

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DR. WEYLAND, known affectionately as "MOTHER", the household matriarch, radiates warmth as she stands by the stove in a cozy sweater, her hair flowing freely. She's busy preparing breakfast.

A box sits on the counter-top labeled:

"After-Life Meals - Hu-Macon & Possible Liver Loaf
Donated by Erik Deckard. (1990 - 2025)"

MEGAN, the intimidating middle sister dressed in dark clothes with her hair in a power-pony is already at the table, occupied with her phone while music is blasting from her headphones.

Ava drags Dolores into frame and they both sit at the already set table.

AVA

I'm starving... Is it ready yet!?

Mother gives a smile.

DR. WEYLAND

Almost. Can you put the orange
juice on the table, sweetie?

Ava sighs and begrudgingly gets up to do as she was asked.

Dolores glances towards Megan.

DOLORES

Megan... EARTH TO MEGAN!

Dolores snaps and waves her hand at Megan to get her attention.

Megan, oblivious, continues bobbing her head. She finally looks up, noticing Dolores waving, and pulls out an earbud.

MEGAN

WHAT?!

DOLORES

What are you listening to?

MEGAN

Oh... its a new song called, "None
of your business." You'd like it.

Megan smirks, then puts the earbud back in her ear and looks back down at her phone.

Dolores sighs and shakes her head.

Ava comes back to the table with the orange juice and begins to pour. Megan glances up from her phone and takes the glass that was meant for Dolores.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Thanks sis!

Dolores rolls her eyes.

A loud, obnoxious alert blares from the house's loudspeaker.

The whole family stops what they're doing and looks up towards the loudspeaker.

ALITA (V.O.)

This is an emergency broadcast alert. A victim was found dismantled near Mueller Alley, dressed in a black dress and red heels.

Ava looks towards Dolores for comfort, but see Dolores' face growing concerned and unsettled.

ALITA (CONT'D)

Please be cautious and report any suspicious activity to your After-Life Representative.

Mother walks to the head of the table and begins putting the food onto the plates in front of her.

DR. WEYLAND

Megan, can you take your headphones off and join us, please?

Megan reluctantly abides with a sigh and takes her earbuds out.

DR. WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Dolores, dear, what's the matter?

Dolores scans the faces at the table—from Ava's innocence to Megan's judgmental glare and finally to Mother's nurturing concern.

DOLORES

I'm fine... It's fine.

Noticing Dolores' avoidance, Dr. Weyland eyes her skeptically

DR. WEYLAND
 Okay, we can talk later in our
 session.

Dolores smiles and nods, then takes a bite of her food.

AVA
 This is really good, Mother!

DR. WEYLAND
 I'm glad you like it. I made the Hu-
 Macon extra crispy for you.

MEGAN
 (under her breath)
 Not a fan

DR. WEYLAND
 What was that?

MEGAN
 Nothing...

Megan grabs the Ash & Mira's Death Sauce and drowns her plate
 with it.

DOLORES
 Do you want some breakfast with
 that sauce?

Megan locks eyes with Dolores and takes an exaggerated bite
 of Hu-Macon.

MEGAN
 So what's the story for today,
 Motheerrrrr?

DR. WEYLAND
 Well, it's Tuesday, and on
 Tuesdays, you have your
 assimilation training, Megan. I'll
 also be meeting with each of you
 for our one-on-one sessions. And it
 just so happens, you're up first.

Mother gives Megan a smile.

MEGAN
 (sarcastic)
 Fun. Can't wait...

Everyone resumes eating. Dolores stares at her half-eaten Hu-
 Macon.