

"EVEN THE HEAVENS TWINKLE AND TURN" 3rd Draft

Written by

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Based on the short story,
"Two Swing Together"
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EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY - PRESENT

1

SUMMER.

A 70s-esque car drives down Main Street. The sun shines brightly right over the clear blue skies, down onto the road and into the car.

The car slows down to the curb and pulls over to park. A deteriorating, elderly-looking right hand with a wedding ring, slow and shaking, turns the key to turn off the engine, and then the knob to shut off his car radio.

A GROGGY MASCULINE DEEP BREATH IS TAKEN.

That same hand leans back to the face of this mysterious person. They scratch their long, untrimmed mess of a beard.

Opening the door, an OLD MAN, unshaven and messy from his head to feet, looks to be about in his early 70s, walks out ever so slowly and carefully WITH HIS CANE as he makes his way to enter one of the shops on the strip.

He passes one that's empty with a '**FOR SALE**' sign on the window and walks toward the one covered with flowers.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

2

The old man walks into a flower shop. Flora and vegetation as far as his eyes can see. He walks around the shop, browsing around for a particular kind of blossom. Until he finds what he's looking for, the white daffodils.

He picks on up one of flowers and gives it a whiff. He gives a calm smile right after.

As he was doing this, a young STORE EMPLOYEE slowly walks their way towards the old man.

EMPLOYEE

Good afternoon sir. Can I help you with anything today?

OLD MAN

Hmm? Eh, no thank you. Just browsing.

EMPLOYEE

Okay. If you have any questions just come over to me and I can help right away.

OLD MAN

All right. Thank you very much, dear.

The old man and the store employee begin to part ways until the old man stops himself and turns back to ask...

OLD MAN

Excuse me. Sorry, to be a bother, but how much are these per stem?

EMPLOYEE

Oh. No problem at all. They're about \$1.70 each.

OLD MAN

Thank you again.
(mumbles)
Damn. That much per stem?

The two part ways again. The old man turns back to the stock pile of daffodils and grabs about four or five daffodils.

Walking to the front of the shop, the old man encounters the owner of the shop. A WOMAN, also looking to be around her 80s, stands shortly behind the counter that she needs a stepping-stool to even reach relative eye level.

WOMAN

Hello Chris. Nice weather today, huh?

THE OLD MAN'S NAME IS CHRIS.

CHRIS

Afternoon, Alice. Indeed it is, heh. It's so nice that it makes you just want to lie down anywhere and forget about life for a while. Hell, with a day like today, it seems like there's never a crappy day in this town. Unless it rains badly or the snow freezes me over.

THE WOMAN'S NAME IS ALICE.

ALICE

I understand ya. I'm on the same boat.
(she looks right at Chris,
seriously)
But really, how have you been doing lately?

CHRIS

Well you know, doing my best. Taking my meds, keeping my daily exercises up, reading the classics of Twain, Brontë, even Hugo, but...recovering mostly.

But enough about me, how's the business been for you? I see you got a new lackey over there.

ALICE

Yeah. Well, ya know how fast these kids grow up now-a-days. Heh. Especially the ones in my family. My grandkids, you remember Mike and Danielle?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Certainly.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Those little sluggers surely did. One day, they're in diapers, then the next they're movin' out of town, ready to go college. The moment those letters came in, man. They were so excited.

So this year, I put out a job post sayin' I was in need of fresh help and one of the local high school kids instantly rushed on board for the position. Her first gig too, could ya tell?

CHRIS

Yeah, I see. Very enthusiastic that one is. Definitely reminds us of ourselves at that age, heh.

ALICE

Haha. Yeah, but she's usin' that energy in all the wrong places. When I was her age, I was more an out-on-the-town, lettin' loose, havin' fun kind of gal, ya know.

CHRIS

Heh. Yeah, yeah...

Chris looks back at the flowers in his hand.

The conversation slowly turns to silence.

Chris places the flowers onto the counter.

ALICE
That time again, huh?

Chris takes a breath and sighs.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Isn't this like your third time this
past year?

CHRIS
Yeah. But I'm one of the only people
around here that still visits anymore.

Alice puts the daffodils in a bag for Chris, but instead of
ringing him up, she hands them back to him.

CHRIS
No, no Alice. You don't need to do
that for me. I'm just like any other
customer. Please. Let me pay.

ALICE
No, it's quite all right. You're a
good guy, Chris, and one hell of a
great friend to me and George all the
years we've known each other. I want
to see that big smile of yours again,
so this is my generosity to ya.

CHRIS
Thank you, Alice.

Chris begins to walk out of the shop. As he gets to the door,
he turns back to hear Alice.

ALICE
Oh and please let the Mis'ess know I
said hello when you see her.

CHRIS
Will do.

The store employee girl from before waves back.

EMPLOYEE
Have a great day, sir!

Chris smirks as he finally leaves the shop.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

3

Chris stands outside the store for a moment.

Fidgeting with his wedding ring on his right hand.

He walks back to his car and starts the ignition. But instead of stepping on the gas right away, he notices one of the shops down the street boarded up and has a sign reading, "For Sale".

He looks intrigued and continues to his car, driving off.

Driving through town, passing multiple buildings. Out of town and into the suburban neighborhoods.

We follow the car as the season begins to change.

From warm to cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE:

EVEN THE HEAVENS TWINKLE AND TURN

FOUR YEARS AGO

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

4

WINTER.

The environment around transforms from the warm, pleasantness of summer into the cold, quiet subtlety of winter. Chris, looking younger and fresher than before right around his mid-60s, returns home in his car.

He pulls into the driveway of his house. It's a quaint, little house in the middle of an urban suburb. Surrounded by the loveliness of trees and freshest green grass (if only it wasn't covered in snow).

Whilst he pulls in, an OLD WOMAN, also in her mid-70s, sits on his patio outside with only wearing a decent heavy sweatshirt, a scarf, a pair of winter gloves, and glasses on her head.

She's there, sitting by a canvas, a paint brush in one hand and a palette layered in different paints in another. Upon the canvas, she's painting the suburban roadside covered in snow.

She notices his car and waves out to Chris.

Chris parks the car and exits the vehicle, HE DOESN'T HAVE HIS CANE, smiling as he shouts at her.

CHRIS
(waving at her)
Hey! I'm home.

He runs over to her as does she. Holding her tightly in order to keep her warm, or in case to embrace one another?

They exchange a kiss.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What are you doing out here? It's freezing. You're going to catch cold.

OLD WOMAN
I'm sorry hun, I saw the sunset beautifully casting over this soft snowy landscape and I just had to get the chance to paint it before it was gone.

CHRIS
Hehe. Gosh Phoebes, I forget sometimes how, even after all these years, you're still the crazy woman I fell in love with.

THE OLD WOMAN'S NAME IS PHOEBE. They both continue to act playful towards each other.

PHOEBE
Heh. Could you blame me? It's how I see the world.

They kiss again.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
How do you think I found you? Hahaha.

If it wasn't for your folks tying that tire swing in your backyard when we were kids, I would've never be so

intrigued to head over to meet you.

CHRIS

Uh...You invited yourself missy. I was coming home from running errands with my mother and as we started putting the groceries away, we found you in our yard having the friggin' time of your life, remember?

PHOEBE

Well, I was a very curious and happy for my age. What can I say?

CHRIS

I'd say that's breaking and entering.

PHOEBE

Oh, shut your face. Did you want to see the piece?

CHRIS

Sure.

Phoebe turns her canvas to show a beautiful reflection of their street glossed over with the shimmer of the snow. She looks at Chris, awaiting his reaction.

CHRIS

Lovely. You're getting better every passing day.

PHOEBE

Thanks. It took a while, but it was worth it.

Oh, by the way, welcome back. I'm surprised. You're home early from work. I wasn't expecting you for another two hours or so.

CHRIS

Yeah well, my meeting at the office ended pretty quick. Once we finalized what and where the company was going towards into the next fiscal year, I took care of some tax return paperwork and left. Heh. The next time this'll happen again is when I retire and give those son of bitches the bird as I leave.

Hell. I so much time that I stopped to grab some more things for this year's seasonal festivities.

Chris is about to lift up a bag of supplies, and flowers, but stops halfway through. He reconsiders.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But... I think before I show you, let's go inside first. I'm actually starting to become Jack Frost myself out here.

PHOEBE

Alright, sure thing.

Both let go and split off. Chris goes back to his car to grab the last of his things while Phoebe goes back to the patio to grab her things. Flowers, briefcase, laptop case, canvas, easel, brushes, paint, palette, etc., once they both had everything from outside, they both began to walk inside together.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

5

Chris and Phoebe walks into the house together. Chris is hiding the flowers as best he can.

The house isn't as big as it is on the inside as is the outside, but still contemporary. Furnished with what one think of as their grandparents house.

Old, but sentimental furniture, such as sewn linen for the bed, old wooded tables, desks, and nightstands, even the sitting coming straight from the 1970s as well as tons of pictures of their child, grandchild, and other family and friends.

Only a few lights are on. One in the foyer, living room, study, kitchen, and one that's lit upstairs.

Chris goes towards the foyer closet, stilling trying to hide the flowers from Phoebe. He places his stuff down, the flowers behind them, and begins to undo his coat in order to place it back inside.

Meanwhile, Phoebe walks upstairs with her art supplies.

CHRIS

Hey Phoebes, did you happen to start anything before you went outside!?

Back to Phoebe upstairs. She places her canvas and easel back in her art space in order to dry. She places her palette, paint brushes, and tubes of paint down and stands back into order so she can get a good look to make sure she has everything. But she starts to get confused by herself miscounting her supplies.

PHOEBE
(mumbling) 3, 4, 5, 6-- Wait, uh,
there's eight brushes- Right?.

She stops to think.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
1, 2, 3, 4- Hold on! Where are my
glasses?

They're on her head.

CHRIS
Phoebs?

PHOEBE
Ah frick.
(to Chris)
I didn't start anything yet. Give me a
moment. I'll be right down.

CHRIS
Okay.

Chris took this chance to set up the kitchen, so they can start preparing dinner together. Along with that, he took out the flowers along with some of the other things he bought at the store.

He takes the supplies and places them in their study for now. The flowers he holds behind his back, waiting for Phoebe. He also takes out a mistletoe that he tries to quickly hangs up above the doorway.

He then, puts a CD into the radio/cd player and Frank Sinatra's "My Funny Valentine" begins to play.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
She's going to be so happy when she
sees this.

Hmm, what to make tonight? Pasta?
Chicken? Maybe the roast this time-

Phoebe starts HASTILY running down the stairs as fast as she can in order to help Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Woah. What's the hurry?

PHOEBE
I didn't want to keep you waiting.
Sorry, it took me so long. Upstairs, I
was making sure I brought everything
inside with me, but I having trouble
with that since I couldn't find my
glasses anyway.

She's still unaware that her GLASSES ARE SEEMINGLY ON HER HEAD. She looks around the room frantic in a dry heave. Chris notices.

CHRIS
Ah man. And the dinner's cold too.

PHOEBE
What?!

CHRIS
Kidding. It's all right.

Actually... I just may have to use my
magic powers to heal your sight.
Ready?
(begins to wave his hands over
Phoebe's face)
Abracadabra! Alakazam!

He just lowers her glasses down over her eyes.

CHRIS
Ta-da!

PHOEBE
Huh? Oh, ha-ha. Very funny. Where were
they, you jokester?

CHRIS
Hehe. They were just on your head the
whole time, silly.

PHOEBE
They were?... Man, I can be so
scatterbrained at times.

Chris begins to chuckle at Phoebe's antics.

CHRIS
Come on Phoebes. I know people have told us act our age before, but you're too much in character right now.

PHOEBE
(a bit annoyed, but amused)
Are you calling me old?

CHRIS
As potent as aged-old wine. And as beautiful as these.

He also whips the flowers out from behind his back.

PHOEBE
Oh Chris. They're beautiful.

Phoebe smacks Chris in the arm. She then giggles and wraps her arm around his neck.

PHOEBE
(amused)
Hey, I guess I'm a bit more refined than you, huh? You big beluga!

Come on, let's make dinner. It's actually get cold now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

6

Both Chris and Phoebe are sitting at the kitchen table across from each other, eating dinner together.

PHOEBE
Mmm. Great job on the chicken parm.

CHRIS
Why thank you.

PHOEBE
Oh by the way, with The Big Lord J's birthday just around the corner, what are we thinking of doing for the season this year?

CHRIS

Hmm. Don't know. Alyssa and Jacob are planning their shindig, if you want to go?

PHOEBE

Well, we could visit Jacob and Alyssa like we always do, but we could host a party like we used to those many years ago. Whatcha thinking?

CHRIS

Hmm... I like that, but wouldn't it interfere with their plans?

PHOEBE

Not if we invite them first! Hehe.

CHRIS

Wow you're such a conniving woman. Haha!

Let's invite everyone to come down for Christmas. But that means we have to start decorating the house and get everything perfect for next Friday.

PHOEBE

Alright. I can put up the decorations tomorrow.

Chris finishes his plate and goes over to Phoebe and places his hand in front of her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Oh how kind of you.

CHRIS

(snarky)

Heh. I do my best.

Chris takes the plate to go wash the dishes.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

It's the middle of the night. The house is quiet. The lights are out. And Chris and Phoebe are sleeping. Supposedly.

All is quiet besides the drapes being blown by wind coming from the window.

A closer look reveals PHOEBE ISN'T THERE. Chris sleeping soundly as the sheets on the opposite side look thrown open. And the bedroom door is also wide open.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

From down the halls into the living room, there's pitter-patter moving in consistent motion. Sounds like footprints.

There is Phoebe, pacing back and forth, mumbling nonsense. She then abruptly stops, facing a window. She turns to sit in the corner of the room in order look out of the nearest window. She just sits there, quietly in awe by the snow gently falling to the ground.

A train is softly heard in the background.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

9

Morning comes. The alarm clock in the room starts loudly ringing at 6:00am, Saturday. Chris wakes up, fully rested. He notices it's the weekend and doesn't push himself to get ready, but starts sluggish getting up.

HE DOES NOTICE PHOEBE IS GONE.

He shrugs this off and goes on rolling out of bed like normal, assuming she woke up early like usual. He puts on a robe.

Chris goes into their bathroom to wash up and brush his teeth. He wipes his dry with a towel and after what he seems nothing is heard, Chris turns off the sink for a few moments.

CHRIS

Hm?...

Chris begins to wonder if she's even in the house to then he hears ticking, and finally a loud *DING* of the toaster.

Chris leaves the bathroom and heads to the kitchen.

Entering the kitchen, Chris sees Phoebe finishing toasting bread as the table is ready for breakfast.

PHOEBE

Well good morning, sleepy-head.

CHRIS

Good morning.
(takes a whiff)
(MORE)

Oooo, smells nice in here. Great job on breakfast again, darling.

PHOEBE

Thanks.

(yawns)

Gee. Did I not get much sleep last night.

It was almost like I had this weird dream. But for the life of me I can't remember much of it. All I know is I was in the living room, just wandering. Then, I suddenly woke up in the hallway.

CHRIS

You might have just encountered something in your dream that made you jumpy and you might've even sleepwalked last night. I wouldn't worry about it too much.

Chris and Phoebe sit down at the kitchen table to eat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mmm-mmm-mmm. Eggs, bacons, and toast. Sheesh, you spoil me too much.

PHOEBE

Maybe next time I'll put you on a diet, heh.

CHRIS

No way ma'am. This is a gut of steel and needs constant nourishment to stay strong and reenforced.

PHOEBE

Hehe. Oh by the way, Alyssa and Jacob got back to us and they would be delighted to come spend Christmas over here.

CHRIS

That's not surprising. I was hearing from his mother last week that the company Jacob's working for may be cutting some of their costs and might be laying off people soon. It just seem unlikely that they'll have enough

to spend on for the party let alone
get something for little Susanne...

Chris lifts his coffee mug to finish it as the plate in front of him is empty. He grabs the local newspaper to read.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And besides, it would've almost felt awkward with everyone there, looking at them both and treating them like a helpless charity cases just from this bit of gossip.

PHOEBE

But Chris, Jacob, Alyssa, and even little Susanne are family. They at least need all the help and support they can get in the chance it does come to fruition.

CHRIS

Hmm... Maybe you're right... As always.

PHOEBE

Damn straight. So we're going to support them?

CHRIS

Yes.

PHOEBE

Good...

Oh another thing, one of the gas stoves wouldn't light this morning. I tried see if it was the igniter for that one, but it didn't seem to be it. I think the gas valve connected to it may not be fully the gas through properly. Do you think we can call someone?

CHRIS

Sure. It's last minute, but I'll try to see if Phil can come by today or tomorrow to check it out. He's usually pretty good at checking gas and electrical stuff.

Chris places his newspaper down and digs into his pockets to

pull out his phone. He begins to dial the number for Phil. Phoebe continues to eat as she reads a novel.

Chris notices and steps out into the hallway, so Phoebe can read. We stay on Phoebe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello Phil.

(becomes off-screen)

CHRIS (O.S.)

This is Chris Nicolaou...

(Phoebe face slowly goes from attentively reading to a blank, spaced-out look)

Yes, yes, it's nice to hear from you too, but I'm actually calling because I got job for you... This time's the gas stove. Apparently, it wouldn't light and we may suspect it's the gas not directly coming through the gas valve or could be a rusted ignition. Is there a chance of you coming around later today or tomorrow?...

Yeah...Alright. Could you happen try to squeeze this Friday, then? We'd like to get this fixed before we as well get some major company later this month.

Mmm-hmm... You can!? Great! Thanks,

Phil. You have a good day. Oh, and let Jane know we said hello. Alright. Take care, Phil. Goodbye.

Chris ends the call and returns back to the kitchen.

CHRIS

Alright. He said he couldn't this weekend because he and Jane are going to go watch his son's performance at the community theater up by the college. He said he can come this Friday though, which is great, so I'm gonna need you to be here when he comes in order to assure everything goes well, ok?

As he enters and begins to sit back down at the table, he notices Phoebe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hmmm? Phoebes? What's the matter?

She looks at him and doesn't answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Are you okay? What's going on with
you?

Chris tries waving his hand in front of her eyes and begins
to laugh anxiously.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Woohoo! Look at me! Starlight!! I'm
right here!!!

Phoebe continue to do nothing, but look at him without
reacting.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(serious now)
Phoebe! Answer me! I don't know what's
going on?

Chris steps back and waits, observing her closer.

No reaction.

He stands up slightly, leans over the table to sit beside
her. Tries to make her turn toward him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Phoebes, what's the matter?

He manages to get her torso to turn halfway toward him, but
her blank eyes look through him like a chain fence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Phoebes...please...

He orients her body towards his and holds her head in both of
his hands. Chris looks closely into her eyes. He embraces her
tightly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Phoebe...

She stares into the void. Chris tries to kiss her, getting
her to snap out of her trance.

NO RESULT.

Chris drops his hands. Then sits beside her, for quite a while. as he think of what to do.

SILENCE.

Finally, Chris gets up. Grabbing his finished plate, he heads for the sink, turns on the tap, and begins to wash his dish. Chris looks at the refrigerator and starts moving towards that. Grabbing two freezing ice cubes from the freezer, Chris stands beside Phoebe and places them upon her face. He waits for a reaction, but one never comes. Then he pulls up her hair and applies the ice upon the base of her neck. Then, he sits down and looks at her imploringly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(close to tears)
Phoebe...Darling...please!

Once again they both remain seated. Chris places the ice cubes in her plate. In the background, we hear the GUSHING of the tap that, in his panic, he had forgotten to turn it off.

Making a sudden decision, he gets up, rapidly crossing the hallway, he goes back into the bedroom where he starts to dress agitatedly, which takes him quite a lot of time. Suddenly, the GUSHING of the tap stops, which had accompanied us as far as the bedroom.

Chris doesn't notice it immediately, then he stops short.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Phoebe?

Finally he returns, half dressed, into the kitchen. Phoebe is seated in the same place and looks at him. Actually responding.

PHOEBE
What are you doing?

She turns toward the breakfast.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
You left the water running.

Chris stares at her.

CHRIS
(both aghast and furious)
Hey, what are you doing? Are you trying to scare me here? This better

have been some kind of joke.

Phoebe looks at him with amazement and confusion.

PHOEBE
What are you saying?

CHRIS
(seriously)
Is this a joke? Was what you were
doing just some playful ruse?

PHOEBE
What ruse? I don't understand! What's
gotten into you? Why are you talking
to me like that?

Chris comes from the door to the table.

CHRIS
Phoebe! Please! You can drop the act
now. I know we're playful together
sometimes, but what you did almost
scared me into a heart attack.

PHOEBE
(getting irritated)
There was no act? What on earth's the
matter?!!

Chris is about to answer in a similarly irritated tone, but gradually begins to suspect that he could be mistaken. He tries to calm down, takes his chair that has remained beside Phoebe. Chris sits down and looks at his wife. She doesn't know how to react.

CHRIS
Look. I apologize. But answer me
this... Why didn't you react?

PHOEBE
To what?

CHRIS
To what? To me, to everything.

PHOEBE
When?

CHRIS
Just now. A moment ago.

PHOEBE

Chris. Now I'm getting scared. Please tell me what's wrong. Did something happen?

Chris first looks away reluctantly, then looks at Phoebe. He doesn't want to believe that it's serious.

CHRIS

I don't know what to say. Do you really not know what just happened?

PHOEBE

No, what DID happen?

CHRIS

(almost reluctantly bowing his head as he speaks)
You were sitting there, staring at me. You didn't answer me when I asked you what the matter was.

He shows her the half melted ice cubes in her plate.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I tried to snap you out of your trace with these. I placed them on your face, but you didn't react.

Phoebe looks at the ice, then at Chris, and shakes her head, perturbed that she can't understand. Chris looks at her. He sees the damp marks on the collar of her robe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look... There's still water on your collar from the ice starting to melt.

Phoebe follows his gesture, tugs on her collar and sees the damp marks. She slowly grasps that something is awry.

PHOEBE

When... When was it?

CHRIS

Just now, a few minutes ago.

PHOEBE

So...??

CHRIS

There's no "So". I went into the

bedroom to get dressed. Afterwards, I was going to get help.

PHOEBE
Help?

CHRIS
Yes, and then you turned off the tap.

PHOEBE
Yes. Because you left it on.

SILENCE.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

CHRIS
Neither do I.

PAUSE. Chris remembers.

CHRIS
Was it your lack of sleep that caused your sudden trance?

PHOEBE
Possibly. That could have been it. But I'm fine. There's nothing wrong with me. Just tired.

CHRIS
Phoebe, please!! That's absurd. We can't pretend that nothing happened.

PHOEBE
But what DID happen?

PAUSE.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I'm here. I'm having my breakfast, and you're telling me things happened that I don't understand.

CHRIS
Can you explain how water could have magically appeared on your face or your robe?

PHOEBE
 (irritated)
 No, I can't!

CHRIS
 Who turned on the tap?

PHOEBE
 You did!

CHRIS
 Can you remember that?

PHOEBE
 (more and more desperate, close to
 tears)
 No! It's only deductive reasoning. Who
 else is here besides you... So, are
 you done interrogating me or can get
 some shut-eye?

Chris looks at her.

CHRIS
 Alright. I'm gonna finish getting
 ready, so I can go out and grab some
 things later. I'll let you rest for
 now.

PHOEBE
 Thanks.

CHRIS
 Oh, and grab some of the sleep meds in
 the medicine cabinet too.

PHOEBE
 Okay.

She takes out a tea bag from the cabinet and a cup from the
 cabinet to prepare tea. She turns the tap back on and places
 the bag in the cup, but leaves without filling the cup.

She walks out unaware that she never filled the cup.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY - TWO DAYS LATER

10

Phoebe sits outside on the patio all alone quietly. She's
 wearing nothing but a sweater and sweatpants, shivering a bit
 from the lack of gloves or proper footwear. Watching the snow
 again.

A huge repair truck pulls up to the house and into the driveway. Out steps a man in his late 40s, wearing a heavy-duty coat and carrying plenty of mechanical tools to get the job done. This is PHIL.

Phil walks up the driveway, noticing Phoebe sitting outside.

PHIL

Well. Good morning, Phoebe. How are you today?

She says nothing or even seems to notice he's there. Phoebe just continues to stare at the light-falling snowflakes.

PHIL

Hello. Phoebe?

Still silence. Phil coughs to get her attention.

PHOEBE

Oh, Felix. Sorry, I'm doing well. It's been a while hasn't it?

PHIL

Uh, yeah. Um. Phoebe. You know it's Phil, right? Not Felix.

PHOEBE

Oh. Oh sorry Phil. My apologies. I've just been a little out of it recently. Here, let me invite you inside.

PHIL

Thank you.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

11

Both Phoebe leads Phil inside and throughout the house. The inside house now is laid with Christmas decorations such as multi-colored lights, stockings, and a half-finished put together evergreen tree, naked without any ornaments on it. From the foyer to the upstairs, almost like Phoebe was unsure of which direction she was actually going. Even the look on her face confirmed this. She was confused.

PHIL

Uh, Phoebe. Chris said you guys were having some issues with the gas itself, not the lighting for one of your gas stoves, right?

PHOEBE

Oh yes, Phineas. It was strange. I was making breakfast for my husband and one of the stoves just wasn't working. Like I told him, I tried see if it was the igniter, but it didn't seem to be it. Right this way.

PHIL

(agitated)

Again. It's Phil. We've known each other for years.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12

Both finally make it to the kitchen. Phoebe points out the oven's gas stoves because it has a freshly placed sticky on it. There are actually many more of these stickies notes all throughout the kitchen. Phil get right to work pulling the oven away from the wall in order to check the behind where the gas valve would be.

PHIL

All right. Let's see the damage... Ah, I see. You see those pipes in the back down there.

Phil points to the particular problem.

PHOEBE

Those?

PHIL

Yes. That piece of the pipes became rusted and with the rising cold air worsen the condition, so as a safety measure, I stopped the gas flow for the time being.

PHOEBE

Oh. How long would it take to fix?

PHIL

Not too long, actually. Just a simple fix. I'll just grab a replacement pipe from my truck.

PHOEBE

Alright. Hehe. This reminds me of a story. When Chris would try to fix or construct anything for me or our

daughter, Alysia, especially in her college years, he would get so frustrated when certain pieces or two different parts wouldn't fit together correctly. He wouldn't use common sense and follow the instructions. Rearrange this piece or change the angle of this part, no. To him, it had to go that way... Just thought it was interesting to tell.

PHIL

(amused)

Hehe. I understand. My father was the same too. As I got older, I even started to see myself became more like him everyday. No matter how much the men of today have develop, I guess we can still can't get rid of the pride we hold over providing for those we love...

Alright, give me a few minutes. I'll be right back with the replacement part.

PHOEBE

Okay. Take your time.

Phil begins to walk outside to go to his truck, leaving the door wide open. Phoebe shortly follows.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

13

Phil walks back down the driveway and hops into this truck to grab his piece. He turns around and notices Phoebe had been right behind him quietly. She's still wearing nothing but a sweater and sweatpants, shivering a bit from the lack of gloves or proper footwear. Looking upward at the snow again.

Holding the replacement part for the gas stove, he kneels down to Phoebe.

PHIL

Uh, Phoebe. I have the part. Don't you want to stay inside where it's warmer?

She says nothing, but this time, she's more anxious to be next to Phil. She sprints back over to the patio bench to get away from him.

Phil gives a confused expression. He walks back up the driveway to Phoebe just to be met with her continuing to timidly look away from Phil and goes back studying the snowflakes.

PHIL
Hello. Phoebe? Did I do something wrong?

Still silence. She scoots over to move further from Phil. coughs to get her attention.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh. Would you like me to sit down? I can't right now, but if that's what'll help, then-

Phil's about to sit down on the bench, looking at her, but Phoebe immediately gets up and hastily to look away from Phil, similar to a scared child.

Phil becomes even more confused, but tries to calm Phoebe down. He places his hands on her's.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Relax, Phoebe. It's me, Phil O'Riley. You've known me since you and Chris move here, remember?

Phoebe stops and turns to Phil. Her eyes widen.

PHOEBE
Oh, Finn. Forgive me, I'm doing much better now. Are you ready to go fix that pipe?

PHIL
(humorous)
sigh It's actually Phil, but at least we're back on track.

PHOEBE
Mmm-hmm.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

14

Both Phoebe leads Phil back inside the house. But before they continue Phil props the door to stay open.

PHIL
Even if the gas is turned off. We're

still dealing with gas here, so an open door or window should expel any potential flammable or hazardous gas from earlier in the building.

(humorous)

Plus the cold air from the winter snow should acts as a better coolant than normal gusts of wind.

They return to the kitchen in order to complete Phil's visit of fixing the rusted pipe that'll repair the gas stoves' inability to light.

With the oven still pushed aside as it was before. Phil attaches a mask over his face.

PHIL

Okay Phoebe. Stand back, I don't want any of this potential gas to fill into your sensitive lungs.

Phil uses one of his many trusty wrenches to loosen the pipe and as soon as he loosens it enough and has pulled it out, gas immediately floods the house. However, it isn't as strong as expected since the door is wide open, allowing some of it to escape.

PHOEBE

Amazing.

Phil squeezes the new pipe into place and tightens it back in with his handy wrenches.

PHIL

There. Good as new.

PHOEBE

Astounding. Thanks Bill.

Hehe. This reminds me of a story. When Chris would try to fix or construct anything for me or our daughter, Alysia, especially in her college years, he would get so frustrated when certain pieces or two different parts wouldn't fit together correctly. He wouldn't use common sense and follow the instructions. Rearrange this piece or change the angle of this part, no. To him, it had to go that way... Just thought it was interesting to tell.

PHIL
Phoebe, you just told me that already.

PHOEBE
Have I? Oh sorry. I apologize.

PHIL
(awkward laughs)
Hehe. No need. Some things need to be repeated to be understood. I gotcha. That's another thing I learned from my father. As I got older, I even started to see myself became more like him everyday. No matter how much the men of today have develop, I guess we can still can't help but hold over providing for those we love and care for.

PHOEBE
(rhetorically)
Isn't that the truth?

Phil pushes the oven back into place. He tests the gas stove, and thankfully it lights. A job well done.

Phil and Phoebe begins to walk outside to Phi's truck, when Chris arrives home in his car.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

15

Chris's car begins pulling into the driveway as Phil and Phoebe walk outside. Both of them notice and begin to wave.

PHIL
Well, would you look at? Look who it is.

PHOEBE
Hey, Chris is back home!

Chris stop to park the car and exits the vehicle. He walks over directly toward Phil. Phoebe intervenes.

PHOEBE
Welcome home Chris honey. How was your day today?

CHRIS
It was fine. Strict as always, but gratefully, they're lightening up

thanks to the Christmas season.
(looks to Phil)
All right. How much was it for the
repairs, Phil?

Phil takes out a small notepad and a pen. He begins to write
as he thinks of the costs of his service.

PHIL
Let's see. Fortunately, all you guys
needed was a simple replacement job.
If this was done later, then it could
have been a real detriment to the
house and especially you two. So...
I'd put my services at around \$500 in
total.

CHRIS
Alright. You accept checks, right?

PHIL
Mmm-hmm.

CHRIS
Great.

Chris begins to open his bag to look for his check-book.
Phoebe steps in.

PHOEBE
I think it may be in the house, dear.
Would you like me to get it for you?

CHRIS
Sure thing, sweetie. Thank you.

Phoebe heads back to the house and once she enters, Phil
turns towards Chris to ask him a few questions.

PHIL
Hey Chris, is everything okay at home?

CHRIS
What do you mean?

PHIL
Look Chris not to get in any of your
guys' personal business, but well,
since I arrived to do my job, Phoebe
had been acting a little strangely
whilst me being here. She didn't seem

to feel like herself.

CHRIS
(immediately dismissive)
Everything is perfectly fine. I
wouldn't even think of where you get
an idea such as that.

PHIL
She told me, Chris. And I even
witnessed it. She was inattentive or
anxious when I approached her, she
seemed confused when leading me into
the house, she repeated the same story
of you twice, and she kept calling me
the wrong name.

Phil puts his hand on Chris' shoulder and looks seriously at
Chris. Chris does the same.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Are you sure everything is fine?

CHRIS
(still dismissive)
Yes. She's been having trouble
sleeping, so I gave her some sleeping
medication to help her. These
instances are just results of minor
exhaustion or some side effects from
the sleep medication she's taking... I
can tell you, she's one hundred
percent fine.

Phoebe returns with the check-book.

PHOEBE
Here you go, hun. Took me a bit to
find it.

CHRIS
Thank you, Phoebes.

Chris takes the check-book from Phoebe and looks at Phil
irritated. He whips a pen out his pocket and starts to write
out Phil's check.

He finishes and hands it to Phil.

CHRIS
Here you go, Phil. Thank you for all

you've done.

Phil hesitates.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Please take it, Phil. I can ensure you
everything will be fine.

Phil take it the check from Chris' hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Thank you, Phil.

PHIL
No problem.

Phil walks back to his truck and enters it. He turns the
ignition on, pulling the truck out of the driveway. Phil
looks back at Phoebe.

She smiles.

PHOEBE
So long Phil. Hope you can come back
for a warm cup of coffee sometime.

Phil's eyes widen. And he smiles again.

PHIL
I'll take you up on that offer next
time.

Phil finally drives off. Chris places his hand on Phoebe back
and assists her inside.

CHRIS
Come on, Phoebs. You must be cold out
here.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

It's another night at the house again. The house is quiet.
The light are out. And Chris and Phoebe are sleeping.
Supposedly.

All is quiet besides the closed window showing the tremendous
insanity that is the snow storm blown by snow and wind
everywhere outside.

A closer look reveals PHOEBE ISN'T THERE AGAIN. Chris sleeping soundly as the sheets on the opposite side look thrown open. And the bedroom door is also wide open.

In the background, we hear the HEAVY GUSTS of the front door being open as well.

OH NO.

Chris shifts his body over, laying his hand upon her side of the bed. He doesn't feel anything. Chris wakes up, finding Phoebe isn't there.

His body springs up and out of bed.

He looks around the room and the bathroom. Nothing.

He sees the bedroom door is open and heads out into the hall.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

17

Chris rushes into the halls of the foyer, looking for any sign of her. He calls out to Phoebe.

CHRIS

Phoebe!! Phoebe!! Where are you?!

No answer.

The only sound comes from the blowing snowy winds from the front door.

Chris, upset, assumes the worse. He grabs a coat and shoes from the foyer closet, and heads straight for outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

18

Chris storms out into the storm, but can't see anything in the distant.

He tries to stay near the premises of the house. Chris starts from the door to the patio and onward.

CHRIS

Phoebe!! Phoebe!!

Continuing to call out to Phoebe, but no answer still can be heard in this weather.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Damn it. Starlight! Shine brightly!

For me, please...

Still no answer. Chris continues on moving. The weather significantly continues its freezing onslaught, especially on Chris' body.

Yet, Chris keeps going.

Chris tries again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Shine bright, Starlight!...
(mumbles to self)
I'm with you in the dark.

He cannot see anything.

Persisting, he continues through the freezing blizzard. Walking throughout the front yard, desperately.

HE FINDS NOTHING.

He keeps walking, not stopping.

Having been out for a while, hoping to find where she's went out in this storm, he leaves the front yard. Not finding any trace. He takes his search around the side of house.

Chris continues through the never-ending storm, unable to see what is even directly in front of him he plows through. Then, he trips and falls in the soft snow.

He turns to look he tripped over some sort of snow pile, but with a closer look. He sees...

IT'S PHOEBE!

Chris goes to her and fast as he can move for his age.

He tries to see if she's all right and if he can get her to speak.

He finds her laying unconscious. Laying in a way as if she was digging that freshly made hole into the snow.

Chris lifts her in his arms.

CHRIS
Phoebes! Phoebes! Can you hear me?!

Phoebe's body is shivering profusely as she was not wearing

her light pajamas.

Some areas on her body are blue from the cold.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Damn it, Phoebs! Open your eyes!
 Answer me!! Something!!!

...
 Please.

Chris keeps trying to get her to wake up and let him know she's all right, but nothing.

She lays silent... Until...

PHOEBE
 (mumbles quietly)
 Christo-bear.

Chris stunned. Ecstatic with happiness that she's still alive.

Phoebe is shivering more. Chris can't see her like this.

He wraps her in his arms. Carries her quickly back inside into the warmth with Chris' worried, but determined expression on his face on their way back.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

19

They arrive back at the house. Chris worriedly looks down at Phoebe in his arms.

Phoebe struggles to open her eyes for a moment. She turns to look at Chris.

PHOEBE
 Oh hey, Christo-bear. Lovely weather were having? I was just out collecting these lovely daffodils. I think they'd look pretty for the apartment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (nervously chuckles)
 Not when we have someone like you to brighten it up yourself.

PHOEBE
 Aww. Chris.

She falls back into unconsciousness.

He carries her to the living room.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

The lights of the fireplace light. Chris helps Phoebe lays down at the foot of the heat to warm up. He then grabs her novel on the table. Holding it firmly in his hands.

Phoebe seems to open her eyes again.

She has returned to reality.

CHRIS

Rest. Your body needs to thaw before you can move. Lay here please and just read your book while you warm up.

PHOEBE

Ok... I'm sorry for putting you through that. That was so stupid of me.

PAUSE.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

I've been thinking these last few days and the thing is... half the time I wander around looking for something which I know is very pertinent. But I can't remember what it is. Then, Once the idea is gone, everything is gone. I just wander around trying to figure out what it was that was so important earlier. I think I may be beginning to disappear.

Chris grabs her hand, holding it tightly.

CHRIS

(agitated & exhausted)

No, you're not. You're too young. You are still the wonderful person I met back all those years ago. Inside and out. We can deal with that later down the road. For now, just sit and relax. Let the warmth help you.

Chris leaves the room into the kitchen.

INT. ART AND CRAFTS SHOP - DAY

21

The door opens and the bell atop rings. Chris and Phoebe walk into the shop. Art and crafts supplies line the walls of the shop. Each shelf towering the customers as far as his eyes can see.

They walk around the shop, browsing around the shop in order to find the knitting supplies. They split up.

Chris goes one way, and a young female store employee walks their way towards Chris.

EMPLOYEE

Good afternoon sir. Can I help you with anything today?

CHRIS

Hmm? Uh, no thank you.

EMPLOYEE

Okay. If you have any questions just come over to me and I can help right away.

CHRIS

All right. Thank you very much, dear.

Chris and the store employee begin to part ways as his Chris walks around the corner to try to find the materials himself.

The store employee walks into another aisle filled with wooden planks and paper maché materials to sort and organize the shelf and in the distance is Phoebe.

Phoebe notices her, looks back at the shelf, but then walks over to her to ask her question.

PHOEBE

Excuse me.

EMPLOYEE

Yes.

PHOEBE

Would you happen to know where the fabric and cloth materials are?

EMPLOYEE

Oh. Yeah. Go down this aisle, make a left, and it's the best two aisles

over.

PHOEBE

Thank you.

Phoebe walks over to the right aisle with the supplies. She turns over to see Chris walking past the aisle and waves to him to come over.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Oh, hon! I found it!

Come. It's over here.

CHRIS

Oh hey.

PHOEBE

All right, let us see which colors would look great on them.

The wall Phoebe thought that was covered in different fabrics was actually different paints and brushes.

She scans the wall, looking at all her options so she can make a proper decision.

CHRIS

Phoebes, these aren't the fabrics. These are the paints.

PHOEBE

It's that why we came.

CHRIS

(sigh)

No. Here come with me.

Chris takes her to the proper aisle.

This time a wall covered in different fabrics filled the aisle.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How about make it simple? Make it reds with greens looped in the neckpiece, the base, and the sleeves.

PHOEBE

Oooo. Good idea.

Phoebe starts to grab multiple red and green fabric. And many more colors.

CHRIS
Wait. Why did you just grab more?

PHOEBE
(inspiration in her eyes)
All the sweaters will have their own individual names!

CHRIS
(chuckles)
A bit ambitious there aren't we? I thought Susanne would only have one?

PHOEBE
Off to the counter.

They mosey their way over to counter to pay for the materials. Once they pay, they go back into car.

CHRIS AND PHOEBE
Thank you.

They drive off

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

22

From down the hall, Phoebe enters into the living room where Chris is sits on the old recliner, watching TV.

She's carrying her knitting kit along with her needles.

She goes to sit on the couch where she pulls out the red fabric material. Entwining the first thread around the first needle, then she begins to knit the first sweater for Alysia.

PHOEBE
(annoyed)
Argh.

She breaks the relative quiet. The thread loops around in many directions, but isn't coming together.

PHOEBE'S HAVING TROUBLE.

She tries again. Place the thread on the needle, then begins to cross them to knit.

PHOEBE
 (irritated)
 Argh!

She messing it up again. This time the thread gets entangled into knots.

Close in on Chris, he give another worried expression as Phoebe struggles again with the thread.

The image of Dr. Lombardi's card pops into Chris head again.

He begins to fidget with his wedding ring during this.

PHOEBE
 (angry)
 ARGHHHH!

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

23

Chris is in the middle of getting ready for what looks to be church clothing, since he is dressing himself in very formal and proper dress clothes.

Chris puts on a white buttoned-up dress shirt along with a read and green Christmas-themed tie. He then pulls up some black pants over his underwear and slips on his black dress shoes, then finishes the outfit with a black blazer.

Phoebe can be heard in the bathroom, applying the last touches of makeup and other beauty products.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
 We still need to think of what presents to get Alyssa, Jacob, and Susanne.

CHRIS
 (putting on clothes throughout the conversation)
 What do you propose?

PHOEBE (O.S.)
 Hmm... I could dig out the old knitting kit. I'd need to go downtown tomorrow and get some fabrics and materials though.

CHRIS
 That's fine with me.

PHOEBE

Oooo! Maybe I can make three matching family sweaters! Little Sus' can have some thing written like "Momma's Little Angel". Aww! Wouldn't that be cute?

CHRIS

(laughs)

Haha! I would say that's corny. But coming from you, it still would be. Haha!

PHOEBE

(giggles)

Gosh. I forgot how unfunny you are.

CHRIS

And don't forget it. Haha. But no seriously, it'd definitely be a great present idea that comes from your heart.

Chris finishes getting ready.

CHRIS

All right. And...done. Honey, you ready to go? We got to make it to church before it end.

PHOEBE

Almost just trying to finish this last- WOAH!!

A loud slam is heard and Chris runs into the bathroom.

CHRIS

Phoebe!?

He runs in to find Phoebe had fallen over and in pain.

PHOEBE

Owww!

CHRIS

Hold on. Let me go get something for that.

Chris runs out of the bathroom and even the bedroom to get something to treat Phoebe with.

From the other side of the house, there's sounds of stuff being moved around in cabinets, then for a moment it stops. The cabinet shuts.

Chris runs back with disinfectant and a pack of bandages.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

24

Before he sits down at the kitchen table, Chris grabs a card off the refrigerator.

HE LOOKS A DOWN AT THE CARD. THE CARD IS FOR A DOCTOR.

The card reads "*Dr. Francesca Lombardi, Psychiatric Care*".

Chris then glimpses over to Phoebe, then puts the card back onto the refrigerator.

Saying nothing the rest of the night, Chris goes back toward the table to take his seat.

All he does is stare at her.

And thinks... Contemplating what to do next.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CAR - DAY

25

A couple of days have gone by. We see an abundant amount of traffic crowding a familiar-looking 70s car on the East Coast I-95 turnpike.

The traffic moves between decent movement to pretty slowly as we pass near the border sign, reading: "WELCOME TO VIRGINIA".

Additional text appears on the screen, reading: JANUARY

The new year has sprung as indicated by the lack of much snow being anywhere on the ground.

Looking back at the familiar-looking car, we goes through into the car. The driver is Chris.

Now in his casual set of clothes, sitting beside him is Phoebe, who's quietly slumped beside him.

There's no talking. All the noise is coming from the radio playing a sort of best songs from the 50s.

Chris places his hand on Phoebe's leg and then toward her

hand. Gripping tightly as he's going to declare something.

CHRIS

Phoebe.

Phoebe doesn't look at him nor she says anything back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Phoebe. Please look at me.

She does no such thing. Only semblance of any impression or response is one single tear running down the cheek facing Chris; as if that tear asks the question, "Was all of this justifiable?".

Chris turns her head. She looks back with her drooped face, but the eyes of a sad, horrified puppy.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Honey. I am only doing this for you. I care about you and wish you to get better again...

Again, no response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you know where we're going?...

We're on our way to New Jersey. You remember our old neighborhood. Oh boy, we're going to get so nostalgic while we're out there. This way, all of your memories will flock back to you and then we can go back living the rest of our lives happy as we were before.

Still no response from Phoebe. Chris lets go of her hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Alright... To the moon, Starlight.

Chris turns back toward the highway, staring at the car in front of him. Until...

The radio transitions to the next song. It begins to blast the 1958 classic, "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry.

Phoebe begins to hum the tune. She begins to mumble the lyrics.

She's getting into the mood as she moves her body very

loosely.

PHOEBE
 (mumbles)
 ♪...Go, go.
 Go Johnny go, go.
 Go Johnny go, go...♪

Phoebe doesn't look at him nor she says anything back. The song continues to play in the background.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 Man. This song was so crazy back when they got Chuck Berry to play for our high school dance.

Chris widens his eyes and looks over to Phoebe.

CHRIS
 Starlight! Is that really you?!

PHOEBE
 (yawn)
 Good morning. Christo-bear. Why are we drive up the i-95?...

Chris hugs her. She comes closer to embrace him.

Chris holds her in his arms tightly. They kiss each other. Totally ignoring the traffic, cars begin to honk their horns.

CHRIS
 By God, have I missed you!

PHOEBE
 Missed me? I've been right here the whole tim-

Oh no, it happen didn't it? How long was I gone?

CHRIS
 For almost two months, but I was right! You're back! I get to look at your adorable face again and know it's really you!

PHOEBE
(places hand on her head)
Aww shucks, thanks. But now I have
remember how gross your's is.

CHRIS
(chuckles, then laughs)
Hey! HAHA!

They both laugh.

PHOEBE
Everything felt so hazily. Almost like
a dream.
(gets serious again)
How long do you think I have until-?

CHRIS
Shh-shh. Hey, don't say that. We're
here together now. Let's enjoy it
while we still can.

PHOEBE
Alright. How is everybody doing?

CHRIS
Doing great. I invited everyone to the
Christmas party tomorrow. My sister
and nephew are coming as well as my
brother and his wife.

PHOEBE
And Alyssa?

CHRIS
Oh yes. Alyssa, Jacob, and Susanne are
coming too, so once this is all over
you can get to see their faces when we
go back.

PHOEBE
That'll be great.

CHRIS
Just hold on, darling.

PHOEBE
But we can't keep this up forever.
It'll eventually take me. Why not go
we go to a specialist so you can
prepare for the inevitable -

Why did you call me darling?

The song begins to end.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

I don't know you.

I don't think so.

Am I suppose to?

CHRIS

Phoebe, Phoebe. Please baby, hold on.
Stay with me.

Chris tries to hold on to her. Phoebe lets go of Chris.

PHOEBE

No. Who are you? Give me a moment.

CHRIS

I am Chris and you're Phoebe. Please
we know each other.

She begins to mumbles, trying to figure everything out. She seems to be losing herself again and can't remember anything.

Chris attempts to approach again, but Phoebe fearfully backs away.

PHOEBE

No. No! No!!

Phoebe reaches for the door handle, but Chris quickly puts on the child safety locks on the car, so she can't run away. She begins to bang on the window glass as if she's a hostage.

People in other cars begin to see and Chris becomes embarrassed again.

He notices the next exit coming up and places his hands on the steering wheel.

The car merges to the next lanes and heads toward that exit.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- In the background, a map of the East Coast appears. This aesthetically shows where are characters are and how far they have travelled. Each subsequent moment will have this map slightly transparent in order to view these moment throughout

their journey.

- EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - They continue to drive upward to their current position, into a quarter of Virginia.

- INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - After taking the exit, in typical elderly fashion, Chris is slow driver, so getting anyway takes a while.

- INT./EXT. ROADS - DAY - Chris takes a multitude of side routes and detours, resulting in them both almost driving in circles, which gets them lost. Somewhere around the Richmond area.

- EXT. ROADS - AFTERNOON - Chris stands outside of the car with the same East Coast map as Phoebe continues to sit quietly. More symptoms appear. - Behavioral/Mood/Personality begins to change.

- EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD/INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON - Chris talks with a local in order to get some directions for the best way through the rest of Virginia and into Maryland. Chris pulls the map out and the local assists by pointing out a clearer path for Chris and Phoebe to go.

- The map in the background shows their movement getting back onto the I-95 turnpike as they get closer to Washington DC.

- INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON - Driving back on the highway, Chris notices a pit stop outside the city. He looks down at the gas tank and realizes it's almost empty. He pulls the car into the pit stop to refill.

- EXT. PIT STOP - AFTERNOON - Chris stands outside the car fills up the gas. While standing there, he looks at the map again with a very concentrated expression. He look back up to look at Phoebe once again. Still sitting there quietly with a drooped look to her face. Chris gets her out of the car and brings her into the pit stop's cafeteria as they grab something to eat.

- INT. PIT STOP CAFETERIA - EVENING - Chris tries to eat his food, but has to keep stopping in order to try to help Phoebe eat her's. People are staring in the background.

- EXT. OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON DC/HOTEL - EVENING - Chris drives into Washington DC. The map in the background fades away as Chris pulls into a hotel parking lot.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

26

The BELLHOP (young 30 something guy) opens the door. Chris enter the room, holding Phoebe's hand as she walks in behind him. The room is nicely arranged. A queen-size bed dominates the middle of the room as well as two lamps sits beside it. A huge dresser stands over in the corner and a television faces the bed. The walls, painted a blue and white color and the carpet laced across the floor seemingly just steamed.

BELLHOP
Here you go sir?

CHRIS
Thank you very much.

The bellhop places Chris' luggage down by the bed and Chris sits Phoebe down on the bed. Chris looks back at her.

The bellhop places his hand out, expecting a tip. Chris then notices and . take a moment to grab his wallet from his back pocket.

CHRIS
There you go.

BELLHOP
My pleasure. Here's hoping she gets well soon.

CHRIS
Thank you once again.

BELLHOP
You have a good night.

CHRIS
Take care. You too.

The bellhop leaves and Chris walks behind him to close the door. Chris looks out the peephole to make sure he and no one else is out there.

He walks back over to his over to his luggage and pulls out a small cd player. In it there's a disc of Frank Sinatra's "My Funny Valentine" inside.

CHRIS
God. I hope it works for this one.

Chris hits play and the song begins.

Phoebe begins to hum the tune just like before. She begins to mumble the lyrics.

She's getting into the mood as she nods her head.

PHOEBE

(mumbles)

♪...My funny valentine.
Sweet comic valentine.
You make me smile with my heart.
Your looks are laughable.
Unphotographable.
Yet your my favorite work of art...♪

Phoebe doesn't look at him nor she says anything back. The song continues to play in the background.

Chris watches Phoebe, hoping.

CHRIS

Phoebe. Please tell me it worked.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Oooo! Now this one. This was always my favorite.

No matter how many times I hear it,
it'll always bring me back to our-
our- Chris. Chris!

Chris smiles so brightly and chuckles. She comes closer to embrace him. He hugs her again too.

Chris holds her in his arms tightly. They kiss each other again.

CHRIS

(joyful)

Phoebe! Phoebe!

Welcome back.

PHOEBE

How long was it this time?

CHRIS

About a day. We're in DC right now.
We're almost there. About another day
and we should be at New Jersey.

PHOEBE
Great!...

How much time do you think I have this time?

CHRIS
I don't know, but let's enjoy it while we still can.

PHOEBE
Alright. Ooooo-Ahhh!

Phoebe tries to get up, but her body is not responding.

CHRIS
Phoebe. Here let me help you up.

Chris tries to pick her up, but she can't support herself up. Chris beginning to lose his grip.

PHOEBE
Ahh!

CHRIS
No, No. Phoebe.

Phoebe crashes down to the floor. The song ends. Chris lifts her face up.

CHRIS
Phoebe, Phoebe. Please don't go.

Chris tries to hold on to her. She almost to something of a puppet, lifeless and unresponsive.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(begins tearing up)
Phoebe!
(sadness turns to frustration)
Damn it. Damn it. Damn it! Damn it!!

He gets up, banging his fists onto the television stand. Chris turns toward Phoebe and begins yelling at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(tears flowing from his eyes, but furiously upset)
You can't!

You can't just leave me here where I

can't follow. I want to be with you. I love you, Phoebe. I love everything about you. From your huge qualities to the minuet details.

I love the your sense of value in life. It's one of warmest and loving things that got me to stick by you for so long.

I love your playfulness. Your humorous attitude, your bright smile... You don't do it anymore. I need that sign from you in order to tell if you're okay or not. How am I going to feel the silkiness of your skin if there is no one on the other side.

I love your impeccable painting skills....

(realizes)

Your painting skills.

Chris runs to his luggage for Phoebe and digs through it.

Phoebe's returned drooped expression along with fear in her eyes result from Chris' screaming.

Chris pulls out a mini-canvas and some paint and brushes. He rushes over to Phoebe, trying to hand them to her.

CHRIS

(upset)

Take it! Take it!

PHOEBE

Ahhh!

Phoebe looks fearful, but Chris angrily approaches as he grabs her hands to forcefully put the brushes in her hand. Phoebe screams.

PHOEBE

AHHHH!!!

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Damn it, Phoebe! Just- hold- the- fucking- brush!

Phoebe continues to struggle, but Chris gets it in. He sits her up and gets the mini-canvas and places it in front of

her.

CHRIS
Now. Paint something.

PHOEBE
Ehh!

She chucks the paint brush away. Chris gets it again and as he brings it closer, Phoebe become more fearful, shielding herself as if it's a harmful weapon he's using against her.

Chris sighs.

He gets up and walks to the other side of the room. Placing his arm across his forehead as he leans against the wall.

He thinks for a moment and looks back once more at Phoebe.

EXT. PHINEAS' HOUSE - DAY

27

The time of day changes to midday. Chris stands outside this new quaint suburban house with Phoebe as they both wear light coats and hold on to two carry-ons. Chris knocks on the door. Chris rings the doorbell.

They wait for a few moments.

The door opens. Another elderly man who looks close to Chris' and Phoebe's age range walks out in his robe and boxer shorts. THIS IS PHINEAS, Phoebe's younger brother.

PHINEAS
(annoyed)
Now who in the hell is bugging me at this time of day?

He notices Chris and Phoebe.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)
Sis! And Chris! How are you both doing?

CHRIS
Hey Phineas. Uh, we're doing well. But actually, we have a problem.

He demonstrates Phoebe.

PHINEAS
Oh no. Phoebs.

Get inside.

Everyone walks inside as the door closes behind them.

INT. PHINEAS' HOUSE - FOYER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

28

Phineas leads both Chris and Phoebe into the house. Almost in a similar vain to their house, it is a decent size as it is on the inside as is the outside, but still contemporary. Furnished with what one think of as their grandparents house.

Old, but sentimental furniture, such as sewn linen for the bed, old wooded tables, desks, and nightstands, even the sitting coming straight from the 1970s as well as tons of pictures of their child, grandchild, and other family members and friends.

Phoebe notices a nice vase and grabs it out of curiosity.

CHRIS
(demanding)
Phoebe, no. Put it down.

She pulls it toward her like it was her's toy and shakes her head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Down. Now. Phoebe.

She still doesn't do it. Chris acts by attempting to grab it from her, but she keeps refusing.

This struggle soon results the-

BANG

shattering of the vase.

CHRIS
Phineas. I'm so sorry. She-

Phineas cuts him off.

PHINEAS
It's fine. I kinda always hated that vase anyway.

Hell, I've been meaning to rid of some of our parents' fricking ancient knickknacks.

They continue into the living room.

INT. PHINEAS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

29

Walking into the living room, Phineas offers Chris and Phoebe to sit.

PHINEAS

Please make yourselves at home. I will get us some refreshments.

Phineas walks out and leaves for the kitchen.

In the distance, an opening of cupboards can be heard.

Phoebe just sits there, clueless. Chris sits there for a second and looks around. Chris gets up as he walks closer to the stand that the television sits atop of. He turns it on just to get some white noise in the room. What comes on is a baseball game, but it's not really focused on.

He continues to look at the rest of shelves and notices a display collection of what looks to be Boy Scout merit badges.

There are ones that read, "First Aid", "Disabilities Awareness", "Exploration", and even "Fishing", "Scuba Diving", "Insect Study", and many many more.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Quite a lot of badges, huh.

(to Phineas)

Hey Finn! Are you a camp counselor in the Boy Scouts?

Phineas walks back in with glasses of coffee, crackers, grapes.

He walks over and places them down onto the coffee table.

PHINEAS

Oh yeah. Just started last year. I got nothing else to do with my time these days, so I've been giving it to help the local youth on how to survive in the wild and benefit their community.

Phineas sits down, grabbing his cup. Chris grabs his and Phoebe's. Chris takes a sips. As Phineas is speaking, he helps Phoebe with her cup of coffee, even breaking a cracker

into small piece so she can eat and chew easier.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

(chuckles a little)

Heh, these little rugrats nowadays are pretty damn smart sometimes. I feel like I've done my job a little too well. Or it just be those smart devices they have. Either way I make sure they get the full outdoor experience, living off the land.

Phineas takes a sip.

CHRIS

(chuckles along too)

I know that. Sometimes I see little Susanne play on one of those touch tablets and she can better operate its buttons and menus better than I even can.

PHINEAS

The price of being behind on the times. We're only here now to shed light on the past, so the future understands how not to fuck things up again.

CHRIS

Here. Here.

The both take a moment of silence. Both sips their coffee. Phineas looks at Phoebe as Chris finishes his sip early to help Phoebe again with her's. Phineas looks disheartened.

PHINEAS

She's too gone isn't she.

CHRIS

We've had some minor relapse, but
(looks down in disappointment)
not for long though.

PHINEAS

Gosh. Never-a-day went by when I thought how she was so much like our mother. Now it's even more so now.

Chris finishes helping Phoebe. Looking up in concern.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

PHINEAS
You remember our late father passing
not too long after you both moved to
North Carolina in '87.

Chris nods. Chris becomes very attentive.

PHINEAS
(points to him and Phoebe)
It was just our mother now widowed and
alone. She became miserable, almost
spending days doing nothing but wallow
in sadden.

I soon was in your shoes. I had to
cease everything to stay behind to
help her. I started from my early 30s.
By my mid-30s, she began act stranger
and stranger.

At first, I didn't know what was up.
It wasn't like her, to, uh, be that
way. But toward the end, she just got
obsessive about stuff, just got
paranoid and mad about everything.

Phineas stops for a moment, quivering a little. He glances
again at Phoebe, then back to Chris.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)
When I eventually took her to the
hospital they told me it was dementia,
and turned out that her, um, her brain
was deteriorating at a tremendously
rapid rate. But it was good that was
when I finally decided to, you know,
take her to the doctor 'cause then I
knew what was going on with her. They
recommended the best therapeutical
treatment. I gave her the right meds.
This way she wouldn't keep stressing
all the time.

(the good news)
It was a lot better after that. You
know, she much more capable of doing
things, and she was a lot happier.

(the bad news)
But, it didn't last. The disease took

too much of her brain and within a week or two she was back to being like Phoebe.

They both look at Phoebe, sadden.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

I knew of the potential hereditary risk that one of either of us could have it. I'm just depressed that it was Phoebe.

(looks over to Chris)

Chris, I know what you're going through, but for love of God- no. For your love and respect toward Phoebe, take her to the doctor.

CHRIS

No way. Not yet. I can save her. I have to at least try.

INT. CAR - DAY

30

Back inside the 70s-esque car, covering it leathery seats we only see Chris, who is driving down the Main Street of town. He has a worried expression on his face.

THEY HAVE RETURNED HOME.

Widening the view the rest of the car, sitting beside Chris is Phoebe in the passenger seat.

Both are wearing very proper dress clothes. Chris has already been depicted, but for Phoebe, she is wearing a navy-colored full shift dress with short heels. The only thing standing out here is her simply-made case on her arm.

The car rides down the road at the decent speed of 35-45 miles per hour through the recently plowed snow. Outside, the streets look busy as several other cars drive around and pedestrians walking back and forth down the strip, shopping before for the season ends.

The elderly couple sits in quiet. The radio is the only noise filling the space of the vehicle.

The car begins to slow down. Outside there is the local church, approaching closer and closer towards them.

The car comes to a halt.

CHRIS
Okay. We're here.

Chris parks the car and pulls the brake. He even turns the knob to lower the volume of the radio.

Chris unbuckles himself from the seat, but before getting up HE TURNS TO PHOEBE.

SHE LOOKS DEPRESSED.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey.

Aren't you coming?... Phoebes?

She turns back forward. Her eyebrows raise, acknowledging Chris needs an answer, so she soberly gives a-

PHOEBE
(sadden)
Mm-hm.

CHRIS
Glad to hear that.

Chris notices her hand laying on her lap. His own reaches to lay atop of them.

CHRIS
It's going to be okay. I'm here.

Now can we please go inside?

Phoebe moves her hand away and open the door. Chris watches her from inside the car as she walks out, heading toward the holy structure.

She walks towards Chris, stopping him in his tracks.

PHOEBE
(sadden)
I don't want to go, Chris.

Chris doesn't say anything, but just holds her hand as they both continue walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY 31

Chris then steps out of the car, standing next to the car as Phoebe continues to walk.

First to watch her, but then he rushes after to follows her inside.

INT. CHURCH - DAY 32

Now in the church, the House of God, towering stained-glass windows and painted icons cover the walls as the air is filled with organ playing and a choir singing hymns and tales to the words of the priest.

THIS IS A GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH.

Although not an enormously stunning building based its size, and this is also seen in its crowd size, down in the pews, multiple people stand in similar proper dress attire to Chris and Phoebe. Many performing their crosses following along to the choir and the priest.

ENTER CHRIS AND PHOEBE.

Both walk in at the start of the service reciting the Nicene Creed.

They both enter and walk down the side aisle to find their seats in the pews. Once they do, they stand alongside their town peers and join in, except Phoebe who chooses to sit down.

EVERYONE

*I believe in one God, the Father
Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth
and of all things visible and
invisible.*

*And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son
of God, the only-begotten, begotten of
the Father before all ages. Light of
light; true God of true God; begotten,
not made; of one essence with the
Father, by Whom all things were made;*

As everyone generically sings the chant to follow along, Phoebe's perspective begins to mildly change. As the sounds begin slightly muffle and her view of everyone from below turns into these extending, towering figures hovering over her, waiting to get her.

She feels like she is small and helpless, and in turn becomes a bit frightened and hides in one of the church pews' many gospel readings.

EVERYONE (CONT'D)

*Who for us men and for our salvation
came down from Heaven, and was
incarnate of the Holy Spirit and the
Virgin Mary, and became man. And He
was crucified for us under Pontius
Pilate, and suffered, and was buried.
And the third day He arose again,
according to the Scriptures, and
ascended into Heaven, and sits at the
right hand of the Father; and He shall
come again with glory to judge the
living and the dead; Whose Kingdom
shall have no end.*

*And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the
Giver of Life, Who proceeds from the
Father; Who with the Father and the
Son together is worshipped and
glorified; Who spoke by the prophets.*

*In one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic
Church. I acknowledge one baptism for
the remission of sins. I look for the
resurrection of the dead and the life
of the world to come. Amen.*

Once they finish, the priest signals everyone to take their seats. Everyone including Chris and Phoebe sit and a good old friend, around in his 70s as well, TOM, sits behind them, taps Chris' shoulder to initiate some small talk.

The service continues as the priest sounds muffle, but they talk quietly in order not to interrupt service.

TOM

Hey Chris, how've you been? Hello
Phoebes.

Phoebe still holds the book to her face and waves at Tom.

CHRIS

Oh hey Tom. Doing well. It's been a
while. What brings you back to town?

TOM

Yeah yeah. Well ya know, I was working

on my latest project in Orlando, but I was getting stumped every angle I looked. So to ease my stress and because I was a little nostalgic, I came back up here for the holidays.

CHRIS

You're still working? Sheesh, you really are stubborn to retire. I'm surprised Donna has yet kicked your old ass outta there.

TOM

Heh. Yeah. Well she's talked to me about it a couple- many- a shit ton of times, but here I am.

CHRIS

While on the subject of her, how's the Mis'ess?

TOM

Good. She's doing good. Actually, she's right ahead of me.

CHRIS

Whatcha mean?

TOM

We're on going upward to Maine. She's got some family up there, so she wants us to visit them for Christmas. Imma actually only be here for about another day, so I can leave to meet her there tomorrow night.

CHRIS

Darn. Well, it was good to see you again before you head out.

TOM

We can still talk after service during coffee hour.

CHRIS

All right. Can't wait.

As both Chris and Tom finish their conversation, Chris turns back around and Tom sits back down. Chris sits there for aa moment until everyone starts to pull back the kneeler underneath each pew.

Chris helps his nearby churchgoers lower the kneeler close to him, but turns to hear Phoebe gasp in surprise. She curled up, holding her purse tightly over her knees,

She looks at the kneelers frighten and confused. Everyone begins to get into praying for her Chris helps her get on the kneeler to begin praying, but she's acting stubborn. Everyone beside her is confused what she's doing.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Phoebe. Phoebe, dear. Please get one
the kneeler. Everything is fine.

Phoebe speaks quite loud as everyone begins to pray and the choir chants.

PHOEBE
Mmm. I don't know. I'm unsure if I'm
going to fall.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Please lower your voice.

Phoebe reacts with an 'whoops' expression.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Look. I'll help youYou're not going to
fall. Here. I'll help you. Give me
your hand.

Phoebe promptly raises her hand to give to Chris. She then begins to places one foot down at a time.

CHRIS
(whispering)
There you go. Shhh. Everything is
fine. I'm here. I won't fail you.

Phoebe then leans over to place her each knees down at a time. First her right for support then the other for rest.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
All right. Nice job. You did it.

PHOEBE
Thank you, hon.

CHRIS

No prob. Now close your eyes and hold your hands over the railing. And imagine all your wishes so God can bless them upon you.

PHOEBE

Okay.

Phoebe closes her eyes and does what Chris says.

Chris turns his head upward, looking at all the religious icons and murals. More importantly, he looks at the enormous one of Jesus, who looks upon ever member within the halls of the church.

CHRIS

I won't fail you. God, please.

I can't.

If that ever happened. I couldn't live with myself, knowing I failed someone like you.

Chris then brings his head back down as the choir finishes singing and priest turns back around to come out of the altar with the chalice and cloth along with the altar boys holding the bread for Holy Communion.

PRIEST

Let the Holy Communion begin. Everyone if you would so kind to allow the infants and children to go first and following them, our dear elderly. Thank you.

Once he is ready and get his altar boys into place, a line begins to form. Starting at the beginning are parents with their newborns and behind them are parents with toddlers and little kids.

The line continues to grow as the age range continues to grow.

Chris stand up and turns toward Phoebe.

Behind them, Tom gets up to go on line.

CHRIS

Come on. Let's go.

He grabs her purse, so she doesn't leave it.

PHOEBE
(immobilized by anxiety)
Mm... Uh. I don't know... Sure-

Where's my purse?! Who stole it?!

CHRIS
What? No one did?

She starts kneeling over to bend over, looking under the pews.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hun. It's right here in my hands.

PHOEBE
Huh?

Phoebe looks her head straight down to Chris' hands and sees her purse within his mitts. She rises up from the floor with her purse in her hand. Her mood changes into happy and grateful.

PHOEBE
Thanks for finding for me, hun.

Chris gives Phoebe her purse, and they both begin to step out of the pew and Chris lets her go first, coming up behind Tom.

Chris takes a big breath to sigh.

Moving over to the Communion line, Tom stands in front of Phoebe and behind her is Chris.

The line moves one at a time until each person drinks the wine and gets blessed.

THIS SLOW ASSEMBLY LINE UNTIL HER INEVITABLE END STARTS TO IRRITATE PHOEBE.

She's blatantly emphasizes her irritation by stomping her left heel loudly, then TOM TURNS AROUND.

TOM
Phoebe! I didn't get a chance to chat with you earlier. How are you? Heard you and Chris are planning for Christmas.

PHOEBE

(merrily)

H-H-Hey... you. Doing well. Doing well-

(switches to paranoid)

Get away from my purse, creep!-

(switches back)

So yeah, i-it was nice to see you.

TOM

Phoebe, it's me. You old friend, Tom. I use to stay in the neighborhood with you guys 5 years ago. Are you feeling all right?

The line gets closer and closer to the end. Phoebe becomes even more anxious due to the encounter with Tom, causing the uncomfortable paranoia riddling across her face.

Chris jumps in.

CHRIS

Tom, it's alright. She's fine. Just the holiday stress getting to her.

PHOEBE

(paranoid)

Yes, I-I'm fine j-j-just stressed and a little ill!

(switches again)

But that doesn't mean I don't have my eyes on you... sir!

TOM

Phoebe. It's Tom.

Here. Please go in front of me.

CHRIS

(worried)

No. Please. Tom, it's all right. Let her be.

PHOEBE

N-no ac-actually it's fine, Christo-bear. Just so we can get th-this done faste-

Chris cuts her off.

CHRIS

Phoebes, it's fine. Just stay here.

TOM

Chris, don't be ridiculous. It's good.
I wouldn't want to see her anymore ill
and stressed over this joyous holiday,
so please. I insist.

TOM SHOVES HER INTO RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE PRIEST AND HIS TWO
ALTAR BOYS, HOLDING THE CLOTH, SURROUNDING HER.

PRIEST

Hello Mrs. Nicolaou. Pleasure to see
you again. Please come closer so the
'blood of Christ' can bless your soul.

The priest and the altar boys approach her CLOSER and CLOSER.

PHOEBE

(paranoia intensifies)
N-N-NO! NO! NOOOOO!!

Phoebe snaps backs. She begins to scream loudly.

Bloody Mary trying to escape her throat. It breaks the
serenity of the church hall and turns it into disarray.

Almost getting loud enough to break the stained glass
windows.

EVERYONE TURNS TOWARDS IN SUCH CONFUSION AND
UNCOMFORTABLENESS.

Chris quickly steps in front of Tom to past him and tries to
stop Phoebe by holding her mouth shut with his hand.

HE HOLDS HER IN HIS ARMS.

PRIEST

Oh my.

TOM

You can that again. Chris is she-?

Phoebe squirms in his arms as he's trying to leave the hall.

A million eyes on both of them.

CHRIS
 (awkwardly chuckles/scared)
 Well you heard her, Tom. It's just the holiday stress. Getting ready for the afternoon and dealing with family gets to ya, ya know.

Chris looks into the crowd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Sorry everyone. Nothing to worry about. She's all right now. She's calm. She's-

EMBARRASSINGLY AND CLEARLY NOT.

TOM
 Chris, I think Phoebe needs a doctor.

PRIEST
 Agreed. As someone who acts as a messenger of God's word and wishes the well being for all people in this community, I would recommend she go see a professional to diagnose what is wrong with her.

Chris begins to make a sense in the church.

CHRIS
 Nothing is what wrong with her!

Chris lifts Phoebe and himself backward towards the exit and rushes both of themselves out of the hall. Leaving a very confused crowd of people wondering what just happened, but that doesn't stop them from talking amongst themselves.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

33

The day of the Christmas Party has arrived.

Chris stands in Phoebe's closet, looking for a dress most suited for this occasion.

PHOEBE
 What was it you said today was?

 By the way you hastily went straight into that wardrobe of women's clothes, it seems very important.

Phoebe gets shocked.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
WAIT! You're not going through-!

CHRIS
It's Christmas, Phoebes. I'm getting
your dress ready because our guests
will be here soon.
(mumbles to himself)
Let's see if this would be it this
time.

He walks out. There are a couple dresses strewn across the
bed. Chris holds a lovely red dress to which he presents to
Phoebe.

CHRIS
How about this. Looks good, Phoebe.

PHOEBE
Mmmm...

She nods in agreement after what looks to be awhile of Chris
trying to find her attire for the afternoon.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Yeah, it looks good. I kinda don't
know why you keep calling me this
Phoebe character, but whoever she is,
she sounds like a lovely ray of
sunshine.

Chris grabs her wrist tightly.

Phoebe flinches in fear, trying to pull away.

CHRIS
You are Phoebe. We've been married for
45 years now. We moved down here to
Georgia after we retired from the
years that you worked as a teacher and
I, an accountant. We have a daughter,
along with a son-in-law and a
granddaughter.

Stop this Phoebe. Now come on.

He lets her go.

Chris then helps Phoebe undress. First by attempting to

remove her comfortable, casual clothes, but as Chris approaches closer, she shifts away from him. Scared.

Chris sighs. Then, begins to approach again slowly and gently in order to calm her down. She moves away more.

CHRIS

Come on, Phoebe. I'm sorry alright.
Now please, can I get you dress before
everyone arrives.

Breathing heavily, she nods. She begins to calm down and approach Chris.

He begins to lift her long-sleeved shirt over her head, and then take off her sweatpants.

Phoebe stands there. Only in her lingerie and pantyhose.

Chris picks up the dress and lowers it for Phoebe to step inside. Phoebe kind of just stares at it.

Chris shakes the red dress a little like he's a matador stuck in the arena with a bull.

She notices, and stepping her right foot in first, then her left.

Chris then lifts the dress upward until it reaches her shoulders.

Chris places his hand on Phoebe's shoulder. Phoebe lays her hand on his.

Chris then notices her hand. He slowly raises his head to look up at her face. They look at each other. Chris looking at Phoebe - her face lacking expression as it droops, but her eyes express a sadden, faint spark. Phoebe looking at Chris with a blur.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

34

Chris walks through the foyer. He begins to prepare the finishing touches of everything from the décor to the food.

Chris first walks by the Christmas evergreen tree. He stops to nitpick as he orientates the leaves and straightens up the ornaments to look presentable.

CHRIS
(mumbles to himself)
Nice.

Pasting the stairway, he evens out the garland, and then goes into the living room where Phoebe sits quietly.

CHRIS
(mumbles to himself)
Perfect. Ok, lights look fine.

Stockings...

She watches him as he walks to the fireplace and fixes the stockings. Chris then walks toward the kitchen to ensure the food is ready.

Phoebe just sits there, watching him as he sets up the appetizers such as various nuts, chips with hummus, pigs in a blanket, small meatballs, and the greek spinach pie, spanakopita.

She gets up and walks over to the kitchen.

PHOEBE
Hey. Need any help?

Chris, clearly preoccupied as he is trying to do countless things at once like finish with the appetizers, checking on the food cooking in the oven, prepare them, etc., turns to face her.

CHRIS
Uh... Yeah sure.

Chris looks around for something for her to do. He spots the Pyrex glass container full of recently cooked beets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yes. Here. Can you take this container with beets and place them on the island, please?

PHOEBE
Sure.

Chris carefully hands Phoebe the container and begins to turn around to place it down onto the island. A few steps forward, Phoebe shows signs of unbalanced movement as she begins to stumble.

She falls and drops the container. Beets go everywhere. Thick broken shards of the container all over the floor. It's just a mess.

Chris snapping out of his concentration to the food notices Phoebe on the ground in pain.

He runs over to help her up.

CHRIS
Oh my gosh! Phoebe!!

Phoebe cries in tears from the pain.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Here. Give me your arm.

Chris wraps her arm around his shoulder, but Phoebe is having trouble supporting her weight.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Phoebe please. Stand up for me.

He tries and tries, but she isn't helping herself.

Eventually, he is able to get her to support herself and they both begin to walk over to the kitchen table where Chris sits Phoebe down.

Phoebe sits with an enclosed position while Chris leans over to provide her a napkin to wipe the tears away.

Chris leans back up and looks back at her again. He sighs.

Turning around, he goes back to clean up the food on the ground before their guests arrive.

But then, the doorbell rings.

Hastily attempting to finish, the doorbell continues to ring multiple times.

CHRIS
On my way. On my way.

Chris rushes over out of the kitchen and toward the front door.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

35

Chris arrives to answers the door. Opening it to find the

first guests of the afternoon, SOPHIA, Chris' older 70-year old sister, wearing a thick dark coat with a cool, white blouse underneath, a pair of boot cut jeans, and beige flats and her 30-year old son and Chris' nephew, Kosta, wearing a long trench coat, a long-sleeved striped sweater, a pair of tan khakis, and sneakers.

CHRIS
Sophia! Kosta!

SOPHIA
Hey baby bro, Merry Christmas!

Chris and Sophia exchange cheek kisses.

KOSTA
Merry Christmas, Theo!

Chris and Kosta handshake each other.

CHRIS
Merry Christmas, guys! Come in! Here
I'll take your coats.

Chris welcomes them inside. He takes their coats.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
How's my favorite sis and nephew
doing?

They reply at the same time.

SOPHIA
I'm your only sister.

KOSTA
I'm your only nephew.

CHRIS
Haha, you both got to remind me every
time?

They both start walking toward the kitchen.

KOSTA
Anyway, it's pretty same old, same
old. Working on new tech in the city
is still the lovely pain in my ass it
always is, but it's good. We're now
innovating in more in new electronics
for commercial use.

SOPHIA
Yeah. At home, he explains all that to me, but my old ass only understands how one stick plus another stick makes fire.

KOSTA
(laughs)
Haha. I'm trying to get her to embrace all the newest tech from this past year, but I always gotta stop and show her the ropes.

CHRIS
That's your mother all right.

SOPHIA
Yeah. Yeah.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

36

All three of them arrive to the kitchen and the floor still has some beet juices and residue.

CHRIS
Mind the mess. I kinda dropped the containers with beets earlier.

SOPHIA
That's your uncle all right, Kosta. Clumsy as always.

CHRIS
Oh ha-ha.

Sophia and Kosta notice Phoebe still sitting at the table.

SOPHIA
Oh. Phoebe, this is where you were hiding? Merry Christmas.

KOSTA
Merry Christmas, Thea.

Phoebe nods; not saying a thing. Chris looks like he's about to continue speaking, but then the doorbell rings again.

CHRIS
Uh- Oh. Let me go get that. Please sit down. Welcome yourself to have some appetizers.

Chris rushes over out of the kitchen once more. He places the coats in the office study and heads toward the front door.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

37

Chris arrives to answers the door. Opening it to find the first guests of the afternoon, ALYSSA, Chris' and Phoebe's 32-year old daughter along with her husband and Chris' son-in-law, JACOB, both wearing winter apparel similarly to Sophia and Kosta earlier.

CHRIS

Alyssa!

ALYSSA

Hey pop. Merry Christmas!

Chris and Sophia exchange cheek kisses.

CHRIS

Thank you. Merry Christmas to you.

And Jacob, get over here.

Chris and Kosta handshake each other and hug.

JACOB

Merry Christmas, Chris!

CHRIS

Merry Christmas, guys! Come on in.
Come on in. Here I'll take your coats
too.

Chris welcomes them inside. He takes their coats and too places them in the office study with the others.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Your Aunt Sophia and Kosta are already
here.

Chris comes back to notice that someone small down by Jacob holding his hand. She too is wearing winter apparel.

CHRIS

Oh and who is this?

THIS IS SUSANNE. She's roughly 4-5 years old cute little girl who's Chris' and Phoebe's adorable granddaughter. She resembles both her parents so much.

SUSANNE

Pappou. It's me, Susanne.

Jacob lifts her up, so she can talk to Chris. Chris approaches toward her closer to play along.

CHRIS

(humorously)

You? I thought you were a walking, talking marshmallow. So cute and soft that I want to chomp ya.

GRRRR CHOMP.

Chris jokingly pretends to bite Susanne.

SUSANNE

(laughs)

Hehe. Silly Pappou! I'm Susanne. I should know I've been doing great in school.

CHRIS

Is that so? Aren't you a little smarty?

SUSANNE

Mmm-hmm. I've been doing so well that Santa got me this new doll for being so good.

She pulls out her doll to show Chris.

CHRIS

Ooooo! Lovely.

ALYSSA

Susanne. Did Santa bring anything for your pappou?

SUSANNE

Oh, right. He left a note asking me to give this present to you. I have another for yiayia.

CHRIS

Oh thank you, sweetheart. I'll open mine later. You can give yiayia later as well. Now come on let's join the others.

Chris drops the present in the office study. They both start walking toward the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

38

All three of them arrive to the kitchen and Sophia and Kosta sit with Phoebe at the table. Have of the appetizers are gone as the conversation seemed to have quieted down..

SOPHIA
Alyssa, Jacob. The young party people.
Merry Christmas.

ALYSSA
Merry Christmas, Thea. How are you?

SOPHIA
(jokingly)
Doing great. Never felt older.

ALYSSA
I know that feeling, especially with
this one.

She points at Jacob humorously.

JACOB
Hey! It ain't only me.

Alyssa, Sophia, and Kosta laugh.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas, Sophia.

SOPHIA
Merry Christmas, Jack.

Then, Alyssa and Jacob turn to Kosta.

ALYSSA
Hey there cuz. Merry Christmas.

KOSTA
Merry Christmas, cuz.
Merry Christmas, Jacob.

JACOB
Merry Christmas, Kosta.

Sophia turns to Chris looking like she has a question on her

mind.

SOPHIA

Hey Chris. I have a question.

CHRIS

Shoot.

SOPHIA

Is there something going on with Phoebe? We talk to her, but she seems to very unresponsive.

Everyone looks at Phoebe with unsurety and worry. Then shift to Chris looking for an answer to explain the situation.

CHRIS

Oh. Uh. With getting ready for this afternoon for the past couple days, she caught a nasty bug from the cold and stress... Laryngitis to be exact.

ALYSSA

Aw. She's been taking meds right?

CHRIS

Yeah. It should go away soon.

Susanne wants down, so Jacob puts her down. She walks up to Phoebe's legs and looks up at her.

SUSANNE

Please get well soon, yiayia.

Phoebe gives an empty smile to everyone.

Everyone goes back being there for Phoebe and start enjoying the afternoon.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

39

Much more family has arrived to the house.

From before, there's Sophia, Kosta, Alyssa, Jacob, and Susanne, but more have showed up too. There's Chris' other sibling and 75-year old older brother, John, he's a big huffy man and towers his slim wife, Katherine. Also there's Sophia's other son and Kosta's younger 24-year old brother, Isaac, who's dress a bit of a hipster, and his hispanic lovely girlfriend, Selena.

Seems like no one from Phoebe's side of her family showed up.

Everyone is enjoying their time, chatting amongst one another, drinking their choice of drink varying from wine and beer to Susanne drinking juice.

Across the main dining table, everyone's plates are empty and every container of food such as roasted chicken, sliced smoked ham, baked potatoes, mixed vegetables, stuffed grape leaves, and a new container of beets have just been recently emptied with a couple of leftovers still present.

It'll soon be time for desert, but everyone takes this time to relax and chat. Multiple conversations are going on one especially Chris chatting with Jacob and Alyssa until...

JACOB

...And that's the gist of it.

CHRIS

No kidding.

JACOB

Mmm-hmm. By the start of this next fiscal year, me and 450 other employees are getting laid off.

CHRIS

Do you guys have enough to get back before then?

ALYSSA

We had enough to pay for our next mortgage payment, but after that will only have enough for the basic amenities like food and clothes.

Silence. Everyone has stopped to listen.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(starts to tear up)

But that's only for us. We don't have enough for Susanne.

Jacob holds onto Alyssa to support her.

Susanne looks over because she hears her name and she's her mother tearing up.

SUSANNE

Mommy. Why are you crying?

ALYSSA
(playing it off)
Just had something spicy, dear. I need
something sweet to cool it down.

Susanne hugs Alyssa.

SUSANNE
Here I am.

ALYSSA
(giggle)
And so you are.

Chris, looking at his daughter sadden just like he does for Phoebe, he notices Phoebe once again from across the table. She notices him too and gives him another empty smile.

Chris feels needs to do something.

CHRIS
Hey Phoebe, would you like to show
Susanne your studio?

Phoebe nods. She gets up and walks over toward him. He subtle points at Susanne and she walks there instead.

CHRIS
Come on, Susanne. Take yiayia's hand.
She wants to show you what cool
paintings she's been working on.

SUSANNE
Oooo. I love art. Let's go yiayia.

She takes Phoebe's hand and then go.

Once they leave the dining room, Chris places his hand on Jacob. Jacob turns around to look at Chris. Alyssa notices too.

CHRIS
Would you guys like to stay here for a
while? Just until you get back on your
feet.

JACOB
Really?! Chris I'm grateful, but you
don't have to-

Chris cuts him off.

CHRIS
No, please. Allow me.

CUT TO:

(This section will be in slow motion for Phoebe and Susanne's moments, but the dinner table with progress in real time)

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 40

Phoebe and Susanne walking up the stairs still holding hands.
Almost looking she's dragging her.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I know you're struggling. But I want
to see you guys still afloat and stay
sustainable.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 41

Back to the main dining table, everyone continues on
listening to Chris speak to Jacob and Alyssa.

CHRIS
This isn't just for yourselves, it's
for little Susanne too. How will she
even go to the best schools or even
get the best medical care around here
if her parents are out on the streets?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 42

Phoebe and Susanne continue walking up toward Phoebe's art
studio.

Susanne is smiling.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Please. Let me help you. I don't want
anything to happen that'll result in
you going away and I'll never see you
again.

Your happiness and her's.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

43

Back to the main dining table for a second time, everyone continues on listening to Chris speak to Jacob and Alyssa.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This isn't just for yourselves, it's for little Susanne too. How will she even go to the best schools or even get the best medical care around here if her parents are out on the streets?

Chris looks at Jacob back into the eyes and places his hand back onto Jacob's shoulder once more.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you both understand?

Alyssa and Jacob look at each other and deliberate.

ALYSSA

Well... I could possibly get another job.

JACOB

All right. Uh, thank you, Chris. We'll give it a try.

CHRIS

Great.

INT. HOUSE - ART STUDIO - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

44

Phoebe and Susanne start setting up all their art supplies to begin painting. walking up toward Phoebe's art studio.

SUSANNE

Yiayia, ready to start?

Susanne is smiling as she looks over to her.

Phoebe holds her paint brush ready to paint, but she's frozen, shaking her hand as she can no longer move forward.

SUSANNE (CONT'D)

Yiayia? Are you okay?

She still unable to utters a sound. She has pain written all over her face.

CUT TO:**INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** 45

Back to the main dining table for the third and final time, everyone has returned to having their own individual conversations.

Sophia talks with John and Katherine, Jason talks to Isaac and Selena, and Chris continues talking with Jacob and Alyssa.

Then, everything stops as a young scream pierces the environment.

Everyone gets startled by the shriek of horror. They look at one another, and then begin to get up and rush toward the sound. Alyssa and Jacob go first, Chris after them, and then everyone else.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 46

Everyone runs through from the dining room into the foyer.

CUT TO:**INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** 47

Everyone continues runs up the stairs to hopefully see if Phoebe and Susanne are okay.

CUT TO:**INT. HOUSE - ART STUDIO - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** 48

Everyone finally make it to Phoebe's art studio where they find a scared and confused little Susanne looking at her grandmother, and Phoebe fallen on the floor in the middle in the room, covered in her own urine as she's wet herself and crying as she's unable to get up.

ALYSSA

Susanne are you alright, sweetie?

SUSANNE

Yeah mommy. What's wrong with yiayia?

ALYSSA

I don't know.

(she looks toward Chris)

I thought you said she was a little

ill with laryngitis, dad?

Chris runs over to Phoebe to care for her. Everyone immediately looks toward Chris as once again he becomes placed on the spot for how Phoebe is acting.

ALYSSA

Dad?!

CHRIS

Alright. Alright.

Chris turns to face everyone.

CHRIS

For a while now. Phoebe. Your mother. Has been suffering from severe dementia.

Everyone becomes

EVERYONE

What?!

ALYSSA

And you didn't tell me? Or even any of us?

CHRIS

I-I-

ALYSSA

Have you been acting as her caretaker? Did you even go to a specialist?

CHRIS

No..., but-

ALYSSA

Well, she needs to go! Maybe there could be some medication she needs or maybe even she can partake in some exercises to help her!

CHRIS

Alyssa.

ALYSSA

I mean, how could you lie to us and be so irresponsible for your wife's well being?!

CHRIS

Alyssa! I don't want to let her go!!

Chris looks down, holding his right arm with his other.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She's been in my life for so long.

From when the moment we met when we were kids to now. We both I always been by each other's side. I don't want to let that go... Those feelings, those memories.

ALYSSA

But you're no honoring her or even those memories by ignoring the biggest issue here.

Please dad. Come to your senses.

Everyone is quiet until Susanne walks up to her grandfather.

Chris, already looking down, notices Susanne tugging at his leg. She looks up, back at his eyes, both parties in tears.

SUSANNE

Will she be ok, Pappou?

CHRIS

Yes, sweetie. Yiayia's going to be all right.

Alyssa get everyone's coats.

ALYSSA

Dad.

CHRIS

Alyssa please.

She leaves with Jacob and Susanne to help her and goes to get everyone's coats.

CHRIS

Everyone I love you dearly. But please, leave.

Everyone just stands there with confused expressions, looking back at one other.

CHRIS
GET OUT! Get outta here!

Phoebe is startled.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Please! It was nice for you all to
come, but you can't be here right now.

Chris turns to pick up Phoebe and take her to their bathroom.
After that, he rushes everyone to leave the house.

Everyone walks downstairs and head for the door as Alyssa is
handing everyone their coats to put on.

Alyssa turns toward her father the situation has cooled down.

ALYSSA
No what?

CHRIS
(agressively)
I'm taking her tomorrow.

No more denying it.

Chris goes into his bedroom to care for Phoebe. And leaves
Alyssa, Jacob, and little Susanne there, worried.

SUSANNE
How much longer until yiayia feels
better?

ALYSSA
It depends.

Yiayia is very sick right now and
it'll take time for her to recover in
order to get better. All we have to
hope for is that she does.

JACOB
Agreed.

If you pray hard enough for her well-
being and she'll surely have a quick
recovery.

Susanne rubs her face. Her worried, tearful look brushed for
a newly hopeful one.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

49

Running down the stairs, Chris takes Phoebe down to the front door. He opens the door and leaves. Leaving the rest of his guests even Alyssa, Jacob, and sweet little Susanne there in his house looking at each other, worried and confused.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

50

A new day is upon us. Chris and Phoebe enter a fairly white office with a back window.

It's filled with a massive desk with a pc desktop with files reading, "Phoebe Nicolaou. Gender: Female. Age: 65. DOB: June 15th 1954. Illness: Sever dementia, Alzheimer's disease", and much more personal information upon the page.

The desk is also laced in other paperwork as well as personal photos of the doctor and her husband and kids and office knickknacks such as a nameplate that reads, *Dr. Francesca Lombardi*. The walls are covered in plaques and posters, one being her own PhD diploma from the University of Pennsylvania and another being one of those fun medical poster that reads, "Exercise your **mind**. Be helpful and **kind**".

In front of the desk are two swivel chairs and behind them is a couch in a similar style.

Chris pulls the first swivel chair out for Phoebe and help her into the chair. Then, he sits down.

They sit there for a moment. Chris holds Phoebe's hand once more.

DR. LOMBARDI walks in shortly after.

DR. LOMBARDI

Nicolaou. Nicolaou. Ah yes. Good morning.

CHRIS

Good morning. Hey thanks for seeing us under short notice, Dr. Lombardi.

Chris gets up and extends his arm out to exchange a handshake with Dr. Lombardi.

DR. LOMBARDI

My pleasure. But please, why make this so formal? Call me Francesca.

CHRIS
All right, Francesca.

She walks away from Chris to sit at her desk.

DR. LOMBARDI
So Mr. Nicolaou. Let me just get to the nitty-gritty. After the scans our neurologists took, your wife's, Phoebe's, many of her neural connections within her brain have indeed been through definite, rapid deterioration throughout these past weeks.

Chris sighs. He already knows.

CHRIS
Just like her mother.

DR. LOMBARDI
Why the exterior structure of her brain have, for the most part, shriveled. Certain sections have yet to, so if we start know we could be able to-

Chris cuts her off. Holding his hand together as if he's praying for a miracle.

CHRIS
Save her?

DR. LOMBARDI
(has to be the bearer of bad news)
I'm sorry. No.

Chris leans his head down into his hands, covering his eyes. In sadness.

DR. LOMBARDI (CONT'D)
Having been this far through the disease at this quick rate, it wouldn't fully restore her mind to what it once was.

She pulls a blank doctor's note and begins to write all this down for Chris. Chris looks back up.

DR. LOMBARDI (CONT'D)
As of now, a mandatory is for her to

start treatment that'll definitely slow the process down, so I recommend giving her the prescribed medications. Hmm... Aricept would be best.

She finishes writing her note and rips it from her stack. Handing it to Chris.

Chris takes it, but continues to sit there, starting to cry.

CHRIS
(tearful)
Thank you.

DR. LOMBARDI
Have you thought about any homes for, Phoebe when her illness began?

CHRIS
(tearfully, gripping his hands to his knees)
No... I haven't.

DR. LOMBARDI
(she begins taking pamphlets out)
Well, I have a few pamphlets of a couple of places for you to look at that would be best for her if you so choose to-

Chris cuts her off.

CHRIS
No. I'm not going to just leave her in some nursing home all by herself!

DR. LOMBARDI
Mr. Nicolaou, please. I understand how you feel. Trust me. Phoebe will be cared and treated for under proper constant attention.

CHRIS
No! End of story!

DR. LOMBARDI
(sighs)
All right...

I see you care very much for Phoebe. If you still decline my offer for a

home, then you're going to have to become her caretaker full time from now on.

Chris hears Dr. Lombardi, and holds Phoebe's hand firmly.

CHRIS
Yes. I accept.

DR. LOMBARDI
Good.

Dr. Lombardi gets from her desk. She walks over to Chris and places her hand on his shoulder. He looks up at her.

DR. LOMBARDI
(hopefully)
Trust me. She'll be fine. Everything always turns out alright.

She picks her hand up and walks out of the office.

Chris continues to sit there, thinking. He turns back to Phoebe one last time.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

51

Chris has now fully embraced now being Phoebe's caretaker. Phoebe sits at the small kitchen table with a white cloth over it while Chris stands over by the counter, making a meal for Phoebe.

He is preparing a simple sandwich lunch for Phoebe. He starts layering each ingredients from the ham and cheese to then some veggies on top as he ends with the brown mustard. He closes the sandwich and with it provides a pickle on the side. Walking over to the table, he places it down in front of her so she can eat.

CHRIS
There you are Phoebe. A nice sandwich for you to munch on.

Let me just grab a knife for that pickle. I'll be right back.

Phoebe starts nibbling on the sandwich. Chris leaves to grab a knife. He opens each and every drawer trying to find a knife and until he finds it. He moves over to grab the Aricept for Phoebe. He places the knife down and grabs one pill, then grab the nearest glass for him to fill water in.

After filling the glass, he walks back over to Phoebe. Still nibbling and taking small bites of the sandwich.

CHRIS

Here you go Phoebe. Now can you please open your mouth wide for me. I have candy for you.

Phoebe opens wide and takes the pill, but she doesn't like the taste and immediately spits it out. Chris picks it back up.

CHRIS

Phoebe. Phoebe, please. Take the pill please.

Chris comes back, bringing the pill closer to Phoebe. She grumbles and knock it away. It falls on the floor. Chris pick it up and brushes it off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Phoebe. Just take the pill.

Chris tries again much more forcefully and he gets it her mouth and takes the water and places it up to her lips so it makes her swallow it.

She indeed swallow it. And afterward spit her tongue as it was in pain. Chris brushes himself off and straightens his clothes.

CHRIS

Much better. Now to cut your pickle.

Chris turns to head for the counter, so he could grab the knife, but his phone rings from the next room. He drops the knife again and goes to get it. It's work. We stay in the kitchen, but we hear Chris in the other room talking to his boss. Phoebe goes back to nibbling her sandwich.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hello... Mr. Matthews... Yes, yes. I know I haven't been at work since Christmas, but a sudden family emergency came up. My apologies. I've been meaning to call-

Yes sir, my wife. I'm guess word has gone around.

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm.

Phoebe notices the pickle and begins to put it in her mouth.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Yes... Yes...

Oh, uh, thank you sir.

But uh no sir, I can't accept it. If things were different I would be there to tell you, but I think I have to retire.

I have become my wife's full-time caretaker.

Phoebe take one massive bite of the pickle, but doesn't chew. She tries to swallow it all down. She begins to choke. Louder and louder.

She falls to the floor. Choking and gagging in pain.

Quickly running out of air, Chris continues on his call as he isn't paying attention.

Phoebe continues to choke, louder and louder.

She passes out.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hold on sir...

Phoebe?...Phoebe?

I have to call you back.

We hear Chris hang up his phone and quickly rush over. He enters the kitchen. He turns to where Phoebe was sitting and she's out like a light. Chris dives to her.

CHRIS

(crying)

Phoebe? Phoebe!

Chris begins shaking Phoebe and turns her over to see she's not breathing.

He quickly lays her down and feels her pulse.

THERE'S NO PULSE.

He then begins giving her CPR. He pumps her heart, and then

breathes into her mouth to give her air; however, he isn't doing it correctly.

Chris tries doing this for a while.

He then turns her around and semi-lifts her up to begin doing the Heimlich maneuver. But this shortly seems to be ineffective.

He quickly runs back to the other room as fast as he re-enters the room with his phone.

Chris begins to dial as puts it up to his ear.

IT BEGINS TO DIAL. IT TAKES AWHILE. Chris' face a mess from all the tears he bawled out of his eyes.

CHRIS
Come on, come on! Phineas! Pick up,
pick up!
(it picks up)
Phineas! Come quick! Something
terrible happened!!

PHINEAS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Wait. Hold on. Calm down. What
happened?

Chris looks back down at Phoebe's lifeless body and sobs again. Ambulance sirens start fading in, louder and louder.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - EVENING

52

Chris just sits there, head down as the group of EMTs swarm Phoebe as they try to stabilize her with all their equipment. Sirens continue to pierce the interior even though they are muffled.

But the only noise that grabs Chris' is the sound of the heart rate monitor. SHE'S ALIVE.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

53

The heart rate monitor stays constant, AVERAGE. Chris just sits there, head down as he stares at Phoebe laying in bed. Phineas can be heard running down the hall.

PHINEAS

Where is she? Where is she?

Phineas finds the room and runs in, making his way over to Phoebe as he cuddled up to her.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

(in tears and out of breath)

Phoebe. Phoebe.

He weeps for her.

Chris doesn't say anything. Just sits there, quiet.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EVENING

54

The heart rate monitor starts slows down, BELOW AVERAGE. Chris just stands there, head down as the doctor talks with him and Phineas. Phineas presses his hands to his face and he cries again. The doctor lays his hand on his shoulder.

We pull back to find a nurse or two caring for Phoebe as she's in bed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/HALLWAY - MORNING

55

Chris just stands there, head down as he just woke up from sleeping there all night. The heart rate monitor is just a repetitious beep.

FLAT LINE.

Chris stands up. Feeling Phoebe's smooth face again before leaving. The nurses run in with a gurney and begin to lift Phoebe onto it. Chris walks down the hallway as behind him the nurses take Phoebe's dead body to the morgue.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

56

New Jersey. Phoebe's birthplace and her burial place.

As the trees are still bare from the winter. The wind is relatively steady. Amongst the dead is one of those moments of the living visiting. Everyone from earlier, FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND EVEN CLOSE ACQUAINTANCES are here in their finest black attire to support Chris in his hour of need.

He is still silent.

The priest gives his prayer to Phoebe's spirit.

PRIEST

May Christ our true God, Who rose from the dead, have mercy on us; He Who as Immortal King has authority over both the dead and the living. Through the intercessions of His spotless, pure, and holy Mother; of His holy and just friend Lazaros, who lay in the grave four days; of the holy and glorious forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; may He give rest to our sister, who has departed from us, and number her among the just and holy, through His goodness and compassion, as our merciful God.

Everlasting be your memory, O our sister, who are worthy of blessedness and eternal memory.

Many people stands there quietly listening and praying for Phoebe, such as Phineas, Alyssa, Jacob, and even Susanne.

Many others are tearing up, crying that fact that such an innocent soul was taken from them this early.

Chris continues standing there, quiet.

This goes on for a couple minutes until everyone leaves. Even the priest.

Once everyone leaves, Chris walks up to Phoebe's casket. He begins to speak in almost a poetic sense.

CHRIS

Time is an illusion that helps things make sense. So we are always living in the present tense. It seems unforgiving when a good thing ends. But you and I will always be back then.

If there was some amazing force outside of time to take us back to where we were and hang each moment up like pictures on the wall. Inside a billion tiny frames so we can see it all again.

We will happen again and again.

See ya later, Starlight.

As Chris is about to leave a couple cherry blossom flower petals fall from above. Landing on top of Phoebe.

SPRING

DISSOLVE TO:

FOUR YEARS LATER

EXT. CEMETERY - PRESENT DAY

57

SUMMER

In the distance, a rusty gate closes. The sun pierce through the green leaves of the trees above. Chris walks with his cane through the well-kept cemetery, passing by the other graves until he stops at the one he was looking for.

The grave is covered in petals

Chris places the flowers down by the gravestone. Moving the wilted ones in the process.

Chris stands back upright and looks right at the gravestone as if he's about to utter something.

CHRIS

(trying to be humorous)

Hey darling. Guess who it is?

Chris holds his ear out, awaiting a response back. Only the faint rustling of the wind can be heard.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's right. It's me, Christo-bear. Hehe... It's a while, huh? Uh let's see, where to start this time?... I'm doing well, sticking to the doctor's orders. I'm still helping out Phineas with all community stuff and a variety of charities...

Alyssa is doing great as well career-wise. She actually just got promoted. And so did Jacob are actually expecting another baby. That'll make two so far. Those little ones, haha, remember when she had her first. Susanne was so springy was he. Now's

she's turning 9 soon....Hm.

She misses you. We all do.

But to be frank, I miss you the most.
Hoping they're taking good care of you
up there. Better than I did.

Alright, I think that was everything I
can think of for now. Until next
time...

Keep yourself shining bright,
Starlight.

He attempts a smile, but still can't.

Chris leaves, frustrated. He about back then. Her. Her
condition. Where it went wrong.

As the gravestone reads, "Here lies Phoebe Anderson, beloved
wife, loving mother, and great friend to all. 1938-2019."

INT. CAR - DAY

58

Chris is driving down Main Street in order to get back home.
Until he passes the flower shop again and, in turn, the EMPTY
SHOP that used to be the art and crafts store with a "FOR
SALE" sign up against the window. He thinks nothing of it
until he realizes something.

CHRIS
You know what...

Fuck it.

He stops the car, and begins to turn it right around.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

59

The sun shines brightly right over the clear blue skies,
Chris pulls the car over to the curb and parks in the same
spot as in the beginning.

Opening the door, Chris walks out ever so slowly and
carefully WITH HIS CANE begins to make his way to the abandon
art store.

Upon getting there, he opens the door to the store and takes
the "FOR SALE" sign down.

Walking away from the window, Chris pulls his phone out to dial the number on the front.

In the distance, we can hear Chris, as he fades out, call the guy who owned the place.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTHS LATER

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

60

The place is brimming with life as the shop becomes a new successful arts and crafts store. Where customers come and go, happy and purchasing products.

Above the shop is the name of the store, "**PHOEBE'S ART SUPPLIES**"

THE END