

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

A funeral.

Next to a flowery altar is the open cask of DIEDRA ARVA-KENNEDY, a beautiful woman taken "too soon."

Behind the line of mourners, a Glamour Shots-like family portrait of Diedra, a man, and two children.

FRONT ROW

Accepting hugs and well wishes, Diedra's misty-eyed husband CALVIN, a balding man, mid- to late-30's.

The PRIEST takes the podium.

PRIEST

Good Afternoon, everyone.

People take their seats to the pronounced BANG of returning pew kneelers.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

On behalf of Calvin and the rest of the Arva-Kennedy family, we thank you for coming to celebrate the life of our beloved Diedra... a woman so kind to all, so giving... called home to God our Father.

(off Congregation's nods)

Here to say a few words about the departed her husband, Calvin.

Calvin stands and makes his way up to the podium.

CALVIN

Uh, thank you. Thank you, Father.

(CLEARING THROAT)

Diedra: words cannot express just how... How...

(SIGHING, eyes skyward)

Happy I am you're dead.

He loosens his tie while the crowd MUTTERS, confused.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Seriously! I'm damn near tumescent!

This woman was mean, petty... A floozy, too!

(to man in pew)

Pete: you know! You corked her!

Pete, COWERING.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

How do you think a Bookkeeper becomes CFO at a major company in five years? Back-breaking work? Ha! I'll tell you how:

(woman covers her son's ears)

Back-LAYING work! All those corporate business trips?

(listing kids)

Madison was conceived in Wisconsin, and Austin in Texas. For God's sake: THE WOMAN EXPENSED THEIR DELIVERIES.

(off stunned crowd)

Every day for FIFTEEN YEARS, fighting, lying... Then paying some Marriage Counselor with wall-to-wall Ivy League diplomas and Georgia O'Keeffe paintings to tell me it was all MY fault?

(scoffs)

Ding dong, the witch is dead.

He pushes off from the podium and heads back to his seat.

Right past the glare of the Priest must now save the event like an emcee following a bad open mic comic.

PRIEST

(racing to podium)

Thank you, uh, Calvin. Clearly you're - HE'S - still in mourning.

(waning)

For those of you interested, there will be a Reception at Calvin's house after that, uh, that thing where we...

(tossing motion)

'dust to dust...' BURIAL. After her burial.

END TEASER