

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (PILOT)

"Vaudeville, Baby"

Written by

Heather Magee

FADE IN:

The streets are lined with towering, old-growth trees and heritage homes.

A small flower shop sits just off the main thoroughfare, removed from the hustle and bustle of a nearby village. An old sign reads Flowers by June.

Despite its charming façade, the bones of the structure give way to an eerie energy.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

SOPHIE, a quirky and inquisitive 30-something who owns the shop, is hauling buckets of fresh flowers from a van to the front door.

Her best friend HANNAH, a 30-something overbearing executive type, is helping her.

HANNAH

You wouldn't believe the balls on this guy.

SOPHIE

Please tell me that's where your story ends.

HANNAH

Seriously, Soph. I order a side salad while he orders a tasting menu for twenty. Not to mention an obnoxiously expensive bottle of wine. Then he casually suggests we split the bill.

SOPHIE

We're the ones still fighting for gender parity. Going Dutch is the norm, Han.

HANNAH

Come on. If the piggy is that hungry, the piggy should pay.

SOPHIE

What does he drive?

HANNAH

I don't know?

SOPHIE

Yes you do.

HANNAH

He drives a Porsche.

SOPHIE

What did I tell you about dating
guys with flashy cars? Driving a
Porsche is akin to wearing socks
with sandals or chewing too loudly
- highly undateable.

Hannah playfully swats Sophie's bottom as they enter the
shop.

HANNAH

Get in there.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - SAME DAY

Sophie prepares for opening.

HANNAH

Alright, as much I'd love to stay
and help you hawk hyacinth to
entitled hipsters, I've signed up
or a torturous 30-day yoga
challenge.

SOPHIE

Oh yeah? Good for you!

HANNAH

(sarcastic)
Namaste, om shanti and all that
shit. Call you later.

Sophie waves from the front window until Hannah's car pulls
away.

She pours herself a cup of coffee and tucks in behind the
counter, flipping open her laptop.

Scanning her favorites - mostly of literary magazines and
book reviews - she opens her email and excitedly clicks onto
an unopened message.

SOPHIE

We regret to inform you.
(deflated)
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Another one for my growing
 collection.

Sophie navigates to Facebook and lands on a friends
 engagement announcement.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 No way, they just started dating?
 Could the photos be more tacky?
 Matching chambray button downs and
 jeans. Gross. Oh! And taken right
 at magic hour, to ensure the light
 enhances their Canadian tuxedos
 just so.

Suddenly, ALEX, a 40-something sophisticate with a warm smile
 enters the shop, startling Sophie.

She spills her coffee all over the counter.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Oh my god, I'm such a klutz. Good
 morning! I'll be right with you.

Sophie mops up her pour-over, along with her pride, from the
 soiled surface. Alex smiles and waits patiently.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Alright, what can I get you?

ALEX
 I noticed you had hydrangea listed
 on your sign. I'll take a bouquet --
 white, if you have some.

SOPHIE
 I do have some.
 (awkward pause)
 White hydrangea, I mean. I'll be
 right back.

Sophie begins wrapping the flowers and looks up to meet
 Alex's friendly gaze before darting her eyes back down to the
 task at hand.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Here you go. That'll be twenty,
 please.

Before Alex can hand her the cash, the front door swings
 open. FRANCES, 6, a spirited and mischievous regular customer
 stops by for her usual five-dollar filler flowers.

She hands Sophie a mound of loose change.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Hi Frances! The usual?

The little girl nods yes and blushes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You got it. Will you excuse me for
one minute?

ALEX
Sure thing, take your time.

Sophie drops the change into a jar and grabs a handful of
blooms, tying them with a bow.

SOPHIE
Here you go, sweetie.

FRANCES
Thanks, Sophie!

Frances bolts, no parents to be seen, leaving Sophie and Alex
alone again.

ALEX
You said twenty, right?

SOPHIE
Yes please.

ALEX
Here you go. These are gorgeous,
thank you.

SOPHIE
My pleasure.

ALEX
Have a great day.

A woman seemingly floats by Alex as he exits the shop. AGNES,
a confident and vivacious 20-something, approaches the
counter.

EXT. SEAMSTRESS SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

The era is early 1900s and the shop is occupied by a
SEAMSTRESS.

The street is lined with horse-drawn carriages and elegantly
dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling, stopping casually to
chat with neighbors. A rare few motor cars putter by.

INT. SEAMSTRESS SHOP - SAME DAY

Extravagant vaudevillian-style costumes are on display and spools of sequins are stacked high atop a sewing table.

Agnes enters the shop holding a garment bag.

AGNES

Morning.

SEAMSTRESS

Good morning, Agnes.

AGNES

You look busy. Business good these days? Mind if I smoke?

SEAMSTRESS

Business is alright and yes, I mind.

AGNES

I've got a pile of frocks that need adjusting. Particularly in the waist, I hate to admit.

SEAMSTRESS

Oh? Too many gin martinis down at the supper club? Along with too much supper?

AGNES

I wish that were the case.

SEAMSTRESS

What's going on, Miss Agnes?

AGNES

I'm knocked up. Can you believe that?

SEAMTRESS

Well...

AGNES

(interrupting)
Don't answer that.

Agnes stands in front of a full-length mirror and pulls her dress tight to her tummy. A small bump is visible.

SEAMSTRESS

What are you going to do?

AGNES

I don't know. The father doesn't know. In fact, he may not remember who the hell I am.

SEAMSTRESS

Oh, Agnes.

The seamstress stops what she's doing and places her hands on Agnes' shoulders, staring into the mirror alongside her.

AGNES

It's fine, really. I mean, it's not fine, but I'll survive, you know? I'll figure something out.

SEAMSTRESS

Let's get your measurements and fix these costumes, shall we? No one will notice a thing.

AGNES

Sure, until I'm as big as a whale.

The two laugh before the mood turns serious. The seamstress places her arm around Agnes to comfort her.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

Agnes is standing at the counter, inspecting her surroundings.

Sophie interrupts her nostalgic trance.

SOPHIE

Can I help you?

AGNES

Oh! Hello. Yes, I need a lovely arrangement to be delivered today, if possible.

SOPHIE

Anything particular in mind?

AGNES

I trust your judgement. Something around fifty dollars...is that sufficient for a nice bouquet? I'll need a card, too. Where might I find those?

SOPHIE

Yes, I can do something lovely for fifty dollars. Our cards are over here.

AGNES

May I borrow a pen?

Sophie hands Agnes a pen, noticing how chilly her skin feels as they brush hands.

She tries not to stare at Agnes' suggestive showgirl get-up, while placing a selection of blooms on the table.

AGNES (CONT'D)

My great grandmother used to frequent this shop in the early 1900s, you know.

SOPHIE

Oh?

AGNES

In those days, it was occupied by a seamstress who specialized in outfitting vaudevillian dancers of all things. Can you imagine?

SOPHIE

Sounds glamorous. Was your great grandmother a dancer?

AGNES

Indeed she was. A great dancer, as family folklore would have it.

SOPHIE

I love when customers come in with stories about the shop's past. Previous tenants haven't been documented very well, with ownership changing hands so many times over the years. But, there's an energy within these walls. Sometimes I think the place is haunted.

AGNES

You don't say.

Agnes returns to writing in the card. Awkward silence for a beat.

SOPHIE

I guess most old buildings have that vibe. Did you know your great grandmother? I mean, was she still alive when you could still remember her?

AGNES

Sadly, no. In fact I never had the chance to meet my grandmother either. She died when my mother was pregnant with me.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry to hear that.

AGNES

It's alright. It was a long time ago.

INT. CABARET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Agnes is on stage in the middle of a comedic burlesque routine.

The crowd loves her, men and women alike, as she taunts the audience and teases a nearby patron with a tickle from her feathered fan.

Suddenly, feeling faint, Agnes grabs a nearby curtain which falls, crashing onto the stage below.

JOE, 55, the gnarly cabaret manager sees this and rushes to her, waving his hands. He aggressively pulls her offstage.

JOE

Hey! What's the matter with you?
Too much whisky, huh?

AGNES

Stop it! Joe, you're hurting me!

JOE

I don't care if I break your arm!
There are paying customers out there waiting to see some dancing girls.

AGNES

Look, I just forgot to eat today, that's all. Okay? No booze, I swear. Let me finish the set. Please.

JOE

I oughta toss your ass out of here.
Get out there. And don't screw up
this time.

Joe pushes Agnes back onstage and gestures for the band to kick back up.

As she slowly peels off each layer of her intricate costume, one MALE PATRON in particular pushes his way to the front for a closer look.

Stinking drunk, he staggers, narrowly landing on a couple's table.

Sensing the crowd's unease, Agnes tries to diffuse the situation by giving the man some attention. She pulls a chair onto the stage and places it in front of him, straddling it. As she playfully rolls her stockings to her ankles, one by one, the man suddenly lunges at her.

Agnes screams and the place erupts.

CUT TO:

INT. CABARET - BACKSTAGE - SAME NIGHT

Agnes runs back to the dressing room. Joe chases after her.

JOE

(shouting)

Hey! I'm talking to you!

He follows Agnes into the boudoir where several other women are dressing.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is all your fault. People are leaving! You're not getting paid for tonight and don't bother coming back. It's obvious you're knocked up. People don't pay to watch knocked up dancing girls.

AGNES

(pleading)

No! Joe, please. I really need this job.

JOE

Then deal with your situation and don't come back until it's done.

Agnes desperately tugs at Joe's arm. He callously pushes her to the ground before storming off.

She grasps at her belly as PATTI, 25, another dancer helps her to her feet.

PATTI
Here, sit down. Have some water.

AGNES
Thank you.

PATTI
You okay?

AGNES
I think so.

PATTI
So, what are you gonna do?

AGNES
What do you mean? For work?

PATTI
No. About the baby. It's hard enough out here as it is, can you imagine bringing a kid into this mess?

AGNES
I don't really have a choice.

PATTI
Sure you do. Look, I know a guy. He's expensive but they say he's the best in the area. I have a friend who went to him when she got into trouble. He took care of it and she was fine.

AGNES
Was it painful?

PATTI
I think he gave her some ether.

AGNES
I don't know. I don't have the money to pay for it anyway.

PATTI
Here. Take this.

Patti takes off the gold, ruby necklace she's wearing and drops it into Agnes' hand.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Pawn it. This should more than cover it.

AGNES

I couldn't possibly take your beautiful necklace. No, I can't. Here.

PATTI

Take it. Some drunk gave it to me as a tip the other night. Probably belonged to his wife. I'd rather you take it and put it to good use.

AGNES

I honestly don't know how I'll ever repay you.

PATTI

Please, don't worry about that. We gotta stick together, ya know?

Patti wraps her arms around Agnes.

AGNES

Thank you.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

Sophie finishes wrapping Agnes' flowers.

AGNES

Those are indeed lovely.

SOPHIE

I'll pop them in the cooler until I do my delivery run later today.

AGNES

Wonderful, thank you.

SOPHIE

I lost my own grandmother a few years ago. We were really close. She was the only family I had left after my parents passed away. She left me this shop in her will, actually.

AGNES
What's your name?

SOPHIE
Sophie.

AGNES
I'm Agnes.

Agnes extends her hand to shake Sophie's. Sophie, once again, notices how cold her skin feels.

AGNES (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry for your loss, Sophie.
Was June the name of your
grandmother?

SOPHIE
Yes! How did you know that?

AGNES
The name of your shop sort of gave
it away.

SOPHIE
Right, of course.

INT. SEAMSTRESS SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Agnes arrives at the shop wearing a dress that subtly exposes her pregnant belly.

SEAMSTRESS
Oh my, now someone is starting to
show!

AGNES
Please, don't remind me. Are my
costumes ready? Not that I'll need
them any time soon.

SEAMSTRESS
I don't understand.

AGNES
I got fired. About a month ago.

SEAMSTRESS
From the cabaret? Agnes, I'm sorry.

AGNES
Turns out pregnant women don't
bring in the crowds.

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Can you imagine?

SEAMSTRESS
It's unsafe anyway. You need to be
taking good care of yourself.

AGNES
I absolutely agree. Which is why
I'm working as a waitress until the
baby comes. At that nice little
cafe, just down the street.

SEAMSTRESS
I'm happy to hear it. And when baby
comes...

AGNES
(interrupting)
When baby comes, I'll be giving he
or she up for adoption.

SEAMSTRESS
I see. Well, if you think it's for
the best.

AGNES
I do. I want to go to school,
finish college. Maybe become a
doctor someday.

SEAMSTRESS
Miss Agnes, you are nothing if not
ambitious.

AGNES
I'd love to open a women's clinic.
Some place for girls like me to go.
Where they feel safe.

SEAMSTRESS
I think that's a really good idea.
I'll go ahead and fetch your
costumes, be right back.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Agnes stands in the entrance of the shop looking down at the
necklace Patti gave her. She places her other hand on her
belly acknowledging the growing baby inside her.

Hesitating for a moment, she pushes on towards the counter. A
scrawny SHOPKEEPER looks her over.

AGNES

Hello. I'd like to sell this necklace, please.

SHOPKEEPER

Oh yeah? What do you want to sell it for?

AGNES

Well, it's gold. And those are genuine rubies in the pendant. How about one hundred dollars?

SHOPKEEPER

A hundred dollars? Are you nuts, lady?

AGNES

Look, sir, I'm pregnant. And alone. I could really use a good deal here. How about eighty?

SHOPKEEPER

I still gotta sell this and make a profit, you know. I'll give you forty.

AGNES

Seventy.

SHOPKEEPER

Sixty or you can scram.

AGNES

Deal.

The shopkeeper pulls out a stack of cash and begins counting.

SHOPKEEPER

What are you using this for, anyway?

(sarcastic)

Little Juniors education?

Raising an eyebrow, he brazenly looks down at Agnes' belly.

AGNES

No, actually. Mine. Thank you.

Agnes tucks the cash into her bag and leaves.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

SOPHIE

I love your dress. Is it vintage?

AGNES

Quite. You'll make sure these are delivered today?

SOPHIE

Yes, of course.

AGNES

It's very important that the card arrive with the flowers. You won't forget, will you?

SOPHIE

Of course not, you have my word.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A storm rages outside. We hear a woman groaning in pain. Agnes is in labor.

A MIDWIFE tries to sooth her as she writhes in pain.

MIDWIFE

Don't push just yet, we need to move the baby around first.

AGNES

(shouting)

I have to push!

MIDWIFE

Try to hold on a little longer. Now, you're going to feel some pressure.

A second MIDWIFE comes into the bedroom to assist.

MIDWIFE 2

Here, bite on this. On the count of three. One, two, three!

The midwives do their best to correct the infant's position for delivery, but are unsuccessful. Agnes screams in pain.

MIDWIFE 1

Agnes, we're going to need you to hold on a little longer until the doctor arrives. We may need to perform a cesarean birth.

AGNES

(desperate)

Oh god, why is this happening?

MIDWIFE 2

Hang on love, just a little longer.

Agnes grasps the midwife's hand.

AGNES

(sobbing)

If something should happen to me, please make sure my baby makes it to the adoption agency. The address is in my bag.

MIDWIFE 1

You're going to be just fine.

AGNES

Please! Promise me you'll take care of my baby.

MIDWIFE 1

I promise.

Their shadows project across the candlelit room as Agnes' screams echo throughout the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

A DOCTOR washes blood from his hands and wipes his sweaty brow. The midwife is at his side.

DOCTOR

The poor girl just lost so much blood.

MIDWIFE 1

You did all that you could, doctor. You did all that you could.

INT. HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Agnes' body lays lifeless as the midwives clean the room. A baby cries from a nearby basinet.

MIDWIFE 1

There there, little one. It's going to be fine. Everything is going to be just fine. That's right. Good girl.

The midwife coos and cradles the baby while she gently strokes Agnes' face.

MIDWIFE 1 (CONT'D)

You had a beautiful baby girl, Agnes. We're going to make sure she's looked after. I promise.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

Agnes stares blankly at Sophie.

SOPHIE

Are you alright?

AGNES

Yes, sorry. Thank you, Sophie.

Agnes hands Sophie some cash, smiles and leaves. Sophie sits down behind the counter.

MONTAGE - FLASHBACK

We cycle through a series of Sophie's memories of June.

Pushing her on a swing as a child.

Fixing her hair for prom.

Showing Sophie how to arrange a bouquet of flowers in the shop.

Sophie sitting at her bedside holding her hand as June slips away.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - SAME DAY

Sophie picks up a photo album and flips through the pages, looking at photos of when June first opened the shop.

SOPHIE

I miss you, Gran.

She lands on an old black and white photo of a young June. Their resemblance is striking. She peels back the cellophane and pulls the photo out to take a closer look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Huh. I've never seen this photo before. Shoot, I better get these deliveries off.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

Sophie locks up and hops into a small van parked next to the shop with Agnes' delivery in hand.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME DAY

Sophie pulls up slowly to a modest home.

Checking the address, she makes her way to the door with the bouquet and knocks. ANGELA, 60-something, answers.

SOPHIE

Hello, I'm from Flowers by June. We have a delivery for you. Here you go.

ANGELA

This is a surprise. Thank you.

SOPHIE

You're welcome. Oh, here's the card. Have a good day!

Sophie returns to her van and sits for a moment, looking up at the house, before driving away.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Hannah is in her bedroom digging through a pile of clothing on her bed. Victorious, she discovers the dress she's looking for and holds it up in front of a full-length mirror only to toss it aside in disgust. She picks up her mobile.

HANNAH

Soph! Where are you, I need your help.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SOPHIE

I just finished a delivery, I'm on my way home. Wait, let me put you on hands-free.

HANNAH

Safety first. So I have a date with this guy. He's a looks-good-on-paper guy. Not sure whether to go 60% sexy and 40% conservative, or the other way around.

SOPHIE

I'm into the 80/20 rule. 80% conservative, 20% sexy.

HANNAH

This may or may not be why you're still single. I'm thinking less schoolmarm and more sexy sophisticate. Like, if Dita von Teese were moonlighting as an executive assistant.

SOPHIE

Do you think I look like June?

HANNAH

As in your grandmother June? Or June Cleaver, June?

SOPHIE

Very funny. My Gran, silly.

HANNAH

Well, you haven't exactly adopted the cardigan-paired-with-polyester-trousers look yet. Thankfully. But yes, a young June, for sure. You look a lot like her, now that I think of it.

SOPHIE

You think?

HANNAH

Her mannerisms too. Oh, and how she used to always sing the wrong lyrics to songs on the radio. You do that.

SOPHIE

I do not.

HANNAH

Yeah, you do. Not a trait we're grateful to June for either. Shit, Soph, I'm late and I still need to shave my pits. Gotta go. Love you.

SOPHIE

Have fun.

Sophie turns on the radio. A familiar pop song comes on. Singing loudly, she confidently belts out the wrong lyrics.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Sophie arrives at home and her dog, DAISY, is all over her the moment she walks through the door.

She manages to remove and hang up her coat before being devoured by her affectionate pooch.

SOPHIE

Hi girl! Did you miss me? I sure missed you. How about some dinner, does that sound good?

The dog dances excitedly around Sophie's feet until she fills her bowl.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

There you go, sweet girl.

Sophie turns on some music and sings along, again with slightly inaccurate lyrics, while preparing a pot of noodles. As her modest meal begins to bubble over, she sets a small table for one.

Slurping at her noodles for a beat, Sophie eventually gets up to retrieve the photo of June she tucked in her bag earlier.

She examines the photo, closely, until abruptly leaving the table.

Daisy looks up for a millisecond before returning to her meal.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME NIGHT

Sophie sticks the photo of June onto her mirror and pulls out a curling iron and a bag of makeup.

She curls her hair and pins it on one side, just as June has styled her hair in the photo.

Applying ruby red lipstick, black liquid eyeliner and mascara, Sophie slowly morphs into a close replica of her grandmother.

Noticing that June is wearing pearl earrings, Sophie pulls out a jewelry box and finds a pair - perhaps the same ones - and puts them on.

She examines her reflection next to the image of her grandmother.

SOPHIE

I miss you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Sophie is sitting on her couch watching TV, finishing off her noodles, with her glamorous hair and makeup intact.

Daisy is curled up next to her.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Angela opens Agnes' card. As she reads the note, her eyes dart back and forth quickly, carefully consuming every line as her expression turns to shock.

She drops her coffee mug, which hits the floor with a loud crack.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A window slams shut, startling Sophie. Daisy barks.

Sophie springs to her feet and looks out the window, locking it and closing the blinds.

SOPHIE

It's okay, girl. It's probably just the wind.

Her mobile lights up.

HANNAH (TEXT)

Just got home from date. Was def better on paper guy. I looked hot, tho, so went for a <martini emoji> solo afterwards and got this other guy's #. Hashtag winning.

SOPHIE
Nicely played <smiley emoji>.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Angela is sweeping up the broken mug.

She sits back down and reads the card again. We see a few sentences, which read "...the antique jewelry box that was your grandmother's. Flip it over and remove the felt at the bottom."

ANGELA
(confused)
Antique jewelry box.

Angela walks into her wardrobe and locates the box, flipping it over to reveal a felt lining on the bottom.

Using a knife, she pulls back the fabric to reveal a secret compartment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

She carefully removes an old photograph - an image of a young and glamorous Agnes - and stares for a moment before turning the photo over to reveal a name and date. Agnes McDonald 1912.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Sophie washes the glamorous makeup from her face and gets into bed. Daisy jumps up and lays at her feet.

The same window that slammed shut earlier is open again.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Sophie is working on an arrangement when Angela enters the shop.

SOPHIE
Good morning. Can I help -- oh,
hello!

ANGELA
Hello.

SOPHIE
Didn't I deliver flowers to you
yesterday?

ANGELA
Yes, you did.

SOPHIE
What can I help you with today?

ANGELA
Can you tell me the name of the
person who placed the order?

SOPHIE
Normally I would but this woman
paid in cash and didn't leave her
name.

ANGELA
So it was a woman?

SOPHIE
Yes. I'm sorry, is there a problem
with the flowers?

ANGELA
It's not the flowers. It's what was
written in the card.

SOPHIE
Oh?

ANGELA
There were instructions. Telling me
to break open an old jewelry box my
mother gave me. It belonged to my
grandmother, who I never met. I
found an old photograph in it.

SOPHIE
Funny, I recently found an old
photograph of my grandmother I
didn't know I had.

ANGELA
The photo is not of my grandmother.
According to the card, the woman is
my great grandmother. Anyway, if
you remember anything else about
the woman who ordered the flowers,
please give me a call.
(handing Sophie her card)
I'm Angela.

SOPHIE

Sophie. And of course, if I think of anything else, I'll be in touch.

ANGELA

Thank you.

Angela leaves the shop.

Sophie taps the card on the counter contemplatively for a beat before lunging out the door.

SOPHIE

Wait! It was Agnes! Her name was Agnes.

Angela is already gone.

Sophie goes back into the shop and the door swings open behind her, startling her.

HANNAH

Hey hey!

SOPHIE

Han! You scared me.

HANNAH

Easy. You look like you just saw a ghost.

SOPHIE

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

HANNAH

I had a business lunch in the neighborhood so thought I'd swing by. We still on for a movie tonight?

SOPHIE

Right! Yes, we're still on.

HANNAH

Are you okay? You seem a little off.

SOPHIE

I'm fine, just had a weird customer.

HANNAH

I hear you, I just spent an hour
with weird clients. Alright, I
better run. I'll pick you up later.

SOPHIE

Sounds good.

Hannah leaves and Sophie sits down behind the counter. She
calls the number Angela left and gets her voicemail.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hi, Angela. It's Sophie from
Flowers by June. Just wanted to let
you know I remembered the woman's
name who ordered your flowers. It
was Agnes. I hope that's helpful.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Angela is listening to her voicemail on speakerphone. She
hears Sophie's message and slowly sits down.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Sophie lights a candle next to the black and white photo of
June, which now sits in a frame on her mantle.

SOPHIE

Goodnight, Gran.

FADE OUT.