

ANOTHER ROSE ON THE VINE

Written by

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EXT. GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The backyard garden of LILY WHITE, Dennis, MA.

A yellow rose.

A glove. A snip.

ANGLE on a large brimmed garden hat. The Camera pulls down to flannel shirt, jeans and a pair of CROCS.

Hands are covered with a pair of men's work gloves.

ROSE is humming the song "The Rose." She is clipping Yellow rose. SNIP SNIP. SNIP SNIP.

A basket gathers the long-stemmed beauties. Close up on a lady bug that lands on the gloved hands.

ROSE

Oh make a wish. Lady Bug you are a  
sign of good luck and positive  
energy!

She takes off a glove and reveals not gentle lady's hand but one that is rough and shows years of work and labor. Her nails are short, but clean.

NOTE: The camera has not yet seen her face. Only the exteriors and broad strokes.

She brings a rose to her nose. She sniffs

LILY

(screeching)

Rose! Rose!

A thorn draws blood. A single drop. ROSE (42) sucks her finger. From offscreen—

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

(shrill)

ROSE!

FOCUS ON A SINGLE RUBY-RED DROPLET OF BLOOD.

Rose looks at it.

LILY (CONT'D)

ROSE! Are you deaf? Rose?

Rose sighs. She sucks on her finger and then puts her glove back on.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Rose it's time right?

Rose stands and picks up her basket of yellow roses. She says

ROSE  
(singing gently)  
"Some say love, it is a river that  
drowns..."

LILY  
(shrill, offscreen)  
Rose!

ROSE  
"...the tender reed."  
(sighs)  
She heads toward the back door,  
steady, unbothered.

INT. LILY WHITE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LILY WHITE, 68, still styled like Lauren Bacall's final close-up. She snatches the bouquet from Rose's hands and begins trimming.

LILY  
You always pick the best ones.

SNIP. A rose falls. SNIP. She slices off a bud she deems unworthy.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Well-almost perfect.  
(pause, smile)  
And my favorite color, of course.

ROSE  
(flat)  
They're the only ones we have.

LILY AND ROSE  
Yellow roses are my favorite!

They chuckle, performative.

LILY  
(suddenly cool)  
When did you stop calling me "Mom"?

I really wish you'd call me that again. Or "Mumsy."

ROSE  
You don't remember?

LILY  
If I did, I wouldn't ask, would I?

ROSE  
Of course. Wouldn't want to waste words.

LILY  
(arches an eyebrow)  
Don't be jealous. Just because—

LILY AND ROSE  
I have a Pulitzer prize for writing  
Lily freezes. Rose doesn't flinch.

LILY  
Are you mocking me.

ROSE  
No, Lily. I'm quoting you. Big difference.

Lily eyes her up and down.

LILY  
Well then. Remind me—  
When did you start calling me  
"Lily"?

The camera finally reveals Rose's face. Plain. Weathered. And unblinking.

ROSE  
The day you stopped treating me  
like your child.

LILY  
(scoffs)  
And when was that, dear?

ROSE  
When I was eight.

She leaves. Calm. Controlled. Humming again.

Lily watches her go.

LILY  
 (scoffing to herself)  
 Eight years old. What nonsense.

Lily trims the final rose.

SNIP.

She pricks her thumb – deliberately. RUBY-RED blood beads up.

She holds the vase aloft, checks the room – Rose is gone.  
 Then, with Broadway-level flair–

LILY  
 Ohhh!

CRASH.

She throws the vase. It shatters. SLOW MOTION – glass, water, yellow petals suspended in air. Lily basks in the performance.

ROSE (ENTERING)  
 Lily, are you okay?

LILY  
 (panting)  
 The VAAAASE–it slipped.  
 All your beautiful flowers. Ruined!

Rose, skeptical, grabs the broom.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 And look–I cut myself!  
 This is your fault. You shouldn't  
 have left me with that heavy  
 VAAAASE. It was my mother's.

ROSE  
 Lily, it was from the Dollar Store.

LILY  
 That's where you came from, isn't  
 it?  
 (beat)  
 Bargain bin daughter. Bargain bin  
 life.

Rose freezes.

Lily steps–crunch–on two roses. Deliberate.

ROSE  
Lily, you—

LILY  
Oh, dear. Didn't see them.  
Well. We'll just pick more.

Rose exhales. Deep.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I heard that. Are you taking your  
asthma meds?

No response.

Rose sweeps.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Darling? You okay?

ROSE  
Wouldn't want to waste words, Lily.  
I'm perfect. I'll get more yellow  
roses—your favorite.

Lily dons her pretty sunhat and dainty gloves.

LILY  
Wonderful. I'll come with you.  
We want the perfect ones.

Rose doesn't flinch.

ROSE  
Of course we do.

Lily hums, sings:

LILY  
♪ "I beg your pardon... I never  
promised you a rose garden..."

They walk into the light.

EXT. GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Sun low. Shadows long. Lily struts in heels. Rose follows,  
basket in hand.

LILY  
Not that one, sweetie.  
This one's perfect.

Lily leans in delicately to snip a rose—her pristine floral gloves untouched by effort. She's here for the performance. Rose does the labor.

LILY (CONT'D)  
We want the perfect ones, don't we?

ROSE  
(sighs)  
Yes, Lily. The perfect ones.

LILY  
We haven't heard from your sister.

ROSE  
(pauses)  
Iris?

LILY  
(beat)  
Yes, Iris. Rose and Lily and Iris.  
(she smiles wistfully)  
A floral bouquet. Independent  
flowers, each of us.

ROSE  
(flat)  
You never liked that word,  
"Independent."

LILY  
(snickering)  
Oh but Iris adored it. Always the  
free spirit.  
(chuckles)  
"Don't pick me, I'll wilt," she  
said. So poetic. So dramatic.

ROSE  
She always called us the greenhouse  
girls.

LILY  
She always thought herself wild.  
Like a weed, if you ask me.

(Rose cuts a particularly bright rose. Her hand trembles slightly.)

ROSE  
Maybe she'll call.

LILY  
Oh, she'll call when she needs  
something. Said she was bringing a  
friend— some sort of "life coach"  
she met.

ROSE  
(chuckles, dry)  
Well, we know what that means.  
So... you have spoken to her.

(Lily ignores the comment, as always. She turns, holding a  
yellow bloom to the light.)

LILY  
Not like you, darling.  
You're the dependable one.

ROSE  
Because I stayed.

LILY  
Because you belong. I hope Iris  
calls.

ROSE  
I reminded her what day this is.

LILY  
(feigned surprise)  
What day is it?

ROSE  
Lily today is your birthday.

LILY  
(feigned shock)  
Oh it is? I completely forgot.

Will there be a party?

ROSE  
(beat, with a soft smile)  
Oh yes, Lily. There will be... a  
surprise.

She snips a rose. The stem falls to the dirt. Clean. Quiet.  
Final.

CUT TO BLACK.



INT. LIVING ROOM OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE

6pm. Rose turns on the lights.

ROSE  
Lily are you going to change?

LILY  
What should I wear? Who will be here?

ROSE  
Well as you always said about parties,

LILY AND ROSE  
"Invite the world and half will come."

They both laugh easily.

LILY  
So, Iris is coming?

ROSE  
I've not hear back yet.

LILY  
The Dupont's, surely will be here.

ROSE  
No, sadly they went in to Boston for the weekend. Some event with the Smith's.

LILY  
(swooning)  
Oh the Smith's have a

LILY AND ROSE  
Marvelous yacht

LILY  
And when I one the Pulitzer

ROSE  
Yes they took you out to celebrate. You brought Iris and left me home.

LILY  
Well you were so

ROSE  
Plain looking. Average. You always  
said "average"

LILY  
Well I never.

ROSE  
I let go of that little bee sting  
years ago.

LILY  
Iris always did light up a room.

Rose hands Lily a Manhattan straight up.

ROSE  
Here mother, it's time for our  
beverage.

LILY  
Oh you always take such good care  
of me, Rose.

ROSE  
Dependable, I belong here, right,  
Lily?

Lily raises her glass.

LILY  
To Rose!

ROSE  
Ah, Lily, now this is your day, we  
focus on you. Look at how grand  
you look. Wait one moment.

Rose goes out to another room.

LILY  
Oh Rose, what are you doing, no  
surprises needed! No, no. Dear come  
back. Let's have our cocktail and  
talk of old times.

Rose returns with a showy white, feather boa. She puts it on  
Lily. Behind on the mantle is a massive portrait of Lily  
with Iris in the garden and Lily is wearing the same boa.  
She puts the boa on Lily and then stand back. She makes one  
adjustment.

ROSE  
There, darling just perfect.  
Perfect. Let me take a picture.

Add a beat. She steps back. Looks Lily up and down. One second too long. The smile is pleasant. But the eyes? Empty

LILY  
Oh no need. Well maybe just one.  
We can send it to Iris.

Rose takes a picture with her phone. She shows to Lily.

ROSE  
Beautiful as ever.

Lily looks and smiles.

LILY  
I always did have good lines. You

LILY AND ROSE  
Take after your father.

ROSE  
Iris always had your looks. You  
favored her. More.

LILY  
No. I loved—  
(pauses)  
—I love you both. Equally.

ROSE  
Mother, your Pulitzer winning  
novel, "Through Iris' Eyes"

LILY  
(scoff)  
Oh, you, always so sensitive. It's  
all fiction.

Rose goes to the bookshelf and picks up the novel. Opens it.

ROSE  
(she reads with no  
fanfare)  
"Her eyes saw so much. She knew  
she was different. Destined for  
greatness.

LILY  
(thoughtful and emotional)  
I long to see the world through  
Iris' eyes."

ROSE  
Oh dear. No need for maudlin  
emotions.

Rose dabs a tissue to Lily's cheek to wipe away the tears.  
Lily tenderly touches her hand and kisses it.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Let's get this party started, shall  
we?

LILY  
(excited)  
Yes let's! Did you make  
appetizers?

ROSE  
Now my mother brought me up proper,  
of course we have appetizers. Now  
dear you just snuggle up to your  
Manhattan. Let me put on some  
music and get the first course.

LILY  
Oh wonderful!

Rose turns on Patsy Cline, "Crazy" She goes to the kitchen.  
Lily swoons in her chair. The feeling is light.

INT. LIVING ROOM - 6:45PM

The golden hour light hits just right.

Lily stands in front of the mirror: white feather boa, red  
lipstick, a silk wrap that gleams like old Hollywood. She  
twirls. She purrs.

Rose enters carrying a tray. Still in the same flannel shirt,  
jeans, and Crocs. A dish towel tucked into her waistband.

The contrast is devastating.

LILY  
Darling, I feel positively radiant.  
You don't think it's... too much?

ROSE  
You always said, "Too much is just  
enough when you're Lily White."

LILY  
(giggling)  
Did I say that?

ROSE  
You wrote it in the dedication of  
your second novel. Under Iris'  
name.

A beat. Rose sets the tray down. Deviled eggs. Radish roses.  
All perfect.

LILY  
But look at you, Rose. You haven't  
changed. Still my little garden  
gnome.

ROSE  
Practical. Comfortable.

LILY  
Plain.

A silence. Patsy Cline still hums faintly in the background.  
Lily sips her Manhattan like it's her Oscar. Rose takes a  
dish back to the kitchen.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(cheerfully)  
Maybe tomorrow we'll go shopping!  
I'll buy you something with shape.  
Something... pink!

ROSE  
(over her shoulder)  
I have shape, mother.  
You just stopped looking.

Lily tries to recover.

LILY  
(over zealous)  
You were, well are such a smart  
girl, 1st in your class in High  
School. I don't know why you didn't  
go into nursing.

ROSE  
Lily, please you know why. The  
sight of blood.

LILY  
(demonstrative)  
Oh blood is just blood, it cleans  
up.

ROSE  
It stains, lingers. It has smell.  
You remember, right.

Lily is looking off. Ignoring.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Lily you do remember? There I was  
with father coming out of the  
movies, "Beauty and the Beast."

LILY  
You so loved that movie. Just like  
Belle, you love to read.

ROSE  
And then out of nowhere a man comes  
up and shouts, "Harry White you're  
a dead man." Then he shoots and  
father jumps in front. We fell  
backwards. He fell on top of me.  
The bullets came down like rain.  
Then silence.

LILY  
Must you dig this up.

ROSE  
Then the blood was all over me. I  
was soaked in Father's blood. Then  
at the hospital for hours. The  
police, the doctors, all at me.  
And where were you. Where?

LILY  
These deviled eggs are delicious.  
You followed my recipe perfectly.  
I do like a little paprika on for  
color. That way they are just  
perfect.

Rose goes to the kitchen and comes back with paprika and adds  
just a touch to the deviled egg in Lily's hand.

LILY (CONT'D)  
See? Perfection.

ROSE  
So, no mother I did not want to be  
a nurse.

LILY  
Yes, well, you've had options, you  
hesitate and they just all wither  
away like a rose on the vine.

Lily raises her empty glass.

ROSE  
Yes, Lily let's freshen up your  
beverage. It is your birthday.

LILY  
Oh I forgot!

Rose goes to the side and makes another drink. Lily gets up  
with her boa on and mirrors the image. She hums along with  
Patsy Cline.

DOORBELL RINGS.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Oh surprise guests. You sly fox,  
Rose. It must be the DuPont's. We  
may have to cancel our plans  
tonight, I am sure they've come to  
take me out.

Rose looks, deadpan, She's done this routine a hundred times  
with the same ending.

ROSE  
(over excitement)  
Well let's see! Of course I can  
change my plans. No worries.

Rose goes to the door. Lily displays an over-the-top  
greeting. The door opens. Lily gasps.

No one there. Just a parcel on the door mat.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
No DuPont's just a package.

Lily winces slightly at her disappointment. Rose brings the  
package over to Lily and hands it to her.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday Lily!

LILY  
From you? No, no need, no need.  
What is it?

ROSE  
Sweetheart, let's open it and find  
out.

Lily is giddy with excitement. She opens the package and there is a smaller box, wrapped like the size of a ring or earrings.

LILY  
Oh well, now as we know

LILY AND ROSE  
Jewelry is never the wrong size.

Lily open the box, displaying exaggerated excitement. Camera on Lily's eyes then back to Rose. The package is opened. Back to Lily's eyes as they go from joy to emptiness.

Beat. Silence. Hold on Lily's face.

LILY  
Why wrinkle cream. How..thoughtful  
of you.

ROSE  
I know, Lily you don't really need  
it, yet, but always good to have on  
hand.

Rose smiles. Lily gets up and hugs Rose. You can feel the disdain and lack of love in the air. The cold war drifts in.

LILY  
Always dependable.

ROSE  
Always.

Patsy Cline music swells as the feeling of bleak nostalgia settles in. The ladies toast the moment. The box of wrinkle cream is set aside.

Lily sips her drink. The Patsy Cline track softens in the background.

LILY  
You know, I do love a good  
celebration. Even a surprise.  
(beat)  
(MORE)



LILY (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd gone all quiet on  
me, Rose. I assumed you were  
planning something big. For me.

ROSE  
(sips her drink, soft)  
It's not that I didn't want a  
party, Lily.  
(beat, looks down)  
It's that I never expected one.

LILY  
(small scoff)  
Oh, don't be dramatic.

ROSE  
(eyes locked, steady)  
I'm not.  
(beat)  
I stopped expecting a long time  
ago.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

The grandfather clock chimes 7. Each toll seems to stiffen  
the back and posture of the ladies.

ROSE  
Shal we play SCRABBLE? RUMMY? Or,  
I invented a new game?

LILY  
Oh you dear! I love your new  
games! Yes, Yes, new game, please!  
What is it?

Rose goes to the table and picks up a shoebox that has been  
covered with purple wrapping paper. There is a large cut out  
opening to pullout pieces of paper. Rose has written down  
questions.

ROSE  
It's called, "Just Tell Me."

LILY  
Just Tell Me? Sounds interesting.  
How do we play? Who is the winner?

ROSE  
There are questions in the box and  
we take turns and share our answers  
with each other.

LILY  
OK, and how do I win? Or how do  
you win?

ROSE  
There is no winner, we just learn  
about each other.

LILY  
Well (scoff) no winner then what's  
the point.

ROSE  
That is the point.

Rose shakes the box.

LILY  
Okay, I'll give it a try.

She pulls a note with theatrical flair.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"What is it that you want to say  
but don't to me."  
(a beat)  
Well that's silly. I tell you  
everything.

ROSE  
Do you?

A pause. Lily hesitates. Looks down. Then—

LILY  
I want to tell you...  
(pause)  
I know I can be the center of  
attention.

More than I should. And I'm aware of it. But I can't help  
myself.

Rose offers a small smile.

ROSE  
See? Wasn't that fun?

LILY  
(smiling)  
Your turn.

Rose reaches into the box. Pulls out a slip. Reads in her usual plain, steady tone.

ROSE  
(reading)  
"What did you always want to be?"

She exhales, eyes down.

LILY  
Oh darling, I know that one—

A famous writer, just like me.

ROSE  
No, Lily.

LILY  
Oh, I love this game. Let's perform it.

Give us your answer, Gloria Swanson.

ROSE  
(flat, quiet)  
I always wanted to be noticed by you.

Silence. Thick and sharp. It lands like snowfall on glass.

Then—

DOORBELL RINGS

LILY  
(grand, delighted)  
Ah! Now that must be the DuPont's!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bell rings again—this time with less patience. Then—the front door flies open.

IRIS (44) Thin. Beautiful. Vivacious. Everything Rose is not. She's sunlit in silk: a daring pink blouse, skirt just shy of scandal, heels sharp enough to stab. Her Gucci bag swings on her arm like a trophy.

Without missing a step, she hands the bag to Rose — like she's staff. No eye contact. No hesitation.

IRIS  
 (overly dramatic,  
 practically musical)  
 Mooooooooother!

She breezes in like she owns the air.

LILY rises like royalty. They kiss. Hug. Coo. Kiss again. Hug again. Performative. Rehearsed.

ROSE stands in the entryway. Still holding the Gucci bag. She gently sets it down.

No eye roll. No sigh. Just... silence.

LILY  
 Oh, Iris. My Greenhouse Girls –  
 back together again.

ROSE  
 I didn't know we'd fallen apart.

IRIS  
 (scoffs, then dramatic)  
 Oh, my wilted little petal, Rose.

She laughs. Lily laughs. Iris plants a bold red lipstick kiss on Rose's cheek.

ROSE doesn't move.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
 There. Some color. You still wear  
 that grayscale chic I see.

Very... mourning dove.

Lily nestles into Iris's arm. They turn to Rose – unified, smiling like snakes.

LILY  
 (laughs)  
 "Grayscale." Oh, Iris, you are  
 wicked.

IRIS  
 Mother, stop. It's just—

IRIS AND LILY

Natural talent!

They burst into girlish giggles. Rose doesn't flinch.

IRIS  
Come, let's see the garden before  
the sun disappears!

She takes Lily's arm. They sweep toward the back door.

IRIS (CALLING BACK) (CONT'D)  
Rosie! Tito's on the rocks, twist  
of lime.

ROSE  
(flat)  
We don't have Tito's, just—

IRIS  
(waving her hand,  
dismissive)  
Whatever. You always make such a  
show of everything.

LAUGHTER. Then the screen door clicks shut behind them.

ROSE stands alone.

Shame? No. Not anymore. Just quiet. Heavy and earned.

Then— A soft throat clear.

She turns.

PARKER SPENCER (45) Built like a sin you forget to confess.

Faded tee hugging every decision he ever made at the gym. 5  
o'clock shadow. Eyes that see through silk. He smiles. Slow.  
Knowing.

PARKER  
(low, smooth)  
You must be Rose.

ROSE  
No, I'm the maid.

Parker's eyebrow arches.

PARKER  
Rose, no need for lies. I see you.

ROSE  
(blushes)  
No, no I am not lying/

Parker moves close and kisses her cheek. Rose is flustered.

PARKER

So much deeper than Iris. Those eyes.

Parker pulls back and look deep. The closeness is deafening.

ROSE

I was just trying to funny and/

PARKER

No need to try to be anything else but you.

ROSE

So... what's your story?  
Iris has a wide range, but I've never seen this kind of- (beat, eyes narrow) -animal before.

PARKER

(grins, like a lion in sun)

Oh, I've been training the Real Housewives of Worcester cast.

ROSE

How aspirational.

PARKER

I run "wellness retreats."  
Private clients. Weekend transformations.  
I'm all about inner peace... and outer results.

ROSE

"Wellness."  
(beat, amused)  
Now that's interesting.

PARKER

Met Iris at one. She... captivated me.

ROSE

(sliding in)  
Hmm. Not sure if it was Iris or her credit limit that captured you.

PARKER

(sly, unbothered)  
Is there a difference?  
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 (He lets that land, then  
 smoothly closes the  
 distance.)

He catches her glance—clocking the slow flick of her eyes to his arms—and he takes her hand, places it on his bicep, and flexes.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 You want to be held by these...  
 don't you?

Rose is flushed, breath just hitching.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 Because suddenly—  
 I want to hold you.

He leans in. A kiss. Tender. Sweet. More dangerous than it should be.

ROSE  
 (soft, but firm)  
 Wait. Wait—please.

She steps back. He lets her go, but his smile lingers like heat.

THE BACK DOOR FLIES OPEN

ROSE  
 (stepping back, cool)  
 Enjoy the show, Parker.

Then she leaves—and in crash the cabaret queens.

PARKER  
 (to himself, quiet)  
 Yeah... she's not like the others.

Iris and Lily come in arm and arm singing

IRIS AND LILLY  
 "I beg your pardon, I never  
 promised you

Iris sees Parker. She runs to him.

IRIS  
 PAAAAAAAAAAAAARKER, my love!

Lily steps right in. Rose is the last person into the story.

LILY  
Well, well, my, my. Iris does have  
an eye for the extraordinary. Where  
you hurt from the fall?

Rose rolls her eyes. This is a line she has heard for years  
from Lily.

PARKER  
Mrs. White/

LILY  
My dear, dashing guest, call me,  
Lily.

Lily and Parker smile. He doesn't miss a beat.

PARKER  
My Fall?

IRIS  
From heaven when you were brought  
in by the angels!

LILY  
Exactly. (SINGS) "Why do birds  
suddenly appear..."

Lily, Iris and Parker hug. Rose returns. From within the  
circle hug Iris says,

IRIS  
Rosie, how about that drinkie?

ROSE  
Of course sister. Anyone else?

LILY  
Oh, Rosie, yes! Think of other  
people for once. Yes drinkies for  
everyone.

Rose dies a little death inside as they all hug without her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

THE CLOCK CHIMES 8pm

LILY  
Oh my lovelies so glad to have you  
home. My Greenhouse girls on a  
Friday night. Just like old times!



IRIS

You would do my hair in marvelous braids. Rosie's hair was more like Father's hair all wires and short. I favored you, Mother.

LILY

Oh and that you did. Just look at how beautiful you are. 44 and you look 34.

PARKER

And in bed she is like 18!

Parker growls. Lilly growls

LILY

Oh my, my, let's not get too spicy!

IRIS

Rosie what's for dinner?

LILY

Rosie always prepares for ten when there's three. She's afraid someone might go hungry... or leave

ROSE

Yes, there will be plenty for all.

PARKER

(winks)

Even for a man of my ..size?

Lily and Iris laugh.

IRIS

Oh mother and you should see his size.

ROSE

(bored)

Yes, even enough for you and plenty to spare.

LILY

That our Rosie, always

LILY AND ROSE

Dependable.

They all laugh but Rose.

PARKER

I have to be honest. Rose, while your looks are far different from Iris's they are just as stunning and deep.

Rose looks down.

IRIS

Now Parker you are here with me. You mean you fancy dead-petal Rosie over my looks, charm, grace

LILY

And style! My Iris has style in spades.

ROSE

I will check on dinner.

IRIS

Are there appetizers. Oh Mother! Your made your famous deviled eggs and just the perfect amount of paprika.

Rose hears this and pauses and turns to look at Lily eye to eye.

LILY

Well, once you crack the egg, (Beat and she looks at Rose straight on) it's all about presentation!

Iris hug Lily over-the-top.

IRIS

Oh mother, I am so glad to be back in my house.

LILY

Honey this house will always be yours!

Rose departs into the kitchen. Iris, Parker and Lily, take the shoe box game.

IRIS

(laughs)

What's this tawdry looking box? This is like a project from our confirmation class at St. Patrick's. Do you put the Blessed Mary inside.

LILY

(laughs)

No. (on the down low) Rose, well  
Rosie made up this game called  
"Just Tell Me." It's wonderful  
farce.

Rose comes back in with another round of appetizers. They  
don't see her yet.

LILY (CONT'D)

Where you make up any answer just  
to please the other person and then  
you decide if they are lying or  
truthing. You keep score if you  
fooled the person and then there is  
a winner!

Rose sets the tray down with a loud clang. They all look for  
a moment and pause. Then back to their conversation. Rose  
sets two more place settings at the table. The evening wears  
on.

ROSE

Let's all take our places at the  
table.

IRIS

Mother where should I sit?

LILY

Well on my right of course.

IRIS

Perfect.

PARKER

Then Rose, I'll be sitting next to  
you. I will keep my eye on you. I  
see how you've been studying me.

IRIS

Parker, that's always been Rosie.  
Quiet Jealousy.

ROSE

Sadly yes. Jealousy is a form of  
flattery.

PARKER

Oh Rose, I see you don't miss a  
beat.

LILY  
Our Rosie is always a beat behind  
and we love her predicable

IRIS  
And dependable

PARKER  
And from what I seen already,  
humble behavior.

ROSE  
Well, goodness you talk about me  
like I am dead.

IRIS  
Rosie most of the time I don't even  
know you are here!

Lily laughs.

LILY  
Oh my Iris, such a wit you have.

ROSE  
Such a wit.

INT. AT THE DINING ROOM AN HOUR LATER

ROSE is rimming the top of the wine glass. A low hum sounds.  
Lily looks and as she is talking gently takes her hand to  
stop.

LILY  
Now Iris, tell you did waste a  
penny on present for me, not one  
penny.

IRIS  
Well Mother, the least I could do  
is get you a little something  
seeing how you send me a check full  
of love every month.

Rose immediately looks at Lily, Lily goes for a cover-up.

LILY  
(embarrassed)  
Oh hush now, let's not every talk  
about gifts in front of others.

PARKER  
Well we brought Dessert.

LILY  
(exclaims)  
Oh dessert! White Cake my  
favorite. I adore white cake. Hmm.  
MM.

ROSE  
Lily I made you a white cake.

LILY  
Well of course you did.

IRIS  
Of course you did.

LILY  
But a shite cake from Boston, Oh I  
feel like Jackie Kennedy.

PARKER  
I 'll be right back.

Parker goes out to the car.

IRIS  
And I got you just a little  
something as well, between us  
girls.

Lily gets up and hugs Iris. Over-the top. Rose looks on.  
Not a shred of emotion.

Parker return and sets the box down by Lily along with the  
smaller box. He sits back next to Rose.

PARKER  
(he leans into to Rose ,  
softly and he takes her  
hand in his)  
I see you. I do don't let them see  
you sweat.

He takes her hand and pushes it on his bulging crotch and  
squeezes her hand. He looks right at her and winks. Rose  
makes no motion or acknowledgement.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Good girl.

Lily sits back down.

LILY  
Oh White Cake. My favorite. My  
mother would make me the most  
perfect White Cake.

Lily opens the cake. CAMERA on her eyes, wide with delight  
then they go cold with despair. PAUSE. BREATH by all.

Rose gets up to assist.

ROSE  
Let me help you, Lily and I will  
then go and get the candles.

Rose takes out the cake. It is a triple layer all chocolate  
cake with purple and yellow frosting. I third of the cake  
has been clawed away, like a ravaged animal got after it.  
The writing on the cake "APPY RTHDAY TED"

Rose looks. Lily is maintaining composure. Dead calm.

Parker laughs and pounds the table.

PARKER  
Don't you just love it!

Iris Laughs.

IRIS  
Surprise it's not white cake!  
Sometimes you have to change it up.

ROSE  
Lily you detest chocolate cake.

LILY  
Rose! Manners. No I actually  
prefer a chocolate cake. Enrich my  
palate.

Parker laughs again. He claps his hands.

PARKER  
And we were driving and I got so  
hungry. So we stopped at a rest  
area and we each took a handful.  
Just scooped it right off, like  
wolves.

IRIS  
And chocolate makes Parker...come  
alive.

ROSE  
(bland)  
And who is Ted?

IRIS  
Oh Dead Petals, relax. Who cares?  
Cake is cake. We are together and  
that's all that matters!

Lily squeeze Iris' hand in full view. Parker takes Rose's hand and squeezes it under the table.

LILY  
Rose, Rosie, cut the cake for us  
and serve. Who wants coffee?

All shout out coffee, sugar etc. Rose takes the cake and goes to the kitchen.

The sound of a china cup smashing is heard. All pause.

IRIS  
(yelling)  
ROSIE, that better not be Grandma  
Turner's china. That set goes to  
me after she passes. (Beat) Mother  
how is Grandma Turner?

Rose enters with 4 slices of cake and four coffees. She sets them, down. Rose doesn't have any.

LILY  
Oh bearing up, her last leg.

ROSE  
Her last leg? Lily you two went  
shopping yesterday to the outlets  
and you had to come home and take a  
nap. She then took my bike to the  
beach.

IRIS  
You still ride a bike? I don't  
believe it. Are you in shape for  
that.

ROSE  
Don't wait for me, sister.

IRIS  
I never did.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Now mother open your gift.

LILY  
Oh I love how you spoil me!

Lily opens a box exactly like the one Rose gave her. This gift is also wrinkle cream.

IRIS  
Don't you love it! It's never too soon to keep our ageless beauty beautiful.

LILY  
Yes! Marvelous! I can't wait to try it. Rosie would you like to try it?

ROSE  
No, I don't have your lines, I take after Father. Hate to waste on me.

LILY  
Your right. You can't really shine old metal.

FADE OUT.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The room LAUGHS. Rose sits alone, still. The others rise. Lily waves a casual hand toward her like one might shoo a waiter.

LILY  
(without turning)  
Rosie, be a dear and clear, won't you?

They drift off toward the living room, drinks in hand, still chuckling. Iris plucks the shoebox from the table.

IRIS  
(shaking it)  
Round two, darlings?

They pull slips, laughing - their voices fade into a cruel chorus.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose doesn't move.

The grandfather clock begins to CHIME.



ELEVEN TOLLS.

With each one, Rose's finger taps the table – louder, harder  
– A perfect sync with the clock.

TAP.

TAP.

TAP.

Like a metronome building rage.

She's not just holding something back –

She's becoming something else.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE

The house is quiet now. Rose's favorite time. She hears  
voice of the past. She works on a counted cross stitch of a  
bunch of yellow roses, not in a vase tied with a blood-red  
ribbon. A single drop of blood drips from a thorn.

FATHER (V.O.)

My darling girl. Come let your  
father hug you.

(Rose stitches, breathes  
in) LILY (V.O.)

Iris's hair is so much easier to  
braid...

(Rose's stitching slows)

NEIGHBOR (V.O.)

Will your writing be like your  
mother's?

IRIS (V.O.)

I never see you

PARKER (V.O.)

Rose I do see you.

The moon beams into the room. A light dances in the  
moonlight shadows. Rose breathes easy.

She sets down the needle work and steps out side. The clock  
strikes midnight

EXT. GARDEN

ROSE (V.O.)

The backyard has always been  
hers—where no one ever looked, and  
where no one could interrupt

The moonlight is magic. The Libra moon shines full and bright. The air is warm and comforting. Rose breathes in deep. Fireflies light around her. She holds up her hand and one lands on her finger. Glows and then flies away.

She takes off her flannel shirt. And reveals her body, plain as it is, unshapely as it is. She is not embarrassed by her shape. She IS her shape. She steps out of her crotch so her feet and toes can snuggle in the grass.

She hums "The ROSE" her eyes close.

EXT. GARDEN A MOMENT LATER

A deeper voice is heard humming and Parker, nude with all his muscles bulging in the moonlight comes up behind her and engulfs Rose in a deep spoon hug. She does not vanquish. Parker takes her there in the moonlight. Or is it she who takes him?

They move together slowly—not out of passion, but out of ache. His body hungry. Hers still.

Not resistance. Not surrender. Just... presence.

A communion of loneliness disguised as desire.

Parker buries his face in her neck. He's taking everything. She lets him. "He gasps. She blinks. His need is loud. Hers stays silent.

When finished Parker lays on top of her and quietly sobs.

PARKER

That was beautiful. You complete  
me.

ROSE

(looking distant)  
How nice for you.

Parker leaves and the clock striking 3 is heard. Rose lingers a moment to have the moment. He hands embrace herself in a love hug for one. The moment is hers to remember.

The Libra moon washes Rose in moonlight. She puts her shirt back on, slips into her crocs.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Moon. For seeing me when  
no one else did

INT. KITCHEN OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE - MORNING

8am. The sun is bright, the windows open. A glorious day awaits for those who want to take it.

Rose has breakfast prepared. Blueberry and chocolate ship pancakes. Eggs benedict made. Fresh Biscuits and fresh OJ. You can smell the coffee.

ROSE  
(singing)  
*"Some say love it is a hunger an  
endless aching need."*

Parker comes in.

PARKER  
(bold like he believes he  
was the conquistador)  
Well, the lady sings, too. Such a  
deep well.

ROSE  
Ocean. A deep ocean.

PARKER  
But I can't toss my coin in the  
ocean and make a wish like a can  
down the well.

ROSE  
Wishes are free Parker, they don't  
cost a cent. So wish away.

He comes close to her she smiles light and moves along to setting food on the table. Parker smiles.

PARKER  
I want to continue

ROSE  
I thought we were finished.

Lily and Rose burst in arm and arm.

LILY  
What do we have here.

PARKER  
Nothing.

LILY  
I wasn't talking to you, Parker.  
Rose what are you up to my dear.

ROSE  
You know I cook for 10, so I  
thought since we have guests/

LILY  
Guests, what guests. Are the  
DuPont's coming over?

ROSE  
No, my sister. You and Parker.

IRIS  
Sister, this is my house.

ROSE  
Our house.

Lily gets between them and holds both of their hands.

LILY  
My little Greenhouse Girls, this is  
our house.

An uneasy silence hangs in the room.

Parker claps his hands.

PARKER  
So wants our plans for the day?

IRIS  
Well that is obvious. It's a beach  
day.

ROSE  
Yes an I have sandwiches made for  
the three of you and the cool is  
packed beverages and other snacks.

PARKER  
Rose you are not coming.

IRIS  
She doesn't

IRIS AND LILLY  
Take the sun very well.

They both smile.

ROSE  
Yes, I have our Father's skin,  
Irish, I burn like a lobster.

IRIS  
Remember that summer you burned so  
bad they had to take you to the  
hospital. (she laughs) She blew up  
lick a blood sucking tick.

ROSE  
Yes you said you were putting  
sunblock on me and it was baby oil.  
I fried like bacon.

IRIS  
Well you always did look like a  
pig.

ROSE  
Stop that.

IRIS  
Well we were kids who knew.

ROSE  
Iris you were 16 and I was 14. You  
left me at the beach for hours.  
Took the car.

LILLY  
Oh, Rose, the past is over. Don't  
waste time on dust. Look up for  
the stardust and make your wishes.

PARKER  
You know wishes don't cost a cent.

LILLY  
That is wonderful. Rose hand me my  
pad I want to write that incredible  
line down. Parker may I use that  
line? Did it just come to you?

Parker looks at Rose and winks.

PARKER  
Yes I am just creative. I feel so  
damned creative.

IRIS

Well you weren't creative last night. I woke up and you were gone.

PAUSE. The room beats.

PARKER

I was captured by the Libra moon like never before. I wept at the beauty of it all.

IRIS

Don't start thinking too much. I like men strong, Kind of dumb and someone I can hold on to.

Iris gives his arms a squeeze. She rolls up his t-shirt to expose his bicep.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Could you ever imagine yourself holding on to an arm like this. Having this arm engulf you in sweat and body heat.

BEAT

ROSE

(flat)

I've had that and better. You'd be surprised what I've experienced.

Lily laughs.

IRIS

Fuck you. Always the dramatic one.

ROSE

Breakfast is served.

LILY

Oh rose you made biscuits.

IRIS

Of course she did. Needs to put her skills to use somehow.

Rose steps back to enjoy her coffee. The rest sit down and laugh and share conversation and never stop to consider Rose in the conversation.

INT. KITCHEN OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

The clock strikes 9. As the chimes roll Iris and Lily enter with sunhats and bathing suits to accentuate their perfect Barbie-like figures.

ROSE

Ok you are all packed. I load the car for you.

IRIS

What time is dinner tonight.

Lily looks to Rose. Rose pauses.

ROSE

7:30, how does that sound?

LILY

Oh Rosie that would be perfect, Right Iris?

IRIS

Can we push to 8?

Beat.

ROSE

Of course sweetie. 8 would be just perfect. That will give you time to help me prepare dinner.

IRIS

Oh no I could do, well I don't want to do that. This is my mini-vacation.

LILY

Rose, Rosie you can handle the prep. Just cook for 5 and not for 10!

IRIS

Mother will you be making your New-England clam chowder?

ROSE

Yes I will make the clam chowder, clam cakes, corn on the cob, corn bread, lobsters and strawberry shortcake.

LILY

Sounds perfect, Rosie.

IRIS

Rosie you do remember that I don't do corn and I can't handle cracking the lobsters. Also cornbread and shortcake, perhaps you should cut out one of the starches, sweetie?

Pause. Lily looks to Rose.

ROSE

Right got it. Iris you will have sesame broccoli and Lobster Newburgh. I'll the corn bread and if you don't want don't eat it.

IRIS

I was thinking of you, sister.

ROSE

Ohh, well, I am an adult, so if I want it, I will have it.

Parker claps his hands.

PARKER

(energy back up)  
So let's get you ladies going.

ROSE

The car is all packed. Dinner at 730, oh I am sorry, per Iris, dinner at 8.

IRIS

Parker you are not going?

LILY

Parker you must see the beach, besides who will we talk to?

PARKER

(laughs)  
You two won't even miss me. I will help Rose here, I love to cook. Maybe I can teach here a few things.

LILY

Well let's not waste the day on useless conversation. The sun, the sand and sea awaits. And Rosie



ROSE  
Of course mother, cocktails and  
appetizers will be ready at 630.

LILY  
Usually it's 6?

ROSE  
(a little beat before the  
towel line)  
Of course, Mother. Cocktails and  
appetizers will be ready at 6:30.  
(beat. twisting the towel)  
You usually say 6?  
(pause, quieter, but  
sharp)  
Iris wanted dinner at 8.  
(beat tension tightens)  
So I thought for myself and moved  
the starters back. 30 minutes.

(beat. That's the drop.)

COLD PAUSE

IRIS  
(snippy)  
You don't have to make every  
decision a declaration of (mocking)  
"So I thought for myself" Jesus  
lighten up it's Saturday.

Rose smiles.

ROSE  
Don't forget your sunscreen.  
Wouldn't want you to get burned.

IRIS  
Parker keep an eye on Rosie. The  
plain Jane's always try to take  
what they can't keep.

Rose looks at Parker and he looks at her.

PARKER  
Oh run along.

LILY and IRIS (laughing as they exit) Plain Jane... Plain  
Jane...

The door clicks shut. Silence returns.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(sighs, low)  
Is this normal?

ROSE  
(still, without blinking)  
This is always.

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

The house is quiet. Sunlight glints off polished silver. A pot of chowder simmers. Butter melts in a pan.

ROSE, sleeves rolled, hair up, apron on. She moves with quiet precision.

PARKER enters, barefoot, shirt slightly wrinkled, cocky in that loose, too-familiar way.

He leans against the doorframe, watching her. The way you'd watch something you think you already own.

PARKER  
Smells like a holiday.

ROSE  
It's Saturday.

PARKER  
That your way of telling me not to  
get comfortable?

She doesn't answer. She pulls biscuits from the oven. The smell hits. He exhales, impressed.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
You always this good at hiding in  
plain sight?

ROSE  
You always this good at showing up  
where you're not invited? Take out  
that pad over there.

A flicker of heat. Parker moves closer. He gets the pad and pen.

PARKER  
(low, sexy)  
You want help?

ROSE

No I want a grocery list/

He picks up a carrot. Takes a bite. Crunch.

PARKER

You've got a wall around you, Rose.  
Real high. Real tight.

ROSE

Walls keep things safe. Write down  
the menu we stay focused. Clam  
chowder, clam cakes, corn, corn  
bread, lobsters, thermidor and  
strawberry shortcake with shipped  
cream. Let's get a bottle of  
Tito's for Iris and Lily needs  
another bottle of bourbon. What's  
your pleasure?

PARKER

Now you're cooking with gas.

He kisses the back of neck and growls. She swats his  
knuckles with a wooden spoon.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(he feigns hurt)

Owwwwweeeee.

She pauses. Wipes her hands.

ROSE

Which one do you think I am? Safe?  
Or locked in?

He steps closer. Too close.

PARKER

I think you're waiting to be  
noticed.

A long beat.

ROSE

Then stop pretending like you're  
the first man who ever has. We need  
flowers and wine.

That lands. He backs off, slightly. Grins.

PARKER

(quiet, admiring)

You've got teeth.

ROSE  
You stopped writing. No. You're  
just used to women who bite soft.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Tell me something true.

PARKER  
What if I already did?

ROSE  
Oh so crying on my chest like a  
baby is true form for you?

He opens his mouth – but doesn't speak. She glances at him.  
Sees it.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

The kettle whistles. She turns it off. The moment evaporates.

PARKER  
Let's just both say what we're  
thinking.

He pins her to the counter. She gently pushes him back.

ROSE  
(lightly)  
Ok you first.

PARKER  
I'm thinking fuck the cooking and  
let's order takeout and just fuck.  
You? (he growls)

ROSE  
I'm already bored. Let's go. We've  
got work to do.

She heads out the door. Parkers smiles and nods.

PARKER  
Bored. I'll give you fucking  
bored.

He hits the kitchen lights and closes the door. Gets in the  
car and they pull away.

FADE to the car.

INT. ROSE'S CAR

Rose drives as they head into town to the market.

PARKER  
You know what you're doing?

ROSE  
In what sense?

PARKER  
To me.

ROSE  
(chuckles)  
That line usually work? Is that how  
you keep Iris interested?

Parker takes her hand and presses it to his crotch.

PARKER  
This is how I keep her interested.

Rose calmly reclaims her hand. Places it neatly on her lap.  
Looks at him like he's already buried.

ROSE  
Sad, really. The shallow grave you  
dig for yourself.

Parker mutters—

PARKER  
(under his breath)  
Shallow grave. Fuck you.

ROSE  
Did you say something?  
(beat)  
My father used to say: "Cowards  
mumble. The brave speak up."

So which are you?

Parker turns to the window. Smiles. It doesn't reach his  
eyes.

Rose turns on the radio and the song "AT 17" plays.

*"I learned the truth at 17, that love was meant for beauty  
queens."*

PARKER  
(softly)  
Always liked this one.

ROSE Me too. What do you like about it?

PARKER (CONT'D)  
That voice. That ache.

The ugly duckling, finally singing.

ROSE  
*We all play the game.  
And when we dare— We cheat  
ourselves at Solitaire.*

A long beat. Parker looks at her.

PARKER  
So you cheat?

ROSE  
Seems like you do.

The song plays on. Their silence says everything.

INT. SHANNIGAN'S MEAT AND FISH

Parker is pushing the shopping cart. Rose is picking off items from her list. Parker adds things to the cart like a little kid would do, items not on the menu. At the cheese section they pause. He picks up a French cheese and looks at the price.

PARKER  
And let's try these too. You can  
make a blend.

ROSE  
Fine.

He slides behind her. His body presses close. He growls—nods at the bathroom sign.

A passing shopper scoffs.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Go ahead. I'm sure the mirror and  
your reflection are all you need.

PARKER (LAUGHS, UNFAZED)  
Touché.

GROCERY CLERK

Oh Rose! So good to see you. How is your writing going, I loved your short story collection.

ROSE

Connie you are so sweet. Thank you. Yes I'm getting some new ideas now.

GROCERY CLERK

As you said in our class last week, "Pay attention, ideas and inspiration is all around us."

ROSE

Did you get chapter 2 finished? I would love to read it and if you like give you my perspective.

GROCERY CLERK

Oh Rose that will be wonderful. I will email it to you.

The clerk moves along.

PARKER

(doubting)

You write?

ROSE

(playing along and using his deep voice)

You flex?

They both laugh.

PARKER

(easy)

Rosie

ROSE

Just Rose.

PARKER

Your mother and Iris call you "Rosie." Why don't you correct them?

ROSE

Because it's not a nickname—it's a weapon. They use it to remind me where I rank.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(beat) Parents should love their  
children equally... if they can.  
Lily never tried.

PARKER  
What about your father?

ROSE  
He was different. Educated. Kind.  
And generous—even to Lily. He  
believed in her writing, gave her  
his contacts... (beat) The Simons.  
From the Cape.

PARKER  
That name rings a bell.

ROSE  
It should. But don't get excited— I  
don't trade in borrowed fame.

PARKER  
That sounded... pointed.

ROSE  
Just polished.

At the fish/meat counter.

FISH GUY  
Miss Rose, so good to see you. My  
wife asked if you stop over to look  
at the paint swatches she picked  
up. I have no eye for colors and  
we just love your water color  
works. She is using terms like  
"Mauve" and "Dusty Sand" and I am a  
red, green and blue guy.

They all laugh easily.

ROSE  
Sure thing, Tim. I'll stop over  
after the weekend.

FISH GUY  
Great, Peg will be thrilled. Now  
what can I get for you? And who is  
this strapping Tarzan?

ROSE  
(plainly)  
My sister, Iris' friend.



FISH GUY  
(with disdain)  
Oh, Iris back in town. God there  
must be a storm brewing.

ROSE  
(chuckles)  
Now Tim, let's not talk ill of  
someone.

FISH GUY  
Well I never liked how she treated  
you. My daughter Linda...Oh listen  
to me. Taking up your time while  
you have Tarzan in tow. What do  
you need?

ROSE  
Oh, Tim, that is fine. Fine. I  
need 7 X 1 1/2 pound lobsters. 2  
pounds of cod and 2 pounds of  
Snow's minced clams.

FISH GUY  
Ah making your famous chowder?

ROSE  
Well it is my mother's recipe.

FISH GUY  
Lily always makes it good, but  
yours is better.

FISH GUY gets busy with the order.

PARKER  
Well don't you just get around.

ROSE  
Surprised? Thought I was just a  
withering flower, the quiet maid.  
Life is about living.

PARKER  
But at the house you are so

ROSE  
Quiet yes. I find I learn much  
more from listening. Besides,  
Lily, like you and Iris, you love  
the sound of your own voice and  
your own reflections.

MASH CUT

EXT. DENNIS, MA TOWN BEACH

LILY AND IRIS do a selfie.

Lily and Iris are chatting like two long-time friends. Girl talk, fashion. Walking towards the beach, they stop at a cafe table outside to have a coffee.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
11am Saturday morning. The sun is  
bright and it looks to be another  
beautiful day here in Dennis, Ma.  
Get out and enjoy this Saturday!

They sit. Waiter comes over, surfer-dude type.

WAITER  
Ladies, what can I get you from the  
bar that would be interesting?

IRIS  
You on the rocks.

Lily rolls her eyes.

LILY  
We will have two iced teas.

WAITER  
Now we're talking! Long Island  
Teas at 11. Want a plate of raw  
oysters. Let's party down. I off  
at 2 and show you ladies

LILY  
Young man. I have stocks older  
than you. Settle down, boy.

Waiter smiles a broad smile

MASH CUT:

INT. SHANNIGAN'S MEAT AND FISH - continuous

PARKER SMILES like a wolf.

PARKER  
We need meat for tonight.

ROSE  
Aren't you enough for all of us?

PARKER

(smug)  
You would like this (he  
flexes) again wouldn't  
you?

ROSE

I would like a lot of things. Tim,  
lets add on 5 NY stirp steaks.

PARKER

(Calling out)  
Hey Timmy, hold on. Did I ever tell  
you I was a waiter?

ROSE

Now that's a surprise. Denny's or  
Chilis?

PARKER

Ha. Ha. So I had these two guys  
come in, gay.

ROSE

And thought you were gay as well  
right?

PARKER

What? No, wait let me tell my  
story.

ROSE

So, you are gay?

PARKER

For hire or course. I am a  
liberated man.

ROSE

Right, how did I miss that?

FISH GUY

Here are the lobsters and clams.  
Now about the steaks.

ROSE

(laughs)  
Well, listen in, Tim, Tarzan has a  
story for us.

FISH GUY

Oh I love a good story.

THE FISH CUT CHOPS PIECE OF MEAT

MASH CUT

EXT. DENNIS, MA TOWN BEACH

FOCUS ON THE WAITER'S BICEP

IRIS

But mother, he is so cute.

The waiter smiles that broad "I want to pick you up smile.

LILY

No.

The waiter leaves.

LILY (CONT'D)

And when you drink early, you have loose lips.

IRIS

Oh, mother Rose has no idea right?

LILY

About what?

IRIS

Don't be coy. That she is the red-headed step child. (she laughs)

LILY

I've never told her that she is not my child and that you are my true blood.

IRIS

You certainly married Father, well Mr. Patrick White in a hurry. I found those letters you wrote so sad talking about the dead, original Mrs. White. To think that she died and let dead-petal Rosie live.

LILY

(coolly)

She never had our lines

IRIS

Never. TO think you were her  
mother, my God, the low end of the  
gene pool.

They laugh. The waiter brings back the regular iced tea.  
They Toast Glasses

MASH CUT

INT. SHANNIGAN'S MEAT AND FISH -  
continuous

PARKER CLAPS his hands to start the story

PARKER

(Playing the room)  
Ok so these two guys.

ROSE

Tim, the two guys are gay. Parker  
were not sure of.

FISH GUY

Oh my son is gay, I am cool with  
that and Tarzan is 100% gay. I can  
spot em like I can imitation crab.

PARKER

(glares)  
And so these two guys come in and  
they want the NY Strip. Now Tim,  
what is a better cut? The NY Strip  
or the Filet?

FISH GUY

Well depends on what you like

PARKER

Right, you are no help. The filet  
is better. So I says to the boys  
(Parka shows his thick, muscled,  
vein forearm) this (he slaps his  
forearm, is the NY Strip. And this  
(he flexes his well muscled bicep  
and kisses it), this is the filet.  
Which do you think the boys went  
with?

FISH GUY

The chicken.

ROSE

The scrod.

PARKER  
Smartasses both of you. Of course  
they went with the filet.

MASH CUT  
EXT. DENNIS, MA TOWN BEACH

LILY  
And when you drink early, you have  
loose lips.

IRIS  
Oh, mother Rose has no idea right?

LILY  
About what?

IRIS  
Don't be coy. That she is the red-  
headed step child. (she laughs)

LILY  
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my child and that you are my true  
blood.

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You certainly married Father, well  
Mr. Patrick White in a hurry. I  
found those letters you wrote so  
sad talking about the dead,  
original Mrs. White. To think that  
she died and let dead-petal Rosie  
live.

LILY  
(coolly)  
She never had our lines

IRIS  
Never. TO think you were her  
mother, my God, the low end of the  
gene pool.

They laugh. The waiter brings back the regular iced tea.

LILY  
(a waive of the hand)  
Junior don't even think of hanging  
around.

They laugh again.

IRIS  
So what about the house?

LILY  
What about it?

IRIS  
Well Parker and I want it, we need  
a nest to roost in.

LILY  
Well you can come back home!

IRIS  
Not with Rosie Posie there. I never  
liked her.

LILY  
You leave that to me.

IRIS  
(interested)  
Mother what are you brewing?

LILY  
Has Parker made his move yet?

IRIS  
(feigns chocking)  
Yes, oh god the things I do for  
money. Yes he went down on her

LILY  
Iris!

IRIS  
He went to her last night.

LILY  
And?

IRIS  
He said she wept like a baby. That  
she had never been with a man  
before. Mother do you think she  
is, well you know..

LILY  
Gay? Lesbian? Oh sweat Mother of  
God, I hope not. One more reason  
to get her unshapely bag of bones  
out of the house.

The laugh!

IRIS  
Unshapely!

LILY  
Bag of bones!

IRIS  
So let's make dinner tonight,  
interesting.

LILY  
What do you have in mind?

IRIS  
Poor dead petals has been cooking  
all day, I will toss some daggers  
at her about the food, sub par,  
bland, just to see her explode.  
Remember when I did that at her  
16th birthday.

LILY  
Oh that was nasty. You told the  
entire guest list not to show up  
and no one did. She sat for hours  
waiting.

IRIS  
Then I said, "What no friends,  
Rosie? Maybe they had the wrong  
night?" Then she looked at me and  
knew I did it.

MASH CUT  
INT. SHANNIGAN'S MEAT AND FISH -  
continuous

FISH GUY  
Is that all they got that night?

PARKER  
Hey stay in your lane. (he leans  
in) Well they did get a little  
something extra, they were from out  
of town, so I showed them a few of  
the monuments (he winks).

Fish Guy and Rose look at each other. No expression.

FISH GUY  
So Rose, the filets?

ROSE  
Sure thing, Tim. Thanks.



Parker looks triumphant. They head to the check out and Parker tosses more item not on the list into the cart. They talk easy.

MASH CUT

EXT. DENNIS, MA TOWN BEACH

LILY

I had to drag her off you!

IRIS

Oh it was worth every bruise I got just to see her break. I'm gonna do it again tonight.

LILY

Just be careful. She is good with a knife.

IRIS

Cow. Her pudgy, mannish hands.

LILY

And why she insists on were flannel in August.

LILY AND ROSE

(beat and a look)

PRACTICAL!

They laugh.

MASH CUT

INT. SHANNIGAN'S MEAT AND FISH  
CHECKOUT.

The checkout girl finishes as the bag boy is putting everything bagged into the cart.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Ok Rose that will \$458.24.

Parker looks away. Doesn't even budge for the wallet. Rose looks. She waits. She takes \$500 in cash out of her purse.

ROSE

Great and thanks here you go. And thank you.

She gets her change back. Smiles.

BAG BOY

Rose can I help you put this in  
your car.

ROSE

No need, Mark, I have Tarzan here  
is can handle that.

Parker flexes, growls.

PARKER

I got this.

ROSE

Well at least you got something.

MASH CUT

EXT. DENNIS, MA TOWN BEACH

Iris takes out a \$1 dollar bill and folds it into a rose -  
<https://www.tiktok.com/@valentinabalance/video/7333740657338780974?lang=en>

LILY

Oh Iris, you've always been so  
thoughtful.

IRIS

(smiles, shrugs)  
Well, that's one rose no one will  
miss.

INT. DINING ROOM OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE

615 pm.

The table is set. Elegant. Party hats at each setting. Food  
is prepped, soup taurine is in place.

The WHITE CAKE sits on the side table, lit like a relic. An  
angelic glow.

Rose enters, changed.

A dark blue dress. White belt. Her reddish hair softly  
curled. Low heels replace Crocs.

Not showy. Not dramatic. Just... complete.

Above there are muffled voices, raised. She cannot hear what  
is being said.

ROSE  
(to herself)  
Eavesdropping, along with name-  
dropping, is never a good quality.

The muffled voices get louder. She looks as if something must be wrong. She goes upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF IRIS' BEDROOM

The conversation is still muffled but audible. Rose is about to turn and go back downstairs when

IRIS  
Rosie has no idea.

LILY  
Keep your voice down.

PARKER  
She was so easy to take last night.

IRIS  
I can't believe you did it with  
her.

PARKER  
She said I was the best she ever  
had.

IRIS  
That cow. Who would want her?

Rose is embarrassed. She stops. Thinks. Then returns downstairs.

INT. DINING ROOM CONTINUOUS

Rose looks around. She adjust the table settings.

ROSE  
Perfect. Let's start this dinner.  
Alexa play French Bistro Music

Rose pours herself a glass of white wine.

INT. DINING ROOM CONTINUOUS

The clock chimes the half-hour. 6:30 PM

There are trays of appetizers: Crab bites, spinach dip in a pumpernickel loaf, shrimp cocktail, crostini with feta and tomato jam, rumaki, chicken wings, chex party mix. Pitchers of Manhattans, Cosmopolitans are ready. White and Red wine chilled. Bailey's with glasses ready for after dinner.

ROSE  
(to herself in confidence)  
It's going to be a lovely dinner.

Laughter is heard as Lily and Iris walk in arm-in-arm. Parker comes in and is stunned by Rose's simple understated elegance.

PARKER  
Well, I see the duckling has become the swan. Bravo!

IRIS  
(catty)  
My God, Rosie, you look like a nun.  
Are you performing "The Sound Of Music" later for us?

Lily and Iris laugh. Parker not sure yet where he is landing.

ROSE  
(warmly)  
Welcome (she raises a glass) to our family dinner to celebrate the birthday of Lily White.

IRIS  
Rosie I'll take a Tito's on the rocks with a twist. Oh that's right I bet you didn't remember that.

ROSE  
Oh, sweetie and let you not have every little thing that you want.

Rose goes over and plants a big red lipstick kiss on Iris's cheek. She gives Iris a long extended hug.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(over the top)  
Oh I love you my big sissy!

All are looking.

PARKER

Well I'll have a Manhattan and so  
will Lily.

ROSE

Great choice!

No one moves. They look like someone forgot their lines.  
They all look to Rose.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(feigned surprise)

Oh, I'm sorry you were waiting for  
me to get that for you?

She waives her hand to display the bar set up and the food  
trays for the STARTERS.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Help yourselves!

LILY

But, Rosie, today is my birthday.

ROSE

Ok, then have someone help you.  
Cheers! Dinner in 1 hour. Parlor  
games are on!

Lily, Iris and Parker all look like they don't know what to  
do. Rose always serves them.

Rose goes and takes Iris' hand gently.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(warmly)

Honey let me show you around YOUR  
HOUSE. See I put the drinks here.  
Now be a dear and *(she leans in)*  
*FUCKING get it yourself, sweetie.*

Rose smiles. She taps her wine glass.

CHING. CHING.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Please help yourself to the  
starters. So help yourself.

Lily, Iris and Parker head to get drinks. Parker pours  
himself a Manhattan. Lily is there with her hand extended.  
Parker heads straight to Rose.

Parker pulls Rose aside a bit forceful. She doesn't flinch.

PARKER

(Low and controlled)

What game are you playing. I see you clean up very well.

ROSE

Well it certainly isn't for you crybaby. My God you were like a little boy who just found out that there is no Santa Clause.

Parker smiles wryly.

PARKER

Oh but I am sure you will get your present tonight. I am ready for round two when you are.

ROSE

Don't wait up.

Rose glides to the table with the starters where Lily and Iris are standing and chatting like "mean girls."

LILY

Rose, Rosie

ROSE

Lily for the love of God, it's Rose. Just Rose. You call me "Rosie" again I will throw a drink in your face. You don't mean "Rosie" as a term of endearment, you mean it as a weapon of malice.

IRIS

Oh Lady Macbeth has been learning her lines. Bravo.

ROSE

You want to dance as well? My dance card is wide open, sweetie.

LILY

(strongly)

ROSIE, I don't like your tone.

Rose throws the full glass of wine in Lily's face.

ROSE

I told you.

SILENCE.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(to Lily, quietly)  
"That's the last time you'll call  
me 'Rosie.' Frame it."

Rose walks to the bar and pours another glass of wine.

Iris looks and then laughs out loud.

IRIS  
Oh that was wonderful. I have  
always wanted to do that but never  
did. One sec.

Iris takes her phone out and snaps a picture of the wet-faced  
Lily.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I can't wait to re-tell this story!

LILY  
That ungrateful, sow. She thinks  
some kind of magic power has filled  
her tonight, well Cinderella you  
will be back as the kitchen wench  
before this night is over.

Lily glares at Rose and Parker talking.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Iris hand me napkin. And why if  
Parker so friendly with her?

IRIS  
(laughs)  
Oh mother, relax, you'll have a  
heart attack, but then if you do  
then I get the house, so fume away!

She hands Lily a napkin.

The party smolders.

Parker lights up a cigarette. CAMERA angle on the slow  
exhale of smoke.

MASH CUT

INT. KITCHEN OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE

STEAM RISING FROM THE LOBSTER POT.

Rose humming to herself

ROSE  
*"I say love it is a flower and you  
it's only seed."*

Rose looks around the kitchen. Checks the soup, the clam cakes.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(she calls out)  
Parker!

A moment passes and then he enters.

PARKER  
(smooth like fox)  
I knew you would come to your sense  
and realize

ROSE  
That you should cook the filet.

PARKER  
Me? Well I'm all dressed.

ROSE  
Funny so am I. Once I serve the  
soup you will about 20 minutes to  
get the steaks done. Try to mess  
this up. The steaks were you idea.  
I like my filet Medium Rare.

She turns to leave the kitchen.

PARKER  
(slight panic)  
What about everyone else?

ROSE  
Well let's see. Why don't get a  
set of balls, flex your biceps and  
go ask people what they want.  
How's that sound? Does that work  
for you? Great. I need another  
drink. I will get it myself. You  
look like you could use a  
refresher?

Rose comes back and kisses Parker, full and gentle. He starts to lean in and take over. Rose gently backs up.

She tastes her lips. Pause.



ROSE (CONT'D)  
Mmmmm. You taste like (beat)  
regret. I better let you get your  
own refill.

Rose heads to the living room. Parker just got his game back on.

PARKER  
Well you can't rape the willing. I  
don't care if she is willing or  
not, "taste like regret" (scoff)  
You came dance with me in the  
moonlight, it's a full moon and  
this wolf is gonna howl.

He downs his drink and head back to the others.

INT. DINING ROOM CONTINUOUS

Rose walks over to Iris and Lily.

LILY  
(as in admiration)  
You going to throw another drink in  
my face, throw food at me like some  
ape? I raised you to be better.

ROSE  
Rule was "call me Rosie" and you  
get a drink in your face. You saw  
how that worked out for you. You  
want to step up the game and call  
me ape (Rose looks at Iris) or  
"Dead-Petals" and I am not sure  
what I would do.

LILY  
Is that a threat?

IRIS  
Are you mad? Just because you had  
sex with Parker last night.

All three go quiet. All three breath in. Eyes look back and forth. Parker joins them.

PARKER  
So how's the starters? What's  
everyone's favorite?

ROSE

Well seems I should have "Pigs in a blanket" since as Iris and Lily think you sacrificed your beautiful body on a pig, or was it sow, no not quite right, some woman who should be grateful to have been taken by you under the Libra Moon.

Nobody knows that to say.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So, let me be clear. Parker was good. I've had better. Parker cried like a baby on my naked breast under that moonlight. And his manhood...average at best. So, if you all want to poke the beast, have at it.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Parker be sure to get their steak orders. We serve soup in 5 minutes, so that means Tarzan you have 25 minutes.

Rose turns then she comes back.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh and Tim, the fish guy called me and his son wants to know if you'll be in town long. He saw you on GRINDR and is very interested in you.

IRIS

Oh *ROSIE*.

Rose stops and slowly pivots. She moves with 6" of Iris.

ROSE

(warmly)

My pet, what is it that I can do for you?

IRIS

(beat, then snippy)

The crostini is stale.

ROSE

And you're fat.

Rose heads to the kitchen.

IRIS

Mother I am not fat am I?

LILY

Well you do look like you are  
putting on a few pounds.

Parker laughs.

PARKER

Shut you right down, Iris. Plus 1  
for Rose. This is going to be a  
great evening.

Rose enters with the soup Taurine. She sets it on the table.  
She rings a little bell.

ROSE

(with pride and  
confidence)

My lovelies, dinner is starting.  
Parker let's enjoy the chowder and  
then you can get to cooking the  
steaks.

IRIS

Parker, you are cooking the steaks.

PARKER

(he flexes)

A man's got to do a man's job.

LILY

Oh dear lord.

Rose raises a wine glass. They all follow her lead.

ROSE

To Lily White. Happy 68th birthday.  
TO many more.

They all toast.

PARKER

(tastes the chowder)

Rose this is wonderful.

Iris takes a taste, then pushes her soup away.

IRIS

It tastes bland.

Rose with no fuss gets up and removes her soup bowl and goes  
to the kitchen.

Off screen a crash is heard of breaking china. They all look like WTF? Rose returns. Calm sits back down.

IRIS (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

Well no need to be a drama queen.

Rose reaches over and pats Iris' hand

ROSE

My dear sister. No need in having something you don't want or don't enjoy. Live. Live Live. If you don't like what's in front of you don't have it. No sense wasting time faking it like Parker did with me last night under the Libra Moon. He faked, wept like a child and I enjoyed the moment for the moment.

IRIS

But I was going to have the soup.

ROSE

Well now you not. You should be more clear about your intentions.

Rose enjoys the soup.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Lily this is a wonderful recipe. This is yours right?

LILY

(pauses)

Well no, it was your Father's mother's recipe.

PARKER

Well it tastes like it has a history. Tim the fish guy, said he preferred Rose's soup over your version, Lily.

Lily and Iris look. The French music swells.

INT. DINING ROOM - TIME-LAPSE / NIGHT

The camera pulls back as time morphs and dissolves forward.

Parker exits with swagger, returning moments later with sizzling steaks, steam rising like ghosts.

Rose reenters with the lobsters – the shell split just right.

Iris gets her Thermidor, poses for a moment, smiles like it's press night.

Wine refilled. Soup bowls cleared. Clam cakes passed. Plates replaced.

The table shrinks as the camera pans overhead – the food devoured, the laughter dulled, the buzz of alcohol softening edges.

Music fades in... smooth jazz. Miles Davis maybe. "Blue in Green."

INT. DINING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Everyone sits back, a little looser now. The glow of drink, the illusion of peace.

PARKER  
(wiping his lips)  
Well... the steaks were perfect.

IRIS  
(slick)  
I never doubted you, baby.

LILY  
(sipping wine, eyeing  
Rose)  
I tasted the Thermidor... Rosie—  
(corrects herself)  
Rose. You are quite the cook. I  
don't think I've ever said that.

ROSE  
Just as well you said it now.  
(A quiet chuckle. Is it  
peace? Or the calm before  
something worse?)

KNOCK. KNOCK.

All freeze.

LILY  
(gasping)  
The DuPont's! Oh, I knew they  
wouldn't forget me!

IRIS  
(squeals)  
I love the DuPont's.

Everyone looks around. Nobody moves.

Beat.

ROSE  
(smoothly rising)  
I'll get the door.

She walks slowly. Heels on hardwood. A thrum.

She opens it.

REVEAL: RICK WILSON (69)  
Polished. Precise. Still wears  
cufflinks.

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

ROSE opens the door.

REVEAL: RICK WILSON (69)  
Still tailored. Still sharp. The  
kind of man who remembers names,  
debts, and dates with surgical  
clarity.

In his hands:

A sealed envelope (heavy).

A small wrapped box (precise).

A flat parcel (deliberate).

RICK  
(smiling)  
Miss Rose. Right on time.

He steps in. They hug – not politely. Familiarly. Like family. Like trust.

ROSE  
Mr. Wilson. I'm so glad you're  
here.

Come in. It's Lily's birthday. We're just about to serve the White Cake.

Rick steps inside. He glances into the dining room. Iris, lounging like a cat. Rick's smile falters for half a second.

Then—a pause. He sees Lily.

His eyes don't narrow. They lock. Cold. Calm. He nods once, like he's finally prepared to finish something decades overdue.

He turns to Rose.

RICK

You look like your father.  
Same spine. (*sotto*, just for her)  
Let's make this clean.

Rose nods. Steady.

IRIS

(whispers to Lily)  
*Mother, who IS THAT?*

LILY

Rick Wilson, been a long time. Long time.

RICK WILSON

34 years, Lily. And today is your birthday! I've had that on my calendar all this time.

LILY

(surprised)  
My birthday on your calendar oh you embarrass me. We are old friends. You were the best man at our wedding. Mr. White adored you.

RICK WILSON

And I him. (he turns to Iris). My God, you must be Iris. Stand up young lady, stand up!

IRIS

(giggles like a 5 year old)  
Well, I don't know that I know you.

She offers her hand for shake. They handshake warmly.

RICK WILSON

Oh you have your mother's lines.  
Oh I see so much of Lily in year.  
Both so vibrant and strong.

(MORE)

RICK WILSON (CONT'D)  
Rose always favored her father's  
look and beauty. Look at our Rose.  
42 and such a fine person.

ROSE  
Oh Mr. Wilson

RICK WILSON  
Rose, call me Rick. (He turns to  
Parker) Young man you must be  
Parker.

They shake hands, firmly.

PARKER  
(hesitant)  
You know me?

RICK WILSON  
Tim mentioned you—said we might hit  
it off. Something about... shared  
sensibilities.

IRIS  
What does that even mean?

RICK  
(smiling at Parker)  
Let's just say—I see the room a  
little differently than most.  
Always have.

Silent pause. Breathe.

LILY  
Rick, what brings you here this  
evening?  
(laughs, thin)  
I thought you were the DuPont's.

RICK WILSON  
Jim and Francine? Old friends. I'm  
seeing them tomorrow on the  
Vineyard.  
(turning to Rose)  
But tonight's not about them.

Tonight's about you. All of you.

ROSE  
Mr. Wilson, Rick, would like to  
join us for WHITE CAKE?



RICK WILSON

As I said, I have had this day on my docket for 34 years. I would love to have a slice of your mother's famous White Cake. You know it won the BAKE-OFF back in P-Town in 1980. First Place. Ah those were the days.

IRIS

Mom you were in P-Town? You won a BAKE-OFF?

LILY

Rick, do sit. Let's tell old stories. Let's celebrate

RICK WILSON

Well it is your birthday. And Lily, I have two presents for you.

LILY

Oh Rick, you shouldn't have.

RICK WILSON

I didn't buy these gifts, Lily.

(pauses)

They've been waiting for you for 34 years. Your husband gave them to me... the night before he died.

The camera steps back the jazz music swells. Rick is seated. Parker gets up to pour the coffee and he gets Rick a glass of Bailey's.

Lily and Iris talk with Rick, they laugh get to know each other. The feel is *almost* nostalgic, ALMOST.

INT. DINING ROOM CONTINUOUS

ROSE

Alexa stop playing.

The jazz tunes stops. Rose brings the glorious WHITE CAKE to the table and sets it in front of Lily.

There is a single candle on the cake.

Rose nods to Parker. He gets up to light the candle, effortlessly.

All smile.

Rose starts.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(calm and with peace)  
*"Happy Birthday..."*

ALL  
*"to you..."*

They sing the song, all look around as they sing not knowing exactly what to expect.

All applaud! Rose removes the cake to the side table to slice and serve. Parker gets up without hesitation to assist. He nods to Iris, twice, and she gets the hint to re-pour the coffee.

Cake is passed around all take their first bite and

SILENCE in the room. The camera slows and pans with a glow like a dream.

Then back to real time.

IRIS  
Mother this is your recipe?

All look.

LILY  
(pause, then humble)  
No dear.

IRIS  
What?

PARKER  
Rose?

All turn to look at Rose. She doesn't move just holds a serene look.

RICK  
So, Lily. Two matters tonight.  
(beat)  
First - you.

All look. Not sure what is coming next.

Rick hand the two presents to Lily. He holds on the sealed envelope.

LILY  
Really, rick this is from Mr.  
White? From 34 years ago?

IRIS  
(low whisper but everyone  
hears)  
*MOTHER. WHAT IS GOING ON?*

PARKER  
(to Rose, low)  
I feel the Libra Moon, alright.  
(scans the room)  
Something's about to snap.

Rose stays poised.

ROSE  
(quiet power)  
We're not dancing in the moonlight  
anymore.

IRIS  
Well open it?

LILY  
Rick is a protocol here?

RICK WILSON  
Yes open the small box first.

She opens the box and inside is smaller box. It looks very similar to the WRINKLE cream that Lily received from both Iris and Rose.

IRIS  
Oh My God, more wrinkle cream? (she  
laughs)

RICK WILSON  
Hush child.

Lily opens the box. We see her eyes only. The go from delight to a far away look and then tears well and slip slowly down.

PARKER  
Lily are you ok?

Lily wipes the gentle tears. She takes out a fine gold chain with a simple key. A diamond is on the key and it glistens.

LILY  
 (barely audible)  
 He remembered.  
 (a trembling breath)  
 Even now. He remembered.

She clutches the key like it's still warm. Her reverence becomes the scene's emotional ground wire.

IRIS  
 (interrupting, confused)  
 What is going ON?

LILY  
 (barely audible)  
 He remembered.  
 (a trembling breath)  
 Even now. He remembered.  
 (clutches the key)  
 After all these years... he still  
 held love for me.  
 (turns to Rose)  
 And I've been selfish.  
 I'm sorry.

IRIS  
 MOTHER! What is going on?

RICK WILSON  
 Lily maybe open the other gift,  
 they will better understand, you,  
 too.

Lily's hands are shaking. This is not the same person we met 24 hours ago. Rose is gentle. She puts her hand on Lily's hand. Iris sees this and immediately puts her hand on Lily's other hand to demonstrate control. Lily releases Iris' grip. She nods to Rose and Rose let's go.

Lily opens the package. As she does she first see what it is.

LILY  
 (she openly cries)  
 No, no he didn't. He couldn't have.  
 Oh my dear Patrick.

Iris grabs the package and as she does a note falls out.

IRIS  
 (puzzled)  
 "*The Secret Garden*" What the hell  
 is this book for?

Lily is crying a stream of tears. Iris opens the book

IRIS (CONT'D)

*It says, "To my Lily: You have the key to the Secret Garden of my heart. Love my Rose in case I am not there. I love you for loving what was not yours but is now ours. Love, Patrick."*

PARKER

What fell on the floor.

He gets up and hands it to Lily. She looks, Is puzzled. She looks at Rick.

RICK WILSON

You have a Penthouse in your name on Newberry street.

IRIS

Oh I love Newberry street all the shopping/

RICK WILSON

And it is in your name and upon your death will transfer to your daughter, Iris.

IRIS

(excited)

So we have two house mother!

RICK WILSON

No.

The room is quiet. No air. All look around then everyone looks to Rose.

IRIS

(evil)

What did you do? I am not even your sister. You and I are not even related. I hate you. I've always hated you. I told everyone NOT to come to your stupid 16th birthday and I was/

Parker throws a glass of water in her face. Rick looks down. Lily embarrassed by her offspring. Rose no emotion.

Rose hands a napkin across the table and Iris slaps her hand.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
You filthy, hag.

SLAP.

Lily slaps Iris across the face. The sound is loud.  
The room is quiet. Iris starts to cry out of shock.

LILY  
Iris, for Christ's sake, shut up.

PARKER  
(leans in to Rose)  
Like I said this has been a very  
exciting evening.

Rick clears his throat. He holds up the envelope.

RICK WILSON  
So you can see this envelope is  
sealed. I am the attorney of  
Patrick White. (he turns it over  
and reads) "Open this on August 24,  
2025 when Lily White turns 68."

They all look. No one sure what is going on.

Rick opens the envelope.

Camera cuts to:

Iris - squirming.

Lily - trying to compose.

Parker - calculating.

Then...

ROSE.

No blink. No breath. A single slow sip of wine... or a  
glance. She already knew. We feel it.

RICK  
(beat)  
We ready?  
(he begins to read aloud)  
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

I, Patrick White, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be my Last Will and Testament, revoking any and all prior wills and codicils made by me.

Naming the Executor: I appoint Rick Wilson as the Executor of this Will.

Naming Guardians: I appoint Lily White as the legal guardian of my minor child, Rose White.

Beneficiaries and Asset Distribution: I give and bequeath all of my real property, including but not limited to my residence at 1250 Beach Street, to my daughter, Rose White. I give and bequeath the Boston townhouse to my wife, Lily White, and a sum of \$50,000 each year on her birthday until her death. Upon her death, that payment will cease. Lily should take immediate possession of the residence and vacate the house at 1250 Beach Street within one week of the reading of the will. All property, except for clothing, will remain within the house.

To my adopted daughter, Iris White, she will be granted \$10,000 each year on her mother's birthday until Iris turns 50. At that time the payment will cease.

All of my bank assets will be divided equally as of this date and the accounts closed. All of my stocks and investments will be transferred to my daughter, Rose White. The trust fund for Rose White will be released to her name as of the reading of this Will.

Signed, Patrick White 8/24/1991

CUT TO:

ROSE — no blink. No breath. A single slow sip of wine. She already knew.

RICK (CONT'D)

Some inherit houses.

(beat)

Others inherit the truth.

(closing the envelope,  
calmly)

Lily. Iris. Here are your checks.

(beat)

I wish you both well.

(turns to Rose)

I'll see you next week.

Let's do this the right way.

THE SCENE GOES to BLACK AND WHITE.

The camera pulls back. Farewells to Rick. Iris runs off to the bathroom.

Lily goes to Rose and hugs her. Rose accepts the hug.

When the scene fades to black and white – add one final, sound-only beat:

The tearing of an envelope.

The sound of a pen signing.

A faint hum – “The Rose.”

THE GOES BACK TO color.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE LATER

The clock chimes 12.

Rose is sitting in chair with her needlepoint, patiently working. She hums “The Rose.” The feeling is quiet.

Parker pulls up a chair, the legs scrape on the floor.

Rose puts down the needlework.

PARKER

Quite a party. Your family  
is...nuts.

ROSE

Well they are my family.

PARKER

Fuck them. The two of them. Both  
self-centered humans who never/

ROSE

Parker let's not talk ill if  
people.

He pauses. Takes a drink. Cast a look. Rose looks at him. He winks and gets a sly grin. Eyebrows go up.

PARKER

So go and visit that Libra Moon?

Rose looks. Thinks.



PARKER (CONT'D)  
I knew you wanted me.

Rose smiles. She taps her forearm.

ROSE  
Think I'll go for the NY STRIP.

Parker laughs low.

PARKER  
+1 for Rose. Good night.

He heads upstairs. Rose puts a final touch on her needle point. WE DO NOT SEE IT. She sets on the table to wrap it. When she is done she turns off the lights. The half-finished WHITE CAKE seems to glisten in the light of the LIBRA MOON.

INT. KITCHEN OF LILY WHITE'S HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING

8 AM.

Off screen muffled voices are heard upstairs. The sound of someone possible sick is faintly heard. Funny how emotions work in different ways.

Rose has lunches packed for all. She has a suitcase packed for herself. The breakfast table is set. Rose delivers truth like she puts butter on toast.

The sunlight beams through and the windows and back door are open. The start of a glorious New England day.

Lily enters.

LILY  
Is there coffee, ready?

ROSE  
Sure is. Creamer on the table.

LILY  
Thank you.

Parker enters. Lively. In a tight black tight shirt.

PARKER  
Man I slept like a log. Something smells good. Rose you need any help.

She smiles.

ROSE  
No we are all set.

Iris comes in, slow looking for a chair.

PARKER  
Iris you look like

IRIS  
Just don't. You were of no help  
last night. Jesus I was up and  
down in the bathroom. Didn't you  
hear me?

LILY  
I certainly did.

IRIS  
And you didn't come help me?

LILY  
You should be more clear about your  
intentions. Coffee, Iris?

IRIS  
Oh, God, no, I just need a chair.

ROSE  
How about some water?

IRIS  
Why are you being nice to me.  
After all that I have done? Why?

ROSE  
Why not? Let it go and live. I  
know I will. Iris I've never not  
loved you and I don't know what you  
feel for me. It's all good

Rose hands Lily the wrapped gift.

LILY  
What is this?

ROSE  
For your birthday.

LILY  
But you've done everything.

ROSE  
And I wanted to.

Lily unwraps the gift and we see this from her point of view. An 11 X 18 counted cross-stitch of a cluster of four yellow rose tied with a white bow. Not in a vase. ON a thorn a drop of blood and on drop has fallen to the bottom of the work.

LILY

Rose this is exquisite. The attention to detail. The four roses. One for each of us? (Rose nods). This is so very special.

ROSE

That's the last one I shall ever do. It's the best I can do. It may not be perfect but it is goddamned exceptional.

PARKER

Rose you are a woman of many talents. I am in awe of you.

IRIS

Hey what is this?

Iris gets up and runs to the bathroom, we hear the muffled sound of stomach sickness.

PARKER

God I hope she's alright.

Rose and Lily look at each other. They know They nod. Parker looks lost, he has no clue.

ROSE

You were good out in the moonlight. I've had better, good knows I've had worse. You took me to use me and I have to admit I used you, too. You should learn to think of the other person during sex, but I guess just like cake, sex is sex right.

PARKER

You thought I loved you? No, Rose. I envied you. You were real. That's rarer than love.  
(flexes, smirks)  
Still... if you ever want the filet?  
You know where I live.

IRIS wretches off screen.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh god, what is wrong?

LILY  
Parker, we will have a talk later.

Lily looks and sees Rose has a suitcase packed by the door.

PARKER  
Rose where are you going?

LILY  
What is going on.

ROSE  
Lily, I hate to waste more words on you. You don't need me. You need an audience. I am off for a week. That you give time to gather and mover to your penthouse in Boston.

LILY  
What? Wait I mean after last night.

ROSE  
After last night I finally woke up. I have been the poor, sad, "dead-petal-Rosie" long enough. I am valid. I am off-value. I love to sing, dance, paint and I may never get a Pulitzer but I got an option for my book. Oh yes, mother, I write, too.

LILY  
(cold)  
Well who knew?

ROSE  
You would if you ever asked.

Rose turns. She stops.

LILY  
I won't leave.

ROSE  
Rick Wilson will be by tomorrow. Remember he's on the Vineyard with the DuPont's. He will have the police with him and the will.

Rose picks up her suitcase. Parker calls for her. She turns. Iris comes out of the bathroom looking worse than ever.

PARKER

Rose, what is the name of the book.

She pauses.

ROSE

(calmly)

"Another Rose On The Vine."

She departs and gets in her car.

The scene fades to black and white.

Iris, Lily, and Parker talk. Argue.

Lily and Parker talk. She explains about Iris' condition. He shakes his head.

The passes. Iris and Parker leave. Lily sits in the kitchen letting the later afternoon sun highlight her hand-made-with-love yellow roses. She opens the book "The Secret Garden" and fondly touches the hand written note from so long ago.

LILY

Oh Patrick, what a fool I've been.

The camera goes to color and picks up the radiance and joy of the needlepoint.

The camera pushes out the back door and into the garden.

INT. ROSE'S CAR

Window down she looks at her rose garden. Smiles. Loves.

EXT. GARDEN

The camera closes in on a yellow rose.

A ladybug lands on the rose.

HOLD. Slightly slower fade on the final garden moment

Fade to black.

"THE ROSE" plays through the credits.

INT. LILY WHITE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dim morning light.

LILY  
(irritated)  
Well, Parker... let's put those  
muscles to use.

Start with the dishes. And the table's still a mess.

(turns) Iris— for God's sake, don't just sit there!

IRIS  
(green)  
I think I'm gonna—  
(She runs to the bathroom.  
Retching.)

PARKER  
(rolls his eyes, sighs)  
He pulls out his phone. Opens  
Grindr.

Scrolls... scrolls... pause.

LILY  
(snaps)

PARKER. Put the phone down.

(She slams a plate on the table. A jarring thud.)

SMASH CUT TO—

INT. SIMON & SCHUSTER - NYC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A clean, gleaming space. Sunlight across polished wood.

ROSE sits, poised, wearing soft navy. A pen in her hand.

She signs.

On the folder: "ANOTHER ROSE ON THE VINE - Final Manuscript /  
Author: Rose White"

Across from her, we hear a voice—low, lyrical, full of velvet  
power:

CARLY (O.S.)

Rose...  
You've got a goldmine with this  
novel.

ROSE

(smiles gently, no  
triumph—just peace)  
I know.

She closes the folder. Looks out the window. The city pulses  
around her.

FADE OUT.

**THE END.**