

A HOPEFUL FLOWER

Written by

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Address  
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EXT. CEMETERY - DAY.

Side of a road with a skyline of endless fields that are shadowed by large trees in the distance. The trees are shaking from the Summer wind.

The sun is rising from behind the view. It makes the whole world shine bright gold.

In one of the fields lays different shapes of graves.

A headstone is seen, all rusty and full of mold. Dirt found in the carved letters. They spell out "HERE LIES: ALBERT TIMOTHY BOTT, 1912-2000."

A bouquet of white flowers is placed in a vase next to the headstone. Next by it, two American flags are placed on both sides of the headstone.

A woman, WREN ROBIN (24), looks over at the grave. Behind her is a silver van, full of equipment in the back. She takes out from the vehicle a brush and a bucket full of water.

Wren kneels down to the headstone and puts the brush into the bucket of water then onto the grave. She scrubs the mold and rust off very rough on the letters. At the mold spots, she pushes the brush hard to get it off, but only small chunks of it is left.

She finishes it off. She gets up from the ground and moves towards another headstone.

This one she almost looked unpleasant to see. This one looks newly polished and the marble doesn't look crack. The letters seem to shine as it says "GREGORY JOSEPH TURNER: MAN OF HONOR, 1944-2025."

Wren goes back to the van and puts back the brush and bucket.

She grabs instead a bouquet of yellow, orange, and purple flowers.

She places the flowers on another vase that's right in front of the headstone.

She steps back and just stares at the grave. She moves upward and stares at the sunrising.

Taking a deep breath, she walks toward the van.

Wren gets into the driver's seat and starts the van. It's engine seems to make a muffle sound, but it doesn't seem to bother her.

The van moves out from the cemetery and heads out to the main road.

EXT. ROAD.

POV of the van-- the van moves farther out from the countryside to a small town.

Passing many trees, they are replaced by signs to the highway and to the city farther out.

EXT. SMALL TOWN.

Wren looks over to the town. Different shops and restaurants opening up. Small kids running around the block. Sounds of dogs barking in the distance.

She parks her car up to a store called "TURNER'S ANTIQUE SHOP."

The engine is turned off. Wren unprepared to get out of the vehicle.

An elderly woman, ELLIE TURNER (88), comes out of her store when she notices Wren exiting out of her van.

Ellie and Wren just face each other in remorse.

Wren walks closer to Ellie and hugs her tightly.

Ellie starts to breakdown and cry. No one is around, but it feels like everyone is watching them.

Wren picks Ellie up and heads her inside the store.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE.

Hundreds of old-timey materials (teapots, lamps, chairs, clocks, rugs, etc.) all placed on shelves, hanging on the ceiling, and set in glass cases. Overcrowded, but comfy.

Wren sets Ellie down.

She walks across the room and takes a teapot from a silver tray. She shakes it and hears a swirling sound inside. She takes out two cups and places them on a table near Ellie.

Wren pours out tea from the teapot into the cups. Steam forming as Wren puts in two sugar cubes inside.

Wren sits down right next to Ellie and gives her one of the cups. She grabs her cup and they sit, staring out at the rising sun.

The whole place starts to shine gold in the shop. It lights up the place as mosaic colors dance across the room.

They hold each other's hands for the new day they will face together.

The two women blur out.

Across from them, a single dandelion flower is in a purple vase. All alone.

The sun isn't shining on it as part of the building shadows it's beauty.

However, the flower seems to light up the room significantly.

THE END.