

GRACE

EXT. UBER BLACK SUV - DAY

ON THICK WOODS, SPEEDING PAST, REFLECTED IN A CAR WINDOW --
then A WOMAN INSIDE THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR LEANS FORWARD --

RACK FOCUS AND FADE SFX TO REVEAL, CLOSE

GRACE GREENLEAF (39, deep-seeing, cautious, with a host of alluring defenses.) She looks out at the woods rushing by.

UBER DRIVER'S VOICE (O.C.)
First time in Memphis...?

GRACE
(after a beat, haunted)
...no.

INT. UBER BLACK CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The **DRIVER (50's, good-natured)** is wearing a CLEAN OLD SUIT.

UBER DRIVER
Y'all here for the demonstration?

A TWO-SHOT IN THE BACK SEAT REVEALS

SOPHIA, (15, sunny, smart, light-skinned), Grace's daughter, beside her. She turns from her window to her Mom.

SOPHIA
What demonstration?

GRACE
A police officer killed a teenager.
Remember, we saw it on the news --

UBER DRIVER
-- yeah. People been comin' in from
all over for that. Jesse Jackson.
Al Sharpton. Senator Banks.

SOPHIA
We're moving here. To live.

UBER DRIVER
...at Greenleaf?

SOPHIA
Yeah.

Scene 1
Start →

CONTINUED:

BEAT. The Uber Driver eyes Grace in the mirror -- then --

UBER DRIVER

-- I thought that was you! Little Gracie Greenleaf. I'll be damned.

Grace looks away. Sophia smiles at her Mom's embarrassment.

SOPHIA

You've seen my Mom preach?

UBER DRIVER

(to Grace)

Did I ever! Boy, my Mama used to love you. She didn't make it every Sunday for your Daddy, but she'd DRAG me to church if it was you.

(to Sophia)

She'd say, "How come you can't get with a righteous woman like that, Eugene? How come you always gotta be hanging with these trashy hos?"

(apologetic, to Grace)

Sorry, that's what --

GRACE

-- it's okay, she's heard it all.

UBER DRIVER

Little Gracie Greenleaf, ...damn.

(after a beat, to Grace)

You preaching tomorrow...?

GRACE

No, I don't preach anymore --

UBER DRIVER

-- you don't?

ON GRACE, THROUGH THE WINDOW

As something catches her eye, far ahead, out the window.

REVEAL, THROUGH THE WINDOW, FROM GRACE'S MOVING POV

GREENLEAF MANSION on a high hill in the distance.

BACK ON GRACE, INSIDE THE CAR

Suddenly seeming A LITTLE BIT ANXIOUS.

GRACE

...can we, uh, stop here, please?

CONTINUED: (2)

UBER DRIVER

Right here? It's just up the road --

SOPHIA

Are you okay?

GRACE

Yeah, I'm fine, I just --
(sharp, to the Driver)
-- right here is good, thanks!

She braces, hand pressing the door, ANXIOUS TO GET OUT --

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

CICADAS. The SUV is parked. Grace seems a better, but Sophia is watching Grace, concerned, as Grace digs in her own purse. The Driver pulls Grace's HUGE BAG out of the trunk.

UBER DRIVER

Hope I didn't say the wrong thing.

GRACE

No, no, it's all good, I'm just --

UBER DRIVER

You get less than four stars twice,
ya know, they throw your ass out --

GRACE

-- I'm giving you five stars, we
just need to stretch our legs --

SOPHIA

-- how far is it to the house?

GRACE

Not far, Sophia, just, wait --

She holds out a few \$100 bills to the Driver.

GRACE (CONT'D)

-- here you go, thank you.

UBER DRIVER

It's already paid on your card --

GRACE

-- I know, this is --

UBER DRIVER

-- that's the genius of the app.

CONTINUED:

GRACE
(admittedly uneasy)
I know, this is just a, uh --

UBER DRIVER
-- we don't take tips, ma'am --

GRACE
I KNOW, it's just, LOOK --
(off his look)
Did your Mama send money to my
family's church all the time?

UBER DRIVER
Hell yeah. She drove my Daddy crazy
sending in them Vows of Faith. Got
so he had to hide the checkbook.

GRACE
This isn't a tip. It's a refund.
She slaps the HUNDREDS into his hand, looks at them lamely.

GRACE (CONT'D)
A partial refund, anyway.
Grace gives him one last tight apologetic smile, pulls out
the handle of her bag and wheels it away, walks past Sophia --

GRACE (CONT'D)
Come on.
Sophia gives the Driver a look, grabs her bag and follows.

ON THE DRIVER
Looking at GRACE: at the CASH: then back at GRACE: AMAZED.

ON GRACE AND SOPHIA WALKING, FROM THE SIDE

SOPHIA
What's the matter?

End →

GRACE
Nothing. I just need some air.

GRACE

BEAT. TEARS well in Charity's eyes. Suddenly this isn't funny at all. Charity hurries out of the room. BEAT. Kevin rises --

Scene 2
Start →

KEVIN
(to the Bishop)
The truffles were a treat.
(to everyone else)
If you'll all excuse me --

-- and follows her out. BEAT. Lady Mae shakes her head and looks at Kerissa, who LAUGHS HOLLOWLY, which Grace clocks --

GRACE
-- seriously?

KERISSA
What?

LADY MAE
Grace Greenleaf --

GRACE
(referring to Charity)
-- after all the ways this family
has let that poor girl down --

KERISSA
-- I didn't let anybody down --

GRACE
-- no, YOU didn't --

LADY MAE
I told you I didn't want trouble --

GRACE
Mama, the TRUTH is trouble to you
and it always has been! I swear to
God, you'd stomp Jesus' face to a
bloody pulp before you'd part with
a dollar or do the right thing --

Lady Mae SLAMS her hand down -- **BAM!** -- and everybody is suddenly sitting up straight in their chairs. She stands up.

LADY MAE
You might not believe anymore --

GRACE
I didn't say I don't believe --

CONTINUED: (7)

LADY MAE

-- but this is your family!

(with deep feeling)

This is your family and you are joined to all of history through this family, and if that doesn't mean enough to you to measure your words and treat what other people have spent their whole lives building with respect, well, I don't care if there's a Hell or not, you're already damned.

Lady Mae turns and walks out. STILLNESS. Mac tosses his napkin onto his plate. The Bishop sighs and looks at Grace.

BISHOP

You're coming to church tomorrow.

(before Grace interrupts)

I don't care how you did things in Phoenix, you're coming to church.

The Bishop exits. Jacob gives Grace an apologetic look across the table. Grace looks at Kerissa, then Mac, and rises --

GRACE

(tartly, primly)

Guess I'll see you all at church.

End →

GRACE

EXT. THE EVANGELISTS - NIGHT

GRACE

On a bench, RATTLED. NIGHT SOUNDS. FROGS. BEAT. Then she hears a NOISE IN THE DARK and looks over to see --

A YOUNGER VERSION OF HERSELF, stepping out of the dark. The **YOUNGER GRACE** sits down on a bench opposite her and puts her hands together and bows her head and silently PRAYS.

ON GRACE

Watching this younger version of herself with MELANCHOLY --

Scene 3
Start →

JACOB (O.C.)
I thought you'd be out here.

SMASH CUT TO THE WIDE

Grace, ALONE in the grove, startles and turns to see JACOB.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Mind if I...?

He gestures to a spot on the bench beside her.

GRACE
No, please. Make yourself at home.

She scoots over and looks across where her **YOUNGER SELF** had been: **SHE'S GONE**. Jacob sits beside her. BEAT. Looks at her.

JACOB
Sorry about Kerissa.

GRACE
It's not your fault.

CONTINUED:

JACOB

It's my fault I married her.

BEAT. They both take in the night all around them. BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Good to be back?

GRACE

So far...?

She doesn't finish her thought, just makes A PAINED FACE, and then they both laugh about that dinner they just survived.

JACOB

You and Mama, Gigi --

GRACE

-- yeah --

JACOB

-- that hasn't changed. I felt like it was twenty years ago.

GRACE

(oddly haunted)

Yeah. Me too.

Jacob clocks the shift of tone in Grace's voice, then --

JACOB

Why ARE you back, really?

Grace looks at Jacob, trying to divine his concerns. SMILES.

GRACE

You're worried...?

JACOB

Not me, but my wife, obviously.

GRACE

But not you, of course not, no --

JACOB

-- no --

GRACE

-- I don't want to preach.

(off his look)

Honestly, if you put me up there tomorrow, I wouldn't know what to say. I'd be, just, like, "UGH."

CONTINUED: (2)

She makes a tongue-stuck-out vomiting face.

JACOB
That's kinda hard to believe.

GRACE
(the simple "truth")
I just wanted to come home.

Jacob takes that in, nods; DOESN'T BUY IT; BUT PRETENDS TO.

JACOB
Well. It's good to have you back.

Jacob stands up, walks away -- then turns, walks backwards --

JACOB (CONT'D)
(laughing a little)
Fun to have someone around here who
can stand up to Mama anyway!

End →

GRACE
I'm so glad I entertain you!

Jacob turns and walks away. OFF GRACE, AS HER SMILE FADES --