

Nona packs up her belongings and slips the straps of her bookbag around her shoulders, ignoring Ms. Preston's tearful stare. Nona leaves the office quietly as Ms. Preston shakes her head woefully, wiping away a single tear. *

CUT TO: *

20 EXT. HOUSE/PATIO - A WEEK LATER *

Nona sits at a nice deck table watching a video on the tablet while waiting for Bev to serve lunch. Before her is an elegant table setting with crystal and china as well as a small spread of fruit, pasta and garden salad, and assorted nuts in separate dishes. Bev soon brings out the main dish in a steaming pot of goodness and sits it in the middle of the table. Nona manages a small grin once Bev removes the lid to the pot. *

Nona INHALES sharply and closes her eyes, taking in the aroma of the food. *

NONA
Ummm, you made crab legs and lobster tails for lunch? *

BEV
Well, you know, we never had a chance to eat this good, so I figured, why not? *

Bev takes a seat across from Nona and serves their food. Bev notices Nona still paying attention to her tablet. *

BEV (CONT'D)
And put that expensive little toy away, honey, before you spill something on it. Lord knows I can't replace that thing. *

(afterthought)
Shouldn't even be on it after the letter I got from Ms. Merriweather about you sleeping in class. What's that all about, huh? *

Nona begrudgingly slides the tablet out of harms way and begins to pick at her food. *

NONA
I don't get any sleep when I'm here. *

BEV
Stop watching those videos all
times of the night.

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NONA
It's not that, mom.

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BEV
So what, then?

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*

Nona SIGHS loudly, clearly distraught. She looks down in her
lap and SLUMPS against the back of the chair, defeated.
Bev HUFFS at Nona's remark.

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*

NONA
Do you love him?

BEV
(taken aback)
What?

NONA
Is this gonna be our new daddy?

BEV
Huh? Where is this coming from,
Nona?

Nona hesitates before asking Bev a question.

NONA
Mom, I can tell you anything,
right?

BEV
Well, yeah, sweetie, of course.

Nona takes a deep breath and EXHALES slowly before admitting
her confession.

NONA
Well, okay. It's kinda
embarrassing, but it's about--

Bev pats Nona's knee, empathetic to her plight.

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BEV
What's going on with you?

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*

Nona SIGHS, unsure of her next move. She contorts her face
into an uncomfortable GRIMACE before summoning the courage to
tell the truth.

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*

NONA
(nervously)
Well, you see, I can't sleep
because Dr. Anthony comes in my
room at night.

BEV
Honey, he's just concerned about
you. You know, sometimes he takes
naps at Rachel's bedside just to be
closer to her if she wakes up. I
wouldn't lose sleep over that.

Nona bolts up in her chair and grabs Bev's hand. The
expression on her face is seriously deadpan.

NONA
No, mommy. Not like that.
(seriously)
Like that.

Bev frowns, the lines in her forehead crease deeply.

BEV
(annoyed)
Like what?
(dismissive)
Girl, don't start no mess up in
here.

Before Nona can defend herself, Bev's CELL PHONE rings. CLOSE-
UP SHOT of Dr. Anthony calling. Bev answers after the first
ring.

BEV (CONT'D)
Yes, honey?

Nona shrinks back into her chair and patiently waits for Bev
to finish the call. Instead, Bev is almost hysterical from
the news she receives.

BEV (CONT'D)
Wait, Kenn, no, please don't pull
the plug! Oh Jesus, we're coming
right now!
(impatiently)
Yes I'm calling a cab right now if
you get off the phone!

Bev jumps from the chair and runs off the patio into the
house. Nona sits there alone, with her computer, and decides
to check the website. Nona perks up as the notification chime
pings softly