

INT. HARRIS HOUSE - NIGHT

SEAN (mid 20s) is moving through a house at night. He uses a dim flashlight. He's dressed in all black, with ill-fitting plain clothes that don't match the lavish interior of the house. The counters are marble, the paneling is a rich mahogany, and as he goes through papers on the kitchen island we see a polished grand piano room behind him.

Sean scoops some papers into his arms, and shoulders a backpack that clinks around when he moves it. He starts walking to a window in a side room, and pauses. He checks the time on his phone, looking at a countdown timer. Two minutes left.

Sean sets down the bag and steps over to the wall. He looks at a hanging photo of a young girl with blonde curls, wearing a pink dress with green spots. He takes a picture of it, then moved towards the window.

INT. WINTHROP HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

ROSE (early 20s) is asleep on an ugly dirty yellow couch when Sean opens a door at the top of the stairs and runs down them. He drops the backpack onto the ground next to the couch and nudges her.

SEAN

Hey, babe. Rise and shine.

Sean sits on the floor and starts taking out the contents of the backpack. Rose grunts and opens her eyes but doesn't move. She's pretty, but unkept.

ROSE

Did you get it?

SEAN

And good morning to you. Sheesh.

Rose sits up.

ROSE

Good morning. Did you get what I wanted?

SEAN

Not quite. I couldn't find it.

Rose puts her head in her hands, running her fingers through frazzled hair that's clearly been dyed red.

ROSE

A gold ring. Emerald in it. I know that bitch has it.

SEAN

I'm sorry, Rose. I checked. But look at these.

Sean holds out a wooden jewelry box and opens it in Rose's direction, showing off gold chains, silver bracelets, and pieces of silken fabric.

Rose reaches out a hand to brush against the chains but then pulls it back.

ROSE

If it's not in there then none of it matters.

SEAN

What do you mean? I could sell this today for thousands.

ROSE

We didn't go after Ms. Harris for money. The money doesn't matter.

SEAN

Hell yeah, it does! Look at you! You ever wanna get out of your mom's basement?

ROSE

I'd like you to get out of it.

Rose stands, and Sean follows.

SEAN

Fine. But I'm putting my ass on the line if you're not gonna tell me why I'm even looking for something. You want a gold ring but not a gold necklace? Even you aren't normally that crazy.

Rose exhales sharply and plops back down on the couch, motioning for Sean to sit down beside her. He moves, and she sits sideways to face him.

ROSE

Listen, I need that ring for my mama.

It's special. It's hers. And that Harris woman stole it, I'm sure of it. Last time my mama went there, she was wearing it, and when she came back it was gone. It must have fallen off while she was cleaning - dishes and toilets she takes it off - and then Harris found it and kept it.

SEAN

That woman's loaded, she doesn't need your mom's ring. I bet Sarah just forgot it somewhere. Has shee checked her room.

ROSE

My mama's not an idiot. She knows it's in that house she's just too scared to confront that woman.

Loud KNOCKING comes from the other side of the door leading to upstairs.

SARAH

(muffled, from the other side of the door)

Rosie? Get on up here its nearly eight.

Sean pulls out his phone and glances at it.

SEAN

Shit, I gotta get to work.

ROSE

Follow out a bit after me. Mama'll get mad if she thinks you spent the night here again.

SEAN

I basically live here.

ROSE

I know. She doesn't, though.

Rose pulls a sweatshirt on over the clothes she was sleeping in and pulls herself up the stairs.

INT. WINTHROP DINING ROOM - DAY

The house was built in the 1950s and hasn't been remodeled

since. The walls are covered in yellowed peeling pink and green paint, and the white on the ceiling has been discolored from water damage.

SARAH (late 40s) sits at a small kitchen table with space for three other chairs, sipping black coffee from a chipped mug and working on a crossword.

Rose comes into the kitchen and puts her hands on Sarah's shoulders. She looks down at the crossword.

ROSE

Fourty-six down. Chopin. Spelled with an "I".

Sarah marks down the letters.

SARAH

Maybe those piano lessons were worth it, after all.

Rose turns and takes the two steps required to end up in the cramped kitchen, pouring the rest of the coffee into a mug on the counter.

INT. WINTHROP KITCHEN - DAY

ROSE

Have you eaten yet?

SARAH (O.S.)

Oh, I'm fine. That last piece is for you.

Rose looks over and, indeed, there is only one English muffin left in the wholesale jumbo pack. She takes it, pulls it in half, and starts it in the toaster.

ROSE

So what's the matter?

SARAH

Hm? Oh, nothing. I just wanted you to come up so you didn't miss breakfast.

ROSE

No, something's up. You're worse at crosswords when you're stressing.

Rose looks past her mother to see Sean carefully open the basement door and walk into the hallway towards the front

door. He locks eyes with Rose, and motions to the phone in his hand.

SARAH (O.S)

Oh, well Ms. Harris called early this morning. The old woman thinks someone broke into her house last night. There were some items missing and a window left open.

Rose glares at Sean, who is tiptoeing to the front door. He mouths "sorry" at her and shrugs. He opens the door and ducks out

SARAH (CONTINUOUS)

But what she really seems to be upset about is the dirt. Whoever it was had muddy shoes and tracked it all over the house. She wants me to come in and clean it up right away.

ROSE

You know, mama, it's not your job to respond to her every need. You're a house cleaner, not a fucking servant.

SARAH (O.S.)

Watch your language, please, darling.

The toaster POPS. Rose pulls a paper towel in half, putting one side of the muffin on each. She gets a half-eaten container of jam out of the fridge and starts putting it on the muffins.

SARAH (O.S.)

Don't use too much of that, please. It's rather expensive and we need to make it last.

INT. WINTHROP DINING ROOM - DAY

Rose returns to the table and sits opposite her mother. Behind Sarah, we see a wall of family photos, showing Sarah, Rose, and a man that appears to be Rose's father. The father only appears in photos when Rose was a baby. In one of the photos, the young Rose is wearing a pink dress with green spots.

Rose puts one half of the muffin in front of each of them. Sarah tries to push the muffin back towards her daughter, but Rose stops her.

SARAH

Really, dear, it's okay. I'll get some more when I go out in a moment here.

ROSE

No. Eat. I'll go to the store. And I'll clean up the Harris house today.

SARAH

No!

ROSE

What?

SARAH

Well, just, you don't need to go over there. It's my job, anyway. You've got other things to focus on, and Ms. Harris can be uptight with visitors...

ROSE

It's nothing I can't handle. Plus, I can tell how much you hate going there and you've already been to that house once this week.

SARAH

Are you sure? You don't have to. You should be studying. Don't you have tests coming up?

ROSE

It's a community college. I'll live. I got it.

Rose scarfs down the remainder of her muffin and stands up from the table.

ROSE

Love you, mama.

Rose grabs a bag of cleaning supplies from the hallway closet and leaves.

EXT. WINTHROP DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rose yanks open the door of a silver Honda. The leather seats are cracked and ripped. She sits heavily in the driver's seat and pulls a cracked iPhone from her pocket.

ROSE
(to self)
What did you want me to see?

Rose furrows her brow and looks pointedly at the phone.

The screen shows a text and a photo from Sean. The text reads "Forgot to tell you, this was in the house. Looks like you, right? I thought it was weird."

The photo is the one that he took in the Harris house.

ROSE
That is me.

EXT. HARRIS DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rose's car pulls into a paved driveway in front of a house that is moderately-sized but expertly made. The grounds are manicured and beautiful, the door is of heavy wood and the porch is decorated with intricate wood carvings.

Rose gets out of the car and brings with her the bag of cleaning supplies. She walks up the steps and pounds on the front door.

GRACE (mid 70s) opens the door wide and, after a moment of shock, smiles.

GRACE
Rosie! What an absolutely delightful surprise to see you! And what ever brought you here today? Not that you're not always welcome to visit. Come in!

INT. HARRIS HOUSE - DAY

Grace gestures into the house. Rose hesitates but slowly moves past the threshold.

ROSE
I don't actually believe we've met before, Ms. Harris. I'm Sarah's daughter, Rose. I suppose she's already told you about me, though.

GRACE
She has. You're quite an amazing young woman.

Rose shifts and looks around uncomfortably.

ROSE

Well, I'm sorry to hear that someone broke into your home. You're not thinking of telling the police though, right?

GRACE

Oh no. Whoever came in to steal a little old lady's jewelry must need it more than me. I don't wear it much anymore anyway. But the dirt! The dirt I can't stand. Would you be a doll and clean that up? I'll put some tea on. You like tea? Your mother always liked mint, I'll make mint.

Grace starts to walk away but Rose calls out to her.

ROSE

You serve my mother tea?

GRACE

Well, not recently.

ROSE

We only moved back to this town two years ago, though.

GRACE

Well, maybe my mind is slipping. Perhaps it was the last house cleaner. But mint tea sounds good?

Rose doesn't respond and pulls a foldable mop from the large bag, tracing the noticeable path of the mud smudges in the vague shape of footprints.

Rose continues mopping and ends up in the room with the window that Sean used to leave the house. She looks to the wall and finds the photo that he sent her a picture of. Up close in the daylight, it was clearly taken the same day as the photo hanging in the Winthrop house.

INT. HARRIS KITCHEN - DAY

Grace and Rose sit at the kitchen island, sipping tea out of beautiful pottery. Grace is turned towards Rose and takes the last sip from her mug.

GRACE
Any more for you, dear?

ROSE
No, but could I make a trip to the
restroom?

GRACE
Of course! Down the hall to the left.
Or, you're welcome to the mather bath
upstairs.

INT. HARRIS BATHROOM - DAY

Rose opens all the cabinets and drawers of the bathroom,
searching. She doesn't find anything.

GRACE (O.S.)
Everything alright?

ROSE
Yeah, yeah...I, uh, just need a
moment.

GRACE (O.S.)
You're welcome to stay as long as
you'd like, of course!

INT. HARRIS MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Rose enters a second bathroom, more lavish than the first,
and similarly tears through it. Again, she leaves
emptyhanded.

INT. HARRIS KITCHEN - DAY

Rose re-enters the kitchen and picked her bag off the floor.

ROSE
Well, I'll be off now. Have a good
day, Ms. Harris.

GRACE
No! Wait. Wait a moment, please.

Grace goes into the house, leaving Rose in the kitchen alone.
Grace returns holding a bulging white envelope.

GRACE
Take this. Just to thank you for your
help today. Buy something pretty for

you or your mother. You'd both look nice in pink, maybe?

ROSE

Um, Ms. Harris I appreciate it, but, are you-

GRACE

Take it. Please dear.

ROSE

Well, thank you. Um, bye.

EXT. HARRIS DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rose hurries out, shaking her head as she throws her bag in the car and tears open the envelope, quickly counting the stack of \$20 bills inside.

INT. WINTHROP KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah is sitting at the kitchen table, writing checks and looking at a spread of documents taking up the small table.

ROSE (O.S.)

Mama! I'm home.

SARAH

Hey, Rosie. Listen, about those groceries, let me get them. I've got some coupons here, and we need to make sure we get a good deal...

Rose enters the frame, setting down four overfilled bags of groceries.

ROSE

Not this week, mama. We're eating steak for dinner tonight.

SARAH

What on earth? Where did you get this?

Rose pulls out three jars of jam and hands one to her mother.

ROSE

Apricot, your favorite. And not the house brand, either. Jamesons, that fancy shit you like.

SARAH
Language, Rose. But, how?

Sarah is excitedly unpacking the groceries.

ROSE
Ms. Harris. She took a liking to me or something Gave me enough of a tip for this and still some extra.

Rose reaches into her pocket and tosses \$300 onto the table on top of Sarah's bills.

ROSE
Oh! And I got this for you too.

Rose pulls out a baby pink silken scarf that she wraps around Sarah's shoulders.

ROSE
I gotta say, that old woman was right.
You sure do look great, mama.

Sarah stops unpacking the groceries.

She sits down.

She unwraps the scarf from around her neck.

SARAH
No. No, we need to return this. And give Ms. Harris that money back.

ROSE
What the hell, mama? Are you kidding?
You need it. We need it!

SARAH
We will not take charity from that woman!

ROSE
I earned that! It's not charity! and who are you to be turning away money, anyway? We can't even pay those!

SARAH
She gave it to you because she wants you to like her, not because of your cleaning.

ROSE

And what's the matter with that?

SARAH

She's not someone we want to be friends with.

ROSE

We? What the hell are you talking about? You work for her.

SARAH

Language, Rosie.

ROSE

No! No, something is going on that you're not telling me. Why do you two know each other so well, hm? Why don't you care that you lost papa's wedding ring there? Why is there a picture of me hanging in that woman's house?

SARAH

(to self)

I told Grace to take that down...

ROSE

You what?

SARAH

(to Rose)

Wait, that photo is in the study. There's nothing to clean there. How would you know?

ROSE

(subconsciously)

Sean told me.

SARAH

Sean knew about the house? What?

(with realization)

It was that lowlife boyfriend of yours that broke in? He's a criminal, too? How much else have you been lying to me about?

ROSE

Oh, you're one to talk about lying-

There is a loud KNOCK on the front door.

GRACE (O.S.)

Sarah?

ROSE

What is she doing here?

Sarah looks frantically between the groceries on the table, her daughter, and the locked door.

GRACE (O.S.)

Sarah? I've got Johnny's ring here. I know you were against me getting it cleaned and all, but it sure does look better. Nice and shiny again. I love seeing you wear it. It reminds me of him, you know.

ROSE

Is she talking about dad?

SARAH

Honey, if you just go downstairs a moment...

ROSE

Yeah, no.

Rose walks out of the frame, leaving Sarah sitting at the table alone. The camera stays on her face.

Off-screen, we hear the door open.

ROSE (O.S.)

Come in, Grace.

GRACE (O.S.)

Rose! Oh my. I didn't know you would be home yet, I thought you would go out to the store maybe, I'll come back another time.

ROSE (O.S.)

No, I think you should come in now.

Grace and Rose enter the kitchen together.

GRACE

Oh, Sarah, you do look lovely in that. I always said pink was your color.

Rose stares at Sarah. Grace looks between the two nervously.

Sarah reaches up to touch the scarf.

SARAH
(to Grace)
May I?

GRACE
Of course.

Sarah grabs the velvet ring box from Grace, opening it and sliding the gold band onto her left ring finger.

SARAH
Thank you.

ROSE
Are either of you going to tell me what's happening?

GRACE
Your father asked me for permission to use that ring when he proposed to Sarah, and I told him yes, as long as he took good care of it. Since she doesn't seem to, I-

SARAH
Rose, this is your grandmother. She decided not to speak with us after your father passed. And now she's trying to buy us back.

GRACE
I love you both. I'm sorry I was angry for so long. But you need to let me help you. I can't bear to see you live like this.

Grace gestures to the house.

ROSE
You haven't cared to help us for nearly two decades. I didn't even know you existed.

GRACE
I know. And I'm sorry. Will you let me help now, though?

END.