

(Outside an assisted living facility. Florence is sitting on the bench with a photo album and a bakery box. She is sobbing. Ed exits from the assisted living facility with the Sunday comics under one arm. He hesitates to approach her, then changes his mind.)

ED

Pardon me. Can I--

(He offers her a hanky.)

It's clean.

FLORENCE

My husband's—

(She continues to sob and shakes her head no.)

ED

Did he uh, pass?

FLORENCE

Worse. He's carrying on with another woman. In there.

(She opens the photo album, pulls one out and waves it in front of Ed.)

Our forty-fifth wedding anniversary. Don't we look happy.

(She tears up the photo, rummages in the album and selects another, then tears that one in little pieces.)

ED

Is he a patient?

FLORENCE

Yes. Didn't take HIM long or HER. The slut.

ED

Would it help to know it's the disease?

FLORENCE

Really? It doesn't seem to have affected his penis any.