

INT. NURSING HOME SUITE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Arthur stands in his kitchen, sighing, as he flips through pages of photos and pressed flowers in his "From The Garden" binder. He stops at one page with a giant stargazer lily blossom on the left side and a photo of JOANNE (70s) on the right. Next to the lily are the words, "Joanne, December 7, 2023."

He suddenly gets a knock on the door. He was not expecting this.

ARTHUR

Come in.

In enters none other than Joanne. A wave of relief comes over Arthur.

ARTHUR

Joanne, am I ever glad to see you.

JOANNE

Same here.

They hug warmly. Joanne notices his forlorn expression and the stargazer lily page.

JOANNE

Everything OK with you?

ARTHUR

(fighting back tears)

Well, I won't lie...it's lonely.

JOANNE

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

No one back home will take my calls.

JOANNE

What? And why aren't you still living at the house?

ARTHUR

Brian took it over. He and his wife put me here.

This was the news Joanne neither expected nor wanted to hear. She takes a moment to gather her thoughts.

JOANNE

I stipulated that you would keep the house, not my own son.

ARTHUR

Well, he's got "family values" on his side. And a good lawyer.

Joanne pauses to take a deep breath and collect herself. She goes to the binder and has a look at the previous pages, noticing the flowers that Arthur had pressed from their home garden over the years. She stops at a page covered in Forget-Me-Nots with the date, "Joanne, May 2018."

JOANNE

My god, how these bloomed that year. Gorgeous.

ARTHUR

They really were.

JOANNE

I can't believe you kept all of these.

(looking up at him)

I'm going to find a way to get you home.

ARTHUR

You sure about that?

JOANNE

You can't stay here.

She closes the binder and slides it towards him.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

How much time do we have left? I mean, really?

ARTHUR

Well, I am speaking with a lawyer. Fingers crossed.

JOANNE

I just know there's something better.

She kisses and hugs him good-bye.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

There is. Love you!

ARTHUR

Love you, sister.

Arthur watches her leave, then looks down back at the binder. He opens it out of nowhere back to the stargazer lily and photo pages, then turns the page to reveal a newspaper obituary for Joanne, along with a funeral program with the following words on it: "Joanne Kirchner, May 3, 1961 - December 3, 2023. Beloved sister, wife, mother, and friend. 'Don't let's ask for the moon. We have the stars!'"

There is another KNOCK on the door, startling Arthur. He wipes back a tear and closes the binder immediately.

ARTHUR

Come in.

The door opens. It's ANNIE (30s), a feisty Salon Attendant.

ANNIE

Afternoon, Arthur! Did you forget about your haircut appointment?

ARTHUR

(collecting himself)

Oh, of course! I'll be there in just a minute.

Annie closes the door, and Arthur grabs his keys from his pocket, picking up the binder.