INT. BAR - EVENING

Ian and Kat are sitting at the bar drinking beers and watching the game. There’s a basket of chips between the two of them.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
That’s a home run for the Indians! Maybe they’ll be able to pull this one out after all!

Ian CHEERS along with the rest of the bar. Kat is watching him with a smile on her face. She doesn’t care about watching the game, but she likes watching his reactions. The game goes to a commercial.

IAN
That went better than I thought, but still no luck. You get any bites?

He takes a drink of his beer and Kat shrugs.

KAT
There were a couple guys that I guess I wouldn’t mind seeing again.

Ian turns on his stool to face her completely.

IAN
I know why I don’t date, but what’s up with you?

KAT
Let’s say you’re not the creepiest guy I’ve ever been on a date with.

IAN
For starters I would remind you that I’m not creepy. It’s the job.
KAT
You offered to show me the things you use to keep corpses’ eyes shut.

IAN
I wasn’t serious. I was trying to get you to stop asking questions.

He takes some french fries out of the basket to eat.

KAT
There’s something about me that attracts guys who don’t have their shit together. I’m not saying that I’ve got my life figured out, but I’m a lot further along than they were.

(beat)
Honestly, it doesn’t really bother me to be single. No one to hold me back when I’m ready to move on.

What about you?

IAN
You know why I can’t get a date.

KAT
I mean why are you a mortician? Was med school just too much work?

Ian looks down at his beer. He slowly rotates the bottle with his fingers.

IAN
Now that I have a really morbid answer to.

Kat is immediately interested.

KAT
Try me.

He looks at her for a long moment as if he’s trying to gauge if she actually wants to hear his answer. He goes back to messing with his beer.

IAN
When I was thirteen my dad drove his car into a telephone pole, and he didn’t make it.

(beat)
I never experienced grief before. I knew what it was because of T.V., but I never knew anyone who died. Never lost a grandparent, goldfish, anything. Then all of the sudden one day my dad’s just gone.

Kat watches him quietly as he collects himself. Ian takes a deep breath before he continues.

IAN (CONT.)
All I could think about was how scared he must have been in those last few seconds. Then I saw the car, and I couldn’t stop thinking about what he looked like. There was no way he looked the way he did when he left the house that morning. But the day of the funeral came, and he was just lying there.

Ian picks up his beer and gestures to the game on the television.

IAN (CONT.)
He looked like he did when he fell asleep on the couch watching baseball.

KAT
What you said earlier, about making things unhappen...

IAN
I can’t explain it. It’s easier to say goodbyes to someone’s face than the lid of a casket. I got a little bit of peace.

Kat reaches out and rests her hand on his arm. The hand messing with the beer bottle stills.
KAT
Ian, I’m so sorry.

He smiles at her and rests his hand on top of hers.

IAN
Don’t be. First day of mortician school you learn that death is part of life. Expected, unexpected. It doesn’t matter.
(beat)
Helping other people find that peace of mind, it’s one of my favorite parts of my job.

KAT
When you put it that way your job doesn’t sound so morbid.

IAN
I’m a grief counselor with advanced knowledge of anatomy.

CHEERS erupt from the crowd around them. Ian looks up at the television set and takes his hand away from Kat’s.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Bottom of the seventh and the Indians officially have the lead!

Kat stares at where her hand is still resting on his arm before slowly pulling it away.

KAT
At least your team is getting lucky tonight.

IAN
Doesn’t matter. There’s no way they’re making it to the Series this year.