

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

BRYAN and his cousin JILL have driven up to a cemetery on an unusual holiday that's not Mother's Day. Hurricane Helene had recently devastated the area a month earlier. They get out of the car.

JILL

It sure is unusual for us to be here on Thanksgiving day.

BRYAN

Yeah, I know...Brings back too many memories. I'd much rather be somewhere warm.

Bryan and Jill approach the cemetery gates but see that a tree has collapsed onto the mobile home of SAINT MAY. Yellow police tape is wrapped around the destroyed home.

JILL

(stunned)

Wow, that's horrible. Hope Saint May is okay.

Bryan wanders over to one of the other mobile homes and calls out for Saint May.

BRYAN

Saint May! You home?!  
(no one answers and he replies to Jill)  
She's probably fine. I'm sure her family got her before the storm.

JILL

(assuringly)

She's probably out with them for Thanksgiving Dinner.

They further inspect the cemetery and are glad to see that the hurricane didn't necessarily do any damage to the gravesites. All of the headstones are still upright. None are overturned.

While wandering through the cemetery though, he discovers a fresh grave. He looks down to inspect it a card that the county coroner left. On the card it reads, "MAY JONES, Age: 89, 9/27/2024"

BRYAN

(overwhelmed with emotion)

No!

BRYAN starts crying hysterically and Jill seeks to comfort him.

JILL  
(greatly concerned)  
What's wrong, Bryan?

BRYAN  
(with reddened eyes)  
She didn't make it. It's Saint May  
(gesturing toward the fresh  
grave)  
She knew Mama, Jill. She was one  
of the last...  
(very distraught)  
to know her.

NELLIE  
Dang Bryan, I've never seen you  
like this before. Let me go get  
you a napkin.

BRYAN  
No, it's okay. It's been 10 years  
since we lost Mom. I had no idea  
what the grieving process would  
require. Saint May guided me  
through it.