

FADE IN:

INT. LUNCH BAG

A gloved hand enters.

Fingers rifle through empty snack wrappers.

The hand reaches deeper, disappearing beyond our view. It returns, clutching an APPLE.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Removed from the lunch bag, we stay tight on the apple. It's given a good shine before being brought up for inspection.

Not a bruise or blemish is found on its ruby red skin.

CRUNCH!

EXT. CAR, HIDING SPOT - NIGHT

A parked vehicle hides in darkness.

From the drivers side window a woman sticks out her head and expels unwanted contents from her mouth. Soon after, she tosses out the forbidden fruit. It bounces against the pavement before rolling to a stop, bite side up.

A moment passes.

From the open bite, a wriggling worm emerges. The invertebrate basks in the cool night air.

Suddenly a pair of headlights begin to approach, the lights grow brighter, larger, as they fill the screen.

SQUISH!

The apple and its occupant are obliterated.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scrunched down, the woman's head rests below the window. Cautiously, she waits as the vehicle passes.

HONK!...HONK, HONK, HONK!

The distinct pattern garners a smile.

EXT. CAR, HIDING SPOT - NIGHT

The engine roars and headlights glow.

VROOM--

They then quickly sputter towards a shutdown.

PPFT! PPFT! PPFT!

The car sits idle as the engine battles to turn back over.

VROOM!

It's alive! Headlights shine as the car exits from hiding, revealing itself to be a BLACK HEARSE.

EXT. LARGE GATE - NIGHT

A heavy metal gate wrapped in chains bound by an unlocked lock prohibits entry.

From the hearse, a woman dressed in all black steps out. She's in her early 30's, pale white skin, attractive with a lean athletic body. This is STEPHANIE.

Stephanie squats at the foot of the gate.

With great familiarity, she reaches behind the metal bars and unhooks the lock. The chains unravel and clang against the ground.

Stephanie enters the hearse and pulls forward, gently bumping the gate open. As the vehicle traverses down the paved path we pull out to reveal a cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

We pan across a series of barren headstones, eventually catching up to Stephanie. She leans down to snatch a bundle of cellophane wrapped flowers from a grave. Adding to her growing collection.

She stops in her tracks at the sight of a large WHITE ROSE WREATH with a sash laid across reading "R.I.P. PATTEL".

STEPHANIE

Perfect.

FADE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

A garbage can stuffed with discarded cellophane, a sash lays trampled on the ground.

INT. SERVICE AREA, FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

Flowers once left at gravestones now reside in vases situated across the room.

The white rose wreath sits at the entrance next to Stephanie.

Her face wears a nervous smile while her body wears a modest black dress with sleeves. Her black hair is tied in a tight bun, exposing blonde roots.

Visibly uncomfortable, she pulls at her restrictive business clothes. A false skin.

12 men carrying a double wide casket walk pass, they grunt and groan under the great weight residing within.

An 18 year old girl trails behind to shut the door. She sidles next to Stephanie, they share a family resemblance that can't be denied. This is VICTORIA, Stephanie's Daughter.

VICTORIA
(quite concern)
Why didn't you let them use the
wheeled cart?

STEPHANIE
It broke.

VICTORIA
(searches for clarity)
It broke? Or you never got it
fixed?

STEPHANIE
You heard me.

The casket reaches the aisles midway point. The 12 Paul Bearers are stalked by a heavy set woman in her 40's. Her curly, strawberry blond hair streaks over her face like the mascara running down her cheeks. This is JUNE, the widow.

Leaning on the backs of chairs, causing them to buckle, June follows the casket. She lays a caressing hand between restrained whimpers and flowing tears.

JUNE

(muted, to self)

Benny.

Effortlessly, balancing on high heels, Stephanie jumps and waves for the organ players attention.

Nestled in the corner, we see a 15 year old boy, he has light brown skin, a slightly scrawny build and black hair. This is DANNY. Stephanie's Step Son.

He sees Stephanie waving and returns the gesture with a big bright smile.

STEPHANIE

(mouthing words)

Don't smile. It's a funeral

Her fingers tickle across invisible keys.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(mouthing words)

Play.

"Oh". The boy gives a thumbs up before discreetly reaching under his bench seat to hit the play button of an old stereo.

Music begins to flow while Danny simulates a mastery of the piped instrument.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

How does it sound?

VICTORIA

It sounds like it's coming from a radio.

STEPHANIE

(curt)

Shh.

(genuine)

Does your brother look like he's playing?

VICTORIA

Yeah.

We look back at Danny. He stops short of touching keys and foot pedals with spastic movements.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

He's a natural.

(pause, shaking head)

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Why didn't you just have Howard
 play?

STEPHANIE
 (distracted)
 Cause I had another job for him.

Stephanie watches with gritted teeth as the Paul Bearers reach the foot of the stage.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
 (crosses fingers)
 Please work.

The army of Paul Bearers lift the casket and place it on a raised PLATFORM.

We look under the raised platform. A rig of cinder blocks and wooden braces struggle under the immense weight.

CREAK!

Back on the main stage, a man in his late 30's, meek presence and red hair enters. This is HOWARD, Stephanie's current husband.

VICTORIA
 (gesturing to Howard)
 That's what you have him doing?

June stands a few feet from the casket.

STEPHANIE
 The usual guy wanted money this
 time.

Howard motions for her to sit but June refuses to yield. Flummoxed, he looks to Stephanie for direction.

VICTORIA
 What do you mean this time?

STEPHANIE
 (changing subject)
 Not now. I'm working.

Stephanie mimes the opening of a lid.

Howard obliges. The casket is opened, revealing a 400 pound man crammed inside. This is BENNY.

HOWARD
 We're all here this morning--

JUNE

Oh why!

He looks to Stephanie for further assistance.

STEPHANIE

(mouths words)

Keep going.

HOWARD

(stammering)

Uh. To say goodbye is a hard thing--

JUNE

Why'd you have to go Benny?!

HOWARD

Cause--

JUNE

Why'd you leave me!

HOWARD

(getting flustered)

Cause memories both good and bad--

With surprising speed, June dashes toward her late husband. She lays her rotund body against the casket and proceeds to pound on the lid.

STEPHANIE

(runs to June)

Oh, no don't.

JUNE

Damn you Benny!

Howard attempts to console June but is pie faced away. The raised platform begins to bow. Cinder blocks begin to crack.

STEPHANIE

I know it hurts but--

JUNE

Get away from me slut!

With a single mighty swipe June pushes Stephanie away. The featherweight falls head over heels, inadvertently exhibiting her panty-less private parts.

ANONYMOUS BOY (O.S.)

Nice!

A loud snap, the platform collapses and the casket falls with an echoing thud.

The sudden shift in weight causes the grieving widow to lose balance. She grabs the caskets lid in a desperate attempt to stop her descent. To no avail.

June rolls onto Stephanie's left leg who releases a blood curdling scream.

The casket slides down the stairs, dumping Benny out at the bottom. His chemical and sawdust filled body, wiggles and jiggles on the ground.

STEPHANIE

Somebody get her off of me!

DANNY

Mom!

Danny falls off the bench, his foot catches the stereos power cord causing the music to skip. Victoria tries to calm her Mother while Howard pulls on June's arm.

It's madness.

ANONYMOUS BOY (O.S.)

(laughing)

This is totally getting posted.

We slowly pull out...

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

...to reveal a phone playing a video of the dysfunctional funeral service. Over a million views and counting.

The video is closed.

An elderly finger opens a contact list and scrolls down to the name BRIAN.

The call button is hit.