

GRIEF COUNSELOR

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

A tall thin man BOBBY enters the meeting room followed by a man, a woman and daughter, THE CRUMPETS. Bobby points to a chair each for them to sit around the long table.

BOBBY

Please sit down. Take a load off.

He hums 'Take a load off Mary' and the Crumpets give him dirty look.

BOBBY

Yes, sorry. I mean sorry for your loss.

MRS. CRUMPET

Thank you Bobby for meeting with us to discuss our grieving options.

MISS CRUMPET

Mother, don't be so crass.

MR. CRUMPET

Lily, have some respect for dear grandma.

Bobby leans over and grabs a pitcher and pours some water for himself and Mrs. Crumpet grabs the glass.

MR. CRUMPET

I'll have a glass as you are pouring.

Bobby nods to Miss Crumpet and she nods yes back. She takes a tissue from a box on the table and loudly blows her nose.

BOBBY

Yes, here at Fertile Gardens Funeral Home we look after a grieving family needs anyway we can.

He picks his nose. Disgusted, Miss Crumpet passes him the tissue box and he shyly takes a tissue and blows his nose.

BOBBY

You know, I really feel for you.

A KNOCK on the door has everyone look at the door as a man dressed in black puts a large steel canister on the table nods to everyone and exits the room.

BOBBY

Great! Coffee has arrived.

Bobby taps his fingers on the table, then WHISTLES, TAPS his foot on the floor. Bobby goes to the door and looks out. He comes back and sits in his seat.

BOBBY

Oh well. I guess the cups, sugar and cream will be coming shortly.
I need a shot of caffeine.

He YAWNS as he opens the canister and pours into his empty water glass. Gray ashes with bites of white bone fall into the glass. The Crumpets GASP.

Bobby looks at the steel canister and reads the engraved lettering.

BOBBY

Mrs. Geraldine Hamett?
That wasn't a good year.

MISS CRUMPET

Grandma?

MR. CRUMPET

What's going on here?

MRS. CRUMPET

That wasn't what my mother-in-law had pre-arranged.

Bobby looks in panic at the three Crumpets.

He sits back in his chair, puts his head on the table and cries.

BOBBY

My grandma got cremated too and I
couldn't give her a last kiss
goodbye.

Mrs. Crumpet pulls out an envelope out of her purse and
shuffles through the papers and thrusts them in Bobby's
face.

MRS. CRUMPET

It clearly states here that Mrs. Hamett
gets laid out in the mahogany casket
with the brass hardware.

Bobby quickly shuffles through the papers and points out
the fine print on the last page to the family.

BOBBY

I'm so sorry for your shock but it
clearly states that after five years
unless you pay the inflation surcharge
you get the basic cremation package.

MR. CRUMPET

You will hear from our lawyer.

The daughter takes the glass and tries to pour the ashes
back in the canister and some fall on the table. Bobby
SNEEZES and blows the ashes off the table.

BOBBY

I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.
I can't help it if I'm allergic to
dust. I mean ashes.

Bobby rushes to the door and thrusts his business card in
each of the Crumpets' hands.

BOBBY

Let me know when you want to setup
your next grieving appointment. But
there will be a surcharge of \$25.00
per person per hour.

FADE OUT.

THE END.