

sister

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SOUND UP: From a decent portable speaker, the Isley Brothers croon your Mom's favorite song, "For the Love of You".

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

On a beautiful, sticky summer day in Los Angeles.

DELILAH WILDE, 58, black, dances her way into our sunny frame. Sand caked around her ankles. A straw hat of epic proportions. Her *bombtastic* dance moves suggest two things: she's having the time of her life and she's an unapologetic child of the 70s. We watch her, peaceful and sweet. Until --

Her adult child but forever "her baby," TEMPLE WILDE, 26, careens into frame to steal Delilah's spotlight. Temple's a child of emo, metal and rap so she's more dougie than Delilah's disco-favorite, the "four corners."

Delilah HALTS at the intrusion, affronted.

DELILAH

I didn't request back-up and
certainly not from you with...
whatever that is, Miss Thing.
What's this?

She reenacts one of Temple's moves. Temple scoffs.

TEMPLE

It's not that. It's *this* --
(does it correctly)

DELILAH

Oh, okay. I get it.

TEMPLE

I shut the club down with that.

DELILAH

Don't hurt nobody, now.

Temple teaches Delilah step-by-step. Complete and unfettered joy as they fall in-line with each other, Wilde-style.

SOUND: An INCOMING CALL on Delilah's phone cuts the music.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Bring back my tunes!

TEMPLE

No one says "my tunes."

Temple reaches to dig Delilah's phone out of a pile of their beach stuff. Hesitates to see -- ON THE SCREEN: AC CALLING.

Delilah's screensaver is a picture of her with a CHILD-AGED TEMPLE and Temple's older sister, ANNA-CHLOE "AC" CLAY (a TEEN in the photo). They're kissing Temple on each cheek.

The pictures stirs a visceral reaction in Temple. Delilah, noticing the shift in mood, lands to investigate. She sighs.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Why is she calling? She knows
you're visiting me. Doesn't she get
to see you like every day when
you're at home?

DELILAH

She knows I miss the babies...
Tarzan probably had a game today.

Temple DECLINES the call.

TEMPLE

Well, she can save her recap for
later. You leave tomorrow so I
demand all of your attention for
the rest of the day. Do we swim?

DELILAH

We swim.

Temple pulls her hair into a messy bun. Delilah watches her, her mind still obviously on AC.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I wish you'd talk to her, Temp. You
only have one sister. I ain't
having another one anytime soon.

TEMPLE

It's been ten years, Momma. She
doesn't wanna talk to me either.

DELILAH

I know how complicated sisters are,
that's the only reason I haven't
pushed this thing with y'all. I
coulda cleaned Cherry's clock a
time or two but that's my sister
and I love her. Now, y'all gotta
figure out whatever happened
between the two of you yourselves,
but I believe that when someone
loves you -- really loves you --
they deserve a second chance.

(then)

It's family and you can't be a part
of any family if you can't forgive.

TEMPLE

She doesn't like who I am.

Delilah frowns at that, unsure what it means.

DELILAH

She loves you. Isn't that enough?

That seems to land on Temple as she takes a moment to decide. Eventually, with resolve, she slips her swim-cap on.

TEMPLE

No. It's not enough. Now, can we please talk about something else?

DELILAH

Fine, that's all my peaching. I'm on vacation anyway -- just don't say I never taught you nothing.

Temple cracks a smile.

TEMPLE

I'll say you taught me how to dance.

DELILAH

You'll do no such thing!

Delilah reaches out to tickle her but Temple's quick with it and takes off toward the water.

TEMPLE (PRE-LAP)

If we hurry and change, we can catch Roxane Gay at the Last Bookstore tonight.

DELILAH (PRE-LAP)

(deadpan)

That sounds fun...

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - TEMPLE'S LOFT - NIGHT

An industrial loft in the heart of urban decay. Street-noise and sunlight-bright billboards keep the rent down.

Temple and Delilah haul their beach gear inside.

TEMPLE

Then after, Sugarfish?

(calling out)

Hey Wyatt, you wanna come?

WYATT, 27, Temple's fabulous and warm roommate, rounds the

corner in a cuffed collared shirt that looks odd on him, given the assortment of face piercings and tattoos.

WYATT

That sounds delightful.

Delilah blinks at them as she sets her stuff down, at her wit's end with their performative innocence.

TEMPLE

What do you say, Momma?

DELILAH

Will you two cut the bull? I look like I was born yesterday?

Wyatt and Temple share an alarmed look.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

It's my last night in LA and I wanna have fun! I know what y'all would be doing on a Saturday night if I wasn't here.

TEMPLE

Um, going to see Roxane Gay at the Last Bookstore obviously.

DELILAH

Oh please.

WYATT

What -- you think cause we're millennials, we're heathens?

Delilah smirks, *so you wanna play hardball?* She crosses to a junk drawer, pulls out a MEDICAL MARIJUANA BOTTLE.

TEMPLE

Wyatt! I told you hide that.

WYATT

I... I have a prescription for that. I'm an anxious boy!
(then, giving up)
She's onto us. Let's go to Precinct.

Temple glares.

DELILAH

Oh! What's that?

TEMPLE

Just a bar. A lame one.

DELILAH
 Tomorrow I'll be back at my boring
 warehouse job in boring Augusta
 working like a runaway slave. Show
 the old lady a good time!

Wyatt and Temple share a shrug, turn up then?

WYATT
 Real talk though, I think the at-
 home slaves work just as hard as
 runaways, wouldn't you say?

SOUND UP: Something lit, like Kodak Black's "Transportin'"

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - LATER

Temple and Wyatt rap the lyrics together in a cypher.

WYATT
Pockets so fat call me, Orbit --

TEMPLE/WYATT
Norbit!

QUICK, FUN CUTS OF Temple, Delilah, Wyatt --

-Sprawled out on the floor -- couch -- table --

-Dancing in the living room.

-Passing the vape.

A hilarious stavia-induced frenzy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Delilah watches, RAPT, as Temple carves an APPLE-PIPE. Wyatt dances with his shirt tied around his head in the b.g.

TEMPLE
 You only wanna go about halfway
 through the apple to keep the
 chamber air-tight. Here.

Delilah takes a hit. Her eyes glaze over.

DELILAH
 Ooooooooo...

TEMPLE
 Nice, right? Defcon-five blunt.

SOUND: Temple's phone RINGS with an INCOMING CALL FROM NIA.

As Delilah tests out the blunt, Temple discreetly DECLINES.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Temple, Wyatt and Delilah lay sprawled on their backs, feeling fuzzy and perfect.

DELILAH
Only other time I smoked pot, it
was '89. I was still married to
Anna-Chloe's Dad.

WYATT
That's your sister, right?

Temple, visibly tenser at the mention of AC, only nods.

DELILAH
He was a stick-in-the-mud. Took one
puff, got mad and told me I was
turning into a pothead.

WYATT
Buzzkill.

DELILAH
That's why I tell my girls to find
a man that makes them happy. AC did
alright. Just Temple left.

She beams with pride, stroking Temple's hair. Temple ignores Wyatt's questioning frown. He opens his mouth, but Temple interjects with a truly terrifying glare.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVEN LATER

Wyatt snores on Temple's shoulder, his shirt now a blanket. Delilah peruses Temple's records. Gasps at JACKIE WILSON.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I'm tryna figure out what you know
about all this grown music!

TEMPLE
Thanks for inventing the Isley
Brothers. That was dope of you.

Delilah happily throws the record on.

SOUND UP: Merge the generations as Kodak fades to Jackie's
"Higher & Higher."

SOUND: Temple's phone DINGS with a TEXT FROM NIA: *Hey, tried
to call. Does your Mom leave in the AM?*

Temple types out a quick reply: *Sorry, babe, everyone fell asleep. Will call in the morning if there's time.*

Guilt doesn't stop her from sending it.

INT. TEMPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

We find Delilah up bright and early.

QUICK CUTS of her affectionally straightening Temple's things, making her bed --

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Temple tosses and turns on the couch.

Delilah kisses her forehead. Passes for the coffeemaker.

DELILAH

They say insomnia's a side effect
of unresolved issues.

TEMPLE

Is that what they say at 7AM?

Delilah cracks a smile as she starts a pot.

SOUND: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Temple frowns.

DELILAH

Who's that this early?

Temple finds her phone. ON THE SCREEN: MISSED CALL FROM NIA.

As Temple's expression slips to panic --

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE TEMPLE'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Temple steps out, physically blocking NIA's view of inside.

NIA, 28, her kind-of girlfriend. Beautiful and composed. She tenses at Temple's stiff body language.

TEMPLE

Nia, what are you doing here? I was
gonna call you back --

NIA

After she left?

Temple's silence reads yes. Nia shakes her head, disappointed, hurt.

NIA (CONT'D)

It's not like I expect you to walk me in there and introduce me to your Mom on the spot.

TEMPLE

Seems like you do.

NIA

It's been four months, Temple, and half the time, I don't even feel like I have your attention.

TEMPLE

I can't have this conversation with my Mom on the other side of the door. I'll call you later.

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - SAME TIME

Temple and Nia's voices are muffled and unintelligible but tension is easy to detect. Delilah frowns.

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE TEMPLE'S LOFT - SAME TIME

Temple turns to go back inside --

NIA

This is what I'm talking about. I can't be with someone who shuts me out of half her life. I feel like I'm wasting my time.

Temple's hand goes lax on the knob. She has a choice to make.

And she makes it.

TEMPLE

So don't waste your time.

The wall Temple brings up to shield vulnerability is so instant and robotic, it's clearly a self-taught defense mechanism.

NIA

You're gonna let me walk away?

Temple doesn't meet her eyes.

Nia scoffs, *typical*.

But as she walks away, Temple deflates. Presses her head against the door and tries to find some composure. She already regrets this but isn't strong enough to change it.

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Temple steps back in. Delilah senses something is off, but knows when not to push.

DELILAH
Everything okay?

TEMPLE
Neighbor. We uh, don't get along.

Delilah hums. Dries her hands and pulls Temple into a hug.

DELILAH
All right, baby. Super Shuttle's
here. Say a prayer with your old,
tired Momma before I go.

Delilah presses their foreheads together. Holds Temple like a precious thing.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(in prayer)
*May the Lord bless you and keep
you. May He make His face to shine
upon you, and be gracious to you.
May He lift up His countenance upon
you, and give you peace.*

TEMPLE
Amen.

Delilah leaves a kiss between Temple's eyebrows.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
Text me before you take off and
when you land.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
Don't work too hard.

DELILAH
Don't work too hard.

INT. ANIMATION STUDIO - EDITING BAY - DAY

Where Temple works for a kids show called "FOREST BEARS" -- peep the POSTERS and MOCK-UPS on the wall for confirmation.

She animates a panel. Couple of clicks and the bears DANCE.

CO-WORKER (PRE-LAP)
Temple Wilde, brings things alive
with her mind.

He sidles in with an extra cup of coffee for her.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
Did you sleep last night?

TEMPLE
Who needs sleep when you have
deadlines?

He snorts on his way out.

CO-WORKER
Keep it *uppp*.

Bored with the bears now, Temple digs a worn SKETCHBOOK out the pile of panels on her desk. Her own work is DARK, STILL LIFE, PENCIL-HEAVY.

She flips to a half-done drawing of the ocean. The waves, furious. She shades in some more angry waves, then flips through the pages to watch them THRASH.

SOUND UP: THAT *THUMP THUMP THUMP* OF WATERY EDM [PRE-LAP]

INT. BASEMENT - POP-UP ART SHOW - NIGHT

One of those bizarre events you only find in LA. Half-classy art pop-up, half-dance party. Everyone's beautiful, well-moisturized and lightweight nude.

Temple arrives, holds at the door to check her ringing phone. ON THE SCREEN: DELILAH CALLING. Temple hit DECLINE.

She finds Wyatt in the crowd where he's talking to a group of people gathered around his futuristic installation piece. Temple slips in. He beams to see her.

WYATT
Baby! You made it. Let's drink
someone else's bodyweight in
alcohol because mine would kill us.

He pulls her through a crowded aisle of colorful art installations toward the bar.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Nia on her way?

A ROWDY GROUP OF GIRLS, 20s, charge through. The drunkest of them all uses Temple to steady herself.

BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Once reunited, with Wyatt, Temple reveals...

TEMPLE
Umm, we broke up this morning.

WYATT

What? You broke up with a lawyer?
Girl, we gotta unpack your choices.

TEMPLE

She doesn't get me.

The rowdy crew squeezes in beside them at the bar. Temple protects her drink from flailing arms.

WYATT

Don't give me that bullshit. You always wait for the girl you're dating to fuck up, then you go, *"Okay great, now I can reupholster the carpet in my comfy closet."* Nothing ever gets serious and you never have to tell Delilah who's like, waiting around for you to bring some lumberjack home. You should feel shitty lying to her.

He punctuates this read by downing his drink.

TEMPLE

Are you done?

WYATT

I'll probably encore.

TEMPLE

I did come out, Wyatt. When I was sixteen, I told my sister I'm queer and in love and she told me I can't be because God loves me too much.

Wyatt short-circuits from this information.

WYATT

AC, the sister you don't... talk to anymore...

TEMPLE

August, GA, baby.

WYATT

So many things suddenly making so much sense.

Well, that kills the mood.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, that's --

Our favorite drunk bar-neighbor lets out an obnoxious cackle

and upends the remainder of her drink onto Temple's sleeve.

BAR GIRL
OH MY GOD! I'm so sorry! It's my
friend's birthday.

She drunkenly uses her hands to tend to the stain.

TEMPLE
Oh, it's your friend's birthday? Of
course it's okay to act like an
asshole, then.

Somehow scathing sarcasm is charming to this girl. She and Temple get a good look at each other. Temple softens.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
It's actually okay. For real.

BAR GIRL
Are you sure? I got you all wet.

WYATT
Oh please.

Temple reaches over Wyatt to steal napkins. He glares.

WYATT (CONT'D)
The attorney gets walking papers
but this one's a prize?

TEMPLE
Give me a little credit?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - LATER

Temple and the bar girl make a racket, trying to get inside the loft and devour each other simultaneously.

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - TEMPLE'S ROOM - LATER

Bar girl sleeps. Temple, ongoing victim of insomnia, stares at the ceiling, mentally questioning her choices.

SOUND: Temple's phone RINGS. ON THE SCREEN: DELILAH CALLING.

Temple jumps to answer.

TEMPLE (PHONE)
It's late there. Can't sleep?

Delilah doesn't say anything for a long beat.

TEMPLE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Momma?

AC (O.S.)(PHONE)

I had to make sure you would
answer.

A voice she hasn't heard in ten years. HER SISTER, ANNA-CHLOE. Now, she sounds raw, broken.

Temple's blood runs cold.

AC (O.S.)(PHONE) (CONT'D)

Momma... had a heart attack
tonight. She um... Temple, oh God.

Her voice breaks.

Temple loses grip on the phone. As it HITS THE FLOOR --

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. WYATT'S CAR - DAY

Wyatt drives Temple to the airport. She's as stiff and silent as a Magritte figure in the passenger seat.

He steals looks at her. Wants to say something, *anything* -- any offer of intimacy would do really -- but there's nothing to say. And as we watch his struggle, for a moment, we wonder if it's worst to be the friend.

EXT. LAX - TERMINAL - OUTSIDE WYATT'S CAR - DAY

Wyatt scrambles around to open Temple's door before she can reach for it herself. Hauls her bags out of the trunk before she can get to them.

WYATT

You should have plenty of time
before your flight to... Call me if
you just wanna talk...

(then)

Okay. Umm. Okay.

He pulls her into a hug. Temple lets him, but can't bring herself to hug back.

EXT. AUGUSTA, GA - DAY

Establish small-town, Southern Baptist, good-ol'-[you could insert a variety of stuff here]. Temple's plane LANDS --

INT. AUGUSTA REGIONAL AIRPORT (AGS) - LATER

Temple crosses baggage claim toward the exit doors... The closer she gets, the harder it becomes to take another step. All she can remember is why she fled this town.

TEMPLE'S POV

Anxiety gets the best of her, playing with her perception --

The double-doors appear larger. DAUNTING.

She can't do this.

Temple ducks into --

INT. BATHROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

We listen to her ragged breathing as she struggles to pull herself together.

EXT. AUGUSTA REGIONAL AIRPORT (AGS) - PICK-UP LANE - DAY

Temple emerges, only slightly better composed. She scans for AC.

LAND ON: OTTO, 30s, white, AC's husband. He's the picture of 60s hippie with waist-length hair.

Temple approaches, expecting AC to appear at any moment... But she never does. Otto's alone.

Otto beams at first -- can't believe he's finally seeing her again after all this time. Then he remembers why she's here. He pulls her into a warm hug.

TEMPLE

Where's AC?

OTTO

She had to stay behind with Tarzan.
He got knocked down at practice.
Tarzan's our --

He catches himself. Of course she knows who Tarzan is -- or does she? *This is a nightmare.*

OTTO (CONT'D)

You remember Tarzan. Grew up into a golden retriever while you were away. You'll like him.

(then)

AC can't wait to see you, Temp.

Temple tosses her bag in the car before Otto can take it.

TEMPLE

Yeah.

EXT. CLAY HOUSE - DAY

FLY OVER AUGUSTA UNTIL WE DESCEND TOWARD

AC's beautiful, suburban riverfront dream as Otto pulls up the winding driveway and parks. Check out the pretty white gate and well-maintained garden. AC's all about perfection.

Otto waves to MS. CAROL, 60, a power-walking grandmother circling the riverfront.

And here come the 2.5 kids (well, 1.5). First up is OTTO JR., 8, lovingly called TARZAN by his family and therefore, us. He's all wild limbs and hair, with a tendency to leap, barrel and roll into rooms like well, Tarzan. He charges past Temple for Otto --

OTTO

Tarzan, you come speak to your Aunt Temple, what's wrong with you.

Tarzan and Temple aren't sure what to make of each other.

TARZAN

Your hair's funny.

OTTO

That is not what I had in mind.

TEMPLE

No funnier than yours.

Tarzan shrugs as if to say, *not bad. Respect.*

TARZAN

Do you like basketball? We have 2K on XBox.

TEMPLE

I'm not very good.

TARZAN

I'll show you. It's easy.

(re: Otto)

Can I go now?

Otto cracks a smile.

OTTO

Sure, go on.

DAVINA, 17, their oldest, emerges from the garage. The way she looks exactly like Temple and nothing like Otto tips us off that he's only her step-Dad.

And she's STRIKING. Lithe, confident with big, alert eyes; bigger emo hair and retro combat boots. She *stomps* past Temple to the car without slowing for a proper greeting.

DAVINA

Hey.

TEMPLE

Hey.

The front door opens as they approach. Temple slows. Otto takes her shoulder, gently but firmly guiding her forward: *you can do this*.

AC, now 36, appears on the doorstep. She's soft-spoken and conservative. At the moment, ashen.

AC

...Hey, scoot.

Temple doesn't expect to thaw. She's on autopilot as she crosses toward AC. AC pulls Temple into her, kissing Temple's cheeks and forehead as if the years between them are nothing.

Davina pauses at the car to watch. Otto takes her shoulder to show comfort. But she shrugs him off.

AC releases Temple. Smooths down her hair and clothes, taking in the new version of her sister -- *colorful, creative... queer*.

AC (CONT'D)

All grown up. Um. I'll show you
where everything is and we can --

OTTO

Make a plan.

What hangs unsaid: *for the rest of your motherless lives*.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside is quaint, homey and God-fearing. She can barely go a step in one direction without bumping into a bible or cross.

It snaps Temple right back to the reality of where she stands with AC. It hardens her.

Temple peruses family photos and artifacts --

That picture hangs. Delilah's cell phone screensaver. AC has it hanging in her house.

AC doesn't notice Temple's fixation.

AC
You should eat something. You haven't eaten.

TEMPLE
You never showed at the airport.

AC
Hmm? Oh, I had to go get Tarzan. Otto was there, though, right?

Temple picks up a battered bible. AC is quick to take it.

AC (CONT'D)
Careful. That's really old.

AC handles it with care as she tucks it back into place.

TEMPLE
You don't know.

AC
Hmm?

TEMPLE
You don't know if I've eaten.

AC
Well, I'd like to feed you anyway. I made Momma's ranch pot roast for the first time the other night. The kids actually said mine came out okay. You wanna try it?

TEMPLE
(moving past AC)
I'm not hungry --

Delilah's wallet on the counter. They both pause.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

AC, full of emotion, watches Temple comb through Delilah's wallet and affects. The messy receipts stuffed into the side-pocket. An old keyring bursting with so many keys it seems to be begging for mercy. A sassy shade of lipstick she never wore. The million little details that make up a person.

TEMPLE

Look at these, \$5.07 every morning
at Einstein's.

AC

Had to have her morning bagel.
Here, I'll put all the receipts in
a little bag --

Temple pulls them out of her reach.

TEMPLE

She didn't need to be fixed.

AC appears a little ashamed by her own instincts.

AC

Tea? I'll make some tea.

She gets busy putting on the kettle. She likes being busy.
It relaxes her mind.

AC (CONT'D)

You know, she would call me every
morning at Einstein's. I got used
to hearing her voice before work. I
was gonna try to get her to quit
that job, though. She had to work
so hard.

TEMPLE

Why didn't you?

AC

I have a husband, kids, a house to
maintain. It wasn't always on my
mind.

TEMPLE

Impressive priorities.

AC

I was here every day with Momma,
taking her out to lunch, doing her
laundry, fixing her car, paying her
bills when she couldn't while you
were galavanting in LA --

TEMPLE

Working in LA. So I could pull her
out of this. Meanwhile, you had one
fucking job, keep her alive until I
could come get her and you couldn't
even do that.

Temple realizes what she said.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean that.

It doesn't lessen the sting. They both know she did.

INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER

AC opens drawers for Temple to put her things away, but her body language is tenser. The weight of Temple's earlier comments weigh on her.

AC
Look, I'm not trying to pretend we haven't spoken in ten years, but the bottom line is, we're the only people we have left. I know you have your friends and... people that you date... but none of them know exactly what it feels like to lose our Momma. That's just you and me. I want us to start over.

TEMPLE
You're right.

AC sighs, relieved.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
So the plan. We need to pack up the house and put everything in storage.

AC
Pick the church, the pastor and cemetery -- there's a memorial ground ten minutes from here that's really pretty. We should go up there and talk to them.

TEMPLE
Momma always wanted to be buried in Dublin next to Nana.

AC
Dublin is two hours away. I don't want her so far from us that the kids never get to visit her.

TEMPLE
She wanted one thing from us.

AC wrestles with that. Decides to maintain the peace.

AC
Okay, fine. We'll drive up there
next week and --

TEMPLE
I leave Sunday.

AC
Sunday? As in six days from now?
You'll have to get a later flight.

TEMPLE
I'm leaving Sunday. I have things
to get back to. People wondering
where I am --

AC
Tell them you're with family --

TEMPLE
I said I'd help. But I leave in six
days.

AC
I knew you were angry with me, but
I didn't know you hated me.

TEMPLE
Jesus, this is not about you. It's
been ten years.

AC
Why do you never want to talk about
how you feel? You can be angry. I'm
angry, too. Let's just have a real
conversation about it.

Temple scoffs.

TEMPLE
I'm not angry -- wait, what are you
angry about?

AC stops short of answering. *That* can't go anywhere good.

AC
Nothing. I just... This is
stressful. I'm stressed. If you
wanna bury Momma in Dublin, that's
what we'll do. Cherry can help. She
still talks to those people.

Temple scoffs.

TEMPLE

So she can turn this into the
Cherry show?

AC

Guess so. If you leave Sunday.

Temple refuses to give AC the satisfaction of calling her bluff.

TEMPLE

All right, then. Guess so.

AC

We'll talk to all the aunts about
it tomorrow night at dinner.

Temple steps aside as AC crosses for the door. AC nearly goes for a hug but Temple stiffens. It's awkward, hurtful.

AC (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

TEMPLE

Hey. I... I am sorry.

AC waits.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

For your loss. She was your Mom,
too. I know that. Goodnight.

It takes AC a bewildered moment before she remembers to leave.

As Temple crumbles onto the bed, face in-hand --

INT. AC AND OTTO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOUND: "Ascension" by Maxwell

Davina plays the song on her phone, swaying to the beat as AC detangles and moisturizes her pretty hair.

DAVINA

Remember when this came on in
Marshall's and Grandma tried to
start a dance off? You were so
embarrassed. Ma? Are you listening?

But AC's lost in thought. Davina gives her a hard nudge.

AC

Hmm? I'm sorry, sweetie.

DAVINA

I said this was Grandma's favorite song but your old behind was probably at the club trying to dance to it, too. Scam a husband.

AC

How old do you think I am?

AC reaches to poke a squirming Davina with the comb.

OTTO

Hey, we having a dance party?

Otto crosses to take down the bed. Does a little hip shake for AC's amusement. Davina turns the music off.

OTTO (CONT'D)

How'd it go with Temple?

AC

She's "sorry for my loss."

Otto's expression agrees that's a low-blow.

AC (CONT'D)

Now she's on this kick about burying Momma in Dublin.

DAVINA

Dublin? We'll never see her, dude.

AC

Temple won't budge even a little bit. And she's always been this way, even when she was a kid.

(re: Otto)

Did she tell you she was leaving Sunday?

OTTO

She didn't say much of anything.

AC shakes her head. Gets going on a tangle.

AC

And she's angry, even though she's saying she isn't.

OTTO

She thinks by moving your Mom to Dublin, she's putting distance between herself and us.

(MORE)

OTTO (CONT'D)
So when she comes to town to see
Delilah, she won't have to see us,
too. It's a permanent sever.

DAVINA
(re: brushing)
Careful, Ma...

AC
Which is exactly why I have to go
along with it. If I push too hard,
that wall's never coming back down.
I've seen it before.
(re: the tangle)
It just won't give.

DAVINA
Well, maybe you're trying too hard.

AC
Pass the shea butter.

DAVINA
Whatever did happen with you guys?

AC
(pointedly to Davina)
I made some choices in youth that
came back to bite me on the butt.

Davina passes the shea butter with an eye roll.

AC (CONT'D)
And she never forgave me.

AC stops suddenly to shake her head at Otto. Just, so
fucking bewildered.

AC (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss. My sister
said that to me.

Otto comes around to squeeze AC's shoulder.

AC (CONT'D)
I don't even think she wants to
forgive me.

DAVINA
Should she?

AC
The Lord teaches forgiveness.

DAVINA
That wasn't my question.

OTTO
Hey, she's here for the next few days. You have some time, maybe something will give.

OTTO (CONT'D)
We'll all be supportive. Won't we Davina?

AC holds Davina's hair back to find her eyes.

DAVINA
Sure. I'll keep my opinion to myself. No one listens anyway.

SOUND: Davina's phone DINGS with an alert.

AC tries to sneak a look at the screen. Davina pointedly blocks her view.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

An exhausted, but painfully awake Temple, tosses and turns as she slips in and out of consciousness.

It fills the room with a trancelike energy.

Temple's eyes peel open for quick moments here and there, casting shades of purple and blue on the wall. Then shadows.

Then *Delilah's* shadow.

DELILAH
Don't leave me. Stay awake.

Temple SNAPS awake. Disappointed it wasn't real as reality rushes back. Sleep will never come here.

EXT. AUGUSTA - RIVERFRONT - DAY

The sun shines, but the waves seem irritable.

INT. DELILAH'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WE PAN THROUGH Delilah's home, past a charming clutter of thrift store gems -- most things, vintage collectibles. Temple's diplomas, certificates and meaningless childhood accomplishments proudly on display in gold frames.

The walls and shelves are filled in with family photos: AC's kids at various ages; AC and Temple together up to Temple's teenage years where AC then disappears; Delilah's sisters;

their kids; Temple's grandmother; GENERATIONS. Intersecting lifetimes, some of which are already over and the rest will be over in the blink of an eye.

Temple finds Delilah's WORK JACKET slung over a chair. She feels overwhelmed as she gathers it in her hands.

AC tries to touch Temple's shoulder. Temple shakes her off, steps away.

DAVINA

Temple, I think this is yours.

Davina brings over a box labeled "TEMPLE HS."

Temple explores, pulls out a folded broken EASEL.

AC

Aww, your easel! You took that thing everywhere.

Temple cuts her eyes at AC but doesn't comment. Keeps exploring -- old glasses, old kicks (Vans, of course). Collections of handwritten essays and letters. A bible signed to Temple from Delilah: *"To my baby. God loves you and I do, too! :)"* She pushes past to --

An old SKETCHBOOK. She flips through. **We catch glimpses of a basket of apples; a beautiful TEEN GIRL with shaved sides, a faceless woman wearing a bold sweater made of patches of comic book panels; a boutique of gardenias.**

TEMPLE

I can't believe she kept this.

AC

She kept everything you ever touched.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Otto puts final touches on the table setting.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - TARZAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

AC sifts through Tarzan's clothes.

TARZAN

Can I wear this?

Tarzan rounds in wearing an oversized basketball jersey.

AC

No.

She keeps looking. Picks out a cute Polo.

AC (CONT'D)
Here.

TARZAN
I hate that shirt, it's itchy.

AC
Your Grandma gave that to you. Put
it on.

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE KITCHEN - LATER

Temple pauses outside the kitchen at the sound of --

TEMPLE'S POV

Davina and AC bickering at the island counter.

AC
Let's just make an appointment to
talk before making a snap decision.
What if I'd done that you?

DAVINA
You'd look crazy talking to
yourself right now.

AC
Everything's a joke still, huh?

Temple announces herself with a loud entrance.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

AC switches like everything's fine when Temple arrives.

AC
Hey there.

Davina shakes her head at AC's pretense. Turns EMO HIP-HOP
up louder.

OTTO
(crossing through)
Davina, you mind turning that down?

DAVINA
*If Young Metro don't trust you I'm
gon' shoot you.*

Temple watches the slight, intrigued. AC's unamused.

AC
That's enough. Go get dressed.

DAVINA
(DIRECTLY into AC's ear)
METRO BOOMIN WANT SOME MORE, NIG --

AC
Davina!

Temple stifles a laugh as Davina shoulders past her and out the kitchen. Amused by AC's visible stress.

AC (CONT'D)
I heard you moving around last night. Did you sleep okay?

As she puts on a pot of coffee,

TEMPLE
Like a rock.

SOUND: DOORBELL

AC
Ready for this?

They brace themselves.

SOUND UP: Kanye West's "Ultralight Beam" over MONTAGE --

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Extended WILDES cycle in a melancholic, but joyful reunion. An emotional exchange of sympathies, hugs, kisses.

SHOTS AND SHOTS OF AC AND TEMPLE SMOTHERED IN AFFECTION:

CHERRY WILDE, 60s, unmarried and the OLDEST, holds AC's head to her chest.

ATHENA RICCI, 50s, other-worldly, with a gorgeous ITALIAN HUSBAND, 50s, in-tow, kisses Temple's knuckles.

DIXIE KIM, 50s, accompanied by her KOREAN HUSBAND, 50s, and TWIN DAUGHTERS, 20, gives AC and Temple an impassioned speech that we can't hear.

Everyone cries, hugs, prays and is just "so sorry" for each other's "loss." AC finds recharge, but for Temple --

It's too fucking much.

Temple fizzles to the edge of the busyness. She slumps to a chair. ZONES OUT.

"Healing" plays out in the b.g. But somehow, even with all these people, Temple is ALONE.

AS WE MOVE IN ON HER GLASSY, DAZED EYES -- AS WE FIND THE BEST ANGLE TO CAPTURE THIS PAIN --

DELILAH SLIDES INTO FRAME.

DELILAH
Don't you hate these people?

As a STARTLED Temple turns sharply toward Delilah,

HARD CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

PAN AROUND THE TABLE. Everyone holds hands, heads bowed in prayer as Cherry leads us --

CHERRY
*May those hands and our hands,
bodies too, be well and quick to
heal... Blessed be our friends, our
families, and all of our loved
ones...*

Well, everyone except for Temple who looks around blankly. Her hands are limp in Athena's and Dixie's on either side.

Delilah, in a bold sweater covered in delightful comic book panels, matches her body language (**Note: This projection of Delilah is always Temple's mirror in style and disposition**). They have so many notes.

DELILAH
Look at AC.

Tears stream down AC's cheeks as she clutches Cherry's hand.

TEMPLE
She always needed someone to cling
to in crisis.

DELILAH
Well, her core's been rocked. The
God she loved so unwaveringly took
her mother. Now, she's questioning
everything.

CHERRY
And everybody say Amen.

THE TABLE
Amen./Yes, God./Amen.

Cherry and AC wipe each other's tears away.

DELILAH
You know I never liked Cherry.

TEMPLE
You said she was a bully when you
guys were growing up.

DELILAH
Mhm. The crazy one. Demanding,
overbearing, volatile. You don't
really notice until --

CHERRY
Y'all ain't put no bacon in this
cabbage? I gotta come over here and
teach y'all how to cook.

Temple and Delilah share a look: *the Cherry show*.

DELILAH
But then again, the one with balls.

ATHENA
We took a red-eye in from New York.
You know I was on my way as soon as
I got your call.

Athena takes AC's hand.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Nobody likes to talk about it, but
we know how expensive a service is.
We're here to help, okay?
(a whisper)
I brought my checkbook.

DAVINA
Venmo's easier.

Delilah leans over to Temple...

DELILAH
I used to call her Glinda the Good
Witch. Always here to help. But
after Nana died?
(scoff)
Miss Glinda moved to London and
we'd be lucky to see her ass once a
year.

AC
The insurance company said --

CHERRY

You can't trust a damn word the insurance company say, baby. Ever. Thank the Lord we got here just in time.

(aside to Athena)

Mildred's son, you remember Ronnie? He's the gravedigger over in Dublin now. He'll do it at a discount.

ATHENA

Oh, perfect.

Delilah nudges Temple, *what'd I tell you?*

DIXIE

It don't feel like it now, but I promise y'all, this too shall pass. We've been through it. You heal. Life goes on.

Temple and Davina (and Delilah unbeknownst to Davina) share a look of WTFness.

DELILAH

She thinks she's helping. The logical one. She doesn't even realize all that straight talk just makes everyone feel disposable.

CHERRY

Dix, remind me, first thing tomorrow, I gotta call Pastor LeRoy. He'll do the service.

ATHENA

Does Patty still sing in the choir?

CHERRY

Lemme find out.

It's kind of comforting watching them mobilize. Do something. *Change* something.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

We got this, babies. Don't worry.

AC avoids Temple's probing eyes.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The room hums with a whimsical, dreamlike energy.

QUICK TIME CUTS of Temple and Delilah "catching up." They

laugh, talk, dance. Putting the moon to sleep and waking the sun up for day.

Eventually, Temple's restlessness wanes.

Delilah starts to FADE.

TEMPLE

No, no, no, don't leave me. Please
don't leave me.

DELILAH

Then don't leave me. Stay awake.

TEMPLE

I promise.

INT. CAFÉ - COUNTER - MORNING

TEMPLE

Single shot of espresso -- double,
actually. Double-shot.

EXT. CLAY HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - DAY

MS. CAROL, our notorious power-walker, lifts her five-pound weights with perfect form as she clears the bank.

Temple passes her, walking alone. Eyes glassy from another night with no sleep. She sips her ESPRESSO.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

Temple looks back, but there's nothing there. She looks down at her own feet crunching over dying leaves -- she can't be that out of it can she?

She shakes it off, keeps going.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, FASTER

TEMPLE

(hesitant)
...Momma?

DAVINA

What?

Temple turns. DAVINA trails in sleepwear and combat boots, drinking coffee. Intrigued by Temple's energy.

TEMPLE

I want to be alone.

DAVINA

I take my coffee outside, though.

Temple keeps walking. Davina follows.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

It's funny. At first, you give off this vibe that you're so cool and like, over-everything, but you're pretty anxious, awkward and weird.

TEMPLE

Okay. Thanks.

DAVINA

I just wanted to make sure you weren't fleeing the state before the funeral.

Temple bristles. Faces Davina.

TEMPLE

You were like a fetus when I left. I'm not sure you should be forming attitude about what happened.

DAVINA

I know why you wanna bury Grandma all the way in Dublin.

TEMPLE

It's what she wanted.

DAVINA

What's up with you and Ma?

TEMPLE

What's up with you and Otto?

Davina appears surprised Temple noticed. She shifts, discomfited by the topic and showing her seventeen years.

DAVINA

He thinks he can tell me what to do.

TEMPLE

He can't?

Davina gets frazzled.

DAVINA

Whatever, I don't want Grandma in Dublin. We'll never see her.

(MORE)

DAVINA (CONT'D)
(then)
I wanna see her.

That actually weighs on Temple. She softens.

TEMPLE
It's what she wanted. Don't we all
deserve the last thing we'll ever
get the chance to want?

DAVINA
I just don't wanna forget her.

TEMPLE
Me either.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

QUICK CUTS of Temple and Delilah. Still happy. Still dancing. In their own little world.

Nothing can get to them here.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Families pack the stadium. Kids pour onto the field. Temple marvels at the expanding crowd.

AC (PRE-LAP)
Friday night in Augusta.

INT. BASEBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

DAVINA
Because God hates us.

AC and Otto lead Temple -- who's sipping on an ENERGY DRINK -
- up the stadium while Davina trails behind them, texting.
AC finds TARZAN on the field down below --

AC
Tie your shoes!
(re: Temple)
Tarzan always pitches. Last week,
he hit a grand slam. Sometimes I
think the other kids get jealous.

OTTO
The parents, too.

Small-town gossip. Temple fights the urge to roll her eyes.

TEMPLE
Uh-huh.

AC clocks how Temple's guzzling that energy drink like water. A lack-of-sleep bender showing under her eyes.

AC
You sleep okay, scoot?

TEMPLE
I'm gonna explore.

She moves off.

Otto gives AC a supportive squeeze.

EXT. SNACK STAND - LATER

Temple tries to walk off some of that weird energy. Around her, people gather in growing food lines. They all seem so content here. This is just life, as small and slow as it is.

A TRIO OF UNIFORMED PLAYERS, 6-7, BUMP Temple as they race toward the field.

YA-YA
Sorry, lady!

The only girl, a lanky fireball, waves her apology to Temple before continuing on roughhousing with the boys.

Temple can't stop staring. There's something familiar about her, her face, her mannerisms, that rough-and-tumble...

Shit. Temple's features loosen to dread as she realizes --

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - STADIUM - LATER

TEMPLE
Whose kid is that?

Temple rounds in front of AC and Otto. Points TO THE FIELD where Ya-Ya crosses to the pitcher's mound, bat in-tow.

AC, realizing Temple means Ya-Ya, shrinks, guilty.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
I knew it.

Her rising voice, agitated all the more by her jittery nerves, draws nearby eyes. Otto, dreading a scene, reaches for Temple's arm.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
How do you not tell me Belle's kid
is here?

OTTO

Let's talk about it later, Temp --

AC

Because I never know where the land-mine is with you.

Temple sobers. Remembers where she is. She takes a seat.

AC and Otto share a worried look.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The VOLUNTEER PITCHER, 30s, joins Ya-Ya on the field. It's clear he isn't thrilled with the inclusion of a girl.

VOLUNTEER PITCHER

Hurry up. We don't have all day.

BELLE (O.S.)

Block out all the noise, Ya-Ya.
Remember what we talked about.

BELLE EADIE, 27, Ya-Ya's Mom and by the way Temple's looking at her, Temple's Achilles' Heel. Bohemian, rock kid with an UNDER-SHAVE, a snapback and hardcore cleats.

Belle and Ya-Ya pull in for a demonstration on form.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Eyes always on the ball, all right?
Do that thing.

Everyone moves into position.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

The pitcher throws Ya-Ya an aggressive curveball ball. She KNOCKS it out of the park -- it SAILS over the fence.

Ya-Ya flies down the bases, shaking and dodging boys scattering to out-throw or out-run her and failing. She rounds third base and:

It's a HOMERUN. The crowd CHEERS.

Temple stands with the crowd. The excitement, the adrenaline, the energy is contagious and she finds herself just as absorbed.

And as Belle celebrates, SHE SEES TEMPLE --

And everything stops.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

The crowd disperses, packing it in for the night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Temple and Belle take an unhurried walk together.

It's been so long since they've seen each other, neither really knows what to do. History exposed in every awkward moment and stilted silence.

TEMPLE

Big as Augusta is, it's actually kinda small.

BELLE

I was hoping I'd bump into you while you were in town. I thought about calling but... I didn't know how happy you'd be about that.

(then)

I know I didn't handle everything beautifully and you're probably still upset but --

TEMPLE

It's crazy that everyone thinks I've just been obsessing over them for years. Shocking though it may be, I have new things on my mind.

Belle absorbs that.

BELLE

Okay. Good. I'm glad.

Another stilted silence. Temple pockets her hands and stays stiff like that. Notices Ya-Ya playing just over Belle's shoulder. It blows her mind all over again.

TEMPLE

So you have a kid. A whole, living person.

Belle brightens at mention of Ya-Ya, but with a bittersweetness underneath that suggests this is a painful topic between them.

BELLE

Yeah, she exists. Not only in my mind. What do we think of her?

TEMPLE

She's tall.

BELLE
You called it.

TEMPLE
How's Dad?

Belle kicks a muddy spot of dirt under her shoe.

BELLE
Good. I think. He's at Ft. Jackson.
We divorced maybe a hundred years
ago? Something like that.

TEMPLE
Just think, before then, he
mattered so much.

BELLE
I'd like to see you while you're
here. You can hang out with Ya-Ya,
who's as abrasive and self-involved
as any seven-year-old.

TEMPLE
I'm gone Sunday.

That's a surprise.

BELLE
That's soon. Shouldn't you be with
your family for a while?

TEMPLE
(softly)
I should go.

Temple turns off --

BELLE
I did try to call you a few times.
I left messages. Whenever I saw
Delilah at the grocery store or AC
at practice, it's like, "Hey, tell
Temple I said hi." Any of that get
to you?

TEMPLE
Some of it. And thanks. It was good
to see you, Belle.

Belle blows her a kiss. Rejoins Ya-Ya.

YA-YA
Did you see me? Did you see me?

BELLE
I didn't, I actually took a nap
instead but I heard you did okay!

Ya-Ya laughs as Belle tries to tickle her.

Temple doesn't notice AC watching her watch Belle.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Temple, bloodshot eyes, stares at the ceiling.

DELILAH APPEARS IN FRAME as she lays down next to Temple,
their heads side by side.

TEMPLE
Wanna take a walk?

DELILAH
I'm down.

SOUND UP: Muffled first chords of "For the Love of You"...

Temple and Delilah both pique.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
That's our jam!

INT. CLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

AC
Turn it up! Don't talk trash and
then try to hide the music.

AC and Otto dance while Davina hangs her head in
embarrassment and Tarzan giggles.

Temple draws closer, watching from the archway. Even she
can't fight a smile.

Delilah slips past Temple and joins AC and Otto, unbeknownst
to them. AC and Delilah mirror each other. They could easily
be Delilah and Temple on the beach.

It's a moment that reminds Temple how connected she and AC
are. She can't run from it, she can't stomach it.

And it's infuriating.

Temple abruptly crosses through the kitchen for the
backdoor.

AC (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, Temple, you remember this
song?

(MORE)

AC (CONT'D)
Come dance with us -- wait, where
are you going? You shouldn't be out
this late.

TEMPLE
(scary nothingness in her
voice)
Who cares what happens to me?

AC
Me, Temple. I care.

But Temple's already out the door.

AC turns her alarm to the family. Even Davina's expression
doesn't betray the shared feeling.

EXT. CLAY HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

Temple and Delilah take a walk together.

They crosses through a phalanx of dead trees where it breaks
out into the lake. Temple's boots sink into the muddy shore.
It's quiet. The water's still.

TEMPLE
You raised a real piece of work.
All AC wants is for everyone else
to rearrange their lives to suit
her needs.

DELILAH
Trash. Can you believe her calling
us angry?

TEMPLE
Right? Like it hasn't been ten
years. Please.

DELILAH
Whatever, we got what we want.

A needle-thin river snakes through the grass.

Delilah kneels to inspect the water. Her hands slips right
through, a reminder she isn't there.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
That's all that matters.

INT. DELILAH'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Temple goes through the "TEMPLE HS" box. Fishes out books,
notebooks, posters, a collection of OLD PHOTOS --

ON TOP: YOUNG BELLE (with shaved sides) AND TEMPLE, ALL SMILES. CLOCK BELLE'S CHEERLEADING UNIFORM.

DAVINA (O.S.)
Ha! You hung out with a
cheerleader? Embarrassing.

Temple jumps, startled, then nudges her away.

TEMPLE
She hung out with me.

Davina joins to flip through the photos and sketchbooks.

DAVINA
You drew this?

TEMPLE
Yeah.

DAVINA
Grandma was always talking about
how dope your stuff is.

TEMPLE
I'm not sure I even deserved it.

DAVINA
Dark, dude. She was proud of you.

TEMPLE
Who she thought I was --
(catches herself)
There's a lot I should've said that
I didn't, that she deserved to
hear. And that's on me.

DAVINA
It's never too late to start being
who you wanna be.

TEMPLE
Look around you. This is the
definition of too late.

AC bumbles in, struggling to keep a big box upright.

AC
Don't worry, Davina, I don't need
any help -- oh, Temple. I thought
you were sleeping in.

AC sets the box down.

AC (CONT'D)

Cherry called this morning. Says Pastor LeRoy's gonna do the service. She wants us to drive down to Dublin with them tomorrow. She's taking us to dinner tonight to "tell us" the plan.

TEMPLE

Any surprise guests? Belle maybe? Or that kid from third grade who wore mirrors on his shoes and liked to push me down at recess.

AC ignores the dig.

AC

Just us and the aunts. We'll share some funny stories, you know, like a memorial. It'll be nice.

TEMPLE

An entire night of Cherry's messy ass shading Momma?

AC

Cherry loved Momma. Family isn't perfect, you know. We don't love perfectly. Doesn't mean we don't love.

DAVINA

I read that death either brings people super tight together or ruins their relationships forever.

It's quiet a beat.

AC

Frog Hollow at eight on the dot. And let's not make it into a production? Let's try to have a nice night. And Davina, I want your room and car spotless before we go. I'm tired of repeating myself.

Davina rolls her eyes as AC crosses out.

DAVINA

She's always telling somebody what to do and where to be.

TEMPLE

This is gonna be a fucking nightmare.

DAVINA
You'll need a buffer for sure.

Davina makes a photo of Temple and Belle dance.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
Know what would be hi-larious? Ma's
face if Belle was there tonight.

TEMPLE
Why would that be hilarious?

DAVINA
I mean, she didn't tell you Belle
was gonna be at Tarzan's game. You
don't tell her Belle's gonna be at
dinner tonight. I'm messy, though.

TEMPLE
Yeah, well, unfortunately for you,
everyone isn't a teenager who loves
drama. All I want is for this to go
smoothly so I can go home. The last
thing I care about is beefing with
AC. We're both adults and we're
gonna act like adults.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FROG HOLLOW - NIGHT

Augustans dine on a patio overlooking wrestling waves.

We find Temple tossing an EMPTY ENERGY DRINK BOTTLE, then
pacing the deck.

BELLE arrives to greet her, Ya-Ya dancing around her feet.

TEMPLE	BELLE
You made it.	Hey, babe.

YA-YA
Umm, I'm here, too!

Temple leans down to greet Ya-Ya as well.

Belle shivers, under-dressed for the wind. Temple gives
Belle her jacket.

BELLE
Should we get a table?

TEMPLE
Well, actually --

AC
Hey, they can seat us but we should
probably wait for Cherry and --

AC and Davina emerge from the restaurant. AC's mood shifts
at the sight of Belle -- and Belle's shifts at her --

Temple, enjoying the egg on AC's face,

TEMPLE
Oh! Sorry, meant to mention I
invited Belle.

AC
You did, huh?

BELLE
Cherry?

TEMPLE
(eyes still on AC)
Yeah, my aunts are coming, too.

BELLE
(not fucking cool)
Cool.

DAVINA
(re: Belle)
Is that your jacket?

Temple and Davina exchange a look.

TEMPLE
It's cold.

DAVINA
I see.

Belle gets her second wind, musters a smile for the family.

BELLE
AC, how are you? Sorry to crash.

AC
No worries. It's nice to see you.

They share an awkward hug.

AC (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take the kids inside.

DAVINA
But you just said we were gonna
wait outside --

AC
Why are you talking back to me?

AC ushers the kids in. As she passes Temple,

AC (CONT'D)
This was supposed to be just
family.

TEMPLE
I would've mentioned it, I just
didn't know how you'd react so...

Davina low-key sniggers in the b.g.

AC takes the jab with silent fury.

Temple smirks, enjoying AC's discomfort. But the look on Belle's face brings her back to Earth. Belle looks so hurt.

Temple's unprepared for the intense feeling of shittiness that lands on her.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I should've told --

BELLE
No, it's fine. You just wanted me
here as a buffer. That's cool.

TEMPLE
No, it's not like that --

BELLE
I'm gonna take off.

YA-YA
But I'm hungry.

CHERRY (O.S.)
Is that Belle Eadie!

Cherry slams her car door closed and rushes toward Temple and Belle, leaving Dixie and Athena in her dust.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Southern Belle from the block!
(re: Ya-Ya)
And who's this angel! Please tell
me y'all stayin' for dinner.

BELLE
Cherry! Of course we are.

Cherry scoops her into a hug. Belle shoots daggers at Temple

over Cherry's shoulder.

TEMPLE
I'm gonna start drinking.

EXT. FROG HOLLOW - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Find everyone snug at a water-side table.

Ya-Ya feeds candles to the waves to watch the flames die.
Belle's nudges to stop go ignored.

CHERRY
We went ahead and ordered roses for
the service this morning.

DAVINA
We said we were gonna get gardenias
cause Grandma loved the smell.

CHERRY
Roses match the casket better,
baby.

DAVINA
When did we pick out a casket?

Davina looks to Temple and AC to step in. AC feigns
disinterest.

AC
I'm good with it if you are,
Temple. Especially since we're on
such limited time.

Temple matches AC's unbothered demeanor.

TEMPLE
I'm all in. Thanks for being
decisive, Cherry.

Davina scoffs at them, frustrated and disappointed.

DIXIE
Okay, okay, okay, enough depressing
business talk. Everybody has to
tell their favorite 'Lilah story.

ATHENA
Y'all remember when she glued her
eyes shut trying to do her nails
that time?

The table erupts in laughter. Even Temple, who'd rather be
lit on fire than at this table, can't fight a smile.

BELLE
To Delilah.

Everyone raises their glass in a toast. Temple finishes her wine in one gulp.

CHERRY
Belle, your little girl is too precious.

BELLE
What do you say, Ya-Ya?

YA-YA
Thank you, ma'am.

Davina funnels candles to Ya-Ya for more fireworks. AC snaps her fingers at Davina to stop, not even remotely amused.

Cherry takes Belle's hand, leans over to whisper --

CHERRY
Her Daddy still in the picture?

BELLE
He's in the picture for Ya-Ya and that's all that matters to me.

CHERRY
I know that's right. If it ain't workin', it's better to end it for the child's sake.

ATHENA
At least you got to marry your high school sweetheart -- how many people can say that?

BELLE
No I didn't, but it's okay.

Temple tops off her own glass.

AC
Cherry, it's your turn. Say a few words about Momma.

CHERRY
So 'Lilah always wanted a bunch of girls. All I heard comin' up -- "I'm gonna take my girls here, gonna buy 'em this." She was so excited when she had AC.

(MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)
We musta bought out the baby store
at the mall. Then she had Temple
and... Well, one outta two ain't
bad!

The aunts share a big laugh, unaware of the awkwardness that
hangs with Temple, AC and Belle.

BELLE
I think Temple came out okay.

ATHENA
She is a doll! She was the sweetest
little girl but... Come on, Temp,
you know the girly stuff wasn't
your thing growing up.

CHERRY
I told 'Lilah about that
alternative parentin'. Just lettin'
them kids run wild, honey. I
thought Temple was worshippin'
Satan at one point. Always locked
away in that room. I don't think
she ever even talked to a boy.

Temple's grip on her glass tightens.

BELLE
Let's talk about something else --

TEMPLE
Cherry, what do you know about
parenting? You don't have kids.
You've never been married -- you
didn't even try.

AC reaches for Temple's arm which only fuels Temple's anger.

CHERRY
What are you tryna say?

The table waits. Belle finds Temple's eyes, silently
pleading, *don't make this worse.*

So she won't. She goes, taking the wine bottle with her.

AC
Temple --

Davina slides out before Belle or AC can.

DAVINA
I'll get her.

AC and Belle don't look soothed. But look away when they accidentally catch eyes.

EXT. FROG HOLLOW - FRONT PATIO - NIGHT

The wind rolls hard over the waves of the waterfront.

Temple, cold without a jacket, chugs wine straight from the bottle. Jittery, anxious, wired.

 DAVINA (O.S.)
You're so gay, dude.

 TEMPLE
What?

Davina looks so smug as she creeps toward Temple.

 DAVINA
You gave her your jacket. That's
fucking gay.

 TEMPLE
She was cold.

 DAVINA
I don't go around giving *my* jacket
to cold bitches.

Facts, though. Temple swigs wine. It's all the confirmation Davina needs and she's oddly excited behind it.

 DAVINA (CONT'D)
Not gonna lie, this is a relief. I
was starting to worry you were like
a serial killer or something. This
is so much better.

 TEMPLE
It is?

 DAVINA
Two of my best friends are gay. I'm
well-versed in the life.

Temple shakes her head. This kid is a migraine.

 DAVINA (CONT'D)
Did Grandma know?

 TEMPLE
 (the alcohol talking)
Nah. I was gonna tell her but your
Mom told me to stay closeted to
make it "easier" for everyone.

DAVINA
What? When?

TEMPLE
Ten years ago.

The pieces click together in Davina's mind.

DAVINA
She didn't tell me that. That's so
fucked.
(then, after a long,
thoughtful beat)
Let's go somewhere.

TEMPLE
Now?

DAVINA
Yeah.

TEMPLE
What kind of "somewhere," though?

DAVINA
A turn up.

Temple laughs. Intrigued despite how bad of an idea this is.

TEMPLE
(the tune of Frank
Ocean's "Solo")
Might lose my jacket?

DAVINA
And hit a solo, ayyyyyy.

TEMPLE
We're in the middle of dinner.

DAVINA
Don't be a nerd. You were on the
edge of cool with the gay thing.

Temple, wrestling --

TEMPLE
Fuck, I can't believe I brought
Belle here like that. I'm gonna
tell her to come with us.

She starts back toward the restaurant.

DAVINA
Dope. Tell Ma and the kids, too,
while you're at it.

TEMPLE
What am I supposed to do?

DAVINA
She'll be fine. Let's go. Come on,
you deserve a real drink.

Temple goes to chug the rest of the wine before remembering her manners and offering the bottle to Davina. Davina politely declines.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
Chug! Chug! Chug! Okay, come on --
we can't miss the train.

Temple flings the bottle to the water --

SOUND UP: Something trippy like Uzi's "Money Longer" over
MUSICAL MONTAGE --

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

PURPLE LIGHTS douse a sea of skin to create a new shade of blue. QUICK CLIPS OF VARIOUS POINTS IN THE NIGHT: AN ANTSY and ERRATIC Temple gives into delirium. A HYPED Davina parties to the brink of collapse.

It's sweaty and manic and FUN.

FORWARD:

A group of late teens, early 20ers, DAVINA'S FRIENDS, surround them. The wiry, nerdy one is MICHAEL, 19, Davina's unexpected boyfriend. He smothers her with kisses.

Davina's friends try to feed them drinks. Davina declines. Temple picks up the slack.

FORWARD:

As Temple and Davina dance --

FIND DELILAH IN THE MIX, throwing that hair around to the rhythm. Temple and Delilah sing the lyrics together, hit matching dances.

Let's just watch them -- the Wilde abandon.

FORWARD:

INT. RAVE - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - LATER

The crew gathers. Michael snaps pictures on his phone --

MICHAEL (V.O.)
You look more like her than even
your Mom, Davy.

He trails his fingers down their noses. Trippin', trippin'.

DAVINA (V.O.)
We're the last living Wildes... Do
you realize that? Davina Wilde.
Temple Wilde.

TEMPLE (V.O.)
What about Cherry?

Shady, long pause.

DAVINA (V.O.)
Do we have to claim her?

Shady, long laugh.

MICHAEL'S POV

MOVE IN ON Davina and Temple's shellac eyes --

QUICK CUTS OF PHOTOS: pressed together; back-to-back;
laughing; panicked; dancing; eyes closed; ears plugged;
tongues out; middle fingers up (Yonce-style); apart. **(Note:
Before each flash, Delilah is there mimicking the girls, but
as soon as the frame freezes into the actual picture, SHE'S
GONE.)**

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SIDEWALK - BACK TO SCENE

QUIET. Every little sound HEIGHTENED. Listen to the wind and the stomp of Temple and Davina's shoes as they clonk down the street, arm-in-arm. DELILAH hangs off Temple as Temple struggles to stay upright. An eery combo of no sleep and just... all of the alcohol, girl.

Davina's friends are behind them, watching but pretending they aren't watching.

DAVINA
Do you have a girlfriend in LA?

TEMPLE
Girls in LA are trash.

DAVINA
That's why you've been talking to
Belle again? Cause small town
chicks are better?

TEMPLE
...No.

DAVINA
Oh so she's trash, too, then?

Temple clocks the shade.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
You were in love with her.

TEMPLE
No I wasn't.
(then)
I mean, yeah, I was. Of course I
was.

DAVINA
Did you tell her?

TEMPLE
She didn't care.

DAVINA
That's wack.

TEMPLE
It was brief.

DAVINA
Well... life is kind of brief. Who
wants Chinese food?

They want Chinese food!

INT. CLAY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Temple barely makes the toilet in time for everything in her
stomach to come heaving up --

INT. SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

The water's so hot it nearly sizzles against Temple's skin.
She slumps against the wall.

SOUND: BANGING ON THE SHOWER WALL

It jars us -- then Temple a beat behind.

AC

Hurry up. We need to leave in ten.

Temple struggles to orientate herself. She can barely think.

AC (CONT'D)

The aunts are gonna meet us in
Dublin to see Momma's plot --
unless you have more plans to party
well into the morning with my 17-
year-old child.

If there was an oven or guillotine nearby, Temple would
stick her head in it.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Temple basically crawls in where Davina eats breakfast and
AC talks with Otto in the phone. Even post-shower --

DAVINA

You look like shit.

AC (PHONE)

It's a long drive so we may be out
there all day. You can pick up
Tarzan, right? Thanks, honey. I'll
talk to you later.

AC notices Temple pouring herself some coffee.

AC (CONT'D)

No, no, you've had enough of that.
You've barely slept.

But Temple's in a foul, acidic mood --

TEMPLE

Jesus, give it a rest. It's a
little late for the big sister act.

Davina cheers in support.

DAVINA

Yeah, bro, you tell her! Woووو.

AC watches Temple move off, concerned. Something's wrong.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRAVELING - DAY

Find AC's Mercedes eating highway alongside puerile business
execs in Teslas, BMWs, Lexuses, Escalades --

EXT. MAIN CITY ROADS - DAY

Farther South, mid-price family cars replace luxury. Hondas, Toyotas, Kias --

EXT. BACKROADS - DAY

The city disintegrates into dirt roads, blanketed by stretches of a gorgeous green landscape. Now we have horses, cows, chickens and tractors as we break into:

EXT. WILDE FAMILY MEMORIAL GROUNDS - DAY

AC's car trails Cherry's down a dank, wet, dirt road. Temple, nursing coffee in the passenger seat, pipes up.

TEMPLE

What is this? Where are we?

AC

No, this can't be it.

AC and Temple share a bracing look. All signs point to bullshit ahead.

Beyond a row of rotting trees, a TINY CEMETERY opens up. Garbage gathers on dull, cracked markers and headstones. The grass, anemic and dry. This place hasn't been properly maintained in twenty years.

But Cherry's car pulls up and parks like it's no big deal.

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

AC, Temple and Davina cross to Cherry, Athena and Dixie.

AC

This isn't the cemetery, is it?

CHERRY

Our whole family line is out here, baby. Nana's right up there.

The women start toward the other end of the cemetery.

Temple and AC hang back, mirrored shock.

AC

This has gotta be some kind of mistake. I'm gonna talk to them.

DAVINA

Guess this is what we get for putting Cherry in-charge of everything.

AC
 Davina, can you for once not act
 like a child?

AC moves off after the aunts.

DAVINA
 (only half-joking)
 On second thought, since Ma wants
 to act like a bitch, let's ditch
 her again. I got the keys...

TEMPLE
 Sounds fun, Davina, but if you'll
 excuse me, I need to go find a hole
 to put my mother in.

Temple leaves her looking a little stung.

EXT. WILDE FAMILY GRAVES - SAME TIME

QUICK CUTS OF HEADSTONES:

TIGHT ON MARY WILDE: 1900-1996. "BELOVED BY SIX KIDS, TEN
 GRANDKIDS."

TIGHT ON RALPH JEROME WILDE: 1951-2012. "IN GOD'S ARMS."

TIGHT ON ANN "NANA" LAUREL WILDE: 1932-1991. "WE LOVE YOU."

There's a sliver of a plot left between Mary and Ralph.
 Cherry points this space out.

CHERRY
 So 'Lilah would go here, next to
 Great-Granny and Ralph.

AC
 She wouldn't even be next to Nana,
 which was the whole point of
 bringing her out here, Cherry. And
 I'm not gonna lie -- when you
 described it to us -- Oh.

AC braces herself, realizing she's stepped on a half-empty
 can of Coke just hanging out in the dead grass. Temple kicks
 it away -- at least a tiny release of tension.

AC (CONT'D)
 This isn't what we imagined.

CHERRY
 Well, what were you *imaginin'*? We
 ain't the Rockefellas.
 (MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Even though 'Lilah always acted
like she was from some royal line.

TEMPLE
She was. It skipped you.

AC takes Temple's arm. *Calm down.*

AC
We don't have to be the
Rockefellers to show some respect.
What if Temple and me wanted to be
buried out here next to Momma?
There isn't even room.

TEMPLE
Sure there is. We can push the
weeds, dead trees and garbage back
to squeeze in more dead bodies.
(off everyone's horrified
silence)
Just spitballin'.

AC
You need to chill.

Temple wanders off.

DELILAH (O.S.)(PRE-LAP)
AC's so diplomatic these days.

EXT. WEST CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Temple steps into frame at another end of the cemetery.
DELILAH drops an arm across her shoulders.

TIGHT ON EVAN IDALAH WILDE: 1979-1981.

TEMPLE
Big name, short life. Didn't you
name her?

Delilah shrugs, she knows as much as Temple.

Temple turns in the direction of the aunts to shout:

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
Did my Momma name Leon's kid?

CHERRY
Sure did.

DIXIE
Leon loved him some 'Lilah.
Everything she said was gold.

Temple looks back at Dixie who, at least in the sunlight, appears to be trying to offer a smile.

TEMPLE
She picked out the twins' names,
too, didn't she?

DIXIE
Yeah.

TEMPLE
You wanna be buried out here,
Dixie?

Dixie shifts, uncomfortable.

DIXIE
That'll be up to the girls. I'm
sure they'll wanna make sure they
can come see me anytime they want.

TEMPLE
So no then.

Temple keeps exploring.

EXT. EAST CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Temple halts at the sight of a gaudy PEACOCK HEADSTONE. She first has to make sure it's real, can't exactly trust her mind these days.

ON THE MARKER: JARRELL DAVID JEFFERSON: 1958-1990.

DELILAH
What the fuck are we looking at?

CHERRY
My baby.

Cherry joins Temple's side. Her proximity only twists Temple's energy into something darker, more anxious.

TEMPLE
Who was he?

CHERRY
My best friend growin' up. He died
before you were even a twinkle in
the eye.

TEMPLE
So you bought this peacock?

CHERRY

It matched his personality. He was
brash and sexy, livin' gay and
carefree in NYC, baby. Lived fast
and died young.

Cherry tears up. She kisses the peacock and then rubs away
the stain of her lipstick.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Rest in peace, JJ.

Cherry collects a spot of trash left on his marker.

SOUND UP: Twisted, LOUD insect buzzing --

Temple slaps her own face HARD, trying to kill whatever the
hell that was. Cherry looks disconcerted.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

You alright, baby? Maybe you should
sit in the car, get outta the sun.

Temple turns away, finds herself face-to-face with --

DELILAH, but no longer the youthful manifestation we've
seen. Instead, an animated, deteriorating CORPSE. The worst
way Temple could imagine seeing her.

DELILAH

Gay old JJ gets the very best. But
her own sister?

Delilah darkens.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You're just gonna let them leave me
in here. Like trash. Aren't you? Of
course you are. Embarrassing.
Jesus, how did you get like this?

Her laugh chills.

Temple tries to get away. Athena and AC unknowingly
intercept.

DIXIE

So what do y'all think?

Delilah perches on the peacock.

DELILAH

Go ahead, tell them you love it.

AC awaits the verdict from Temple.

Temple turns back to the peacock.

A fucking peacock getting more respect than Delilah.

She gets a RUNNING START.

Her foot finds the peacock's beak -- it CRACKS --

Cherry gasps.

Temple kicks it again and again until the beak SNAPS.

ATHENA
Oh, God --

ANNA-CHLOE
Temple, stop!

CHERRY
What the hell are you doin'? Temple!

DIXIE

Temple takes another shot at the peacock, then another -- chipping scars into the perfect paint.

Cherry grabs Temple by the collar. AC moves to get her off Temple and gets knocked down --

AC
Oh my God.

Davina helps AC to her feet as --

Temple heaves up a piece of stone and throws it like a javelin at the peacock's feathers. It BREAKS.

Cherry, devastated, rushes to collect the pieces.

Dixie and Athena, hearts pounding, don't know what to do.

All AC and Davina can do is gape at Temple.

Temple wipes the sweat off her brow. Surveys the damage. That feels better.

She turns to stumble back to the car.

EXT. THE CARS - MOMENTS LATER

Cherry catches up to Temple.

CHERRY
What the hell is wrong with you?

Temple rounds on her. AC gets between them.

TEMPLE

You try to trick me into burying my mother in a fucking swamp so you can get in a final jab? Fuck you, Cherry.

AC

Temple, stop.

TEMPLE

You're defending *her* now? Really?

Athena crosses herself in prayer.

ATHENA

I reach out to You, the Father of compassion and the Source of every comfort, asking You to touch them with Your unfailing love and kindness --

Now, Temple unleashes on Athena --

TEMPLE

Shut the fuck up, Athena. Your prayers aren't gonna bring my mother back.

CHERRY

You ain't the only one who lost somebody, Temple! We lost our sister.

TEMPLE

You think that's the same?

CHERRY

It's family.

Temple scoffs.

TEMPLE

I'm outta here.

CHERRY

Thank God he took 'Lilah when he did. She'd be ashamed to see who you've become.

Temple tears forward, FIST-FIRST. Cherry braces for a hit.

AC

Temple!

DAVINA
 (softer)
 Temple...

Temple's fist falls limp. AC takes the opportunity to muscle her to the car.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

AC flies down the road. Hands shaking.

AC
 I don't even know how to fix this.
 Temple, what were you thinking?

DAVINA
 Maybe that Cherry's an asshole! How
 could you even defend her right
 now?

AC
 Sit back and stay out of this.
 (re: Temple)
 I want a real answer.

DAVINA
 She already gave you one!

SOUND: Davina and AC's arguing FADE TO STATIC as a catatonic Temple loses focus --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CLAY HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

We can hear the water clearly through the open window.

Temple sits up in bed. Her dead eyes flicker open and closed. She's weak. The stress of this in her face and hands, chest and those slivers of muscle between her shoulder blades.

TEMPLE
 (a whisper)
 I have to sleep. I'm sorry, Momma.
 I have to sleep. I have to.

DELILAH
 Let's take a walk.

Delilah smiles warmly from the window. She gestures Temple over. Temple follows.

SOUND UP: Leon Bridges' "River"

EXT. CLAY HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

Wind bullies the waves toward the bank. It's going to storm.

Delilah's walking too fast for Temple to keep up. She leaps over the wall into the water and disappears.

Temple slips in slushy dirt. She looks back to AC's house --

TEMPLE'S POV

It's gone. There's only water now. A world of water.

Exhaustion weighs Temple down -- finally winning -- crushing her into the earth. And she sinks. Giving up.

DELILAH

Just a little farther, baby.

Delilah emerges from the water. It only gathers around her ankles -- shallow for Delilah where it's deep for Temple. She offers Temple her hand.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Almost there. Let's go to sleep.

Temple soldiers on into the water. The waves battle back but she powers desperately toward Delilah. *Almost there...* *Almost there...* As Temple gives herself to the waves --

DELILAH (CONT'D)

It's over. You can sleep now.

SNAP OUT OF TEMPLE'S POV TO REVEAL --

The world as is. The quiet Clay house in the background.

And Temple floats in the water.

It starts to rain as she finally falls asleep.

OVER BLACK:

SOUND UP: STEADY, BEEPING MONITORS --

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Temple awakens in a sterilized patient room. Dry, dehydrated. Panic sets in as disorientation fades. She realizes she's tubed to a hospital bed. Alone.

It's horrifying. Temple panics, the flight instinct takes over and she TUGS at her IV, trying to get it out of her vein so she can go.

SOUND: RUNNING FAUCET --

AC emerges from the bathroom.

AC
Whoa, hey, hey, don't do that. It's
okay. Just relax.

She pries Temple's hands off the IV and gently pushes her
back to the bed.

TEMPLE
What's happening? Where am I?

AC
You almost drowned last night. Ms.
Carol found you when she was out
for her morning walk. You were
delirious. The doctor said you
haven't slept in over a week.

Temple tries to lick her lips but her mouth is too dry and
tight. AC reaches for ice cubes but she doesn't want them.

TEMPLE
What day is it? My flight...

AC
You can take a later flight.

TEMPLE
What are you talking about?

AC
Listen to me, that's the last thing
you need to worry about right now.
I talked to Cherry. She's not mad
at you. She understands how hard
this all is.

(then, prepared)
The aunts are gonna come see you
today and they're gonna help me get
Mamma moved back to Augusta. We all
agreed it's best to lay her to rest
here.

Temple's confusion twists to anger.

TEMPLE
We all agreed? No, she's gonna be
buried in Dublin.

AC
You said yourself that cemetery
isn't good enough for her.

TEMPLE

We can get it cleaned up. The city's supposed to do that anyway, I'll call the Mayor myself --

AC takes Temple's hand gentle, but firm. Temple bristles, feeling herself being handled.

AC

Sweetheart, Dublin just isn't the right place to put Momma, okay? We're gonna put her here in Augusta, at that pretty memorial ground I told you about. I'm gonna take you there so you can see it yourself. I want you to be happy with everything but I'm gonna take the reigns on this now, okay?

TEMPLE

Oh, I see. You want Momma here with you. So you can put some crazy glue on the cracks like usual and pretend everything's okay.

AC

That's not what I'm trying --

TEMPLE

You had ten years to fix things. Now that she's dead, you think you get absolution by default?

Temple wrenches her hand away, snatching out her IV but not even flinching --

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

I don't want her here with you and you wanna know why? She was my family, my only family and when I come home to see family, I don't wanna have to see you -- do you understand that?

AC goes limp, stunned.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

I'm done.

Temple hauls out of bed, ignoring the blood pooling around her IV. She snatches her jeans off the visiting chair --

The Clays appear in the doorway with balloons and flowers.

OTTO

Temple of the Dog, you're up --

Temple shoulders past them and out the door.

AC still can't move.

EXT. RIVERWALK CITY PARK - DAY

Temple lingers by a bench (away from the water) in yesterday's wrinkled clothes. She's still wearing her HOSPITAL ID BRACELET, prescription crumpled in her hand.

BELLE jogs past --

Temple jumps in to match speed but *fuck*, that is a feat. She goes down like a pile of bricks. Belle, double-taking to see her, circles back.

BELLE

Wowwww! Really? You have a lot of nerve, I'll give you that.

TEMPLE

Would an apology make this better or worse?

BELLE

An apology? Shucks, I can't imagine what that'd be for. Maybe for using me as a shield against your batshit family, then abandoning me? You are truly trash.

She starts to run off, but you know what, there's more --

BELLE (CONT'D)

You know, what's happening to you is the worst thing I could imagine happening to anyone and I just wanna be there for you but you're pushing me away like always. Even when it couldn't be more obvious that you need somebody. I don't get why. *Why*, Temple?

TEMPLE

I don't know, Belle, maybe because my life is shit and I have no fucking idea what I'm doing.

(then, softer)

I keep hoping this is a bad nightmare but I never wake up.

A rare display of vulnerability from Temple. It isn't lost

on Belle. She can't help but soften.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
Can I make it up to you?

BELLE
No.

Belle takes off running.

TEMPLE
But I'm a patient. I was
hospitalized last night.

Temple angles the bracelet as proof. Belle returns, alarmed.

BELLE
What happened?

TEMPLE
They said some lady found me
unconscious in the water outside
AC's house. Took me to the hospital
and pumped me full of fluids.

Belle immediately moves into caretaker mode.

BELLE
What were you doing out there? You
can't even swim! Come sit down.

Temple lets Belle redirect her to the bench. Belle shakes
her head at Temple. Can't hide a touch of affection.

BELLE (CONT'D)
Headcase.

TEMPLE
You don't know the half of it. I
also destroyed somebody's grave.

BELLE
You did what?

TEMPLE
Fucking Cherry took me and AC out
to my Nana's grave where I wanted
to bury my Mom. But then we get
there and it's a dump. And Cherry
was acting like it's okay, like --

BELLE
Like it's good enough for your Mom.

Temple appreciates that so, so much.

TEMPLE

Anyway, I -- Cherry bought this peacock for her best friend and I kind of... attacked it.

Belle bursts out laughing.

BELLE

You swung on a fake peacock? TEMPLE (CONT'D)
It's not funny!

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

She said she got it cause he was so colorful and full of life and "himself." He was gay. Cause you know, all us queens are peacocks.

Belle actually wheezes.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Asshole. This isn't funny.

Belle laughs harder. It's infectious.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

So I can still make you laugh. Good to know.

Belle rolls her eyes but doesn't deny it.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

(quiet, painful)
I can't be in AC's house right now.

A beat.

BELLE

...Me and Ya-Ya are gonna go to the cages tonight. Down to third-wheel?

INT. BATTING CAGES - NIGHT

WIDE ON Temple, Ya-Ya and Belle under twinkly lights. Temple struggles to swing the bat, can't hit a single ball. Belle attempts to teach form while Ya-Ya heaps encouraging gestures. Temple keeps failing, however. They laugh at her but never leave her hanging.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BATTING CAGES - NIGHT

Temple is the last out behind Belle and Ya-Ya --

DELILAH WAITS in the archway. Gardenia in her hair. (Note: From here onward, her clothes and mannerisms now mirror her

conservative style we saw when she was alive.)

DELILAH

I woulda liked her, you know.

Temple, frozen.

INT. BELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy and warm with spots of child-friendly pop-art. Not to mention all baseball everything all the time.

ON THE TV: 1997's CINDERELLA.

Temple sprawls out on the sectional to watch Ya-Ya who's GETTING HER LIFE from an enchanting Whitney Houston playing Fairy Godmother to Brandy's Cinderella.

YA-YA

*Impossible! For a plain yellow
pumpkin to become a golden
carriage. Impossible! For a plain
country bumpkin and a prince to
join in marriage...*

INT. KITCHEN BAR - SAME TIME

Belle watches, amused, from the open kitchen where she's making a special tea for Temple. CLOCK THE MARIJUANA-INFUSED HONEY she stirs in. Temple smirks.

YA-YA AND TEMPLE - SAME TIME

Ya-Ya's... troubling vocals threaten to overtake Whitney's pristine ones. Belle jumps in to irritate her:

BELLE

*-- And four white mice could never
be turned to horses.
(flubbing the lyrics)
And blah-be-be-ba-blah-umm-uhhh-
umpf -- possible!*

YA-YA

Mom, I don't want backup -- you don't even know the song.

BELLE

Wait a minute, you can't do what I do on the mic.
(to the tune of
"Impossible")
*Ya-Ya's-grounded-til-she's-fourteen-
ble-blah-horses!*

Ya-Ya giggles uncontrollably.

YA-YA
You're messing it up.

BELLE
I'm doing the remix. You'd know
about that if your finger was on
the pulse.

Belle comes around the corner. Hands off the tea to Temple
and turns off the TV.

YA-YA
Five more minutes.

BELLE
Granted. Just enough for you to
brush your teeth and get changed.

Though deflated, Ya-Ya obediently gets up.

YA-YA
Goodnight, Temple.

TEMPLE
Goodnight.

Ya-Ya slumps down the hall.

BELLE
I'll be in in a minute.

Belle and Temple, linger. Temple sips tea.

BELLE (CONT'D)
How is it?

TEMPLE
Just what the doctor ordered.

BELLE
(fondly)
Indica always puts you out like a
light.

Temple stirs her tea. Suddenly thinking about --

TEMPLE
We would talk on the phone for a
least a few minutes every night
before bed. Every single night.

Belle takes Temple's hand.

BELLE
Stay here tonight, okay?

TEMPLE
Are you sure?

BELLE
You're always welcome anywhere I
am. It's like you never left.

INT. BELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Belle pulls Ya-Ya's door closed before heading back to Temple.

BELLE
My homie never wants to sleep. She
thinks she's you.

She notices the couch-bed Temple's making up. Bristles.

BELLE (CONT'D)
What's all this?

TEMPLE
I don't wanna be in your way. This
is fine.

Belle starts pulling up sheets.

BELLE
You're not in my way. There's
plenty of room. Come on.

TEMPLE
No, really --

BELLE
Babe.

She takes Temple's shoulders.

BELLE (CONT'D)
I know you struggle with social
cues but read the room. It offends
me that you're trying to sleep out
here. Is that clear enough?

She earns a laugh and a nod.

TEMPLE
Crystal.

Belle takes the pillows and happily tosses them.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Temple and Belle press in together up against the counter. It's a tight fit. We watch them in the mirror.

Temple rubs oil on her hair. Belle ties hers up into a bun.

They wash their faces together.

Brush their teeth together.

Belle rubs a towel over Temple's wet face.

All that's left --

INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Temple and Belle lay in bed together. Belle plays with Temple's hair. Fingers inch toward skin. Hearts make a racket. Pillow voices. Belle gets closer.

BELLE

I almost shaved my whole head last year.

TEMPLE

Oh yeah? Why?

BELLE

I kept trying to grow it out but the under-shave never comes in even. You gotta show me how to get mine as healthy as yours.

TEMPLE

You got it.

Belle lays her head on the same pillow as Temple's. Temple's eyes widen just so and we realize Belle's touching her somewhere we can't see. She tries to coax Temple closer.

BELLE

(delicate)

Were you gonna hurt yourself? Is that how you ended up in the lake?

TEMPLE

I don't know. I just wanted it to not be real.

BELLE

Do you want me to be real?

Temple nods. Finally leans in and kisses Belle with ten years of pent-up frustration.

Belle sinks into it like she's never wanted to be anywhere else. Like it's all she's been waiting for --

And Temple tries to let it happen. She wants but --

She can't. She just can't.

TEMPLE

Sorry.

She presses a kiss to Belle's forehead.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get the light.

Belle's disappointment is ours.

We're in darkness, but no one sleeps.

INT. BELLE'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE KITCHEN - DAY

Temple lingers in the archway where Belle and Ya-Ya are visible having breakfast at the island counter.

Temple hesitates to go in, still embarrassed about last night. She looks dazed, nursing a perpetual exhaustion hangover.

BELLE

Coming in or are we into stalking now?

Temple can't help hanging her head, even as she gratefully steps in --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She offers an awkward wave. Joins Ya-Ya at the counter.

TEMPLE

Morning.

BELLE

Coffee? Because I know you didn't sleep.

TEMPLE

No thanks. I don't even think I can keep it down.

Belle frowns, a bit alarmed by Temple's eyes.

BELLE

Are you okay? If possible, you seem even farther away than usual.

(MORE)

BELLE (CONT'D)
 Like you're on a different planet
 as opposed to just in a different
 time zone.

SOUND: Temple's phone RINGS. ON THE SCREEN: DAVINA CALLING.

A beat before she hits accept.

DAVINA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 Yo. Are you over the Pacific Ocean
 yet?

TEMPLE (PHONE)
 What?

DAVINA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 Just using past behavior to predict
 present and future behavior.

TEMPLE (PHONE)
 I'm uh, at Belle's.

DAVINA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 Oooooo....

TEMPLE (PHONE)
 (a warning)
 What's up, Davina?

DAVINA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 I need your help with something.
 Come with me somewhere.

Temple fights an eye roll. We've heard *that* before.

TEMPLE (PHONE)
 I'm not sure that's a good idea.
 I'm not sure... Anna-Chloe would
 think that's a good idea.

Temple ignores Belle's prickly stare.

DAVINA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 We need to insert a little
 separation of sister and niece
 here. Ma's issues with you aren't
 my issues. Don't you agree?
 (Temple doesn't disagree)
 Dope -- pick you up in twenty.

Temple puts her phone away. Belle eyes her suspiciously.

BELLE
 Getting mixed up in AC and Davina's
 relationship really a good idea?

TEMPLE
I'll see you.

Belle watches her move off, uneasy.

SOUND UP: Lazy, cruising track like "Top" from Uzi

INT./EXT. DAVINA'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

CUTS OF Davina's car whipping down the road, through this lane and that one -- so it's everywhere all at once --

Davina and Temple bop to the music, quietly in-sync -- for the moment at least.

TIME CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DAVINA'S CAR - TRAVELING - LATER

Still on the move, but with the music turned down.

Temple, energy waned, slumps in her seat. Her eyelids are garage doors, threatening to fall closed any moment.

DAVINA
It'll take five minutes.

Temple rubs her forehead. Can't believe what she's hearing.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
It's just an abortion. It's not a big deal.

TEMPLE
Is it Michael's?

DAVINA
Ma hates him and for no reason. She's so extra.

TEMPLE
He better be paying for this.

DAVINA
Oh yeah. Duh.

She hands off her phone. ON THE SCREEN: VENMO NOTIFICATION --
Michael just sent you \$604.71 [skull emoji][baby emoji].

TEMPLE
Davina...

DAVINA
I thought you of all people would understand this. Look, it'll be quick. We can get food after.

TEMPLE
You won't wanna eat after.

DAVINA
You've had one?

TEMPLE
No, I just... I went with a friend once. She was gonna get one but then she changed her mind.

Davina puts pieces together but doesn't pry.

DAVINA
What do you say? Will you help me?

TEMPLE
Pull over. I'm gonna call AC.

DAVINA
What? Dude, no! I'm trusting you with something right now.

TEMPLE
If AC finds out I did this without telling her --

DAVINA
Ma wasn't thinking about me when you guys decided to bury Grandma two hours away. Hella shady but I forgave her and stayed out of it.

TEMPLE
So this is payback?

Temple unlocks her phone screen. Pulls up AC's name.

DAVINA
Wait! We're here. Look.

The PLANNED PARENTHOOD office looms in the distance.

INT. DAVINA'S CAR - PLANNED PARENTHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Davina parks. Kills the engine. They sit in stillness.

DAVINA
You always look so tired.

TEMPLE
I am so tired.

DAVINA
Ma thinks you were wildin' swinging
on Cherry like that but I get it.

She finds Temple's eyes.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
She also thinks I don't remember
life before she met Otto -- wrong
again. They got married, had Tarzan
and turned into this perfect little
family. I love them, I do, but it's
different and honestly, when it was
just you, me, Grandma and Ma, that
was the last time I felt like I
belonged anywhere. Ma and Cherry
and those guys have no idea what
it's like to be us. The black
sheep.

Temple accepts that with a nod. For the first time since
losing Delilah, someone's speaking her language.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna make the mistake Ma
did with my Dad -- or sperm donor,
for real.

She pops open the glove department and reveals an early 00s
MP3 PLAYER. It's scratched up and of zero monetary value but
she handles it with care.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
You gave me this when I was a kid.
Put all these songs on it for me. I
listened to it for ten years.
Sometimes with Grandma.
(then)
I never stopped thinking about you.
Did you stop thinking about me?

Temple shakes her head no.

ON DAVINA as that sinks in. She smiles.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
So? Will you help me?

INT. CLAY HOUSE - DAVINA'S ROOM - DAY

AC peeks in on the sleeping Davina. Blows a frustrated
breath at the state of her messy bedroom.

She slips in quietly to collect dirty clothes. Grabs the sweatpants we just saw Davina wearing at Planned Parenthood where they're slung over her desk chair. AC notices peppered blood stains inside.

Holds on them a beat before stuffing them deep into her laundry bag.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - VARIOUS - LATER

QUICK CUTS of AC distracting herself with cleaning. Scrubbing counters, crevices -- even the floors -- with disturbing aplomb.

EXT. CLAY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

AC washes Davina's car. She gets into a good crevice on the passenger side. Pops the door open to get a better angle.

She kneels down to gather trash on the floor, slows at the sight of: Davina's battered MP3 player.

She rolls it over in her hands, thoughtfully.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - LATER

AC opens a bible. Her hands shake as she finds prayer, Psalms 23. *The Lord is my temple. I shall not want.*

EXT. PARK - DAY

Belle and Ya-Ya play in the grass together.

BELLE

Temple, come handle my lightweight!

Temple hangs back on a bench. Her dazed, trancelike energy a sharp contrast to Belle and Ya-Ya's joy.

TEMPLE

Did you ever know AC broke my easel? The first one you got me, too. She took it to tease me, ended up dropping it down the stairs "by accident."

REVEAL DELILAH, sharing the bench. Lounging. Relaxed. Smug.

DELILAH

Little liar.

TEMPLE

What?

DELILAH

You're lying on AC. Rewriting history, willy-nilly. You dropped that easel down the stairs, running in the house after I told you to stop. AC tried to fix it for you, but she couldn't. So you got mad at her when you shoulda been mad at yourself.

TEMPLE

That's bullshit.

Delilah smirks. Her amusement lights a fire under Temple. Temple shakes her head, frustration mounting.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

You would've like Belle, huh? You know the reason I never told you about her? Cause AC told me not to. She said that me being gay was a sin that went against everything you ever taught us about God a-and faith. And if I told you who I really was, you wouldn't love me.

DELILAH

I know that.

TEMPLE

Good, I'm glad you know. And?

DELILAH

You have to forgive her.

Temple rears up from the bench, affronted.

TEMPLE

What -- why? Why do I have to forgive her?

DELILAH

Cause what else is there?

TEMPLE

I'm outta here.

Temple storms off. Delilah laughs, amused.

DELILAH

Oh what, you don't miss me when I'm not saying what you wanna hear?

Belle notices Temple leaving. Concerned.

INT. BELLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Temple stares at herself in the mirror. Robotic and rubbed raw from exhaustion.

SOUND: Her phone RINGS. ON THE SCREEN: AC CALLING.

A beat before Temple picks up. Holds the line in silence.

AC (O.S.)(PHONE)
...Hello?

TEMPLE (PHONE)
Yeah.

AC (O.S.)(PHONE)
Look, the home called. They're done with... Momma. I'm gonna go see her in the morning. I think you should come see her, too.

Temple takes a long moment on her reflection.

AC (O.S.)(PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello? Temple?

TEMPLE (PHONE)
Yeah. I'll be there.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR, 50s, leads Temple and AC inside.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
I'll give you a moment.

He steps out.

Temple and AC fan out on either side of the table.

Here rests DELILAH -- and not the flushed-cheeked apparition we're used to. It twists our stomachs seeing her like this. Dead. In the scary, human way that you don't come back from.

AC pulls the blanket up. Doesn't want her to be cold.

AC
You took Davina to get an abortion.

TEMPLE
She told you.

AC
No, she didn't.
(then)
So you took her then.

TEMPLE
I thought it'd be better if she had
an adult with her. And she didn't
want you, so.

It's hard to hear but AC nods, acknowledging that truth.

AC
Thank you. My worst fear is her
being out in the world alone.

Temple seems shocked. Gratitude isn't what she expected.

AC (CONT'D)
Thank you. I mean it.

TEMPLE
You're welcome.

AC nods, long, fast strokes -- she's in her own mind now,
not really hearing Temple anymore.

She crosses to the door. Temple follows, thinking they're
leaving -- but AC SHUTS IT, locking them inside.

AC
I'm sorry, Momma. I'm so sorry that
you raised such an arrogant piece
of shit.

TEMPLE
What?

She ROUNDS on Temple, suddenly unleashing --

AC
You arrogant piece of shit!

The force of her voice sends Temple staggering back.

AC (CONT'D)
How dare you. You think I don't
know why you took her to get that
abortion? It wasn't about helping
her not make a huge mistake before
her life even really starts, it was
to get back at me.

TEMPLE

I was helping her. I stopped her
from becoming you.

AC

Screw you.

AC tears around the corner of Delilah's table like she might
take a swing.

Temple jolts back against the table -- RATTLING DELILAH --

TEMPLE

Welcome back.

It's quiet and awful. Delilah's body disturbed between them.

AC

I did change. I changed, Temple.
You didn't. You keep saying you're
alone but I'm right here. You just
keep punishing me -- you --

She can barely get the words out. She seems to be yelling at
Temple, pleading to God and placating Delilah all at once.

AC (CONT'D)

God help me. You just keep
punishing me.

AC covers Delilah's hands with her own.

AC (CONT'D)

She keeps punishing me.
(in prayer)
Our father. Please forgive me.

Temple stares at Delilah's body, willing it to life. Wanting
to, needing to see her --

Nothing. Delilah doesn't move.

She's gone.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

The storm breaks.

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

It's only sparsely crowded, just a FATHER playing with his
kids and a couple of TWENTYSOMETHING SINGLES.

Temple steps in. She looks like she's been through the
ringer. Spots Belle at the counter. Beelines.

TEMPLE

Hey.

BELLE

Whoa, what happened?

TEMPLE

You look nice.

BELLE

Did you get my message? I might be out a little late tonight, but Ya-Ya's with my Mom if you want the place to yourself.

Temple pulls Belle into her body, surprising her.

TEMPLE

Hang out with me.

Belle gently pushes Temple away. Discomforted by Temple's off energy.

BELLE

Temple, are you okay?

A beautiful GIRL, 20s, steps in, all smiles as she approaches. Touches Belle's arm.

BELLE'S DATE

Belle, hey. Sorry I'm late.

Oh.

TEMPLE

Or I'll just get out of your face.

BELLE

We'll talk later, Temple.

Temple turns to go.

TEMPLE

Nah, it's okay. I should've known.

And Belle knows better than to take the bait but --

BELLE

(re: date)

I'm sorry, excuse me.

She follows Temple into the storm.

EXT. CAFÉ - MOMENTS LATER

BELLE

You should've known?

TEMPLE

Don't keep your girlfriend waiting.

BELLE

I don't wanna fight.

TEMPLE

Did you know, the night I told you
I was in love with you, I waited
outside your house for three hours?

BELLE

I don't wanna hear this.

TEMPLE

Yeah, I waited three hours to tell
you I loved you and you told me you
were fucking pregnant.

BELLE

Oh! Is that what happened? Thanks
for the walk down memory lane.

TEMPLE

It's ten years later and I'm still
just waiting around while you pick
someone else -- nothing's changed.

Belle **SHOVES** Temple with a decade's worth of pint-up rage.

BELLE

You don't want me! You *never* want
me. Not ten years ago, not last
night when I threw myself at you
and you just laid there. Delilah
didn't even know who I was. She
thought I was just some girl, your
"friend." When it really mattered,
you never came through for me --
ever, not once.

(then, louder -- **ANGRIER**)

The most important person in your
life went to her grave thinking I
was no one, Temple! But you waited?

BELLE'S DATE (O.S.)

Belle? Is everything okay?

She appears in the b.g., threatening to step in.

Temple goes without a word. There are no words.

WE STAY ON BELLE, who's shaking.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA REGIONAL AIRPORT (AGS) - DAY

The sky, streaked ugly with black and grey as wind slashes through water and trees.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Temple stares out at the clouds. Numb, exhausted, awake.

INT. LOS ANGELES - TEMPLE'S LOFT - DAY

Wyatt lounges on the chase.

SOUND: A KEY IN THE LOCK --

Wyatt jumps in. Rushes to help Temple get her stuff inside.

WYATT

Temple. You're early. Did you get everything... done?

She shakes her head no.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? I'll cook for you.

TEMPLE

I just need to sleep.

She disappears into her bedroom.

INT. TEMPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUNLIGHT sticks to the windows.

Temple, in bed. Not sleeping. Eyes red.

QUICK CUT:

INT. TEMPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Moonlight sticks to the windows.

Temple, in bed. Not sleeping. Eyes read.

SOUND: Her phone DINGS with an alert. ON THE SCREEN: NEW VOICEMAILS.

Temple hits play.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)(PHONE)
 Hey, Temple, you're back in LA?
 How's the family holding up? Hope
 to see you at work soon.

Delete. Next.

NIA (O.S.)(PHONE)
 Temple. I bumped into Wyatt. He
 told me what happened.
 (long silence; then)
 I'm so sorry.

... Delete.

QUICK CUT:

INT. TEMPLE'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

First blue shadow of dawn.

Temple blinks at the ceiling.

TEMPLE
 Momma?

REVEAL DELILAH in the corner, knitting.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 Momma.

Delilah ignores her. Like Temple's the one who isn't there.

CUT TO:

SOUND UP: INCESSANT KNOCKING (PRE-LAP)

INT. TEMPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's annoying enough to stir Temple out of her catatonia.

She grabs her phone, TEXTS WYATT: *Can you answer the door?*

WYATT'S REPLY: *Gone to brunch, honey. Ignore it. Sleep :)*

She tries, but --

SOUND: MORE FUCKING KNOCKING.

Temple hauls herself out of bed --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Temple pulls the door open, ready to read whoever's on the
 other side their motherfucking rights --

DAVINA. Or, Davina's back.

Temple freezes. Davina turns to face us. Eyes red and wet. She's furious, she's rattled. It's hard seeing her like this. Temple doesn't know what to say.

TEMPLE

What are you doing here?

And as Davina PUNCHES Temple right in her fucking face --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT COUNTER - LATER

ON Temple's eye, bruised and swollen purple. She waits while the TEENAGE CASHIER, 17, rings up a pricey steak.

Davina, sulking at her side, throws some Skittles on the belt. Temple pays for those, too.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CURB - DAY

Temple and Davina sit on the curb. Davina eats Skittles.

TEMPLE

Davina, why are you here?

DAVINA

I'm not ready to talk to you yet.

Temple decides to not push.

TEMPLE

What do you wanna do?

DAVINA

Something where I don't have to talk to you. Where do you go when you hate Temple?

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Contemporary, modern art. Sleek and minimalist.

Temple soothes her eye with a slab of steak as she leads Davina through the displays. Passers-by level them with questioning looks. Temple doesn't notice or care.

The girls stop to take in a black and white portrait of LITTLE GIRLS IN THE MEADOW. It's ethereal and otherworldly, like a still from *Lemonade*.

DAVINA

I can't believe you left again. You told me you wouldn't. What's wrong with you?

Temple at least looks guilty for having no answer.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

You act like you have no one but Ma's here -- *I'm here* -- and you need us -- you need family and being family means people hurt you sometimes but you have to let them. You have to let people hurt you, Temple, and then you have to forgive them... You fucking dick.

Temple lowers the steak.

TEMPLE

I'm gonna take you home.

Davina nods her agreement, but her eyes never leave the art.

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - DAY

Wyatt and Davina eat chips and watch television on the couch. They don't notice Temple watching them from afar.

She turns into --

INT. TEMPLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finds her phone and makes a call.

TEMPLE (PHONE)

...Hey.

CUT TO:

INT. PARK - DAY

Temple sits on a bench.

NIA joins, offering Temple a bottle of water and keeping the other for herself. She grimaces at Temple's shiner.

NIA

I hope that isn't an indication of how you're doing.

TEMPLE

Thank you for seeing me. I wouldn't have blamed you if you told me to fuck off.

Nia considers that.

NIA

Well, Temple gets enough hate from you. Figured I'd show you some kindness.

TEMPLE

I just can't focus on anything.

It's almost a plea.

NIA

I wish you would've told me. I'm still someone who cares about you. I don't know why I'm surprised, though. You have a weird thing about people caring about you.

TEMPLE

I loved my mother more than anything. But I never umm... I never got the chance to --

She laughs, but it's dry and humorless and sad. Nia gets it. Feels for her. She rubs her back, friendly comfort that Temple isn't sure she deserves.

NIA

It'll be okay.

TEMPLE

I'm not sure it will. It's been ten years and I'm still sixteen.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Temple and Davina listen to music together, sharing earbuds from Davina's phone.

Davina angles Temple's chin to check her swollen eye. It's healing ever so slowly.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - DAY

AC rushes to gather Davina in her arms before Davina and Temple can even get in the door good.

Her teary eyes find Temple's over Davina's shoulder. She nods her gratitude.

INT. DELILAH'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

It feels smaller, empty. Like Delilah was never here.

AC hangs back, giving Temple space as she takes to the middle of the floor. DELILAH watches from a corner. Silent.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Temple plays 2K with Tarzan, losing miserably.

Otto lands.

OTTO

Temp, let me steal you for a sec.

EXT. GARDEN - MINUTES LATER

Temple sits in the grass, squints against the sun. Otto arrives with a steaming mug of tea. He hands it off.

OTTO

Lemon, ginger and a sprinkle of cayenne pepper for none other than the Stone Temple Pilot herself.

Otto joins her in the grass. Temple frowns.

TEMPLE

Look, Otto, I'm sure you mean well but I really can't take anymore talking about it. I feel like everyone keeps reminding me how miserable and sad I should be but I already am, so.

Otto smiles at her.

OTTO

I just wanna sit with you. Smell the flowers. Feel the sun. Give you some tea.

Temple takes a sip.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Isn't that better?

It kind of is.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY OF SERVICE

Establishing.

INT. CHURCH - DAY OF SERVICE - SERIES OF SHOTS

NO SOUND AS WE TAKE IN

-A grand hall fit for a queen.

-DELILAH's casket, etched in white and gold and surrounded by gardenias.

-The CHOIR and PASTOR have the floor.

-Cherry, Dixie and Athena have the floor.

-Otto, Davina and Tarzan have the floor.

-The Pastor leads the congregation in prayer. Temple, AC and Davina clutching her hands, bows her head, too.

LATER:

-Everyone cycles up to Delilah's casket to say goodbye. AC and Temple stay seated.

-People find comfort in one another, embracing. AC joins in prayer with Delilah's sisters. Temple lets a COUSIN hug her. She hugs back.

-Otto holds Davina and Tarzan to him as he watches over the service.

-OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS, THE CHURCH SLOWLY EMPTIES UNTIL JUST TEMPLE AND AC ARE LEFT AT DELILAH'S CASKET.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Temple and AC stand over Delilah. Temple touches Delilah's hand. AC, sensing the shift in Temple, rubs her back.

TEMPLE

I needed you to tell me it was okay.

AC

It is gonna be okay, scoot.

Temple looks at AC. AC realizes it's about her.

TEMPLE

I needed you to tell me it was okay. I was sixteen and I was in love and I came to you cause you're my sister. I just needed you to tell me that it was okay.

AC

Temple --

TEMPLE

I needed you to tell me there was nothing wrong with me. I just needed you to tell me it was okay --

AC tries to take Temple's shoulder -- Temple pushes out of her grasp. The moment breaks her. Tears finally fall. She UNRAVELS.

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

No, I was in love with her -- I was in love with Belle and I wanted was to share that with my family but now Momma's gone and I'll never get to and that's your fault. All you had to do was tell me it was okay -- why couldn't you just tell me it was okay?

AC breaks, desperate to get Temple in her arms.

AC

(whispering)

I know. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

Temple lets AC hold her like a child. Her arms go around AC in the fiercest embrace.

They stay that way for a long moment.

When AC releases her, we notice --

BELLE. Watching from the doorway. Her face pure wonderment. She heard it all.

AC steps away to give them space.

Temple and Belle find each other.

Belle touches Temple's face. Temple pulls Belle into her arms. We move out on this image and find --

Delilah's apparition watching. She knows... And it's okay.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - TEMPLE'S LOFT - DAY

Establishing. Sunlight-bright billboards. Foghorn-level street noise.

INT. TEMPLE'S LOFT - DAY

Temple wheels her suitcase in. Wyatt jumps up from the chase for her arrival. Waits, unsure how to proceed. Temple smiles at him. He smiles back, moves in to help her with her stuff.

WYATT

Sleep?

TEMPLE

Sleep.

SOUND UP: Jackie Wilson's "Higher & Higher" --

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wyatt flips through his phone under the dead-weight of Temple comatose on his shoulder. She might have transcended another dimension of consciousness she's sleeping so hard.

EXT. AUGUSTA - STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Otto passes AC the LAST BOX off their truck to tuck away. AC puts it in, assesses the packed unit. 58 years of life, of Delilah's life, in boxes.

Otto presses a kiss to her shoulder. Pulls the door down, draping us in darkness --

EXT. LOS ANGELES - RESTAURANT - DAY

Temple and Wyatt, brunch and mimosas.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Davina and AC gather food to set the table. Otto pulls down plates for Davina and she lets him. It fills AC with hope.

INT. CLAY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Clays sit down to family dinner with Davina's boyfriend, MICHAEL. He's nervous and AC isn't much more than tolerant, but it looks to be going well.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

FLY OVER the town at a glacial pace. Over the weak waves nudging the waterfront forward. Over families playing in the park. Over dogs running across yards.

AC (O.S.)

How's work?

TEMPLE (O.S.)

It's okay. They found another animator to finish the season so I can take some time. They guaranteed me a spot for season two, though.

DAVINA (O.S.)

They must not want season two to be good.

AC (O.S.)
 Davina.

DAVINA (O.S.)
 What'd I do?

We finally DESCEND ON

EXT. MEMORIAL GROUNDS - DAY

CHYRON: "Two Weeks Later"

Temple, AC and Davina head toward Delilah's grave, unhurried. AC has a bundle of flowers. Temple tosses an APPLE up and down.

AC
 So umm, how's Belle?

TEMPLE
 Davina, don't --

DAVINA
 Belle's great -- they talked this morning, in fact.

TEMPLE
 Ugh, you're actually trash.

AC
 Is she gonna move to LA?

TEMPLE
 Come on, it's been ten years.

DAVINA
 And? It's only time.

They arrive at DELILAH'S GRAVE. The grass hasn't started to grow in so dirt peeks out like a fresh wound.

Davina kneels in the dirt.

AC places the flowers next to her.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
 Where's the marker?

AC
 It can take a while to get here.

Davina gathers dirt in her fingers.

Temple places the apple at the head of the plot.

AC (CONT'D)
 (re: apple)
 Do I even wanna know?

TEMPLE
 Nope.

It hits them all over again. Delilah's gone. Nothing makes sense. Maybe it won't ever again. AC covers Temple's hand with her own.

Davina breaks the tension with a snort.

DAVINA
 You guys remember the four corners?

Temple and AC burst out laughing.

AC
 She used to really think she was doing something.

TEMPLE
 With that game face.

Davina and AC start demonstrating until they're laughing, loud and joyfully, doing Delilah's dance together.

WE MOVE IN on the apple in the dirt.

INTO FRAME, A HAND -- DELILAH'S. She picks it up.

DELILAH (V.O.)
*May the Lord bless you and keep
 you. May He make His face to shine
 upon you, and be gracious to you.
 May He lift up His countenance upon
 you and give you peace.*

Delilah joins in dancing and it dawns on us that only we can see her now. TEMPLE CAN'T.

DELILAH (V.O.)
 Amen.

As they dance us out --

END.