

# LINDSAY

14. 1/2

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have a good one.

~~Frank heads back to his porch. Naia watches him go. He quickly wipes a tear from his eye.~~

~~EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON~~

~~Frank sits in a folding chair near his and Jo's grave. He reads out of JO'S LITTLE GREEN NOTEBOOK --~~

~~Late Winter (usually February) - Make sure to trim back the Snowball Hydrangea outside of Joey's room. Trim it almost to the ground so it will grow back up to the window. Joey loved seeing it outside of his room.~~

~~Frank lowers the notebook and takes a swig out of a flask.~~

~~He and Jo's dual headstone in front of him.~~

~~Next to it, a SINGLE HEADSTONE~~

~~JOEY FRANK FOWLER - LOVING SON  
1976 - 2005~~

~~Frank's phone RINGS. He answers.~~

**START**

FRANK  
Hello?

LINDSAY  
Hey Uncle Frank

FRANK  
Hey Linds.

LINDSAY  
You didn't tell me you got a new neighbor.

FRANK  
Oh yeah. Some kin to Earl and Pauline.

LINDSAY  
That's great! You got company way out there.

FRANK  
Yeah.

A moment.

# LINDSAY

15.

2/2

LINDSAY

Listen, I was wondering if maybe we could schedule a meeting with lawyer next week. To talk about you and daddy's land. And a path to selling it.

Frank guffaws. Leans forward, pissed.

FRANK

I told you the Tabors ain't getting that land.

LINDSAY

Uncle Frank, I know you hate the Tabors. It doesn't mean that they're gonna buy it. Either way, the homeplace is yours, that's not changing.

FRANK

Lindsay, I'm old but I'm no fool. Anything I own any part of ain't touchin' Tabor hands. You can take that to the bank.

(then)

You can do what you goddamn want with anything that's yours.

END

Frank hangs up the phone. Takes a long swig out of the flask.

A CARDINAL flies past him and lands near some wildflowers growing nearby. Jo visiting him.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank mows his yard with an old CRAFTSMAN LAWN MOWER. As he circles the backyard, he sees Naia on the backside of her house on a ladder, painting the trim PINK. Frank isn't impressed, but goes about mowing.

The old mower SPUTTERS as he nears the edge of he/Naia's property. Slows to a halt. A puff of smoke flies out of the engine and then it dies.

FRANK

Sonofabitch.

Frank gets off the mower to inspect it. Naia notices.

Frank lifts the hood of the engine, but a sharp pain shoots down his right arm. He pauses, trying to work the kink out.