

"CATHY CRAWFORD"

(1/2)

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Joan joins Cathy at the table. Cathy smiles, then looks at her frail mother.

START

CATHY CRAWFORD

Mommie, I'm worried about you. Mamacita says you've stopped seeing your doctor.

JOAN

That's right.

CATHY CRAWFORD

Do you think that's wise?

JOAN

I feel like I can handle anything life throws at me.

(then)

Speaking of which, have you spoken at all with your sister?

CATHY CRAWFORD

Tina and I speak all the time.

JOAN

Your elder sister.

CATHY CRAWFORD

Oh. No. Not recently.

Cathy's children play LOUDLY, sliding on the floors.

CATHY CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Children! I told you before we got here -- no sliding on Grandma's floor!

JOAN

It's fine, dear. What are a few scuffs?

Cathy blinks at Joan. So unexpected.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Do you suppose they really think of me as their real grandmother?

CATHY CRAWFORD

Of course --



(1/2)

FEUD!

WYCH DAWSON KEITZER CASTING

"CATHY CRAWFORD" (CONT'D) (2/2)

JOAN

I didn't know if they understand
that you were adopted.

CATHY CRAWFORD

They understand that you picked me
and their Aunt Cindy out of all the
children in the world. And that we
wouldn't have chosen any other
mother, because we had the best one
anyone could ever have.

Joan takes Cathy's hands in hers. They sit quietly, simply,
watching the children.

END

(2/2)