

# GRAMMY

77. 1/3

Grammy's still holding on to Woodside, wiping the drops of rain from his face.

GRAMMY

Y'all need anything? Lemme put on some tea.

WHITNEY

Mummy, it's fine. Really.

(to WOODSIDE)

Baby, go rest in the guest room upstairs. I'm gonna stay down here and talk to grammy, ok?

Woodside nods, still in his grandmother's arms.

GRAMMY

(whispering)

Grab two towels from the linen closet for you and your mummy, okay? And don't wake up granddad. You know he'll get stress out if he see y'all here like this.

WOODSIDE

Ok, grammy.

GRAMMY

Love you, baby.

WOODSIDE

Love you, too.

Woodside quietly and quickly makes his way up the stairs, taking two steps at a time.

75

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

75

Whitney and Grammy are sitting on the sofa. Sitting side-by-side, with Grammy's arm around a crying Whitney, you can see the resemblance--mother and daughter.

## START

WHITNEY

And it's like things just won't change.

GRAMMY

If you are waitin f--

Woodside walks in with a towel in his hand, going right behind the sofa and draping the towel over her.

# GRAMMY

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WHITNEY  
(whispering)  
Thank you, baby.

GRAMMY  
Thank you, my favorite grandson.  
Now you just go to bed and get some  
rest, okay?

Woodside nods, looking to Whitney once more. He's worried.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)  
I know her before you, boy. You  
think I don't know how to take care  
of my own daughter?

Woodside smiles, then kisses both Whitney, then Grammy.

WOODSIDE  
Goodnight.

GRAMMY  
Goodnight, darlin'.

WHITNEY  
Night, baby. You're my protector,  
you know that, right?

Woodside smiles solemnly, then disappears.

GRAMMY  
He's such a good boy.

WHITNEY  
Yeah, I know. Reminds me of daddy,  
you don't think so?

Whitney motions to a photo on the wall.

INSERT - PHOTO

The photo on the wall is of Whitney's family when she was young. Twin daughters and a son are posed with a mom and dad. The dad is dressed like a member of the clergy--a bishop.

RESUME

GRAMMY  
Exactly who he get it from.

They both chuckle for a while, then it grows quiet.

Beat.

# GRAMMY

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WHITNEY

You know, I thought that last time was the last time.

GRAMMY

But?

WHITNEY

But... that's what I thought the time before that. And I don't want to get stuck in the same cycle over and over again.

GRAMMY

That's what marriage is about...

WHITNEY

I guess it is...

76

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

76

Woodside is just outside around the corner leaning up against the wall, listening to everything. He shakes his head, disagreeing with her words.

GRAMMY (O.S.)

You have to stick through. There were many times where I just wanted Clifford to disappear. I wanted to disappear. But I knew my children (touching Whitney's hand) needed a father. I knew that I was his wife. And I knew that my husband loved me, and that our vows were made before God.

Woodside is shaking his head furiously, tears in his eyes.

WHITNEY

It's just so... terrible. Why me? Why him?

GRAMMY

And he's a bad example for DJ. Just being around that spirit...

(sigh; beat)

Let's say a prayer for him, okay?

END

Woodside gets up, rolling his eyes. Mouth taut in anger, he makes his way up the stairs.

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