

EXT. BACK GARDEN OF ST CATHERINE'S- NIGHT

A couple tables sit with some warm lighting on the paved walkway around a small garden. A cobblestone path, some loose flowers, a bit overgrown, with tall leaves sticking out a bit haphazardly. The sound of insect life softly in the background, it's a warm evening.

It's just barely night but things are already winding down here. In the background we see a nurse lead away another resident inside, taking their arm. Tabitha and Edmund sit next to each other, both facing forward towards the garden.

TABITHA

-She can't possibly have that many-

EDMUND

I'm telling you! Joe said 17!

TABITHA

Well that just feels a bit excessive.

EDMUND

(in mock horror) Now Tabitha Stanton, did I just hear an unkind thing spew from that god-fearing mouth of yours?

TABITHA

Oh don't flip your lid, I'm sure this mouth has said much worse about you before.

EDMUND

Yes, but I don't count, I thrive on your *perfectly polished* negativity, you see.

TABITHA

Ah yes, of course.

A beat.

TABITHA (cont'd)

But truly, how does she keep track of them all?

EDMUND

I haven't the faintest- but she apparently sends them all customized birthday gifts every year. Hand embroidered little bows and ties and the like.

TABITHA  
(laughing) Oh goodness.

EDMUND  
Seventeen birthdays! Not to mention  
the four kids, the in-laws-

TABITHA  
Do you think if we get on her good  
side, we might-

EDMUND  
Heaven help us if we do! Seventeen! I  
can't imagine having to remember  
seventeen *names*, let alone seventeen  
birthdays and their personalized  
gifts! Can't imagine the tie she  
would make for me- but according to  
her, I should be wearing far more  
baby blue- it's my color, you see.

Edmund bats his eyelashes and laughs. Tabitha continues to  
laugh as well, but at his last comment, something in her  
smile falters and she slowly quiets. They fade into amiable  
silence.

An extended pause.

TABITHA  
Are we sure about this?

EDMUND  
Tabby, we-

TABITHA  
*Listen*, the absolute improbability of  
everything going according to plan is  
just patently unavoidable.

EDMUND  
Oh but I defy improbability on a  
daily basis!

TABITHA  
And frequently face the consequences!

EDMUND  
I'm a lovable troublemaker!

TABITHA  
-which often lands you in trouble!

EDMUND

What's life without a little risk?

TABITHA

Safer! I mean, stealing from children is a pretty low bar, but then we tack automotive theft on there and-

EDMUND

Technically it's just Christi, and stealing from your own descendants feels like a right you're granted when you turn seventy-

TABITHA

And maybe they don't toss us out on the street, but this isn't Joe's first attempt jumping ship! He could face some serious-

EDMUND

What Joe does can hardly be anyone else's responsibility, but if you want to try to talking that wet rag into taking his business elsewhere, I welcome you to-

TABITHA

Edmund! Edmund, what if- what if there's-

She struggles for words.

TABITHA (cont'd)

What if we do this, everything goes swimmingly, all perfectly according to your- plot, and then- then what? We spend a few hours away, then we're right back where we were.

EDMUND

Well that's a dour way of looking at it.

TABITHA

It's realistic! It's-

EDMUND

Tabby, Tabby!

Edmund takes a deep breath and turns to face her directly for the first time in the conversation.

EDMUND (cont'd)  
If everything goes according to plan,  
and we have a few hours before we end  
up right back here- then we had a few  
hours. We'll have those hours.

Tabitha stares back at him, still warring with herself, her  
anxiousness palpable.

EDMUND (cont'd)  
(lighter and looking back to straight  
ahead) And who wouldn't want to have  
a first-hand viewing of Trevor  
attempting to drive that bus. I mean-  
I give it 50/50 we all don't end up  
crashed through the wall of the  
chapel.

TABITHA  
(shaky, but turning forward as well)  
Well that would certainly liven up  
the Mass.

EDMUND  
Might even be loud enough to wake up  
Anthony!

They both chuckle a bit at this. A pause.

TABITHA  
And you're sure we'll get the passes  
in time? Christi can get enough for  
all of us?

EDMUND  
Seventeen grandchildren should give  
quite the selection to choose from.

TABITHA  
(genuinely shocked) Oh you must be  
joking. Seventeen!?! That's just too  
many.

Edmund laughs, thinking this a joke, a callback. But as she  
faces forward, he gives her a sideways glance. She still  
seems to be genuinely marveling about the number.