

SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS

by

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FIFTH DRAFT
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EXT. CHURCH BOARD SIGN - DAY

A veiled wife finished installing the last card on the board, which reads: "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. (Hebrews 10:31)*"

INT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - DAY

In a small chapel with a vaulted ceiling, bright windows, and rows of wooden pews. The pews are populated by twelve women shrouded in white, lacy veils. At the altar, FATHER VINCENT faces away from the audience as he prepares himself to begin his sermon.

FATHER VINCENT is a charismatic, charming, enthusiastic, and slightly crazed cult leader. He bears a sparkling grin that doesn't reach his eyes.

FATHER VINCENT
Welcome, my daughters.

He pauses, letting the word settle.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
Today, we gather in unity. Today, we remember why we are chosen... and why we obey.

He speaks emphatically at the altar.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
There is strength in order. Strength in devotion. Strength in knowing your place, in knowing your purpose. Some may whisper of doubt, of temptation, of the chaos that lies outside these walls...

He looks over the audience.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
...but here, within these *sacred* walls, you are whole. You are guided. You... are mine.

He lowers his voice slightly.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
And you, my daughters, are not here by chance. You are here because you have been chosen... because you are worthy... because you will endure.
(MORE)

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Being a wife of God is no simple
 feat. Rejoice in your noble calling!

He sweeps his gaze across the room, and takes a deep breath.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Let the weak doubt, let the fearful
 flee. But you... you will remain
 steadfast. And through your
 obedience, you honor me. You honor
 the path. You honor the light. Go
 onward, and ask not what God can do
 for you, but what you can do... for
 me.

He flashes a big, charming smile.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Now let me feel the passion!

The wives remain seated in the pews and cheer with their
 fists, but remain silent. Father Vincent nods and sighs. He
 walks around the altar to the front of the stage.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Now, come forth and receive your
 daily blessings. Grace first.

The women line up down the isle in single file leading to
 Vincent's feet. Grace is first. Vincent lifts her veil and
 she looks up at him, her face perfectly neutral.

GRACE is Father Vincent's favourite. She looks pure,
 wholesome, and angelic.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Grace... My sweet, darling Grace.

He runs the back of his hand down her cheek.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 You carry the light so easily. You
 make belief look beautiful. Stay
 sweet. Let me take care of the rest.

GRACE
 Thank you, Father.

IVY is a wife who is desperate for Vincent's approval. She
 is put together, proper, and orderly. She always looks
 perfect, but tense.

GRACE stands and exits. IVY kneels next, looking up at Father Vincent eagerly, then dramatically bows her head with her hands pressed together.

FATHER VINCENT
(sighs)
Ivy.

He places his hand on her head.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
May you always know your place, and
may you never feel the need to leave
it.

Ivy kisses his feet.

IVY
Thank you, Father.

LILITH is the black sheep in the cult. She looks noticeably messier, darker, and edgier than the other wives.

Ivy stands and exits. LILITH kneels next.

Father Vincent lifts her veil.

FATHER VINCENT
(looks down at her
with contempt)
Lilith. You will be happier once you
stop looking beyond what's been
given. Peace will come when you stop
resisting it.

LILITH
(through clenched
teeth)
Thank you, Father.

Lilith stands and walks away. Father Vincent glares at her as she goes.

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

A church bell chimes. A montage of the wives performing their daily tasks begins.

They scrub the floors.

Grace scrubs carefully, almost tenderly. Lilith scrubs harder. Faster. Grace glances sideways. Lilith looks up. Their eyes meet, just for a moment. Grace looks away first.

They prepare food.

Grace stirs a big pot in synchronized circles. Grace's hand falters. Lilith takes the spoon from her and continues. Their fingers meet. Grace freezes. Lilith doesn't. No one looks up. Ivy glances at them and raises an eyebrow.

They do laundry.

White dresses are wrung out and hung on a clothesline. Grace struggles with one heavy dress. Lilith steps in and helps her lift it. Their shoulders brush. Grace smiles, letting out a tiny, involuntary laugh. She clamps her mouth shut immediately. Lilith looks at her longingly.

They pray in a circle.

The wives sit on the floor in a circle, taking turns reading aloud from the bibles in their laps. Grace recites with confidence. Lilith admires her intently. Grace glances up and meets Lilith's gaze. She gets flustered and stumbles over her words, eyes darting back down to her bible, embarrassed. Ivy looks between them, eyes narrow.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

A small storage room sits tucked away near the back of the kitchen, away from the commotion of the commune. It's dusty shelves are cluttered with cans, boxes, and folded linens. The room is dim, quiet, forgotten.

Grace slips inside first. She exhales deeply, as if she's been holding her breath all day. Lilith stops at the door, looking both ways before stepping inside and closes the door just enough to leave it open a crack.

Grace forms a small, tired smile. Lilith looks at her like she's something fragile, taking a step closer.

LILITH

You missed a word today.

GRACE

(smiles shyly)

You distracted me.

LILITH

(smirks)

God's perfect angel, shaken by me?
I should ask for sainthood.

GRACE

(smiles and sighs)

You look at me like that on purpose.
You like watching me lose focus.

Lilith looks at Grace adoringly and gently pushes her hair back.

LILITH

I do. I hate prayer, but I love
watching you.

GRACE

(softly)

Why do you hate it?

LILITH

(sighs)

Because I know no one's listening. No
one's gonna answer.

GRACE

(smiles shyly)

What are they? I'll answer them.

LILITH

(scoffs uncomfortably)

What?

GRACE

(tilts her head)

What do you want?

Lilith swallows, leans in, looking longingly at Grace. The tension is broken by footsteps in the hallway. The girls freeze, eyes widening. Grace pulls her hand back, afraid. The footsteps pass.

GRACE (cont'd)

Promise me we wont get caught.

LILITH

I promise I'll see it coming.

GRACE

(quietly)

You're not afraid?

LILITH

I am.

Lilith kisses Grace on the cheek and goes to the door, half stepping out, then turns back to Grace.

LILITH (cont'd)

(smiles)

I just don't pray about it.

Lilith leaves. Grace stands in the closet for an extra moment, taking a deep breath with her hand on her heart.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Father Vincent and the wives sit in silence at long wooden tables in the quiet hall. Candles flicker.

Father Vincent sits at the head of the table with Grace and Ivy on either side of him. A gaudy, bejeweled dagger sits on the table beside his chalice. Lilith sits at the other end of the table, gaze straight ahead, her eyes flickering from Grace to Vincent.

Ivy raises her hand, voice chirpy and eager.

IVY

I can say the prayer tonight.

Vincent looks to Grace instead, calmly, deliberately.

FATHER VINCENT

Grace.

Ivy's smile falters. Grace shifts uncomfortably but rises.

GRACE

(softly)

Yes, Father.

Grace bows her head. All the wives follow.

GRACE (cont'd)

Almighty God, we give thanks for the
bounty before us and for your
guidance in all our days.

Ivy's hands clench tightly in her lap.

GRACE (cont'd)
 Bless us in our service, and keep us
 mindful of our devotion, that we may
 follow your light in all things.

Grace sits quickly. Father Vincent nods once, approvingly.

FATHER VINCENT
 Eat.

The other wives move like synchronized machines. Lilith
 doesn't budge. A wife nudges Lilith.

Lilith makes the sign of the cross.

LILITH
 (sarcastically)
 Heavenly father, bless our sacred
 overcooked stew.

FATHER VINCENT
 Lilith. Eat.

LILITH
 (plainly)
 Oh, I'm eating. Just... savoring it.

Lilith cuts her food and lifts her fork in exaggerated slow
 motion, staring right at Vincent.

FATHER VINCENT
 (glaring)
 Do not test me.

Lilith smiles bitterly.

LILITH
 (to herself)
 Testing is the only fun I have here.

Ivy stares, fuming, while Grace shifts uncomfortably, trying
 not to smile. Vincent's hand tightens slightly on his
 dagger, but says nothing. Lilith smirks.

INT. FATHER VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is dimly lit. Father Vincent sits in a wooden chair
 at his desk in the middle of the room. Ivy stands before
 him, shifting slightly, trying to keep her composure.

IVY

Father, it's Lilith. She... she doesn't follow properly. Always questioning. Always defying you.

Father Vincent listens, expression unreadable.

IVY (cont'd)

I don't understand why you let her challenge you. She sets an example for others. Not the right one.

She bites her lip, trying to restrain her resentment.

IVY (cont'd)

And... it's frustrating. I try, I serve, I do everything right, and yet... she acts like she's untouchable. And Grace... Grace gets everything. Always perfect. Always favored.

Father Vincent stares, unwavering. Ivy stiffens, anger rising.

IVY (cont'd)

Why Grace? She's not even aware of what she does. Even quiet, she draws attention. You notice her. Everyone notices her. Even when she doesn't try.

Father Vincent's gaze is calm and absolute.

FATHER VINCENT

Devotion and favoritism are not synonymous.

Ivy steps closer.

IVY

I can serve. I can do anything you ask. Be anything you want.

She pauses, waiting.

IVY (cont'd)

I know my place. I- I just want to please you.

FATHER VINCENT

(annoyed)

Yes, Ivy. You love me. I love me. All is well.

Vincent studies Ivy for a few moments.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)

You're looking for fairness. There isn't any. Hunger. Fear. Want. Those are the real scriptures. Desire is not a sin, it's a signal. Follow it. Lilith won't change. Grace doesn't need to. You, however... still have potential.

Ivy nods, conceding. She leaves the room, closing the door behind her.

EXT. CHURCH BOARD SIGN - DAY

A veiled wife finishes installing the last card. The board reads: *"We sinned, and now we are doomed. (Lamentations 5:16)"*

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A quiet, dark room with a long wooden table, lit by candles. Stacks of thick ledger books, their spines stamped with years. Grace sits upright, perfectly still, pen poised. She writes slowly, deliberately. The sound of ink scratching paper is the loudest thing in the room.

Lilith stands nearby, leaning against a shelf, flipping through an old ledger at random. Grace finishes writing a line. Pauses. Reads it again. She erases a name and rewrites it, identical, except cleaner. Lilith notices.

LILITH

What was wrong with the first one?

Grace doesn't look up.

GRACE

The spacing.

Lilith hums, unconvinced. She leans over Grace's shoulder, reading the page.

LILITH

What are the categories?

Grace continues writing.

GRACE

Attendance. Devotion. Infractions.
Helps keep track.

Lilith reads over Grace's shoulder. Rows of names. Check marks. Small notes written in Grace's careful handwriting.

"Missed prayer (fatigue), silence maintained, correction required"

Lilith's name appears more than once. Grace sees her notice and looks up at Lilith.

GRACE (cont'd)

It's not personal.

Lilith smiles faintly.

LILITH

Right, written record is never personal.

Lilith smirks and leans down to talk softly, teasingly, in Grace's ear

LILITH (cont'd)

Your perfect handwriting really softens the blow.

Grace flips to the next page, empty and pristine. She smooths it with her palm before writing.

GRACE

Father likes order.

Lilith retorts quickly.

LILITH

Father likes quiet.

A pause.

LILITH (cont'd)

(softer)

Does he even read these?

GRACE
(hesitates)
He trusts me to keep them.

Lilith lets out a small laugh. Grace looks up at her.

GRACE (cont'd)
What?

Lilith gestures to the shelves of ledgers.

LILITH
You've turned faith into homework.

Grace smiles up at her.

GRACE
Oh yeah?

Grace writes a new line.

GRACE (cont'd)
(dictating)
"Lilith: Disposition, resistant"

Lilith smiles and scoffs, playfully wrestling the pen out of Grace's hand, pulling their bodies close. A silence settles.

LILITH
(softly)
How do you do it? How can you bear
him?

GRACE
(smiles softly)
I say please and thank you and think
about crows pecking out his eyeballs.

They both laugh softly, faces close. Silence settles.

LILITH
I want to leave.

GRACE
(stiffens)
You don't mean that.

LILITH
(calm, resolute)
I do.

Grace turns to face her.

GRACE
 You're just angry. You get like this
 when you-

Lilith shakes her head, speaking softly, holding her face
 gently.

LILITH
 I'm not- I'm not angry. I just want
 more than this.

GRACE
 This is all we have.

LILITH
 This is all were *allowed* to have.

GRACE
 You can't leave. It's not safe out
 there.

LILITH
 It's not safe here, either.

Grace looks away, the silence hangs for a few moments.

GRACE
 Where would you go?

LILITH
 (exasperated)
 Anywhere I don't have to hide in a
 storage closet to kiss you.

Grace looks up at her, pained.

GRACE
 (softly)
 You know I can't.

LILITH
 (pointed)
 I know you won't.

GRACE
 If you leave Father will-

LILITH
 He only wins if you keep playing
 along.

Lilith sighs and looks ahead.

LILITH (cont'd)
 I don't want to steal you away. I
 just want to know who you are without
 him watching.

Grace looks down at her hands fidgeting in her lap. She
 doesn't know what to say. Lilith huffs and stands, pacing.

LILITH (cont'd)
 You want me. You just don't want to
 want me.

Lilith leans against the desk, staring straight at Grace.

LILITH (cont'd)
 (desperately)
 Say it. Say you want to be with me.

GRACE
 (looks up at her
 annoyed)
 Why? You'll just use it against me.

Lilith sighs and drops her head. Grace swallows her fear.

GRACE (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 I love you. Of course I do. And we
 are damned because of it.

Lilith nods, stands, and goes to the door.

LILITH
 I love you.

She gestures to the ledger book.

LILITH (cont'd)
 If you decide you want a life that
 isn't written down... I'll be
 waiting.

Lilith leaves. Grace slams the book shut.

INT. VESTRY - DAY

Grace stands at a narrow table, folding cloths with surgical
 precision. Each fold identical. Lilith sits at the table,
 folding sloppily and tossing them on the table. Grace
 patiently takes Lilith's and refolds them.

Ivy enters carrying a small box of candles. She pauses when
 she sees the two of them.

IVY
Oh. You two are together... again.

GRACE
(smiles instinctively)
We were assigned linens.

Lilith doesn't look up.

LILITH
(oblivious)
By who?

Grace shoots her a look. Ivy sets the box down gently.

IVY
Its nice, really. Seeing you so...

She glances at Lilith's sloppy folding.

IVY (cont'd)
Supported.

GRACE
We help each other.

IVY
(still watching
Lilith)
Some people need more help than
others.

Lilith finally looks up.

LILITH
(smirks sarcastically)
That's right. She's in charge of my
moral development.

GRACE
(tense)
Lilith-

IVY
No, its alright.

She smiles at Grace, cold and polite.

IVY (cont'd)
(dripping with false
sincerity)
I admire your patience, Grace. God
gave you such a calming presence.

Grace looks down, embarrassed.

GRACE
I just try to be helpful.

IVY
(with false sincerity)
It shows. Everything runs smoother
with you around.

Lilith raises an eyebrow.

LILITH
(sarcastically)
Miracle worker.

IVY
Some wives bring peace. Others
bring...

Ivy looks to Lilith.

IVY (cont'd)
instability.

LILITH
(nods)
I respond poorly to restraint.

Lilith smirks up at Grace.

LILITH (cont'd)
I pray my handler will cure me.

IVY
I wouldn't get too dependent. Father
tends to take what he loves most.

LILITH
(shrugs)
Then he and I have that in common.

Ivy looks at Lilith, confused and disturbed, and leaves.
Grace exhales like she's been holding her breath for
minutes. She whacks Lilith's arm with a cloth.

GRACE
Okay. You cannot do that.

Lilith smiles mischievously.

LILITH
Do what?

GRACE
That. You make it obvious.

Lilith tilts her head in feigned confusion.

GRACE (cont'd)
You *performed*.

LILITH
(smirks)
I'm expressive.

GRACE
You smiled at me. You looked at me.
You called me your *handler*.

LILITH
(smiles and leans in)
You are my handler.

GRACE
(raises her eyebrows)
Not publicly.

Lilith lets out a scoff/laugh in disbelief.

LILITH
(flirtatiously)
I see. Private handling only.

Grace shoots her a look.

GRACE
This isn't funny!

LILITH
(softer)
I know. That's why it is funny.

GRACE
I spend all day smoothing things
over. I make it quiet. I make it
neat. And then you come in and...

She gestures vaguely.

GRACE (cont'd)
Poke it.

LILITH
(nods)
I tap it.

GRACE
With a hammer.

LILITH
(shrugs)
You should see me when I'm careless.

GRACE
You're drawing attention.

LILITH
Yes.

GRACE
That's dangerous.

LILITH
Also yes.

A pause.

GRACE
(quieter)
They'll take it out on me.

Lilith softens and steps closer.

LILITH
Then let me take some of it, too.

GRACE
You can't just... insert yourself
into the chaos.

Lilith sighs and forms a small smile.

LILITH
I can, and I have, and I will again.

Grace stares at her. Then, despite herself, a laugh escapes.

GRACE
You're impossible.

Lilith looks at Grace adoringly, leaning in.

LILITH
And yet-

Sounds of the other wives chattering echo in. Grace breaks from the trance and straightens her dress.

GRACE
 (shaking her head)
 We should go.

Grace walks to the door.

GRACE (cont'd)
 (without turning)
 Be careful. *Please*.

Grace walks out. Lilith lingers, smiling. Ivy storms back in with intent, facing Lilith, arms crossed.

IVY
 Father wants you.

Ivy leaves. Lilith sighs, leaning against the table, and then walks out.

INT. FATHER VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Vincent stands, leaning against his desk with his dagger in hand. Lilith walks in and closes the door behind her.

FATHER VINCENT
 Lilith. I've been thinking about you.

LILITH
 Well that's never good.

FATHER VINCENT
 (plainly)
 You are a primordial she-demon.

He shrugs.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 This is a fact.

Lilith nods, unfazed.

LILITH
 How kind of you to notice.

FATHER VINCENT
 You've always struggled with the structure here.

LILITH
 I've always struggled with obedience disguised as holiness.

A pause.

FATHER VINCENT
You've gotten awfully close to Grace.

Lilith freezes.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
She is goodness. She is my most
powerful light. And I fear your...
antics, your... darkness, may corrupt
her.

Lilith exhales, slowly. Carefully.

LILITH
She isn't made of glass.

FATHER VINCENT
No, she's not. She's soft.

LILITH
Then why keep her in a place that
feeds on her like this?

Father Vincent tilts his head.

FATHER VINCENT
You mistake admiration for
consumption.

LILITH
(huffs)
Admiration isn't supposed to drain
the thing it worships.

Father Vincent steps closer.

FATHER VINCENT
Grace believes in you.

LILITH
She believes in everyone.

FATHER VINCENT
That is precisely my concern.

A thick silence hangs.

LILITH
You don't own her.

FATHER VINCENT
 (laughs darkly)
 I own this house. This order. These women. You.

LILITH
 And yet, she is always at my side, not yours.

God's jaw tightens.

FATHER VINCENT
 Be careful, Lilith. You're sick. You're turning her sick. Do you really want to be responsible for that?

LILITH
 I'm not... I'm-

FATHER VINCENT
 (cuts her off)
 You don't get to decide what you're doing. I decide what is illness. I decide what is purity. And when something threatens the collective body, I must remove it.

He stares at her.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 For righteousness.

Lilith stares back.

LILITH
 And Grace?

FATHER VINCENT
 Grace is mine to protect. Even from herself.

He leans in close.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Especially from you.

He sighs.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 If she falls, Lilith, the blame will be yours. And then...

He smiles devilishly and steps back.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)

You may go.

Lilith steps forward, eyes sharp.

LILITH

I will be the sacrilegious deviant in your pathetic little performance. But I will not fear you.

She nods once.

LILITH (cont'd)

You should be careful, Vince. This is a very... delicate system you've built. And heretics tend to multiply.

She gives a fake smile, turns, and leaves. Vincent fumes.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Grace and Lilith stand close among stacks of linens and boxes.

GRACE

What did he say to you? In his office?

LILITH

(smiles slightly)

The usual. Structure. Obedience.

GRACE

And...?

Lilith looks at her deeply.

LILITH

He said I'm sick. And that I'm making you sick too.

Grace furrows her brow.

GRACE

I don't feel sick.

Lilith looks at her longingly, yearning, almost trembling.

LILITH

I do.

They stand in silence for a moment. Close. The air is electric. Grace's hand drifts closer to Lilith's.

Lilith doesn't pull away. Their fingers brush, linger. Slowly, deliberately, they lean in. Foreheads touch. And then, a slow, intimate kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ivy backs away from the keyhole of the storage closet, eyes wide, processing what she just saw. Ivy retreats silently, mind racing.

EXT. CHURCH BOARD SIGN - DAY

A veiled wife sits on the ground beside the sign. The board reads: "*In the last days perilous times shall come (2 Timothy 3:1)*"

INT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - DAY

Sunlight slices through stained glass, casting fractured colors on the floor.

Grace kneels beside Father Vincent. Her hands folded, back straight, eyes downcast. Vincent leans in close, whispering something she nods to.

Lilith sits at the back of the chapel. She holds a bible but peers past it, her gaze fixed on Grace. Every small movement, flexing fingers, shifting weight, radiates quiet defiance.

Ivy lounges behind Grace, elbow on the pew, leaning slightly. She observes Lilith, subtly tilts her head and smirks.

Grace's eyes flick to Lilith. Lilith holds the look, steady, daring. She takes a deep breath, jaw clenched.

Father Vincent's hand rests lightly on Grace's shoulder. A brush of control. A warning. Grace stiffens under his touch.

Lilith shifts her posture, leaning forward, eyes sharper. A silent statement. Ivy notices the exchange, lips pressing into a thin line, eyes narrowing, calculating.

Father Vincent notices Lilith staring and holds eye contact with her as he leans down and kisses the top of Grace's head.

LILITH
(hushed, through
clenched teeth)
Heavenly father... I'm doing my best.

She swallows.

LILITH (cont'd)
To not put that fucker exactly where
he belongs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is quiet except for the faint clatter of dishes. Steam rises from the sink. Lilith stands at the counter, drying a plate. Ivy leans against the doorway, arms crossed, eyes sharp.

IVY
(disgusted)
I saw you. In the storage closet.

Lilith freezes and turns around slowly.

LILITH
Are you sure it wasn't a prophetic
vision?

Ivy steps closer, fury in her eyes.

IVY
She's Father's favourite. And you-
you... corrupted her! With your vile,
evil, sinful ways! Is nothing holy to
you? You *godless creature!*

In a flash, Lilith grabs Ivy by the hair and holds her head under the dishwater in the sink. Lilith pulls her back out of the water, leaning in, threateningly close.

LILITH
(dangerously calm)
You think what you saw was dirty? Was
sinful? It was love. Real love. Not
rules. Not rituals. Not obedience.
Grace knows it and so do I. If my
soul is damned, so be it. You'll
never understand, Ivy, because you've
never felt it.

Lilith tightens her grip on Ivy's hair.

LILITH (cont'd)
She is what's holy to me.

Lilith dunks Ivy's head once more and releases her. Ivy stands, horrified, and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER VINCENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ivy bursts through the door, soaking wet, eyes wild. Father Vincent looks up.

INT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - DAY

Morning light pours in through high windows. The wives sit still in the pews. Hands folded. Grace is seated on the stage beside the altar. Perfect posture. Serene. Lilith sits far back. Still. Watching. Father Vincent stands at the altar, calm and relaxed.

FATHER VINCENT
 My daughters. Today feels... quiet.

He looks out over the crowd.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 That's how you know the work is taking hold. When faith stops shouting.

Grace lowers her eyes, humble. Lilith doesn't.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Every household needs maintenance. Dust gathers. Cracks form, even in the most beautiful structures.

He puts his hand on Grace's shoulder.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Especially the load-bearing ones.

Grace stiffens. Ivy watches, smug, satisfied.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Grace has carried more than her share. More responsibility. More attention. More... passion.

He chuckles softly.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 So tomorrow, we will offer her a
 reset. A cleansing. A return to the
 holy land.

Grace nods hesitantly.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 You see? No resistance. No fear. Just
 purity.

He looks down at Grace and then back up at the wives.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 This is not a punishment. It's care.
 We will remove what does not belong.
 Cast out the darkness.

Lilith squirms in her seat, stressed.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Afterward, she will be light. Clean.
 Exactly where she should be.

The wives cheer with their fists silently. Lilith does not.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)
 Go in peace.

The wives stand and shuffle out calmly. Lilith stays staring
 at Grace, still on stage with God.

INT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - NIGHT

The chapel is almost completely dark. Lilith sits in front
 of the altar with a candle. Grace comes in quietly, also
 holding a candle. She sits beside Lilith.

LILITH
 (low, urgent)
 He's not going to cleanse you. He's
 going to hurt you.

GRACE
 He said it's symbolic. It's always
 symbolic.

LILITH
 Yeah? How sure are you?

Grace swallows.

GRACE

I'll be fine. I've always been fine.

Lilith takes a frustrated breath, looking down.

LILITH

You're shaking.

Grace looks down and realizes it's true.

GRACE

I just need to get through tomorrow.

LILITH

There is no "after tomorrow" if you go through with this.

The silence hangs heavy.

LILITH (cont'd)

We can leave. Tonight.

GRACE

You're asking me to choose between everything I've ever known and-

LILITH

-And me. I know.

Grace looks away, battling internally.

LILITH (cont'd)

But don't pretend this is faith. It's fear.

GRACE

If I run now... they'll call it proof.

LILITH

They'll call it proof no matter what you do.

Grace reaches out and touches Lilith's fingers softly.

GRACE

If something goes wrong-

LILITH

(exasperated)

It already has! I told you I'd see it coming. This is it.

Lilith rests her forehead against Grace's, her eyes shutting softly, like she's savoring this moment.

LILITH (cont'd)
 (voice strained)
 Please.

GRACE
 I don't know how to choose you
 without destroying everything.

LILITH
 (exhales)
 I know.

Lilith pulls back, brushing Grace's hair out of her face.

LILITH (cont'd)
 (softly, lovingly)
 I didn't believe in anything until
 you looked at me. If there is a God,
 it's whatever happened right then.

Grace lets out a disbelieving, emotional huff. They hug, holding onto each other desperately.

INT. VESTRY - DAY

Soft morning light filters through a narrow window. White garments hang neatly. Grace stands as Ivy helps her into the ceremonial dress. Ivy's movements are careful. Reverent. A little too slow.

IVY
 (under her breath)
 I want to hurt you.

GRACE
 (calmly)
 I know.

IVY
 (taken aback)
 You know?

GRACE
 Yes. Its okay. I would want to hurt
 me too.

IVY
 Why doesn't he love me the way he
 loves you?

Grace pauses and chooses her words carefully.

GRACE
He loves each of us... differently.
We each have a role to play. You know
that.

IVY
Of course I do. And yours is Father's
favourite.

Grace exhales softly as Ivy smooths the fabric at her waist.

GRACE
And yet... we all remain perpetual
servants.

IVY
(looks up)
You sound like Lilith.

Grace's eyes widen.

IVY (cont'd)
Is it true?

Grace doesn't answer immediately. She studies herself in the
mirror.

IVY (cont'd)
What you feel for her.

GRACE
(softly)
When I'm with her... I'm not trying
to earn anything.

Ivy looks up. Grace swallows.

GRACE (cont'd)
She doesn't hold anything over me.
She doesn't ask me to change.

Ivy's eyes fill, not with anger or jealousy. With
understanding.

IVY
(nods)
That's dangerous.

Grace smiles sadly.

GRACE
It's real.

IVY

Lilith was right. I don't know what that feels like. I've always just been... waiting my turn.

Grace turns to face her.

GRACE

No one here gives power, Ivy. They just obey the ones who already have it.

They stand there, close, briefly unguarded. Ivy drapes the veil over Grace.

INT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - DAY

The chapel is immaculate. Sunlight pours through the high windows. Father Vincent stands at the altar, hands folded, serene. The wives sit in the pews. Silent. Expectant. The doors at the back of the chapel open. A veiled figure enters, walking down the aisle slowly. Heads bow as she passes. Father Vincent watches, pleased. The figure reaches the altar and kneels. Father Vincent steps forward.

FATHER VINCENT

My beloved Grace. Today, you are unburdened from the illness that was brought upon you.

He places a hand gently on her veiled head.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)

May the clouds that shroud you be lifted. May what distracts you be washed away. God will grant you a new body. A new voice. And you will return to me... clean.

Father Vincent smiles.

FATHER VINCENT (cont'd)

Look at me.

The veiled figure slowly raises her head. Father Vincent reaches beneath the altar. A dagger glints in the light. He lifts it calmly, ritualistic, deliberate. With his other hand, he reaches for the veil. He lifts it.

It is IVY.

Vincent freezes. Just for a fraction of a second. Ivy's eyes are steady. Clear. Hungry. Before he can speak, Ivy grabs the dagger and drives it into his neck.

Father Vincent stumbles back, clutching his throat. Blood spills between his fingers. His face twists, not in pain, but confusion.

He collapses at the base of the altar. Dead-eyed. Betrayed. Silent. The wives stand abruptly. Frozen. No screams. No chaos.

Ivy rises. Her hands are dripping with blood. She looks down at Father Vincent's body, then steps over him. She steps up to the altar.

One by one, the wives begin to kneel. Not together. Not instructed. Submission spreading like instinct.

Ivy looks down at her bloody hands on the bible at the altar. Then up at the wives. She inhales. Opens her mouth to speak...

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNDAY'S DAUGHTERS CHAPEL - DAY

The church stands quiet. Peaceful. A window on the side creaks open.

Lilith climbs out first, breathless, frantic. She turns back, helping Grace down. They hug. They kiss. They take each others hands and run away from the church, never looking back.

FADE OUT.