

ROMEO AND JULIET ON ARICEPT

by

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning. Close on a dapper elderly gentleman, HARRY LYKOURGOS, finishing his dressing routine. His attire is meticulous: dark gray wool suit, pressed white shirt and silk tie. Harry opens a worn leather box.

Sunlight glints off the gold cufflinks resting on the faded velvet cushion inside. He fiddles with his French cuffs, quickly growing frustrated.

HARRY

Rose, dear, could you give me a hand
with these?

ROSE, elderly too, and still a pretty woman, stirs in the bed, her tangled silver hair spilling onto the pillow.

ROSE

Yes, my love.

Rose has trouble with the cufflinks herself, but she eventually manages to fasten them and kisses his hand. He smiles and brushes her face.

HARRY

You are my angel. Well, off to work.

ROSE

Have a good day, sweetheart.

Harry puts on a fedora, goes to the window, slides up the pane, pops out the screen and climbs out to the front yard.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Outside, the city is waking up. The gardener, MARCO, is pruning the landscaping in front of Harry's building. Harry pauses to scrutinize the flower bed.

HARRY

You are late, you know.

MARCO

Late? It's six a.m.

HARRY

No. Pruning. Roses should be cut
back by the end of November. It's
January if you haven't noticed.

Young HIPSTERS in skimpy clothing pass by. It's June, actually, but Marco plays along.

MARCO

Oh, so it is.

HARRY

(wipes his brow)

Unseasonably hot, though. See, Marco?
Maybe that global warming business
isn't a hoax.

Harry settles onto a bus stop bench in front of the building.

Marco trims the roses nearby, keeping an eye on Harry.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Rose has settled back into the pillows. A middle-aged woman, CORA, enters the room. She's surprised to find Rose in bed.

CORA

There you are! Mrs. Rose, you gave
me a scare. What are you doing here?

ROSE

Just taking my beauty rest.

CORA

Come on now, mami. Your husband is
here!

Rose looks up at her, perplexed.

ROSE

No, Harry went to work.

Cora notices the open window.

CORA

Oh, no.

She peers anxiously out the window.

P.O.V. CORA

Harry sits at the bus stop. A few more PASSENGERS have joined
him. Marco goes about his work, glancing Harry's way every
once in a while.

BACK TO CORA

Cora knocks on the window, a concerned look on her face.

POV CORA

Marco looks at her and gives her a "don't worry" signal.

He puts down his tools, wipes his brow, and walks over to Harry.

MARCO
How was work today, sir?

Harry hesitates a moment, confused, then gathers himself.

HARRY
The day just flew by.

Marco helps him stand up and leads him away from the bus stop.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, wait, I forgot to pick up a flower for Rosie today.

Marco nods, searches for the perfect rose, trims it, and hands it to Harry, then leads him back towards the building.

A sign in front reads, "SUNNY HILLS RETIREMENT VILLA." As they reach the front door, the bus drives up and the remaining passengers climb aboard.

CHYRON: SIX WEEKS EARLIER

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry sits in his room, staring out the window. He's a different Harry than we've seen earlier -- subdued, lifeless, wearing a velour running suit. There are Post-It Notes everywhere with instructions: e.g., "Brush Teeth 2X Daily" on the mirror and "Water 1X" on the many potted plants.

The door opens and his wife, LORRAINE (also dressed in a velour running suit) walks in. She's elderly, but more together than Harry.

LORRAINE
Hello, Harry. Did you brush your teeth this morning?

HARRY
I think so...

Lorraine goes into the bathroom and feels his toothbrush.

LORRAINE
Yes, you did. That's good, Harry.

She comes back out and switches the "Brush Teeth" Post-It with a "Brushed Teeth" Post-It. She holds out a paper bag to him.