

It's Only Words  
an original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

**INT. DINING ROOM - LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

A solid oak table sits majestically in the middle of an otherwise quaint room. A wedding photo of yesteryear adorns the wall and a set of figurines depicting a husband, wife and daughter are perched on the windowsill.

A large cup of coffee rests on a table mat. A woman's gentle hand slowly picks it up and brings it to her mouth, it barely touches her lips.

This is JANE LAWRENCE, 40 and easy on the eye, appearing very relaxed dressed in her flannel pajamas. She picks up a scrabble box in front of her and opens the lid. She plops the main board in the middle of the table.

Jane glances across the table with a little smile. A small hand picks up a colorful cup of milk; it belongs to ANN LAWRENCE, 7, the image of her mother. She takes a tiny sip and carefully places the cup back on the table.

Her mom gives her a nod of appreciation... a lesson learned.

Jane holds the black bag containing the letters out in reach of her daughter. Ann's tiny hands begin to rummage around. She pulls out four letters, places them on her tile rack, then grabs three more.

Jane chooses her letters. Ann starts; she spells 'Cat' followed by a flutter of applause for herself. She excitedly grabs more letters. Jane laughs, attaches 'Teach' on the end of Ann's word. She follows up with a sip of her coffee.

Ann studies her letters, scrunches up her nose then raises one finger in the air... her 'got it' moment. She creates 'Play' and places the word all the way to the right of the board. Jane shakes her head and moves the letters so they link up with 'teach'.

**MOMENTS LATER**

New words have been added 'Impress', 'Home' and 'Mom'. Ann reaches over to place 'Love' through the 'o' of Mom. Jane stretches herself across the table, lips pursed. Ann leans towards her mother and they share a simple but sweet kiss.

Jane turns her tile rack towards Ann, it reads 'Smile'; she picks up her coffee. Her daughter spins her rack around, it reads 'Poo'. She lets out an hysterical laugh while Jane spits a mouthful of coffee over the board.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SUPER : TEN YEARS LATER**

**INT. DINING ROOM - LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Jane, now 50, sits alone at the table. A gymnastics trophy stands proudly next to the figurines. The scrabble board, stained from coffee, rests in the middle of the table. One tile rack faces her, another faces an empty seat.

A large glass of Cabernet Sauvignon is her only company. She sighs heavily then looks up as footsteps approach.

Ann, 16 and slender, draped in clothes that match her teenage attitude. She holds a cell phone in one hand, making sure she shows Jane that she is powering it off and shoots her mother a "so there" facial expression.

She grunts as she pulls out a seat and plops herself down. Jane grabs her wine, takes a long sip, then lowers it. Ann snaps the bag from the table, slams each letter down on her rack and snarls at each one.

Jane gently takes the bag, lifts out her letters and delicately applies each one to her tile rack. Her playful smile masks her mood.

Ann slams down the word 'Angry'. Jane quickly responds with 'Why'. They both grab extra letters. Ann looks at her Mom while promptly spelling 'Curfew'. Jane shrugs and answers with 'Rules'.

Ann stands up leans over the table close to her mother's face... a little too close. Jane glares back... she sits back down, places 'Unfair' on the board. Jane replies with 'Life' before taking another, not so dainty, swig of wine.

Ann folds her arms in annoyance, stares at her tile rack, tilts her head then abruptly slaps down 'Hate'. She keeps her head lowered, eyes firmly on the table.

She senses her Mother shuffling her letters on her rack. Ann glances up for a brief moment, noticing a single tear welling up in her Mother's eye.

Ann pulls letters out from the bag, places them on her rack. The corners of Jane's mouth fall as she spins her tile rack to face Ann... it spells 'hurt'. Ann spins her rack, 'Sorry', Jane acknowledges this by raising her glass.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SUPER : TEN YEARS LATER**

**INT. DINING ROOM - LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

The table looks old and worn. Scratches, along with permanent marker, now adorn the surface.

Ann, 26, rests on a chair with a glass of Merlot next to her. Jane, 60, slowly shuffles in. The years have not been kind to her. She clasps a bottle of wine and takes her seat while Ann sets up the scrabble board.

Jane pours herself a glass of wine and tops up Ann's. They each take letters. Ann goes first as usual; she applies 'Special' to the board. She smiles at her Mom. Jane replies with a silly 'tongue out' face. Ann jots down the score.

Jane puts down 'Ring' and raises one eyebrow towards Ann. Ann replies with 'Smile' followed by her own smile that reaches her eyes. They both take a sip of wine in unison. Jane lays down 'Wedding', Ann instantly replies with 'Dream'.

They clink glasses.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The Board is filled with marriage talk 'Flowers' 'Faith' 'Cake' that sort of thing.

Jane stares at Ann, this time tears of joy flow.

Ann turns her tile rack around to reveal the word 'Scared'. Jane turns her rack over, 'Lose' followed by a 'U'. Ann shakes her head.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SUPER : FIVE YEARS LATER**

**INT. DINING ROOM - LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

On the wall, Ann's wedding photo has now replaced Jane's photo. The gymnastic trophy has been exchanged with a house plant... the figurines remain.

Jane, now 65, struggles to suppress a cough as she sits down at the scrabble board. Her wrinkled hands belie her age. Her tall glass of wine keeps her company while Ann's glass of ice water is all she needs.

Ann, 32, kicks off the game with 'Excited'. Jane peeps up, straightening in her seat, follows with 'News' and holds her glass up. Ann snags letters, shuffles them, then places 'Bundle' down. Jane begins to tap dance under the table.

Ann grasps her glass, gulps some water as Jane sets down 'Blessed'. She grabs a tissue and wipes her eye. Ann places 'Nervous' down.

Jane reaches across the board, takes Ann's hands and gives them a firm hold before she pulls more letters from the bag.

Jane puts down 'Fine' as Ann replies with 'Help'. Jane quickly nods her head while she places 'Yes' on the board. Ann cries into her water with one hand while she places 'Joy' down with the other.

They both turn their racks to each other 'Thanks'.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SUPER : SEVEN YEARS LATER**

**INT. DINING ROOM - LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

New figurines join the old ones on the windowsill; the figures of an older couple stand over the husband, wife and daughter.

Jane, 72, withered and small with a blue turban around her bald head, shivers for a second then grasps a warm cup of coffee with both hands. Ann, 39, sits across from her with a tall glass of merlot.

The scrabble board has seen better days. Years of use has taken its toll; the corners are frayed and the colorful spaces are fading and blending in with the others.

A small hand grabs a princess cup filled with milk... this is JULIA, 7, very pretty, a family trait.

Julia places 'Cat' on the board; she claps for herself and Ann and Jane join in.

Ann follows up with 'Teach' while Jane applies 'Hope' to the board. They all nab more letters. Julia thinks hard while scratching her little chin, much to Jane and Ann's enjoyment.

She places 'Play' all the way to the right of the board. Ann takes the letters and puts them in link with 'Teach'. Jane watches on with a smile... remembering.

Ann then applies 'Proud' to the board, followed by 'Old' from Jane. Julia writes 'Mother' as she smiles at Ann. Ann in return places 'Learn' down. They grab more letters, playfully pulling at the bag together.

Jane puts down 'Grown' before she sips her coffee. Julia writes 'One', Ann's jaw sets as she places 'Last' down. A somber mood fills the room as Jane applies 'Time' to the board.

Jane and Ann begin to cry, much to the bewilderment of Julia.

They focus on their tile racks. Jane shuffles her letters around, her hands visibly shaking. She turns her rack around 'Heaven', Ann turns her rack 'Lose' next to 'U'. Jane shakes her head. They both glance at each other, then to Julia.

Her bottom lip quivers, as she turns the rack... 'Why'.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SUPER : 10 YEARS LATER**

**INT. DINING ROOM - HENDERSON'S HOUSE - MORNING**

It is a grand room to say the least. The solid oak table, now refurbished, looks like it's always been there. An elegant chandelier hangs over the center.

Jane's old wedding photo hangs proudly on the gold tinted wall. The figurines have become the center piece.

Ann, now a young looking 49, sits alone at the table. She opens a new scrabble game, takes out the board and places it on the table.

She raises a glass of wine to her lips, pauses for a moment... tilts her glass towards the empty seat facing her. She smiles reflectively and takes a sip.

Ann takes a tile rack, then places another to her left. She sighs heavily, looking up as footsteps approach.

Julia, 16, holding a cell phone in one hand, making sure to show her mother that she is powering it off while shooting her a "so there" facial expression.

And with that we...

**FADE OUT:**

