

ASH HOLE

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

A wake in process. Two dozen MOURNERS in attendance. All clad in funeral attire - black suits and dresses. They seem oddly unemotional as they sip drinks, snack on appetizers.

In the corner, a poster-sized picture of the deceased is mounted on a tri-pod. This was BOBBY JOE (42 at death).

JIMMY (35), is seated nearest the poster. An ornate URN is perched on a small table behind him.

Next to Jimmy - his wife, DARLENE (35), modest country-girl looks.

Jimmy checks his watch.

JIMMY

What's taking him so damn long?

DARLENE

Grief...?

Jimmy gives Darlene a sarcastic - *yeah, right* - look.

RESTROOM

RAY (35), doing his business at one of the stand-up urinals. Jimmy, cradling the urn in his arms, enters.

JIMMY

We're going to be late. You ready?

Jimmy sets the urn on the counter. ZIP - Ray pulls the zipper up on his trousers, goes to the sink - washes his hands.

RAY

I decided I ain't going.

JIMMY

What? You have to!

Ray grabs some paper towels, dries his hands.

RAY

Look, I know he was our brother.
But he was a total and absolute
dick to everyone. All his life.

(re: the urn)

And now we're supposed to blow two
grand and three hours scattering
his ashes off some fucking boat?

JIMMY

Ray, spreading his ashes at sea was his final wish. We have to...

Ray glances towards the toilet stall.

RAY

We ought to just flush him....
He'll get to sea, one way or another.

JIMMY

It would clog. Human ashes are thicker than you would think.

Ray takes this in - contemplates.

RAY

Well, I'm going to get at least a little satisfaction.

Ray removes the lid of the urn, reaches in and clasps a fistful of ashes. He raises his fist at Jimmy.

RAY

This is for the five-thousand dollars he never paid back.

Ray walks to the stall, opens the door and dumps the ashes from his hand into the toilet bowl.

RAY

Fuck you, Bobby Joe.

FLUSH - the ashes circle around the bowl and then disappear to some sewer in the beyond.

Ray slaps the palms of his hands together to get rid of the residue, turns towards Jimmy.

RAY

That felt great! You should try it.

Jimmy hesitates a sec, then reaches into the urn, grasps a fistful of ashes and enters the toilet stall.

JIMMY

This is for being in Vegas during Mom's funeral.

Jimmy drops the ashes in the bowl.

JIMMY

FUCK YOU, BOBBY JOE!

FLUSH - the ashes circle around and disappear.

JIMMY

You're right. That felt fantastic!
 (re: the Urn)
 But it doesn't solve our problem.

BACK IN THE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Jimmy front and center addressing the Mourners.

RAY

Okay, for a small offense, you get
 to dump a...
 (holds up a spoon)
 Spoonful. A medium offense...
 (holds up a cup)
 A cup full. And a big offense...
 (holds up a glass)
 A glassful. Everyone get it?

Eager nods of agreement from everyone in attendance.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Jimmy at the sink counter. On it - the Urn, spoon,
 glass and bowl from the dining area.

A TALL WOMAN waits at the door. The remaining Mourners queued
 up behind her. Ray motions her forward.

TALL WOMAN

He got so drunk at my wedding
 reception, he fell on the cake and
 smashed it.

Ray considers this, looks towards Jimmy.

JIMMY

A cup.

Ray hands the Tall Woman a cup. She scoops it in the Urn
 removing a cup full of ashes. Ray nods towards the stall.

The Tall Woman enters the stall, dumps the ashes from the cup
 into the bowl.

TALL WOMAN

Fuck you, Bobby Joe.

FLUSH. She turns, smiles, hands the cup back to Ray.

TALL WOMAN

Thank you.

Next up - an ELDERLY WOMAN, cane in hand.

ELDERLY WOMAN
He borrowed my car and got a
parking ticket he never told me
about. I got my car registration
held up.

Ray and Jimmy consider this, like a Judge contemplating a
sentence.

ELDERLY WOMAN
A spoon is fine. I just didn't want
to be left out. You know, him being
such a prick and all.

Jimmy hands her a spoon. She gingerly dips it in the urn and
slowly makes her way to the toilet.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(kind of politely)
Fuck you. Bobby Joe.

Next up - a BALD MAN approaches Ray and Jimmy.

BALD MAN
He forgot to feed my dog.

Ray reaches for the spoon.

BALD MAN
For seven days. The dog died.

Ray hands the Bald Man a glass.

LATER

The line is now gone. Ray and Jimmy wait at the counter.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from inside the stall)
Fuck you, Bobby Joe! Rot in hell!

FLUSH - then a teary-eyed, very PREGNANT WOMAN exits the
stall. She hands the empty glass to Ray.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Thank you. I needed that.

Ray nods, looks at her pregnant belly.

RAY
We'll be in touch.

The Pregnant Woman waddles out of the room. Jimmy inspects the contents of the Urn - grimaces.

JIMMY

Still some left. You know the deal,
any left, we disperse it at sea.

Ray bites his lower lip, shakes his head.

RAY

Remember when you thought Darlene
was having an affair?

JIMMY

Yeah... and....?

RAY

Bobby Joe.

Jimmy's face reddens in anger. He grabs the Urn, rushes to the stall and pours the remaining contents in the toilet.

BACK IN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Ray approaches Darlene, the only Mourner left.

RAY

I had to tell Jimmy you slept with
Bobby Joe. Sorry bout that. I'll
text him that I was lying.

Ray pulls his phone from his pocket, starts texting as he saunters off.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Fuck you, Bobby Joe!!!!!!!!!!

Darlene looks at the poster of Bobby Joe - guilt on her face.

DARLENE

Yeah... Lying ...

FADE OUT.