

PREACHER

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GRACE (CONT'D)

Uhh excuse me Sir, could you please
move out of the way so I can get
out of my driveway.

PREACHER

Do you see that.
(pointing up)

She glances up and sees nothing but sun and clouds.

GRACE See
what?

PREACHER

The sun. What do you think about
it?

GRACE

(a quick peek up)
I think it's uhhhhh, sunny.

PREACHER

No it's glorious, it's excellent,
it's magnificent. It's...

GRACE

(cutting him off)
It's a quarter till 8 and I really
have to get going, so if you could
kindly move a few feet to the right
I would greatly appreciate it.

PREACHER

(a deep inhale)
Inhale that fresh air.

GRACE

Excuse me.

PREACHER Inhale, like
this.
(a deep inhale) Come on
Come, do it with me.

Grace decides to indulge him, maybe this will get him to move. She
inhales.