

GRACELESS

FADE IN:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGELA REEVES, early 20s, darts around her mildly cluttered bedroom, half-dressed in khakis and a white tank top, as voicemail messages play on SPEAKER.

MELINDA REEVES (V.O.)
Angela, it's mom. Where are you?
Service starts in twenty minutes.

AUTOMATED VOICEMAIL VOICE (V.O.)
Next new message.

Angela grabs a couple of crumpled button-down shirts from the bedroom floor. She performs the "smell test" and picks one.

MELINDA (V.O.)
Are you hung over? Oh, Lord, I
hope you aren't hung over. I told
everyone you'd be here.

AUTOMATED VOICEMAIL VOICE (V.O.)
Next new message.

Angela buttons her shirt.

HENRY REEVES (V.O.)
Ang, it's Dad. For the love of God,
please show up.

Angela laughs.

EXT. MEGACHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Cars fill the parking lot of the First Savior and Living Lord Church to near capacity.

INT. FIRST SAVIOR AND LIVING LORD CHURCH - DAY

HENRY REEVES, 47, not dressed to impress in khakis and sport coat, paces the empty church lobby, eyes fixed on the door.

He spots Angela on her way through the door. He strides over to meet her. Angela hugs him.

HENRY
I thought I was going to have to
fake my own death.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

A choir SINGS as DOUG RICHARDS, an imposing, silver-haired fifty-something pastor scans the crowd from his seat near the pulpit.

Angela's mother, MELINDA REEVES, 47, sits in the second row of the packed sanctuary, her petite, yet chunky, frame loaded with enough costume jewelry to furnish a mall kiosk.

Angela and Henry stumble across the row toward Melinda. Angela sits down next to her mother.

MELINDA

Would it have troubled you to wear
a skirt?

ANGELA

Good to see you, too, Mom.

A SNOOTY WOMAN turns and glares at them. Angela waves at her. The woman rolls her eyes and spins back around.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - LATER

The pastor's wife, DOTTIE (50s), an attractive woman with just a hint of menopausal softness, greets parishioners at the front of the sanctuary.

Dottie's daughter, JAMIE (20s) -- the kind of preacher's daughter the church boys would dream about if they weren't so worried about her father reading their thoughts -- stands beside her.

Jamie tries her best to hold in laughter as a wildly gesticulating CHURCH LADY talks with her mother.

Melinda guides Angela to the front of the sanctuary.

Dottie hugs the Church Lady.

Melinda prods Angela forward. The Church Lady walks away, but not before giving Angela the once-over.

Angela reaches out to shake Dottie's hand. Dottie hugs her instead. Angela glances over Dottie's shoulder at Jamie, mid-hug. Jamie grins.

Dottie finally lets go. Angela lets out a sigh of relief.

DOTTIE

So, what did you think?

JAMIE
Don't answer that.

Jamie winks at Angela. Angela blushes.

DOTTIE
Oh, hush. Angela, if you don't
mind, I'm going to steal your mom
for a minute.

Dottie drags Melinda away.

Awkward silence.

JAMIE
So.

Angela smiles.

ANGELA
Yeah.

JAMIE
I run the singles--

ANGELA
So how long--

They laugh and try again.

JAMIE
Go ahead.

ANGELA
You first.

More laughter.

JAMIE
Rock, paper, scissors?

ANGELA
I'm more of a coin toss girl.

JAMIE
Want me to sneak a quarter from the
collection plate? I've got
connections.

ANGELA
What are my odds?

JAMIE
You're betting against the house.

Angela pulls a quarter from her pocket and hands it to Jamie.

JAMIE
Let's raise the stakes.