantro again, Florence apprehensively starts cutting.

CONNIE

You're here to get to know me?

FLORENCE

Yes.

CONNIE

So, isn't that what we're doing?

FLORENCE

No, uh, usually we'd sit down, and starting at the beginning we'd go through your memories.

Connie points at the cilantro.

CONNIE

When you're done, it goes in the soup.

FLORENCE

Are you dodging my questions?

CONNIE

Have you asked one yet?

Touché.

FLORENCE

Who is this all for?

CONNIE

It's a surprise! Except the soup. That's just my supper. Why I thought I should start it now I don't know.

Florence puts the fresh cut cilantro in the soup and stirs.
Connie piles the cookies into a travel container.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You can turn the heat low for now
and cover it.

FLORENCE

Aren't you worried it'll burn the
house down?

CONNIE

Eh. It can have the house.

She heads for the door. Florence turns down the heat and
follows her.

FLORENCE

Where are you going?

CONNIE

Surprise. It's a surprise.

FLORENCE

Connie. Please. Just for a moment.
There's a procedure.

CONNIE

Sounds boring.

Connie heads out the front door, cookies in hand. Florence
hesitates again, then follows.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Connie continues past the house. Florence catches up. Worried
that Connie is over-exerting herself.

FLORENCE

Connie.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

She grabs the cookies from her.

FLORENCE

Let me help you.

CONNIE

I can do it myself. When I need
help I'll ask.

Connie grabs the cookies back. Florence looks at her, unsure what to say. So they walk in silence a while. Then-

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You expect me to just tell everything to a person I don't even know?

FLORENCE

What?

CONNIE

This memoir thing. Seems unnatural.

FLORENCE

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

CONNIE

I might seem daft but I can assure you I'm not.

(then)

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

FLORENCE

(taken aback)

That was years ago.

CONNIE

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

(quoting the obituary)

Not a day will go by without his name being thought of and without his stories being told. For even when they aren't said out loud, they are reverted in everything he touched.

FLORENCE

Thank you.

CONNIE

It seems like every other one us just where you were born. What you did. Who you're survived by.

(then)

Is that all there is?

Florence seems surprised. It's like Connie is saying her thoughts out loud.

FLORENCE
Sometimes they include little
details. Beloved pets or hobbies.

CONNIE
They always seem much more cut and
dry.

FLORENCE
Not always.

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.

Connie wrinkles up her face. *Touché.*

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
I can understand why you feel the
way you do.

CONNIE
Thank you.

FLORENCE
But I can't write a memoir, if I
don't know you.

Connie shrugs. Florence thinks.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
How much further is this place?

CONNIE
It's just up the road.

EXT. AFTER SCHOOL PROGRAM - DAY

Florence and Connie turn off the road into the parking lot of
the town's local after school program/daycare. Connie walks
with confidence up to the door, but just as she opens it.

JANET (V.O.)
Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.

JANET(40F), the receptionist, comes running out from behind a counter and guides both Connie and Florence back outside.

CONNIE

It's good to see you too Janet.

JANET

Connie, we've talked about this.

CONNIE

Yes, you said I could no longer come weekly. So I was thinking bi-weekly might suffice?

Janet notices Florence. She talks softer.

JANET

Connie, you know how much I-we appreciate all the work Gary did, and for that I will always be grateful, I will. But you just can't bring these anymore.

CONNIE

They're cookies Janet, not poison.

JANET

We've been through this. Times have changed. The parents don't want their kids having all that extra sugar. We do healthy snacks now.

CONNIE

It makes them happy.

JANET

A lot of things make kids happy. They're here to improve their studies, not for fun.

CONNIE

It can't be both? I so happen to remember one young girl who would wait for me right here every week.

Janet smiles softly.

JANET

I do too. You know this place is having a hard time. I can't give the parents any reason to go elsewhere. I'm sorry Connie.

CONNIE

You want one?

Janet considers, grabs a cookie, and takes a bite.

JANET

(chewing)

Delicious. As always.

(then)

Come around next week. Without these. You can help me go through some of the old photos. I don't know what's what in them, and I bet you will.

Connie nods. Janet pats her on the back and heads inside.

Connie walks towards a bench near the curb and sits. Florence watches then joins shortly after.

Connie opens the box of cookies and offers it to Florence.

They both take one. There's a quiet understanding between the two.

FLORENCE

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

What is this place?

CONNIE

After school program, for the kids. My husband Gary was a teacher, thought his students needed a place to be after school, so he opened this place.

FLORENCE

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

Connie shrugs, closing off once again. 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, the other kids thought she was kind of annoying, I guess, but 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, we'd have lunch together every day.

CONNIE
Huh.

FLORENCE
She would bring me anything I asked for. I still dream about their kolaches.

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.

CONNIE
Food brings people together. Always.

She offers her another cookie.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
How do mine compare? To her mom's?

FLORENCE
(hesitant)
Honestly?

CONNIE
Don't even finish.

They both laugh. A long silence.

FLORENCE
Now you know something about me. So we aren't really strangers anymore. Maybe you can tell me something else about you?

CONNIE
What? Like a story for a story?

FLORENCE
Yeah, if it'll make you feel better. About the memoir.

Connie considers.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
You said, in your letter, that it would be a shame not to get these memories down. I think it would be too.

Connie thinks for a long while.

CONNIE
He always talked about this, Gary, this was his dream, and he really did it. Who else can say something like that? When you-it's stupid.

Florence nods her head encouragingly.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
When you're in your 20s you just assume one day you're going to have it all figured out. But I think for some people that never comes. Not Gary though. If you could meet him you'd just know that some people really had figured it out.

Florence looks at her.

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.

FLORENCE
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 them 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 her 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 4
You touched her!

CHILD 5
She cursed you!

CHILD 6
Shut up!

CHILD 5

The witch got you! The witch got
you!

Florence's smile fades. She watches after them.

Child 6(Grace) slows down. She stops and turns back to look
at Florence.

From a distance she yells.

GRACE

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.

Grace nods, and runs off.

After a moment Florence on continues her run.

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, and as if remembering, we hear a
lively family dinner around her. It's bright and wonderful.

It feels so close, so real.

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

She looks at the photo of her mom, and sighs.

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

We see the calendar. It's two weeks from Florence's birthday.

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.

Florence looks at all 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

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.

FLORENCE
So Ms. Bernard-

CONNIE (O.S.)
Coco.

FLORENCE
Right. What's your first memory?

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

FLORENCE
Yes. Because it's whatever one you
remember first. 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
I do.

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.

Loud shuffling in the other room.

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.)
I don't know. Uh. I remember there
was this circular window by my
crib, and there was this tree
outside it. Sometimes at night the
branches would cast a shadow that
looked like hands trying to grab
me.

FLORENCE

Huh.

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

CONNIE

Not exactly Shakespeare.

FLORENCE

Don't you find it interesting that your first memory is a scary one? You were afraid.

Connie seems surprised by this, but changes the conversation.

CONNIE

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.

FLORENCE

Fear is a strong emotion, it makes sense it would imprint on you like that.

Connie digs through the box and pulls out a well worn scrapbook.

CONNIE

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 scowls.

CONNIE

Well these are my parents. They were Russian immigrants. Very practical both of them. I grew up a few towns away, in Packwood.

FLORENCE

Do you speak Russian?

CONNIE

No, mom only wanted us to learn English. Said it would help our future here.

(then)

She always cussed in Russian.

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

My sister.

A pause. Florence is waiting for her to say more.

FLORENCE

Where is she now? Are you close?

CONNIE

Do you have to ask so many questions?

Florence looks at her as if to say "go on".

CONNIE (CONT'D)

She's states away. Oregon. We don't see each other much.

FLORENCE

That must be hard.

CONNIE

Eh, we never got along.

FLORENCE

Never?

Connie shrugs. Florence wants to ask more, but doesn't think Connie will answer it.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

It looks like you traveled a lot.

She gestures to the photos on the wall.

CONNIE

Oh yeah, Gary and I wanted to see all the states. Made it to 44 of 'em.

FLORENCE

That's still a lot. Which one did you like best?

CONNIE

I seem to recall we agreed to a story for a story?

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 here I am. I don't remember them much at all.

CONNIE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

FLORENCE

It's okay. My grandparents were amazing and they told me everything about my dad, showed me every photo, every drawing, report card, you name it. But my mom—they didn't know her at all before the wedding. Said she was sparse on details. They loved her, but I guess she was hiding something, or running from something, or—

Florence shrugs.

Connie isn't sure how to respond.

Florence flips the page of the scrapbook and lands on a photo of a teenage Connie driving a convertible.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Is this you?

CONNIE

(laughing)

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

Gary, after we got married, he drove us everywhere.

Connie looks at the photo with a sweet longing.

FLORENCE

I can't swim. My grandparents didn't know how to, but we do live in one of the most landlocked states so probably not that important of a skill.

(then)

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

My mother made this long ago, I'm like 8 in that photo.

FLORENCE

She didn't take any notes?

Connie grunts. This seems to bother Florence more than it should. A forgotten person.

Connie flips the page of the scrapbook, then another flip, then another.

No explanation. Florence looks at her with a slight annoyance.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You did 4H?

Connie only nods. This is going to be harder than Florence thought.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - DAY

Florence sits at a park table, journaling and lost in thought.

She looks up and spots several small sticks scattered around her. She picks them up, lining them up in front of her. One is clearly the shortest.

She closes her eyes and shuffles them in her hands. Then, without opening her eyes, she tosses them onto the table in front of her and grabs one.

She opens her eyes. She's once again drawn the shortest straw. She sighs and tosses it aside.

She closes her journal and gives herself a small paper cut in the process. She stares at the small amount of blood with a strange fear in her eyes.

Overwhelmed, she gets up and walks down the street to her car. A voice stops her.

ANNE

Florence!

Florence turns to see Anne, holding a box, she's out of breath. She ran here.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I saw you down the street, perfect timing.

FLORENCE

For?

ANNE

Well first, how are ya?

FLORENCE
(hesitant)
I'm fine, thanks. You?

ANNE
Great, okay, uhm, do you know Grace
Nielsen?

Florence nods her head no.

ANNE (CONT'D)
So this is kind of weird. She's
Kimmy's daughter. You know, Kimmy,
what was her name before marriage?

FLORENCE
Benisek?

ANNE
Yes! Yes, from high school. Her
daughter Grace, uh, she gave me
this to give to you?

FLORENCE
I don't even know her.

ANNE
Well, she certainly knows you, or
at least your reputation. She asked
if I could give this to the witch
who's friends with the angel of
death.

FLORENCE
Why'd she give it to you?

ANNE
She comes into my shop everyday.
Kimmy probably said we know each
other.

(then)
I'm friends with the witch, how
exciting!

FLORENCE
I hate that they call me that.

ANNE
No it's cool. Every small town has
a witch, you should wear it with
pride.

FLORENCE
They're scared of me.

Anne hands her the gift.

ANNE
Maybe not all of them.

Their hands touch, Florence pulls away.

FLORENCE
Thanks, I guess.

ANNE
Can I come over again sometime?
I'll bring wine.

FLORENCE
Maybe.

ANNE
I can work with a maybe.

Florence continues towards her car.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Florence looks at the box, box cutter in hand. She opens it carefully.

Inside it looks like a colorful bird's nest.

Florence parses through the items: some fall leaves, a dried flower, glitter, popsicle sticks, and lastly a note.

FLORENCE
(reading)
Dear witch, can you please talk to the angel of death and ask him to save my mom? She is very sick. I don't want her to die. -Grace.

Florence is completely taken aback by this.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
I didn't know she was sick.

Florence shakes her head.

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

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

Florence suddenly stirs 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 again. Memories wash over her.

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

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

We see the calendar. It's five days to Florence's birthday.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence exits her car and walks towards 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.

FLORENCE

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.

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

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE
Do you mind?

She points to the book and sits.

FLORENCE
Not at all, take your time.

Florence grabs her journal and sits as well.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Connie closes the memoir and looks at Florence.

FLORENCE

What?

CONNIE

Do you think people can be objective?

FLORENCE

What do you mean?

CONNIE

We're telling our memories ourselves. What if we're wrong?

FLORENCE

I mean they're your memories. Can they be wrong?

CONNIE

But what if we're just revising our past? Making our best version? That never really existed.

FLORENCE

I think you just have to be as honest as you can be.

CONNIE

Have you ever asked someone what the worst thing they've ever done is?

FLORENCE

No. How would you like it if I asked you that?

CONNIE

I don't know. I mean wouldn't you want to know every side of the person?

FLORENCE

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

Connie just looks off, uncomfortable.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

The other day I had to make sure the daughter of a client received his memoir. Usually clients will do this themselves, but I guess things were worse between them than I thought. Whatever version of himself he told me, I guess her version is different. "Sugar-coated."

(then)

I can only write what you tell me.

Connie nods.

CONNIE

What are you working on?

FLORENCE

I had a kid write me. I just, can't figure out what to say back to them.

(then)

Why did you want this memoir in the first place?

CONNIE

Why does anyone?

FLORENCE

(frustrated)

Well most people have someone they want to give it to. Kids, spouse, grandkids. Do you have someone like that?

CONNIE

No kids. No spouse. No grandkids.

(then)

We have that in common it seems.

FLORENCE

Then why?

Connie shrugs. Florence can't seem to get to her. She's frustrated.

She looks at the travel photos of Connie on the wall behind her. An idea forms.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Maybe we try something completely different.

CONNIE

What?

Florence digs into her purse and pulls out her car keys.

FLORENCE

A driving lesson.

CONNIE

No.

FLORENCE

Come on!

CONNIE

No, I don't even have a driver's license.

FLORENCE

Respectfully, you live in the middle of nowhere. I don't think anyone will mind.

Connie scowls.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You said you loved it, right?

INT. FLORENCE'S CAR - DAY

Connie slowly buckles in her seatbelt. Florence sits in the passenger seat.

FLORENCE

Okay. You can put the keys in and start-

Connie holds up a finger, grabbing the visor and checking her makeup in the mirror. She's stalling.

Florence can't help but smile.

Finally Connie takes the keys from Florence and starts the car.

Florence nods at her encouragingly, Connie looks at her with a twinge of excitement.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

So, this is your gear shift.

CONNIE

No, where are the gears?

FLORENCE

The gears- oh! Did you only drive manual?

CONNIE

Yes, I manually moved the car.

FLORENCE

Well, this is an automatic. It's actually much easier. Right now you're in park, so P. R is for reverse, and D is for drive. That's really all you need to know.

CONNIE

I change it to drive and it just drives?

Florence nods. Connie adjusts the rear view mirror but is unsure how to change the side mirrors.

FLORENCE

Oh it's just that little button right there, yeah.

Connie moves the window, and awaits the next instructions.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Now you drive. Onward!

Connie smiles anxiously. She puts her foot on the brake, changes gears, takes her foot off the peddle and slowly trods forward.

CONNIE

Oh it's going! Okay.

Connie has yet to put her foot on the gas. They ride like this for a moment.

FLORENCE

Connie. You have to pick up the pace.

CONNIE

I don't see why.

FLORENCE

You're doing great, but we're going 2 miles an hour. You need to press the accelerator.

Connie takes a deep breath, and then presses the accelerator.

They charge forward abruptly, she instantly slams the breaks.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Almost got it.

Connie tries again. It's a little janky, but it works.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Okay so-

CONNIE
Shh, shh, let me focus.

Connie rolls up to a T-intersection. She struggles to find the blinker, blinking left but going right. Slowly, swinging wide, she makes the turn.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I'm doing it!

FLORENCE
You're doing it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Connie and Florence sit on a park table enjoying the weather outside. Florence journals. The car is nearby. The wind blows in their air. It's a nice day.

CONNIE
You know, growing up, we never talked about things like this.

FLORENCE
Like what?

CONNIE
Just, I don't know. This.

Florence thinks.

FLORENCE
My grandpa passed when I was 19, his was my first memoir. I told him I wanted a record his life. He didn't see the point but he humored me. It's funny. You know someone your whole life yet, there was still so much I'd never heard.

Connie nods. Florence tries to stifle the floodgates of emotion.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
There's never enough time.

Connie fiddles with her wedding ring.

CONNIE
On one of our roadtrips Gary and I made plans to go whale watching. I had never been on a boat, let alone one in the ocean and as we got out further from the shore, the water was so rough. I was convinced if I let go I would just fall off the boat. When we finally found a whale, it was on the other side, naturally, and I still didn't want to let go. So I guess I'll never see a whale.
(then)
I don't even like whales.

Connie laughs.

FLORENCE
You could still see one.

CONNIE
No it's too late for me.

FLORENCE
I don't know, you drove that car like a pro.

CONNIE
(laughing)
Nice try. What about you? Are you going to hang out with old people until you, yourself, are an old person? You should get out there. What's the furthest you've been from here?

FLORENCE
Uh. I don't know. I went to Dubuque once?

CONNIE
Have you never been out of Iowa?

Florence shrugs.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Florence!

FLORENCE
(somewhat joking, mostly
serious)
It's too late for me.

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

The calendar. Now just 1 day before Florence's birthday.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Florence sits, a glass of wine and a journal. She's still trying to figure out what to write to Grace.

A KNOCK at the door. She isn't expecting anyone, she's in her pajamas.

Another KNOCK. She goes to open the door, putting her gloves on first.

Behind the door is Anne, wine in hand.

ANNE
Hey, you know there's still a bunch of broken glass on your front porch right?

FLORENCE
Yeah, I, uh-

ANNE
I'm sorry to just drop in on you, but I thought maybe we could hang out? A peace offering?

Anne holds out the bottle. Florence lets her in. Anne sees the already open wine.

ANNE (CONT'D)
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
Yeah. Getting anything out of her
is like pulling teeth.

ANNE
Hm. Reminds me of someone else I
know.
(grabbing the wine glass)
Thanks.

Anne plops down on the couch.

ANNE (CONT'D)
What do you do then? Like, how do
you get her to talk to you?

FLORENCE
I've been trying a lot of things.
But, we've loosely been doing a
story for a story.

ANNE
Ohh, that sounds fun!

FLORENCE
It's not normal, I don't usually
have to talk about myself.

ANNE
It's just like your journals
though, except you actually have to
share them.

Florence sits down next to Anne.

ANNE (CONT'D)
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
Okay, fine.

ANNE
Yes! Let me think. 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, you remember, 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, 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 became friends?

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, its almost like very little has actually happened in that 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)

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.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I feel like you'll like this one.

She sits back down.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Looks like it's my turn again. Hm.
Oh! Wait! 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.

They dance brings them closer, nearly face to face. It's too intense for Florence, she has to sit down.

ANNE
You okay? Come on, I know you remember 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 a 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

It's not like its the curse. I
mean, ever since I saw your
calendar I-I need to know you don't
believe in that anymore.

Anne inspects the screw.

ANNE (CONT'D)

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

Its too late! You left because you were scared!

ANNE

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

FLORENCE

I couldn't leave them. They raised me. 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 won't even turn around to look at her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

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

FLORENCE

Get out.

ANNE

There's no curse, there's no witch,
there's no angel of death. You've
just given up!

Florence steps away from Anne.

ANNE (CONT'D)

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. In incredible pain she grabs her foot and hobbles to safety.

She watches Anne's tail lights as they get further and further away.