

GRANDMA SIDES

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONT.

GRANDMA

Did I ever tell you that I was a writer?

ANDREA

No! What? Grandma, how did I not ever know this? What did you write? Do you have anything I could read?

GRANDMA

Oh gosh. Well, I remember writing this extravagant novel about MY Grandma and her life at the Convent.

Grandma sighs.

ANDREA

Did you ever finish?

GRANDMA

(taking a big gulp of wine)
Finish what, darling?

ANDREA

Your novel.

GRANDMA

Oh. No, I didn't.

Pause.

GRANDMA

This house is so empty without your Grandpa. What am I gonna do? There's so much of his stuff that I need to pack.

Andrea isn't making eye contact with Grandma. It's too much for her. She's bites her lip.

ANDREA

Why did you stop writing, Grandma? What happened?

GRANDMA

Well, I was young. And I met your Grandpa. And before I knew it we were married and before I even knew that we had Robert and your mom. I always told myself I would keep

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GRANDMA (cont'd)
writing, though. Everyday I would
promise to set aside time for
myself. Eventually everyday turned
into every week. I would say okay,
I'll start writing again. I'll
finish that book. And then the
weeks became months. And those
became years. And now your
Grandpa's dead and I don't know who
to hate anymore.

Andrea looks in the MIRROR and sees Marie staring back at
her. Grandma's clearly not okay. She starts muttering to
herself.

GRANDMA
What are you gonna do Andrea? What
are you gonna do? What are you...
gonna do? What are you...

Andrea pauses for just a moment. She puts her engagement
ring on Grandma's dresser and sits down next to Grandma.
Grandma keeps repeating to herself. Over and over. Andrea
rubs Grandma's back.

A bird is heard chirping outside.

FADE TO BLACK.