

DYLAN LUCAS
Deadline (excerpt)



7 INT. BAR - EVENING

7

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 goodbye 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.