

INT. FUNERAL VIEWING ROOM- LATER THAT EVENING

Paul watches people paying respect to the deceased.

It's a calm and solemn affair. The Loud Old Man from earlier gives Paul a sad recognition nod as he waits in line.

Emma sidles up next to Paul and watches the action.

EMMA

What do we have today? Is it a  
"Words cannot express the depth of  
this tragedy" wake or a "damn  
shame" wake?

**POV SHOT OF THE VISITORS PAYING THEIR RESPECTS**

-The Loud Old Man shakes a hand.

LOUD OLD MAN

Damn shame.

-A MOUSY OLD WOMAN wipes away a tear.

MOUSY OLD WOMAN

Damn shame. She was a good woman.

-A NOSTALGIC OLD MAN shakes his head.

NOSTALGIC OLD MAN

Hell of a broad, hell of a broad.  
Damn shame!

BACK to Emma and Paul surveying the action.

PAUL

Definitely "Damn Shame."

EMMA

I like "Damn shame" wakes. People  
are sad, but not unbearably so.

PAUL

Yeah. It's nice not to have to pry  
anyone off the casket.

Emma looks over at the receiving line where TYLER, a wiry  
twentysomething, trips as he rejoins the other grandchildren.

EMMA

Check out the grandson.

PAUL

Yeah, he's been making trips to the function room for a few swigs. I could've sworn his flask had the "Entourage" logo on it.

EMMA

Well, it'll be fun to watch him sweat that off in church tomorrow.

Emma puts on her coat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Alright, time to head home to the husband and get just drunk enough to fall asleep on the couch. What are you up to tonight?

PAUL

Practice. My team's Pee Wee Championship is this Sunday. After that, this band Potty Mouth is playing downtown. I may try and go.

EMMA

Yeah, right. You always say you're going to concerts but you just end up back here drinking with the sad old men at Big D's.

PAUL

I want to go but, I don't know. Something about going to shows alone is just so... Lonely.

EMMA

Cody goes to things alone.

PAUL

I wonder why.

Cody barrels towards them with his camera.

CODY

Damn, I could make some sick-looking POV porn with this thing!

Paul looks over at Emma.

EMMA

He's driven. You gotta give him that.

INT. HOCKEY RINK- LATER THAT NIGHT

A pre-teen hockey team skates on the ice as COACH KELLIHER, a bald ball-buster, blows a whistle.

COACH KELLIHER  
 Let's go, sweeties! You skate like  
 that Sunday, those little Dedham  
 shits are gonna destroy you!

Paul rushes out in a Coach jacket, skates, and a stick.

COACH KELLIHER (CONT'D)  
 Kotter! Glad you could find the  
 time.

PAUL  
 Sorry, Coach. I had some mourners  
 loitering by the casket so it took  
 some time to clear out.

The Coach Kelliher stares at him blankly.

COACH KELLIHER  
 You know, if your job wasn't so sad,  
 I'd have more fun giving you shit.

PAUL  
 You can give me shit, I don't mind.

COACH KELLIHER  
 Nah... It bums me out.

The team has now gathered around the coaches.

HOCKEY KID 1  
 It's Coach Reaper!

HOCKEY KID 2  
 Where were you, burying another  
 dead guy?

PAUL  
 It was a woman, actually.

HOCKEY KIDS  
 (Overlapping)  
 Whoa... So cool/gross/crazy!

SEANN KERR, a wienery shitbag hockey kid, scoffs at Paul.

SEANN

Yeah? Well I bet he feels up dead people all day because real girls won't make out with him!

HOCKEY KID 2

You don't fool around with dead bodies, do you, Coach Reaper?

PAUL

No. Only Seann's Mom.

SEANN

Uhh, my Mom's not dead, dipshit!

PAUL

Could've fooled me. Alright boys, it's scrimmage time!

He blows his whistle as all the kids laugh at Seann.

EXT. HOCKEY RINK- LATER THAT NIGHT

Outside, Paul checks his phone. "REMINDER: POTTY MOUTH CONCERT IN ONE HOUR."

COACH KELLIHER (O.S.)

Kotter!

Paul turns around to see Coach Kelliher getting to his car.

COACH KELLIHER (CONT'D)

Wanna get a beer and strategize?

Paul looks back down at the reminder, and looks back up.

INT. BIG D'S TAVERN- LATER THAT NIGHT

Paul and Coach Kelliher drink beers at a dingy townie bar.

COACH KELLIHER

Seems like you guys have had your fair share of stiffs lately.

PAUL

Yeah, spring gets busy. Old people get cocky after the snow melts, so they stop wearing their jackets, get pneumonia, and then... Die.

COACH KELLIHER  
 Christ. I'm not taking my down vest  
 off until June.

A girl across the bar makes eyes at Paul. Paul looks down.

COACH KELLIHER (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I think that little honey is  
 giving you the eye.

Coach gives her an eyebrow raise. She looks away, creeped out.

COACH KELLIHER (CONT'D)  
 Her face ain't too busted, you  
 should go chat her up!

Paul takes a sip and bristles at this.

PAUL  
 She won't want anything to do with  
 me once she finds out my job.

COACH KELLIHER  
 The hell are you talking about?

PAUL  
 When you're a funeral director,  
 your dates only go one of two ways.

FLASHBACK- INT. BAR- NIGHT

Paul sits across from a GLOOMY-LOOKING GIRL.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Either they're way too into the  
 gory details.

GLOOMY LOOKING GIRL  
 So what does it feel like to look  
 into a dead person's eyes?

PAUL  
 Um... Not good?

FLASHBACK. EXT. TOBIN FUNERAL HOME- NIGHT

Paul and a BUBBLY BLONDE GIRL get out of his car.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Or things go great until you take  
 them home.

The Bubbly Blonde stares at the Funeral Home sign in shock.

PAUL

This freaks you out, doesn't it?

She shakes her head, but quickly staggers away to PUKE. Paul shrugs, not happy, but used to it.

INT. BIG D'S TAVERN- PRESENT

Coach Kelliher shakes his head.

COACH KELLIHER

I guess it takes a special caliber  
broad to bone in the same building  
as a dead guy.

PAUL

...In so many words, yes.

Paul's phone buzzes. He looks at it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Damn. I have to get back to work.

COACH KELLIHER

What happened? Some old guy go  
outside without a coat?

PAUL

No. Bill Delvecchio died. Succumbed  
to Dementia earlier tonight.

COACH KELLIHER

Ah, that's too bad. I knew Bill.  
Damn shame.

Paul nods respectfully as he puts on his coat.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME- LATER THAT NIGHT

Paul pulls his car into the lot to find Cody waiting in the  
Body Retrieval Van.

PAUL

Jesus, Cody. What happened?!

Cody pokes his head out to inspect one side of the dark black  
van, which has been splattered with BIRD SHIT.

CODY

Oh, some bird got the squirts. It got caked on there real bad.

PAUL

And you didn't think about cleaning it off before we retrieved the body?

CODY

I think it looks kind of cool. It looks like it's been through some shit... Oh man! Holy shit, get a video of me saying the shit covered van has been through some shit!

PAUL

No.

Paul gets in the car as Cody holds out his phone and stands next to the van.

CODY

(Filming Himself)

Looks like this shit has been though some... Wait, hold on, it looks like--

PAUL

--Cody!

INT. BODY RETRIEVAL VAN- MOMENTS LATER

As Cody drives, Paul looks over a file.

PAUL

William Delvecchio, father of Richard Delvecchio. Grandfather to Michelle, Dora, and Kylie.

CODY

Richie Delvecchio?! That dude's terrifying! I heard when Chris Congdon took Kylie home ten minutes late after prom, he beat the shit out of him!

PAUL

Well, we're not taking out his daughters. We're giving his father a proper burial.