

# FRANK/NAIA

12.

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Naia notices him approaching. He waves at her, more cordially this time, and she walks toward him.

## START

NAIA

Hey Frank. Good morning.

FRANK

Hey. Good morning. I noticed that Tabor boy over here...

(choosing his words)

I was just wondering what he was pokin' around about.

NAIA

Said he was welcoming me to the neighborhood... And also asked if I was interested in selling the property.

Frank seethes.

FRANK

You're not just renting?

NAIA

(matter of factly)

No. I'm not. The place is mine. And I'm not selling. To the Tabors or anybody.

This gives Frank a slight bit of relief.

FRANK

What about your husband?

NAIA

My husband?

FRANK

The one big fella that was helping you move in...

NAIA

Oh, that's not my husband. Just a friend. It's just me here.

FRANK

Those Tabors have been trying to get my place for a while now. They're snakes. You can't trust 'em.

NAIA

I know. I went to school with them.

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Frank gives a slight 'hmp'... Then, thinking...

FRANK

You're from around here?

NAIA

I grew up in Augusta. Been gone a while though.

FRANK

I see...

Well, I'll let you get back to it. I just thought I'd warn you about the Tabors. They want to level this whole damned area.

Frank begins walking off...

NAIA

Your yard looks really nice.

(as Frank continues walking...)

I remember your wife and son...

Frank stops cold. Gut punch.

NAIA (CONT'D)

I heard she passed away a while back. I'm sorry.

FRANK

Last November.

Frank turns back to Naia.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How do you remember them?

NAIA

I was little. I remember they were always working in the yard together on the pretty flowers. I helped a few times.

Frank looks around at his yard. The remnants of both of them.

FRANK

She --- they--- loved it. Jo and Pauline always had a little friendly contest going on for who could grow the prettiest flowers.

Naia smiles, remembering...

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FRANK (CONT'D)  
You have a good one.

END

Frank heads back to his porch. Naia watches him go. He quickly wipes a tear from his eye.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Frank sits in a folding chair near his and Jo's grave. He reads out of JO'S LITTLE GREEN NOTEBOOK --

*Late Winter (usually February) - Make sure to trim back the Snowball Hydrangea outside of Joey's room. Trim it almost to the ground so it will grow back up to the window. Joey loved seeing it outside of his room.*

Frank lowers the notebook and takes a swig out of a flask.

He and Jo's dual headstone in front of him.

Next to it, a SINGLE HEADSTONE

JOEY FRANK FOWLER - LOVING SON  
1976 - 2005

Frank's phone RINGS. He answers.

FRANK

Hello?

LINDSAY

Hey Uncle Frank

FRANK

Hey Linds.

LINDSAY

You didn't tell me you got a new neighbor.

FRANK

Oh yeah. Some kin to Earl and Pauline.

LINDSAY

That's great! You got company way out there.

FRANK

Yeah.

A moment.