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 unto 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.