

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

BRYAN is alone in the cemetery. While decorating the gravesite of his matriarchal figures—the women who raised him. He carries a bucket of flowers from which he places flowers along their graves. An older woman, SAINT MAY, emerges from her mobile home behind the graveyard to greet him.

SAINT MAY

Hi there, I remember you. You're Mary Lee's boy, aren't ya?

BRYAN

Hi, yes, it's been a long time.
(struggling to recall a name)
Please forgive me--I'm horrible with names.

SAINT MAY

Yes, I'm May.

BRYAN

Ah yes, Saint May, right?

SAINT MAY

That's right, young man. I'm Saint May Jones.
(hugs him lightly)
I've known you your whole life and your mother and aunts. We go way back.

BRYAN

So good to see you again.
(Looks around)
What it must be like to live out here so close to the graveyard?

SAINT MAY

It gives me comfort.
(gestures toward the flowers in Bryan's bucket)
Those are some beautiful flowers.

BRYAN

Thanks.

SAINT MAY

May I have one?

BRYAN

Of course, you may.
(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(holds out the bucket of
flowers for her to make a
selection)

Please choose.

SAINT MAY
So nice to receive flowers
while we're here.