

# TONY'S SMOKEHOUSE CREMATORIUM

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

A rusty, unlit neon sign on an old fast-food restaurant reads: "Smokehouse Restaurant" and a hand-painted poster that reads, "Tony's Crematorium." Atop the old restaurant is another sign that reads, "Try our extra-crispy ribs."

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

TONY RUGGIERO (20s), an irreverent mortician/cashier, looks like he's wearing a full black tuxedo from outside the drive-up window. From inside, we see he's wearing a "tuxedo costume coat" (tuxedo-front, a white sewn-in half-shirt, and a bow tie that connects behind his neck with Velcro). From behind, we see the back of his Hawaiian shirt, raggedy shorts, and high-top black tennis shoes.

Behind Tony, we briefly see a recently renovated fast-food restaurant-turned-crematorium complete with a large pizza-oven-looking furnace and a walk-in refrigerator. Tony stares at the drive-thru mirror awaiting the first customer, rocking out on his EarBuds.

Owner/manager, JAMAL CURRY (20s), the brains of the outfit, is a handsome African-American dressed in casual street clothes. He glares at his wild partner and best friend before he slowly opens a coffin on the floor of the restaurant. There is a net under the coffin tied to an overhead pulley.

Jamal is relieved to find the coffin empty.

JAMAL

Tony, where are the girls?

Tony glances back.

TONY

They're not in there, Jamal?

JAMAL

Be serious. The first customer is at eight PM sharp!

TONY

Just texted. Two minutes out.  
Relax, man. We got this.

Jamal races over to what looks like a pizza oven. He checks the temperature (it reads 800 degrees), and backs up as the heat knocks him back.

JAMAL

Let's go over it again.

Jamal races to the walk-in refrigerator.

TONY

I know it by heart.

JAMAL

We take the stiff from the fridge.

Jamal points to the back window of the restaurant and opens black curtains.

TONY

Load him into the coffin for the drive-thru viewing by the family and friends.

Jamal points to a slanted mirror on the ceiling.

JAMAL

Right! They see him in the mirror.

TONY

How long do we give 'em to mourn?

JAMAL

Long as they need. It's their funeral.

TONY

Then, they come up here and pay, while you and the girls roast him.

JAMAL

Cremate him!

Tony replaces his EarBuds with an audio headset with a microphone. He stares out his window at the drive-up lane.

TONY

Asses to ashes, as they say!

JAMAL

Nobody says that! Remember, no cash or checks. Credit cards only. And be respectful. You're the frontman. Don't forget it!

TONY

Then, they come back in the morning and pick up the ashes. We'll be rich!

JAMAL

Why would people pay four-to-seven grand for a burial, or two-to-four grand for a regular cremation, when we can toast 'em for \$499?!

Jamal proudly stands by the oven.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

The latest energy-efficient Betcher-Asher 2020 Furnace! Baby can handle four bodies a night!

TONY

Lease with an option to fry? Did it come with a dustpan?

JAMAL

Built-in bone-crusher and remains collector! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

TONY

I like my slogan: "Asses to ashes, dust to dustpans."

JAMAL

Get serious!

(beat)

I saw the girls drive up.

Tony turns on his audio headset.

Entering the backdoor first is KELLI MATTHEWS (20s), an attractive, but hard-looking brunette in a tank top and shorts, with tattoos on her arms and legs. She runs up to Tony and punches him for fun, for an embarrassingly long time, easily seen from the drive-up window.

We can also HEAR their giggling from the outside speaker by the drive-up menu.

TONY

Kelli?!

KELLI

Teasing you, Tony. Exes get to punch ex-boyfriends. It's the law. You'll never have me again. Alive or dead!

JAMAL

Don't get him too excited, Kelli. He won't be able to function.

KELLI

Sorry, lover! So excited to have a real job, even if it means working with Tony! Better than schlepping for tips when this dump was the Smokehouse! They didn't remove the old signs yet!

Kelli kisses Jamal on the cheek. She hugs him hard.

JAMAL

Last week, the sign installers said. Grand Opening's tonight anyway!

HUAN LI (20s) a Chinese-American, conservative businesswoman dressed in red Capris pants, a pressed white shirt, and black eyeglasses races in glaring at Kelli and Jamal.

HUAN

(to Kelli)

Get a room, you two. We've got work to do.

(to Jamal)

I need the money for school, the only reason I'm here! Can't believe you didn't call it Jamal's Crematorium. Some leadership!

JAMAL

Tony's sounds better, and Curry's Crematorium sounded like a bad Indian restaurant!

KELLI

Get a sense of humor, Huan! We can cremate with the best of 'em! What would you do? Stir-fry 'em?

Jamal checks his watch and panics.

He races to the walk-in refrigerator. Kelli and Huan follow.

JAMAL

First customers are going to be here any minute. We gotta get Mr. Wilson in the casket!

A BUZZER sounds above Tony's cashier window. He yells. We hear Tony's voice directly, and from the speaker outside by the old menu stand.

TONY

Shit! The Wilsons are here!

In a flurry of activity, Jamal and the girls lift the overweight MR. WILSON (50s), a gray-haired, African American in a dark suit, white shirt, and necktie, from the refrigerator to the coffin, and struggle to lay him inside. Jamal closes the lid.

We hear a Teenage Boy from the speaker above Tony's head.

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)  
Give me two orders of ribs, extra-crispy.

Jamal hand-cranks the pulley, as the girls struggle to guide the coffin to the viewing window.

The coffin sways like it's about to go through the window. Jamal panics.

JAMAL  
Straighten it out, or we'll be scraping him off the street again!

TONY  
This ain't the Smokehouse. It closed.

The coffin finally gets straightened and rests on a table below the tilted mirrors.

Jamal opens the coffin lid.

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)  
Two orders of them curly fries.

TONY  
Not a fast-food joint anymore. It's a crema...

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)  
And two medium Cokes. That's it!

JAMAL  
Where are his glasses? Where's his gold watch?

KELLI  
I put 'em in the desk drawer, earlier today. He ain't gonna need 'em! His eyes can't see the time, anyway!

Huan races to the desk, grabs the glasses and watch, and hands them to Jamal.

TONY

The restaurant's out of business!  
Get lost! We have a cremation to do  
in one minute!

HUAN

The family expects to see them,  
idiot!

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)

Closed? The sign's still up!

JAMAL

Tuxedos quick.

Huan and Kelli slip on "tuxedo costume coats" (tuxedo-front, sewn-in half-shirts, and bow ties that connect behind their necks with Velcro; like Tony's).

Jamal slips on Mr. Wilson's gold watch and glasses, but the glasses are comically crooked. Huan glares at Jamal.

Jamal mumbles as he slips on his tuxedo costume, and joins Huan and Kelli after slowly opening the black curtains for the viewing.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

If they don't like dying, they're  
sure gonna hate finding out there's  
no afterlife!

Huan and Kelli turn to Jamal with a sour look.

As the curtain opens, we see the Teenager Boy RACE past in a Nissan sedan flipping the bird to Jamal and staff. Tony waves, as the driver screeches away.

TONY

I'll give you extra-crispy ribs,  
you teenage mutant Nissan turd!

They hear MRS. CHARISE WILSON (50s), a sorrowful woman, sobbing from the menu ordering box, as Jamal closes the viewing curtains. She yells.

MRS. WILSON (O.S.)

Who you calling a mutant turd? Is  
this Tony's Crematorium? We're here  
for the service!

Tony's eyes open widely, as he poorly reads from handwritten notes.

TONY

Mrs. Charise Wilson? So sorry for  
your loss.

Jamal opens the curtains and gives Tony a thumbs-up. Jamal,  
Huan, and Kelli stand respectfully behind the coffin.

MRS. WILSON (O.S.)

Can we see Daddy one last time?

Tony acts maturely and solemnly.

TONY

That's why we're here, Mrs. Wilson.

Jamal nods positively to Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

Please drive forward to the viewing  
window.

Mrs. Wilson drives forward in an old station wagon filled  
with family and friends (seven extras, mixed ages, all  
dressed in black). They stop at the viewing window to see Mr.  
Wilson in the overhead mirrors tilted to see the casket, and  
they see Jamal, Huan, and Kelli from the waist-up (looking  
like they're wearing full tuxedos).

Jamal, Huan, and Kelli show the half-tuxedos, Jamal and  
Kelli's legs, and Huan's red Capris pants.

We hear the Wilsons sobbing and crying as they stare at Mr.  
Wilson's body lying in state wearing crooked glasses.

Tony speaks up confidently.

TONY (CONT'D)

Not to worry, Mrs. Wilson. We'll  
take excellent care of him.

Jamal glares over at Tony, trying to get him to shut up.

TONY (CONT'D)

Do we still call you, Mrs. Wilson?  
I mean, he's not only your late  
husband, he ain't coming back!

We hear an outburst of cries from the station wagon.

Jamal clears his throat, but can't get Tony's attention.

TONY (CONT'D)

Take all the time you need, but we  
do have a busy schedule tonight!

Jamal races to Tony to grab his arm with one hand, and he covers the headset microphone with his other hand. Jamal whispers angrily.

JAMAL

Idiot! Be respectful. Give them all the time they need!

Tony whispers back.

TONY

Got it, Boss.

Jamal slowly strides back to the casket.

TONY (CONT'D)

Take all the time you need, Mrs. Wilson. We're in no hurry, and neither is he.

There is another outburst of cries from the station wagon.

Jamal glares at Tony again.

Mrs. Wilson opens the door to the station wagon and leaps out to press her face to the window to see her husband.

MRS. WILSON

Daddy! Oh, Daddy! Killed by two hit-and-run drivers on the same night!

Mrs. Wilson glances past her husband in the casket and sees the lower legs of Jamal, Huan, and Kelli.

Jamal sees Mrs. Wilson's angry expression and closes the curtain.

Mrs. Wilson returns to the car, races forward, and slams on the brakes at the cashier's window.

Mrs. Wilson is fuming mad.

TONY

That'll be four-hundred-ninety-nine dollars, please. We take all major credit cards.

Tony turns his body to look at a wall clock behind him, exposing his Hawaiian shirt in the back of his half-tuxedo.

MRS. WILSON

Maybe the two drivers who run him over will pay, whoever the hell they were!

TONY

You can pay when you pick up  
Daddy's ashes tomorrow after 10  
a.m. Daddy be hotter than Hades an  
hour from now.

Mrs. Wilson screams and pulls Tony's half-tuxedo off as the  
Velcro rips apart behind Tony's neck.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ow! That's gonna leave a mark!

Mrs. Wilson is ready to punch Tony, as four large (African-  
American men) exit the station wagon.

Jamal races to the cashier's window and pulls Tony back.

JAMAL

Look, we're sorry for your loss,  
but we're about to save you at  
least fifteen hundred dollars in  
cremation expenses.

Mrs. Wilson looks back at her four big sons. They shrug.

Mrs. Wilson throws the tuxedo costume in the open window at  
Tony.

MRS. WILSON

Does Daddy get a nice urn?

TONY

During our Grand Opening, we have a  
special on the Deluxe Apollo-G-for-  
Grecian urn for only \$49.95.

Jamal steps in front of Tony and smiles.

JAMAL

We'll throw him in the urn at no  
additional cost.

(beat)

That'll be \$499. Credit card?

Mrs. Wilson nods her head, and one of the big men steps  
forward, with a wad of money and flips out five \$ 100 bills.

Mrs. Wilson mumbles as she returns to the car.

MRS. WILSON

Should have dumped his ass in the  
river.

Jamal waves and smiles.

JAMAL  
Cash is fine. See you at ten AM  
tomorrow.

Huan and Kelli remove and hang up their tuxedo costumes.

KELLI  
Our first satisfied customer!

HUAN  
Satisfied?

Tony races over to Kelli, Huan, and Jamal.

TONY  
You were magnificent. How was I?

KELLI  
The dead guy didn't complain.

Jamal works the hand-crank to lower the casket to the floor.

Kelli pushes Tony back and dives into the coffin.

Kelli reaches into the casket and takes off Mr. Wilson's gold watch and glasses. Jamal sees her and is horrified.

JAMAL  
What are you doing?

TONY  
He don't need a watch!

HUAN  
They're right. Could slow the  
cremation down or clog the bone-  
crusher.

KELLI  
Plus, it's a new suit. Help me get  
him out of it before we roast him!

Jamal shakes his head in disgust, as he turns up the furnace. Huan stands uneasily next to Jamal as Tony and Kelli strip Mr. Wilson with great difficulty.

Mr. Wilson is down to his underwear, as Tony struggles to hold him up from behind, and Kelli is removing Mr. Wilson's pants stuck under his feet.

They hear a loud KNOCK on the front door. Everyone freezes.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jamal steps quickly to the front door to see DR. REUBEN RAMOS (50s), a distinguished-looking Latino in a tailored gray suit, flashing an official badge of a County Coroner.

Jamal unlocks the door.

DR. RAMOS  
Dr. Reuben Ramos.

JAMAL  
Reuben, like the sandwich?

DR. RAMOS  
No thanks. Just ate.  
(looks around)  
I'm the County Coroner. There's  
been a complaint.

Dr. Ramos pushes his way into the main room.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Ramos sees Mr. Wilson, Tony, and Kelli in a compromising position. Mr. Wilson is in his underwear with crooked eyeglasses on.

JAMAL  
I'm sure there's been a mistake.

DR. RAMOS  
(winks at Tony)  
Oh my! Don't ask, don't tell. It's  
autopsy-tervy world, as we say.  
(looks around)  
The mistake was closing down the  
Smokehouse. Best ribs and fries in  
town. Reasonably priced. The St.  
Louis sauce was my wife's favorite.  
She used to put in on everything.

Dr. Ramos chokes up as he paces.

KELLI  
Did she die?

DR. RAMOS  
Caught her with a neighbor covered  
in sauce. She gave me the brush-  
off, cleaned out our savings, and  
ran off.

(MORE)

DR. RAMOS (CONT'D)

She had a beef with me too. Said I was a bad Catholic for allowing cremations.

TONY

I heard they were warming up to the idea.

Dr. Ramos takes out a notepad from his inside coat pocket.

KELLI

So, if I got this straight, you wife porked your neighbor, had a beef with you, and now she's on the lam?

DR. RAMOS

Had our marriage annulled, too. Said I didn't cut the mustard as a lover, imagine that! But, as the County Coroner, I have to okay your operation or shut you down.

JAMAL

We were just about to test our new furnace.

HUAN

Didn't want the polyester suit to gum up the works.

Dr. Ramos sees the new furnace and gets overly excited.

DR. RAMOS

Is this the new energy-efficient European Betcher-Asher 2020 model? Four a day at half the cost?

JAMAL

That's it. It's a lease.

TONY

Why buy it, 'til you fry it?

Huan steps in front of Tony.

HUAN

We're excited about the remains consolidation features. Can't lose your ash with a furnace like this!

DR. RAMOS

Mrs. Wilson was concerned about  
your dignity and professionalism,  
but I see nothing here to be  
concerned about.

Jamal quickly guides Dr. Ramos back to the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

JAMAL

So busy. Two more customers back to  
back. Trying to make ends meet. You  
understand. Come back anytime.

DR. RAMOS

Let's hope there are no more  
complaints. Three strikes and  
you're out in this county.

Jamal pushes Dr. Ramos out the door.

JAMAL

No more complaints about us, I can  
assure you!

Jamal waves as Dr. Ramos drives off.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jamal heads back to the group with a sad look. Mr. Wilson  
can't be seen, and Tony, Huan, and Kelli stare at the  
temperature gauge. It reads: "850."

JAMAL

What could be worse?

TONY

Missing dinner?

JAMAL

You three go. I'll watch the  
furnace.

HUAN

Bring you something back?

JAMAL

Sandwich and coffee? We have the  
Mignon viewing in an hour. Don't be  
late!

Huan shakes her head in disgust at Jamal, while Kelli and Tony giggle on their way out the door.

LATER

SUPER "15 minutes later."

Jamal sits at his desk in the dim light. He doesn't see Mr. Wilson slowly trudge up to him from behind. Mr. Wilson is in his underwear and his skin appears almost white. [All ghosts/spirits have whitened skin.] Mr. Wilson's glasses are crooked and remain so.

Mr. Wilson looks very unhappy as he pushes Jamal in the back.

Mr. Wilson peeks up at the overhead mirrors, sees that his skin is white, and he SCREAMS.

Jamal turns, looks Mr. Wilson in the eyes, and SCREAMS!

Jamal falls off the chair, hits his head on the concrete floor, and loses consciousness.

INT. WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

Jamal wakes to find himself tied to his office chair in the dimly lit corner of the refrigerator, with two bodies lying on wooden benches. To his right is MRS. BARBIE MIGNON (40s), a school teacher in an ugly print dress. To his left is MR. BARRY GOLD (60s), a short, mean-looking man in a gray suit riddled with bullet holes, and high-platform black shoes.

Jamal is stunned and frightened, as Mr. Wilson storms into the refrigerator and turns on the light. Jamal SCREAMS.

MR. WILSON

Won't do no good in here. Where's  
my watch?

Jamal struggles to speak. His eyes are wide open.

JAMAL

But...you're...cremated!

MR. WILSON

Newly cremated.

Mr. Wilson paces angrily.

JAMAL

Newly...cremated?

MR. WILSON

I'll be gone soon. Probably when my lovely bride picks up my ashes, but somebody's gotta pay! I'm angry.

JAMAL

A... A... Angry? 'Bout the watch? I can explain...

MR. WILSON

Not about the watch, you fool!  
'Bout dying.

(yells)

One day you have your wife, your kids, and friends all around, and then BAM! You're dead! Or in my case, Ba-Bump, Ba-Bump, you're dead. Hit-and-run. Twice.

JAMAL

Sorry for your loss.

Mr. Wilson gets in Jamal's face.

MR. WILSON

Sorry for your loss! That's it!  
That's all you have to say!  
(beat)  
Go ahead! Ask me a question!

Jamal is too stunned to speak.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

Go on!

Jamal looks from side to side at the other bodies, then works up the nerve to speak.

JAMAL

What's the worst part 'bout being dead?

Mr. Wilson backs up and ponders the question.

MR. WILSON

It ain't you punk-ass kids stealing my watch. I stole it first! Hell, my boys won't want it. They got smartphones.

JAMAL

Missing your wife and kids?

MR. WILSON

Hell, yeah. That's bad. You know  
you never gonna see 'em again.

JAMAL

But that ain't the worst part?

Mr. Wilson turns sad, and introspective.

MR. WILSON

It's finding out that it's just  
over. Ya know, over! That's it! You  
done!

(beat)

Then this! No big funeral? No giant  
wake? No fancy party?

(yells)

Fry your ass in a Smokehouse pizza  
oven?

JAMAL

That sucks!

MR. WILSON

For you! You ain't seen the last of  
me tonight! I can tell you that!

Jamal's eyes open widely.

JAMAL

Huh?

Mr. Wilson yells.

MR. WILSON

And, I'm the nice one!

Mr. Wilson points to Mrs. Mignon.

JAMAL

No, this can't be happening!

MR. WILSON

Wait 'til you meet that bitch!  
She's got issues! Specially with  
men!

Jamal looks over to Mrs. Mignon.

JAMAL

The third-grade school teacher?

She turns her head and opens her eyes to glare meanly at  
Jamal, who SCREAMS.

Mr. Wilson points to Mr. Gold.

Jamal reluctantly turns his head to see Mr. Gold.

MR. WILSON

Those ain't moth holes in his one-thousand-dollar suit! Mr. Barry Gold! Owned every fish and chips restaurant on both coasts!

JAMAL

Mr. Gold, the syndicate fishmonger? Everyone loves Goldfish and Chips! Didn't they call him the Codfather?

Mr. Gold turns his head, opens his eyes, and glares at Jamal, who screams again.

MR. WILSON

One violent dude. You in big trouble tonight! Big trouble. Big trouble...

Jamal passes out.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

We see Jamal on the floor, looking like he fell off his chair and hit his head.

Tony and Kelli enter the front door laughing and giggling, while Huan carries coffee and a sandwich for Jamal.

Huan races to help Jamal to his chair.

HUAN

Jamal, you okay?

TONY

Dude, what happened?

Jamal looks around, worried.

JAMAL

Must have fell.

KELLI

Fell off your own desk chair?

Jamal races to the walk-in refrigerator and swings open the door. The others follow him and peek in. Everyone sees Mrs. Mignon and Mr. Gold lying peacefully on the benches.

JAMAL  
What the...?

TONY  
Two more tonight. Piece of cake!

HUAN  
(worried)  
Coffee and a Reuben sandwich?

KELLI  
You okay, Jamal? Look like you seen  
a...

Jamal spins and points a menacing finger at Kelli.

JAMAL  
Don't say it!

KELLI  
All I meant was...

Jamal gets in Kelli's face.

JAMAL  
We will treat the dead with  
respect!

Jamal trudges to the desk and takes a bite of the sandwich and a swig of coffee. The others surround him with worried looks.

Tony pats Jamal on the back.

TONY  
No worries, Dude!

Someone POUNDS on the backdoor.

Everyone turns and faces the door, uneasy.

Tony steps nervously to the backdoor and yells.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

They hear a male's voice.

CHURCH LADY  
Church Lady, from St. Theresa's Our  
Lady of Perpetual Guilt Catholic  
Church. Let me in!

Jamal, Kelli, and Huan have terrified looks on their faces, as Tony, grabs the door handle.

JAMAL, HUAN, & KELLI

No!

Too late. Tony swings open the door to see the CHURCH LADY (50s), a mobster dressed like a church lady in a print dress, short silk stockings, and a veil that conceals his eyes better than his five o'clock shadow and facial scars.

Tony smiles but struggles to speak.

TONY

I... went... to... St. Theresa's  
Elementary.

Tony stops smiling as the Church Lady pushes her way through the door.

CHURCH LADY

Grand Opening, huh! Drive-thru.  
Quick cremations. No mess! We love  
your business model.

JAMAL

We?

CHURCH LADY

Our... organization.

The Church Lady looks at the oven.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

Lotta people don't want a big fuss.  
They wanna be forgotten fast. Know  
what I mean?

Kelli smiles and runs up to the Church Lady.

KELLI

We know exactly what you mean. Get  
'em done quick. Don't ask  
questions. We're a drive-thru!

The Church Lady opens the refrigerator and sees Mr. Gold.

CHURCH LADY

The Codfather! Paid us for  
protection.

KELLI

His jacket's full of bullet holes!

CHURCH LADY  
 Nobody's perfect! He owns all them  
 Gold's Fish and Chips Restaurants!

JAMAL  
 (mumbles)  
 Goldfish and chips? Who eats  
 goldfish?

CHURCH LADY  
 Roast Barry Gold now, and there's  
 an extra grand in it for you.

Jamal protests nervously, as he stares at the furnace.

JAMAL  
 Mr. Wilson isn't done with us. I  
 mean, we're not done with Mr.  
 Wilson, and we got Mrs. Mignon next  
 at ten.

HUAN  
 We'll get to him right after. Will  
 you be picking up the ashes  
 tomorrow at 10 a.m.?

The Church Lady pulls out a 0.38 pistol and points it around.

CHURCH LADY  
 Nobody wants his ashes! Got it! He  
 was a fishmonger! Requested a  
 burial at sea!

TONY  
 Burial at sea?

CHURCH LADY  
 You gotta john, don't ya?

JAMAL  
 We couldn't possibly dump him down  
 the toilet. The County Coroner...

The Church Lady points the pistol at Jamal's head.

CHURCH LADY  
 Let me handle the Coroner.

Jamal nods yes. The others nod, too. They're scared.

KELLI  
 No problem, Church Lady. Burial at  
 sea. An extra grand, you said?

CHURCH LADY

And a lot more stiffs! If you take care of the Codfather, he'll take care of you. Know what I mean?

Kelli smiles confidently and points to the new furnace.

KELLI

It's the Betcher-Asher 2020. We can handle four stiffs a night, with our new energy-effluent furnace.

HUAN

Energy-efficient.

CHURCH LADY

Four stiffs a night? What if we got more?

TONY

Like Chicago?

Kelli points to the furnace.

KELLI

We'll just turn this baby up? What do ya say, Jamal?

Jamal looks at the clock. It reads five minutes to ten.

JAMAL

Can we discuss this later? We gotta get Mrs. Mignon in the viewing window.

Jamal nudges the Church Lady toward the backdoor.

CHURCH LADY

No problem. I gotta come back to check on the Codfather anyway. People like assurances. Know what I mean?

Jamal nudges the Church Lady out the backdoor. He locks it.

JAMAL

We are not disposing of bodies for the mob!

KELLI

Think of the money we'd make!

We hear a GUNSHOT, and there is a bullet hole in the backdoor above Jamal's head.

HUAN  
May want to meet with that Coroner.

Jamal checks the clock which reads 9:58.

JAMAL  
Two minutes 'til the Mignon  
viewing!

The team snaps into action. Jamal opens the refrigerator but is afraid to go in.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
Bring her out. I'll get the coffin  
ready.

Tony, Huan, and Kelli drag Mrs. Mignon out and place her in the casket.

Tony puts on his tuxedo costume at stares down the drive-thru lane.

TONY  
Nobody here. Get it? No body here?

Jamal and the others ignore Tony, as they hoist the coffin into place.

Huan and Kelli slip on their tuxedo costumes as Jamal opens the casket. When he does, he sees Mrs. Mignon's eyes have popped open.

JAMAL  
Super Glue! Stat! Ex-husband  
specified closed eyes!

Huan races to the desk and grabs a small bottle of *Super Glue*.

HUAN  
What for?

JAMAL  
Glue her eyelids shut. An old  
mortuary trick I read about.

Jamal applies the glue and holds Mrs. Mignon's eyelids down.

Tony yells.

TONY  
Here they come. Places everyone.

Tony turns on his headset microphone. We hear him and the speaker outside at the menu.

TONY (CONT'D)

Great way to hide out as a wise  
guy. A cross-dressing church lady  
at St. Theresa's. Can you believe  
that?! Who'd ever look there?

They hear a man's voice answer from the drive-up menu. It's MR. "PHILLY" MIGNON (50s), who we don't see, but we hear well.

MR. MIGNON

I would! Thanks for the tip. But if  
the Church Lady ain't there, I'm  
coming back for you! All of you!

(beat)

Oh, and tell my ex-wife, Philly  
picked up the tab!

JAMAL

I'll get the curtains! Duck!  
That's, Mrs. Mignon's ex-husband,  
Philly.

TONY

(mumbles)

Philly Mignon?

A black car with tinted windows races by the viewing window. Everyone ducks, expecting shots to be fired.

No shots are fired. The group hears but doesn't see a string of cars driving past the viewing window with the closed curtains.

HUAN

Sounds like dozens of cars are  
going by!

KELLI

And they can't see a thing!

JAMAL

Philly paid in advance for the  
cremation and the Deluxe Apollo-G-  
for-Grecian urn!

HUAN

This doesn't look good!

JAMAL

The coroner is going to get more complaints, isn't he?

KELLI

Yelp!

TONY

Guess we still gotta cook her!

Jamal is distraught.

JAMAL

I'll collect and package Mr. Wilson's remains. You guys can get Mrs. Mignon primed for the oven.

Huan sees the look of depression on Jamal's face.

HUAN

What went on while we were gone?

JAMAL

I bumped my head. No big deal.  
'Til...

TONY

You did see a ghost!

Jamal turns to the furnace.

JAMAL

Maybe I was just imagining things.

KELLI

Things like what?

JAMAL

The newly cremated.

TONY

Like the bodies they bring us to toast?

JAMAL

Not exactly.

KELLI

What exactly?

JAMAL

Like, their spirits from the time  
they get tossed into the furnace,  
and the time they get picked up by  
loved ones in the morning.

TONY

You imagined you saw Mr. Wilson  
walking around, smiling, thanking  
us for all our hard work?

JAMAL

He was pissed off! Hated being  
dead. Hated being sent to our  
discount crematorium.

(angry)

No big funeral! No giant wake! No  
fancy party! It's just over!

HUAN

Who? What? Is this some kind of  
mental breakdown? What else did you  
see?

Jamal has difficulty speaking. He points to Mrs. Mignon with  
shaking hands.

JAMAL

She looked at me!

HUAN

The kindly old-school teacher? So  
you glued her eyes shut. We know.  
It happens.

JAMAL

No, before.

The others look confused. Jamal points to the refrigerator.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

There! In the refrigerator! Her  
eyes opened and she glared at me.  
She's angry too. They all are.  
Didn't want to die!

TONY

Mr. Gold looked at you, too?

Jamal nods 'yes.'

Tony races to the refrigerator, opens the door, peeks in, and  
shuts the door.

TONY (CONT'D)

His eyes are closed now. And Mrs. Mignon's eyes were closed when we drug her out for the viewing.

Huan reluctantly guides Jamal to his desk. He sits.

HUAN

Wimp!

JAMAL

You'll see. You'll all see. Those aren't moth holes in Mr. Gold's suit, and Mrs. Mignon will be back! I know it! I feel her.

HUAN

(angry)

Ghosts are make-believe!

Jamal stands and yells.

JAMAL

Common knowledge that Mrs. Mignon's ex-husband served time for bank robbery.

KELLI

Everyone has some tiny issues or another.

JAMAL

What if he's after the Church Lady?

TONY

Or our ladies.

JAMAL

What if Mrs. Mignon's ghost does come back? Or, Mr. Gold? Gonna get pretty crowded around here!

They hear a soft KNOCK at the front door.

Everyone stares at the front door.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

It's the Coroner! Kelli, stall him. I'll get Mr. Wilson's ashes in an urn. Tony and Huan, get Mrs. Mignon in the furnace.

Kelli races to the front door.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

At the front door, Kelli acts sexy as she walks up to open the door, just a little.

KELLI

Hi, handsome. Remember me?

DR. RAMOS

Vaguely. Is Mr. Curry here?

Kelli bats her eyes, and giggles.

KELLI

You don't remember Kelli? Kelli with an i?

DR. RAMOS

Kelli with two eyes?

KELLI

No, silly. K-E-L-L-I, instead of a 'Y.'

DR. RAMOS

Is Mr. Curry available? We received a second complaint. Mrs. Mignon was a very popular third-grade teacher. None of her third-grade students could see her in your viewing window.

KELLI

Third grade is a bit young to see a dead body in a hideous print dress, isn't it? And those wrinkles! She needed a good ironing if you ask me.

DR. RAMOS

You tell Mr. Curry, he'd better not get saucy with me. I have two official complaints against him. One more, and it's three strikes and you're out of business! Got it?

KELLI

I'm sure those complaints were spurious. We're expecting smooth sailing with Mr. Gold. We've met with la familia already. The family, that is. Nice folks. Devout Catholics. One was a church lady.

Tony walks up behind Kelli to help her stall Dr. Ramos.

DR. RAMOS

Dr. Ramos, it's a pleasure to see you again.

Tony shakes Dr. Ramos's hand, then adds a few fist bumps, and bumping-elbow gestures for good measure, as Kelli departs with a sexy walk toward the back room, catching Tony's eye, but not Dr. Ramos's.

Tony whispers to Dr. Ramos.

TONY

Speaking of seeing you again, what can you tell me about seeing the newly cremated? Just between you and me. From your lengthy experience. Have you ever seen ghosts?

Dr. Ramos is stunned.

DR. RAMOS

Tony, is it?

TONY

Yes, Sir. Tony Ruggiero. They don't have to be real ghosts. Ya know, dead people staring at you 'til you glue their eyeballs to their cheeks. Know what I mean?

Jamal finally exits the back room and hears Tony.

DR. RAMOS

Listen, Tony, you're a cute young man...

Jamal is appalled, and races to step in front of Tony to interrupt.

JAMAL

Dr. Ramos, good to see you again.

Tony races to the back room.

DR. RAMOS

There's been another...

JAMAL

Slight mishaps are bound to happen during a hectic Grand Opening, but we're confident that our sound business practices...

DR. RAMOS

(interrupts)

That's two complaints. One more, and I'm shutting you down! Is that clear?

JAMAL

Yes, Sir.

DR. RAMOS

I don't know what's going on around here, but I can assure you...

Jamal begins to shut the door on Dr. Ramos.

JAMAL

Wish I could talk longer, but I've got a roast in the oven. Bye-bye, now!

Jamal waves to the unhappy Coroner.

Jamal turns with a worried look. As he faces the door to the kitchen/crematorium, he sees Mrs. Mignon trudge toward him, with her eyes glued shut, and a very angry expression on her face.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Oh boy! Here we go again.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Jamal storms into the kitchen from the lobby with an angry Mrs. Mignon in tow. Mrs. Mignon's eyes remain glued shut (but can see just fine)! She has an ash-white face now.

Tony sits in the desk chair with his feet up on the desk. He reads a snowboarding magazine.

Huan sits on the desk going over the cremation schedule.

Kelli rests in the casket on the floor.

JAMAL

Guys, we have another visitor.

Tony, Huan, and Kelli turn to see Mrs. Mignon. Their eyes open and jaws drop. Speechless.

Mrs. Mignon races over to Tony, slaps the back of his head hard, and yells at him.

MRS. MIGNON

There will be no feet on the desks  
in my classroom!

(to Huan)

Do we sit on the furniture, young  
lady?

Mrs. Mignon pushes Huan onto the floor, before turning to see Kelli in the casket.

KELLI

Geez! Were you a third-grade  
teacher or a prison guard?

Mrs. Mignon shoves Kelli's head down and slams the casket shut.

MRS. MIGNON

I'll teach you to be disrespectful,  
you tattooed tramp!

Tony chuckles.

Kelli pounds on the casket lid before pushing it up.

TONY

Who are you?

HUAN

What are you?

JAMAL

She's a newly-cremated!

MRS. MIGNON

You may refer to me as Mrs. Mignon.

JAMAL

I told you about Mr. Wilson! Same  
thing! Believe me now?

Mrs. Mignon stomps around the room, as the others stare with curiosity and cringe with fear. She stops at the furnace and raises her hand to slap Jamal.

MRS. MIGNON

This where you put me?

JAMAL

Yes, Ma'am. Your ex-husband's generosity...

Mrs. Mignon slaps Jamal.

MRS. MIGNON

My no-good ex-husband took to robbing banks after several of his Smokehouses went belly-up! Served eight years in the state pen. Left me alone to live on a teacher's salary, and worse!

TONY

Worse than a teacher's salary?

Mrs. Mignon grabs a wooden ruler from the desk drawer and pounds it in her hand on the way to Tony.

MRS. MIGNON

You're going to give me trouble all night, aren't you smart-ass?

Tony looks frightened.

TONY

No, Ma'am!

MRS. MIGNON

Ma'am means bitch. I'm Mrs. Mignon to you.

TONY

Yes, Mrs. Mignon.

Mrs. Mignon points to the desk with her ruler.

MRS. MIGNON

Put 'em up!

TONY

What?

MRS. MIGNON

Hands flat on the desk.

Huan tries to step in to help Tony.

Mrs. Mignon slaps Huan's upper arm with the ruler.

MRS. MIGNON (CONT'D)  
Take your seat, sister!  
(to Tony)  
Palms down. Flat on the desk.

Tony's hands shake as he complies.

Mrs. Mignon smacks Tony's knuckles with the ruler. He yells out in pain.

TONY  
Ow! How the hell did you see my  
hands?

Mrs. Mignon smacks Tony hard in the upper arm.

MRS. MIGNON  
Don't you use foul language in my  
classroom, young man!

Jamal politely steps between them.

JAMAL  
I see no need to get violent here,  
Mrs. Mignon. We're all adults! Are  
all the newly-cremated angry all  
the time?

Mrs. Mignon smacks Jamal hard in the upper arm.

MRS. MIGNON  
Do you think it's fun to die?

JAMAL  
No.

MRS. MIGNON  
Do you think it's fun to lay on an  
autopsy table and get poked,  
drained, and then cremated?

JAMAL  
No.

MRS. MIGNON  
So, we have anger issues! Deal with  
'em, or you'll never make it to  
fourth grade! That's a promise!

Mrs. Mignon stomps around and smacks each of them in the upper arm, hitting Tony last.

TONY

That's it! They don't allow you to  
hit little kids! You're about to  
lose your ruler privileges!

Mrs. Mignon holds the ruler up by her face. Tony stands face  
to face with Mrs. Mignon and grabs her ruler with one hand.  
We see a close-up of their two faces and the ruler.

Tony tries to yank the ruler out of her hand when we hear the  
SMACK of a second ruler slapping Tony's left arm.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ow! How did you...?

We hear the SMACK of a third ruler slapping Tony's right arm.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ow. Okay! Okay!

Tony steps back as Mrs. Mignon glares at Tony.

MRS. MIGNON

Whose classroom is this?

ALL

Yours, Mrs. Mignon.

MRS. MIGNON

And don't forget it!

JAMAL

No, Ma'... Mrs. Mignon.

Mrs. Mignon checks out the viewing window.

MRS. MIGNON

At least my students got to see me  
one last time.

Jamal and the others exchange nervous glances.

JAMAL

Well... we thought your ex-husband  
was packing heat, so we shut the  
curtains.

MRS. MIGNON

Probably was armed. Nuttier than a  
fruitcake. And, talk about anger  
issues!

TONY

We think he might be after someone.

Mrs. Mignon races over to Tony and raises her ruler.

MRS. MIGNON  
Who? The Church Lady?

JAMAL  
How did you know?

TONY  
(whispers)  
How does she do that?

Mrs. Mignon turns and threatens Tony with her ruler.

JAMAL  
Like other teachers? Eyes in the  
back of her head?

Mrs. Mignon turns sad.

MRS. MIGNON  
The last letter from him came years  
ago from the state pen. Said he  
knew Mr. Barry Gold ratted him out  
to somebody called the Church Lady.

JAMAL  
Barry Gold, the Codfather?

Mrs. Mignon quickly turns angry.

MRS. MIGNON  
That's him!

Jamal looks toward the walk-in refrigerator. Mrs. Mignon  
stomps to the fridge. Everyone is frightened.

MRS. MIGNON (CONT'D)  
He's here! The Codfather! That sea  
bass turd sent my husband away!  
I'll kill him!

HUAN  
(whispers)  
Too late.

MRS. MIGNON  
I heard that!

Mrs. Mignon swings open the door and sees Mr. Gold. She dives  
at his throat and chokes him. He doesn't respond.

Mrs. Mignon pauses and turns to the open door to sense  
everyone staring at her.

KELLI  
Shut the door. Quick!

Kelli slams the fridge door shut and leans against it. The others stare at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Mignon slowly walks in from the lobby, slapping the ruler in her hand.

Kelli steps away from the fridge door in fright.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Gotta keep the bodies cool.

Mrs. Mignon points to the desk with the ruler.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
No. No. I'll be good...

The Church Lady enters from the backdoor to everyone's surprise. The Church Lady can't see Mrs. Mignon.

CHURCH LADY  
Hate to barge in, but I picked up a  
tail on the way over. I need a  
place to hide!

Mrs. Mignon marches up to the Church Lady and glares at him.

MRS. MIGNON  
I'd like to know which restroom  
this one uses!

The Church Lady pauses, looks around, and pulls out his pistol.

CHURCH LADY  
I said, I need a place to hide!

JAMAL  
You... You don't see her?

CHURCH LADY  
See who?

HUAN  
Hide in the furnace.

The Church Lady swings his pistol in Huan's direction.

TONY  
She's kidding. Try the fridge,  
bitch!

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS against Tony's arm.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ow!

CHURCH LADY

Fridge. Good idea!

JAMAL

But keep away from the newly  
cremated!

CHURCH LADY

Newly cremated? Are you nuts, kid?

The Church Lady waves his gun around and paces right past  
Mrs. Mignon to the rack where the tuxedo costumes are hung.

The Church Lady grabs Jamal's tuxedo costume.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

How's this work?

JAMAL

Velcro behind the neck.

The Church Lady slips it on.

CHURCH LADY

Gotta a towel for my legs?

TONY

Maybe a sheet, thunder-thighs?

CHURCH LADY

Sheet! Good idea.

KELLI

In the fridge. Under Mr. Gold's  
head.

The Church Lady laughs on the way to the fridge.

CHURCH LADY

That's it! Good job, kids! I'll  
hide in the fridge with the stiff.

(beat)

If anybody comes in after me, tell  
'em I ran out the front door!

The Church Lady quickly enters the fridge and shuts the door  
behind him.

Jamal races over to Mrs. Mignon.

JAMAL

I get it. The newly cremated are only visible to their cremators or someone who's hurt them!

Tony rubs his knuckles.

TONY

We can feel 'em too!

MRS. MIGNON

You were the ones who took our bodies from us!

JAMAL

That's why I felt Mr. Wilson push me off the chair, and I hit my head.

HUAN

Wasn't it just a bad dream?

MRS. MIGNON

Bad dream! We're going to make it a nightmare!

TONY

Makes no sense!

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS Tony's upper arm with her ruler.

KELLI

Makes perfect sense, at least until their loved ones come and claim their ashes!

Mr. Mignon races in the backdoor. He can't see his ex-wife's spirit.

Mrs. Mignon is angry and stunned!

MRS. MIGNON

It's my no-good bank-robbing ex-husband!

JAMAL

(to Mr. Mignon)

Who are you? This is a place of business.

MR. MIGNON

Owned the Smokehouse Restaurants.  
Used to love this place!

Mrs. Mignon snickers.

MRS. MIGNON  
He remembers our first date?

MR. MIGNON  
My ex-wife ate like a pig.

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS Tony with her ruler, but Mr. Mignon doesn't see it.

TONY  
Ow! What'd ya hit me for?

Mr. Mignon glances over at Tony.

MR. MIGNON  
Reminds me! I'm looking for a big ugly lady that came running in here.

JAMAL  
Ran out the front.

Mr. Mignon whips out a snub-nosed 0.38 pistol and points it at Jamal.

MR. MIGNON  
If you're hiding her, I'll kill you all!

He looks at the furnace and then sees the walk-in fridge.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)  
Ah ha! Got ya now, Church Lady.

Mr. Mignon swings open the fridge door.

INT. WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Mignon peeks in the fridge. He sees Mr. Gold on the bench to the right, and the Church Lady (in the tuxedo costume, no hat and veil, and a sheet covering him below the waist) on the bench to the left.

He struts over to Mr. Gold and glares at him.

Jamal and the others peek in the fridge door, curiously staring at the Church Lady.

Mr. Mignon nudges Mr. Gold's face with the barrel of the pistol. He doesn't budge.

MR. MIGNON

Goldfish and Chips, my butt! You're  
a rat, who got what he deserved.  
Made my Smokehouses go pork-belly  
up!

(beat)

Got a few holes in your suit, don't  
ya, Codfather?

JAMAL

Not moths?

Mr. Mignon turns to see everyone (but Mrs. Mignon) staring  
into the fridge.

MR. MIGNON

(laughs)

Moths from a thirty-eight!

Mr. Mignon turns to the Church Lady.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)

And, when I find that Church Lady,  
she's gonna get it, too!

Mr. Mignon cocks his pistol and aims it at the Church Lady.

Everyone else gasps.

Mr. Mignon turns to Mr. Gold and shoots him in the chest!

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)

Making sure, that's all! Call it  
death insurance.

TONY

(mumbles)

Death insurance? We should sell  
that!

Mr. Mignon ignores Tony and pushes past everyone on his way  
out of the fridge.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Mignon steps toward the lobby.

MR. MIGNON

I'll find her if it's the last  
thing I do!

Mr. Mignon exits to the lobby and out the front door.

The Church Lady exits the fridge, dressed again as the Church Lady. He sulks as he returns the tuxedo costume to a hanger, and sits in the desk chair waving his pistol around.

CHURCH LADY  
This is bad. Very bad.

JAMAL  
Bad? He didn't shoot you.

The Church Lady points his pistol at Jamal.

CHURCH LADY  
But he seen me. My cover is blown.

HUAN  
He may not remember you.

The Church Lady points his pistol at Huan.

CHURCH LADY  
Remembered me after eight years in the joint!

TONY  
How come you didn't just shoot him in the fridge?

The Church Lady points his pistol at Tony.

CHURCH LADY  
You don't get it, do you? He ain't alone.

MRS. MIGNON  
What?

KELLI  
What?

The Church Lady points his pistol at Kelli.

CHURCH LADY  
And start an all-out war? We sell fish! They push beef! Think of the carnage!

The Church Lady puts the gun in his purse.

JAMAL  
Surf and turf war?

CHURCH LADY

Exactly! We control the fish on both coasts. They control the red-meat states. Lately, we've been tipping the scales, as we say.

TONY

Ah. A fish joke.

CHURCH LADY

Not a joke. We're taking over, one hamburger joint, and one Mignon's Smokehouse at a time, just like they took this place from us once.

They all look around. Jamal smiles.

JAMAL

High-protein sources causing a war? Could be a blood-bath! That could be good for our new business here!

Huan angrily races up to Jamal.

HUAN

This was one of their Smokehouses! I think Mr. Mignon and his gang will come after us after he kills the Church Lady.

The Church Lady looks stunned.

CHURCH LADY

I'm right here! I heard that!

Kelli jumps between Huan and Jamal, facing Huan.

KELLI

Back off, sister! Jamal gave us all jobs to help pay for college! Good-paying jobs. Maybe much better paying if there's a food war!

TONY

I don't know, Kelli. We've got two complaints against us already. We might not be in business long if that Coroner comes back!

KELLI

Shut up, Tony. We just have to take you out of the Cashier's window! You've screwed up all night!

Tony races to get in Kelli's face.

TONY

A guy makes one or two mistakes,  
and he gets labeled!

(beat)

What about you? Having trouble  
guiding the caskets for viewing!

Tony and Kelli push and shove each other, until Mrs. Mignon  
SMACKS Tony with her ruler.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ow!

The Church Lady has no idea why Tony screamed.

CHURCH LADY

And now you've all seen me without  
my disguise on, so I'll have to  
kill you, too!

They all pause, stunned!

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

Not now! We haven't had the viewing  
of Mr. Gold yet! When is that?

JAMAL

Tomorrow night, I believe. Let us  
check the schedule.

CHURCH LADY

I thought we had it scheduled for  
tonight at midnight!

Huan, Tony, and Kelli look over Jamal's shoulder as he looks  
in the schedule book.

JAMAL

Mrs. Mignon is still cooking.

Jamal looks around and doesn't see Mrs. Mignon.

HUAN

It could be a while.

Huan looks around, puzzled.

KELLI

Can't rush the furnace.

Kelli also doesn't see Mrs. Mignon.

TONY  
Awfully big woman!

Tony cringes, expecting Mrs. Mignon to SMACK his arm with a ruler, but she doesn't.

The Church Lady cocks his pistol.

CHURCH LADY  
Tonight! Midnight! I'll be here for  
the viewing and the cremation! Got  
it!

They all nod 'yes.'

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)  
I thought so!  
(beat)  
See you at midnight!

The Church Lady exits out the backdoor.

JAMAL  
What do we do now?

TONY  
Let's take a look outside.

JAMAL  
Lock the doors and windows after!

Tony races to the cashier window, Jamal races to the lobby, Kelli peeks out the backdoor, and Huan opens the curtains and looks out the viewing window.

They converge a few moments later by the furnace.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
A black sedan, with tinted windows  
on one corner. A white van, with  
tinted windows on the other. They  
weren't there earlier.

KELLI  
Saw two suspicious trucks out the  
back. Same thing. Tinted windows.

HUAN  
Saw two guys in overcoats behind  
the alley.

Tony smiles.

TONY

I saw a shooting star! Dude, it was bright. Maybe it was a meteor or something.

The others glare at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

What? It was lit!

Mr. Wilson trudges through the backdoor. He's in a bad mood.

JAMAL

Mr. Wilson?

(to Kelli)

Did you lock the...?

Kelli's eyes are wide open in shock.

MR. WILSON

Yeah. About that. Don't count on the locks keeping you safe. They got the place surrounded. You guys are screwed!

TONY

Tell me about it. Do you ever meet Mrs. Mignon, a third-grade teacher with a black belt in rulers?

Mr. Wilson checks out the furnace.

MR. WILSON

My sons had her for third grade. Nice as could be. Loved her!

HUAN

Death changes people!

MR. WILSON

Tell me about it!

JAMAL

So, we all can see you, and we can all see Mrs. Mignon.

MR. WILSON

Is she here, too?

TONY

You'll know when she hits you with her ruler.

Mr. Wilson laughs.

MR. WILSON

She can't touch me. I had nothing to with her death, or her cremation.

JAMAL

That explains why the Church Lady and Mr. Mignon couldn't see Mrs. Mignon.

HUAN

And why Mrs. Mignon couldn't take the ruler to her ex-husband!

MR. WILSON

Least of your problems!

Jamal closes in on Mr. Wilson.

JAMAL

What do you mean?

Mr. Wilson looks away, then turns angry.

MR. WILSON

Something I heard about crematoriums! Okay! Bodies hate to be buried, but it's a slow process. A long goodbye. They adjust to it. But, with your fancy, top-of-the-line...

HUAN

And energy-efficient...

MR. WILSON

And energy-efficient furnace. Our bodies go up in smoke in minutes!

JAMAL

And that's bad?

MR. WILSON

Adds to the anger issues over and above the dying part!

KELLI

Geez.

TONY

Why is Mrs. Mignon so mean?

Mr. Wilson laughs.

MR. WILSON

Jamal thought I was mean, 'til he saw Mrs. Mignon.

Jamal nods 'yes'.

JAMAL

Yeah. So?

Mr. Wilson snickers and points to the fridge.

MR. WILSON

So, you ain't seen nothing 'til you meet the Codfather in there! That newly-cremated man gonna be crazy vicious!

Jamal, Huan, Kelli, and Tony huddle together.

JAMAL

What... What do you mean?

MR. WILSON

Look up the man. You all have those smartphone things! Lookup Codfather and baseball bat.

Jamal, Huan, Kelli, and Tony quickly search Google on their smartphones. They are all horrified.

JAMAL

Pounded beef lovers to a pulp!

KELLI

Most feared mobster since Al Capone.

TONY

Said to have clobbered his own beef-eating pit bull named "Killer," and made his toy poodle named "Fluffy-kins" watch the whole thing!

HUAN

What kind of a sick and twisted mastermind psychopath does that? Poor Fluffy-kins!

MR. WILSON

He's not gonna be very happy!

Jamal points to the fridge.

JAMAL

Especially after Mr. Mignon shot him again for good measure in the fridge.

MR. WILSON

You're kidding, I hope!

Mr. Wilson steps to the fridge, looks in, and panics.

JAMAL

He had a gun! We couldn't stop him!

Mr. Wilson slams the door.

MR. WILSON

Don't do it! Don't cremate him!

JAMAL

Got to. Church Lady's gonna be here. She's gotta gun, too!

TONY

This place is gonna get pretty crowded with the newly-cremated.

KELLI

That explains the cars, trucks, and vans around here!

JAMAL

They're probably armed to the gills!

Mr. Wilson snickers and trudges toward the backdoor.

MR. WILSON

As for Mr. Gold? I'd let that whack-job of a Coroner take him off your hands after the viewing.

(turns and faces Jamal)

The stakes are high! You knew this was a Goldfish and Chips place before the Smokehouse Restaurant took it over, didn't you?

Jamal, Tony, Huan, and Kelli have wide-open eyes and worried looks.

JAMAL

They both went out of business here?

MR. WILSON  
Maybe the Mignon and Gold  
organizations both want it back!

Mr. Wilson exits by way of the backdoor, as they hear a loud  
KNOCK at the front door.

Jamal races to the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jamal sees the Coroner and opens the front door.

JAMAL  
Back so soon?

DR. RAMOS  
I gotta call from a Church Lady who  
paid for a Mr. Barry Gold's  
cremation here.

JAMAL  
We're just about to get Mr. Gold  
from the cold for the viewing.

DR. RAMOS  
Requested a burial at sea?

JAMAL  
Wanted to flush his ashes down the  
john.

DR. RAMOS  
I'm afraid that's impossible.

JAMAL  
Too many flushes? Clogging,  
perhaps?

Dr. Ramos pushes his way in and starts towards the kitchen.

DR. RAMOS  
No, state law says human remains  
must be properly and respectfully  
disposed of.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Ramos and Jamal enter the kitchen area to see Huan, Tony,  
and Kelli carrying Mr. Gold from the fridge to the coffin.  
Mr. Gold's butt is sliding and bumping on the floor.

JAMAL

What if we decide not to cremate him?

DR. RAMOS

He can't stay in the fridge for eternity!

Tony and the others wrestle Mr. Gold into the coffin, as Mrs. Mignon, eyes still glued shut, enters from the backdoor.

When no one is looking, Tony steals one of Mr. Gold's high-platform shoes and hides under the cash register window.

Jamal, Huan, Kelli, and Tony turn to see her, as she makes her way over to Tony. She carries her ruler.

JAMAL

Uh, oh! We've had some trouble with the newly cremated. What if we don't cremate him, and get rid of the body another way?

DR. RAMOS

You mean, bury Gold?

TONY

Yep! Lots of ways to get rid of him.

Mrs. Mignon WHACKS Tony's arm and he yelps.

KELLI

Cement shoes and the river.

Mrs. Mignon WHACKS Kelli's arm and she yelps.

JAMAL

Put him on the subway.

Mrs. Mignon WHACKS Jamal's arm and he yelps.

HUAN

Hot-air balloon.

Everyone stops to stare at Huan. Mrs. Mignon doesn't WHACK Huan.

HUAN (CONT'D)

They're quite colorful, and where they land, nobody knows.

TONY

Hot air balloon it is. He might  
make it out to sea, given the upper-  
atmosphere winds.

Mrs. Mignon WHACKS Tony's arm and he yelps.

JAMAL

We're just hesitant to toss him in  
the furnace. It's the newly  
cremated! Mr. Wilson wasn't easy,  
and Mrs. Mignon was worse. They  
say, Mr. Gold could be the worst  
yet!

DR. RAMOS

They're dead! They can't harm you!

Tony and the others rub their arms.

TONY

Our knuckles and arms tend to  
disagree.

Mrs. Mignon WHACKS Tony's arm and he yelps.

Tony, Jamal, Kelli, and Huan watch Mrs. Mignon find her way  
to the backdoor and exit. They breathe a sigh of relief.

DR. RAMOS

See! There's nothing to be afraid  
of.

JAMAL

Do you want him after the viewing?  
Maybe you can cremate him!

DR. RAMOS

Uh, uh! I don't know what's going  
on here, but all this talk about  
the newly cremated is creepy!

TONY

Chicken!

DR. RAMOS

Chicken, fish, or beef! I just came  
by to tell you that you can't flush  
Mr. Gold's remains down the toilet!  
I'd close you down in a heartbeat!

JAMAL

We took the money to cremate Mr.  
Gold. I guess we gotta cremate him.

Dr. Ramos smiles.

DR. RAMOS  
That's the spirit!

Dr. Ramos begins to walk toward the lobby. Jamal follows him out, and mumbles.

JAMAL  
That's what we're afraid of!

Tony, Huan, and Kelli stare at each other with worried looks.

KELLI  
What if he's worse than Mr. Wilson?

HUAN  
What if he's worse than Mrs.  
Mignon?

TONY  
What if he has a baseball bat  
instead of a ruler?

Jamal returns with a sad look.

JAMAL  
Dr. Ramos is coming back later to  
see that we did our job. Or, he'll  
close us down.

Huan pulls Jamal aside and whispers.

HUAN  
Can I have a word with you?

Jamal looks around ashamed.

JAMAL  
That's what my Ma used to say when  
I was in trouble.

Jamal looks around for a place to talk, and gently guides Huan to the fridge. She follows him.

INT. WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - CONTINUOUS

Huan follows Jamal into the fridge and shuts the door.

JAMAL  
You don't like me much, do you?

Jamal stares at Mr. Gold.

HUAN

I knew you wanted to take me out  
sometime, but my idea of a hot date  
isn't in a drive-thru crematorium.

JAMAL

Better as a second or third date?

Huan pulls Jamal to face her.

HUAN

I admire you for opening a  
business, getting clients, and  
providing a low-cost alternative to  
expensive funerals.

JAMAL

All business, no pleasure. I get  
it. Bad date!

HUAN

Oh! Not just a bad date! In the  
history of dates, this has to be  
dead last!

JAMAL

A few hits with a ruler? Kinda  
funny, really.

HUAN

(yells)  
Worst date ever!

Huan yells so loud, that Mr. Gold opens his eyes a little,  
but they don't see him.

JAMAL

What can I do to make it better?

Jamal steps toward the door of the fridge.

HUAN

The date? Nothing! The job? Show  
some leadership.

Huan pounds her open hand on Jamal's butt. Her eyebrows raise  
at his butt's firmness.

HUAN (CONT'D)

Take command! Show those newly-  
cremated spirits who's boss!

Mr. Gold's eyes open wider. He glares at Huan and Jamal.

JAMAL  
Leadership! Got it!

They exit the fridge.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Tony and Kelli are standing next to the fridge, listening in.

HUAN  
Guess we have a viewing to do.

Tony races to the cashier's window with a worried look.

TONY  
Watch as mobster restaurateurs  
from both sides of the surf and  
turf battle for culinary supremacy!

JAMAL  
Let's get the coffin in place, and  
get our tuxedos on!

They hoist the coffin to the viewing window.

They all put on their tuxedo costumes.

Tony stares down the drive-thru lane.

TONY  
I'm turning on my microphone.  
(beat)  
This is a test of the American  
Emergency Broadcast System.

They all hear Tony's voice in person, and from the speaker system in the back of the restaurant.

JAMAL  
Tony, quit fooling around!

TONY  
I'm not fooling around, I'm  
preparing for Mr. Gold's angry  
spirit.

KELLI  
Yeah. Bullet holes in his suit!  
That won't make him happy!

HUAN

This used to be his Goldfish and Chips restaurant. That won't please him!

JAMAL

Then Mr. Mignon took it over and turned it into the Smokehouse and Mr. Gold is bound to see the signs are still up. That'll piss him off more!

TONY

He might be happy Mr. Mignon's Smokehouse went out of business.

JAMAL & HUAN & KELLI

Nah!

TONY

Then Jamal rents it for a crematorium and cooks his ass!

JAMAL

Don't forget, we called it Tony's Crematorium. He won't like you at all.

HUAN

Then Mr. Mignon shoots him again, right in our fridge!

KELLI

And the Coroner won't let us bury Barry at sea! We're screwed!

They all hear a voice from the back of the restaurant (the menu order window).

CHURCH LADY (O.S.)

That about sums it up. Now, let's get on with the viewing. We got people to waste and time to kill!

(beat)

I mean that in the nicest way. God rest their souls.

TONY

And ours.

(winks at Jamal)

Are we ready Brother Jamal?

Jamal opens the curtain, and steps into place between Huan and Kelli.

We see the Church Lady drive by in a classic black Ford LTD. She's wearing a black print dress, a black hat with a veil, and long black gloves. The windows are down, and we see Three Mobsters (40s) wearing black pinstripe coats and fedoras weeping loudly as they pass the viewing window.

The Church Lady stops at the cashier's window, and hands Tony a roll of \$ 100 bills.

CHURCH LADY

A little something extra from the  
boys for that burial at sea we  
talked about.

Tony glances at Jamal who is shaking his head 'no.'

The Church Lady pulls out a pistol to insist Tony take the tip [Jamal can't see the pistol].

Tony angrily takes the roll of bills.

TONY

Jesus Christ!

CHURCH LADY

Amen.

The Church Lady drives off.

Tony looks back down the drive-thru lane and sees no one coming.

TONY

That's it? No other friends or  
family?

Jamal closes the curtains, as Huan and Kelli race to Tony.

Huan yanks the money from Tony!

HUAN

Wow! That's more money than we make  
doing ten cremations! We're going  
to be a huge success!

KELLI

Mr. Gold's crime family sounded  
pretty shook up.

Jamal races to Tony and grabs him by the collar of his tuxedo costume.

JAMAL

What have you done?

TONY

He had a gun pointed at my face!

(beat)

And the mobsters were crying! I think they're going to miss Mr. Gold.

JAMAL

Now, we have to cremate him!

Mr. Wilson appears in front of the fridge. Only Jamal seems to notice him.

MR. WILSON

(to Jamal)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Mr. Wilson disappears.

HUAN

Might not be too bad! We can cook him fast and flush him away before his newly-cremated spirit can cause any harm.

TONY

Huan's right. We'll put him on "extra crispy!"

Only Jamal sees Mrs. Mignon enter with her ruler. She SMACKS Tony in the arm and he yelps, but ignores the "sign."

KELLI

Might work! Even if this ghost of his is around for an hour or two, what harm can he do?

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS Kelli in the arm and she yelps, but she also ignores the "sign."

JAMAL

(angry)

Are you people nuts? Only four people show up at his funeral. A fresh bullet from Mr. Mignon! His old restaurant. He's going to be a raging psychopath!

Tony shakes free from Jamal's grip and dances up and down with Huan.

TONY

Psychopath! Then let's roast his  
chestnuts and be done with him.  
We're going to be rich!

HUAN

I'll turn up the furnace.

As Huan steps to the furnace, Mrs. Mignon SMACKS her on the  
butt and she yelps, but ignores the "sign."

Mrs. Mignon drifts toward the Lobby.

MRS. MIGNON

You'll see! You'll see.

She disappears.

KELLI

I'll help get him stripped down.  
Sure was nice of the Church Lady to  
tip us like that!

Kelli, Huan, and Tony scurry around as Jamal has a very  
worried expression.

JAMAL

And what's the Coroner going to  
say?

Tony laughs.

TONY

Maybe we'll sick Mr. Gold's ghost  
after him!

Huan and Kelli laugh and nod 'yes,' at Tony.

JAMAL

Heaven help me!

LATER

Huan and Kelli anxiously watch the furnace.

Tony looks out the cashier's window, backdoor, and front  
door.

TONY

Bad guys still got the place  
surrounded. We ain't going  
anywhere!

Jamal sits in the office chair with a fire extinguisher in his hands, ready to fire.

JAMAL  
(sarcastic)  
Great!

The lights blink on and off ominously.

Tony, Huan, and Kelli now look frightened.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic)  
Now you're thinking this was a bad  
idea?

The lights go out for a moment.

When the lights turn on, we see the very angry ghost of Mr. Gold holding a baseball bat. He's missing one of his platform shoes (for the duration of the film), so he walks lopsided.

He stares at Tony, Huan, and Kelli who shake in fear.

MR. GOLD  
Having a fish fry, are we?

TONY  
We can explain! Honest!

HUAN  
Wasn't our idea!

KELLI  
The Church Lady brought you in and  
paid for everything!

HUAN  
And left us a rather generous tip  
after your extensive viewing.

MR. GOLD  
Care to explain the bullet holes in  
my suit?!

TONY  
The suit was made in North Korea.  
They come that way. Ventilation.

MR. GOLD  
Who stole my shoe?

Tony and Jamal whisper back and forth.

TONY  
I collect shoe-venirs.

JAMAL  
Shoe-venirs? Really?

TONY  
Another revenue stream?

Mr. Gold raises his bat to Tony, but attacks the casket!

Jamal remains calm and addresses Mr. Gold.

JAMAL  
That's how you were when the Church  
Lady dropped you off.  
(beat)  
Except for the last bullet. That  
was Mr. Mignon. Shot you in the  
fridge.

Mr. Gold pauses and glares at Jamal.

MR. GOLD  
Philly Mignon? The Smokehouse King?

TONY  
Technically, he shot you in the  
heart, while you were in the  
fridge, but you were already dead,  
so it didn't count.

Mr. Gold glares at Tony.

MR. GOLD  
It counts! Where can I find the  
rat?

HUAN  
He and his goons have the place  
surrounded.

Mr. Gold glares at Huan.

MR. GOLD  
What for?

KELLI  
To make sure you're gone.

MR. GOLD  
Well done, instead of medium rare?

JAMAL  
Ordered a burial at sea.

Mr. Gold threatens each of them with his bat.

MR. GOLD  
Burial at sea?

Silence.

Jamal stands and paces like a lunatic, dangling the fire extinguisher.

JAMAL  
Sure, you're angry! Dying sucks! I  
get it! It's over! No loved ones!  
No job. Let's face it! You have no  
life!

Mr. Gold starts bashing the overhead mirrors.

TONY  
Can't this furnace get any hotter?

Mr. Gold races over and belts Tony in the back of the knee.  
He falls over and yelps in pain.

Kelli races over to comfort Tony.

HUAN  
There must be some way to speed  
things along.

Mr. Gold races over and pushes Huan over with his bat. She  
falls over and yelps in pain.

KELLI  
Jamal, we need your help!

JAMAL  
The Betcher-Asher 2020 furnace is  
set on hell-fire! Can't get any  
hotter!

Mr. Gold races over and pounds Jamal in the back. He falls  
over and yelps in pain.

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
Ow! That's going to leave a mark! I  
don't like the way this is going at  
all.

Mr. Gold races over and smashes the viewing windows with his  
bat, as the others huddle on the floor and whisper.

HUAN

We could make a run for it?

JAMAL

And go where? Both mobs are waiting  
for us to finish the job! They'll  
kill us if we don't.

Kelli points at Mr. Gold.

KELLI

He'll kill us before they do!

TONY

How soon before we can collect his  
ashes, and...?

Mr. Gold spins with his bat and pounds it in his hand.

JAMAL

Not soon enough. I think Barry Gold  
is still al dente!

Jamal, Tony, Huan, and Kelli sit huddled among the broken  
casket refuse. They look frightened.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Jamal, Tony, Huan, and Kelli sit huddled among the broken  
casket refuse, as Mr. Gold pounds the baseball bat in his  
hand, glaring at the four frightened staff.

Mr. Gold stomps over to the fridge, opens the door, and steps  
in swinging, as Tony makes light of the situation.

TONY

Now batting for the Newly Cremated,  
number sixty-four, Barry Gold.

We hear Mr. Gold hitting the benches with the bat.

JAMAL

Cut it out, Tony!

TONY

He's only batting two-twenty-four  
with souls in scoring position...

Jamal stands and closes the fridge door, as Mr. Gold pounds  
away in the fridge.

HUAN

I'm glad you find this amusing,  
Tony. I hope he doesn't turn the  
bat on us and go four for four!

KELLI

I'm getting outta here!

Jamal looks out the cashier's window.

JAMAL

Nowhere to go! They got us  
surrounded.

We hear a gunshot from outside and Jamal ducks.

HUAN

Why are they shooting at you?

TONY

Probably want us to fail so they  
can turn the place back into a  
Smokehouse Restaurant or Goldfish  
and Chips place!

Mr. Gold swings open the door to the fridge, and stomps out  
angrier than ever! He chases Tony with the bat, swinging and  
missing.

MR. GOLD

It's Gold's... Fish and Chips! Not  
Goldfish in chips. You idiots! Who  
would eat Goldfish and Chips?

TONY

Don't blame me!

MR. GOLD

I'm tired of it! Goldfish and  
Chips? Bunch of morons!

Tony maneuvers Mr. Gold so his back is to the cashier's  
window.

We hear gunshots, and Mr. Gold has new holes in his jacket.  
He stares down at them!

MR. GOLD (CONT'D)

Mignon's men! They want their  
restaurant back!

Mr. Gold turns and yells out the window.

MR. GOLD (CONT'D)  
You'll never take me alive!

More shots ring out from outside, and Mr. Gold continues charging after Tony.

Jamal steps between Mr. Gold and Tony, as the girls cringe!

JAMAL  
Hold it right there, Mr. Gold.  
Tony's right!

Mr. Gold threatens but doesn't swing at Jamal.

MR. GOLD  
Do you dare to try to stop me?

A tense moment passes.

Mr. Gold raises his bat to hit Jamal.

JAMAL  
Look! Mr. Gold. I know I screwed up  
by buying this place, but actually,  
I only rented it!

Mr. Gold raises the bat to crush Jamal, then lowers it with a puzzled look.

MR. GOLD  
Are you nuts? With a small-business  
loan and deductible expenses, you  
could've made a killing!

Jamal hits his forehead with his palm and shakes his head in disgust.

JAMAL  
That's what I was telling these  
guys.

MR. GOLD  
What changed your mind?

ALL  
(yell)  
The Newly Cremated!

Mr. Wilson steps slowly in from the lobby like Clint Eastwood in a Western movie. All eyes turn to him, even Mr. Gold's eyes.

MR. GOLD

Who are you, and why can we see  
each other?

MR. WILSON

We're both Newly Cremateds. No  
one's picked up our ashes yet!

MR. GOLD

Why can they see us?

MR. WILSON

They cremated us!

MR. GOLD

What if I bust your skull after I  
bust his in?

MR. WILSON

I wouldn't do either if I was you!

MR. GOLD

Who's gonna stop me?

MR. WILSON

You're just an old mobster  
restauranteur! Some punk-ass killer  
serving Goldfish and Chips.

Mr. Gold steps up to Mr. Wilson like it's a duel. Jamal,  
Huan, Tony, and Kelli watch every move.

MR. GOLD

It's Gold's... Fish and Chips, you  
tenderloin! You think you're going  
to stop me?

MR. WILSON

Not me!

From the backdoor area, Mrs. Mignon steps in like another  
Clint Eastwood. Her eyes remain glued shut.

Jamal, Huan, Tony, and Kelli turn to see her and gasp.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

Alone, that is!

Mr. Gold looks frightened as he stares at Mrs. Mignon, who is  
slapping the ruler in her hand.

MR. GOLD

It's... It's...

MR. WILSON  
That's right! It's the Newly  
Cremated wife of your arch-nemesis,  
Philly Mignon.

MR. GOLD  
Can't be! But she's a... a...

MR. WILSON  
That's right! A former third-grade  
teacher!

Mrs. Mignon steps closer to Mr. Gold acting blind.

Mr. Gold chuckles. Jamal warns him.

JAMAL  
I wouldn't have chuckled if I were  
you.

TONY  
Uh uh!

KELLI  
No!

HUAN  
Never!

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS Mr. Gold with her ruler.

Mr. Gold drops his bat. Jamal grabs it.

Mr. Gold grabs Mrs. Mignon around her waist, and her ruler  
drops to the floor. Huan picks it up.

Mr. Wilson tackles Mr. Gold and drags him and Mrs. Mignon to  
the lobby, crashing past the small doorway.

We hear them wrestling, fighting, and yelling in the lobby,  
and the four staff members shake their heads in disgust.

Jamal peeks out into the lobby.

JAMAL  
Looks like they're taking the fight  
outside.

KELLI  
They can do that?

JAMAL  
Apparently.

Jamal shuts the door to the lobby and trudges back to the group.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Guys, I have a confession to make.

Tony, Huan, and Kelli turn to him.

TONY

You're sorry for getting us into this mess?

KELLI

You didn't know about seeing and feeling the newly cremated?

HUAN

Sorry, you didn't kiss me in the refrigerator when you had the chance.

They all stare at Huan.

JAMAL

I'm sorry I let you all down. You needed me to be a leader. I let Tony be the frontman for my business. I also brought Kelli and Huan in as equal partners. And, you all wanted and deserved a true leader.

KELLI

Wait! You rented this building and the cost-efficient Betcher-Asher 2020 furnace! Bold move!

HUAN

And, you found us three dead bodies. Well, not dead-dead!

TONY

And, you stepped in between Mr. Gold and me, and almost got your head busted in two for me.

Jamal looks into each of their eyes.

JAMAL

We each had our reasons for trying to make a business out of this place. Tony?

TONY

I wanted to get into Kelli's pants.

Kelli and Huan are appalled.

HUAN

Ewww!

KELLI

Tony, our relationship is dead! Get over it.

JAMAL

Kelli, why did you sign on?

Kelli acts like she's shooting a machine gun.

KELLI

I wanna join the mob. Bam, bam, bam. Thought the Church Lady could put in a good word for me if we disposed of enough mob hits!

TONY & JAMAL

What?

KELLI

And I could go after gold watches, teeth, credit cards that haven't expired, that sort of stuff.

JAMAL

That's dishonest!

HUAN

That's disgusting!

TONY

That's a little twisted, but it matches the career profiles they did of us in middle school.

Kelli and Tony get excited, as they wrap arms around each other.

KELLI

I got either a flight attendant or a serial killer, and you got either a Peace Corps volunteer or...

TONY

An Elvis impersonator!

KELLI

Good times.

Tony and Kelli stroll away a few steps. Tony presents Kelli with Mr. Gold's platform shoe. Kelli smiles.

TONY

By the way, I got you a shoe-venir!

Jamal turns sad.

JAMAL

My middle school career profile said I was either a businessman or that guy at the circus who follows the elephants around with a shovel and a cart.

HUAN

So, you ended up shoveling ashes. Big deal. I was supposed to be either a brain surgeon or a Baptist Minister.

They chuckle.

Jamal gently pulls Huan close to him.

JAMAL

Truth is, I only started this business so I could spend more time with you.

Huan is taken aback. Her eyes open widely.

HUAN

Really?

JAMAL

Saw you some at the university, but it was never enough.

HUAN

Why didn't you ask me out?

JAMAL

You were out of my league. Why would a brain surgeon go out with a shit-shoveler with the circus?

Huan pulls Jamal closer. Behind them, Tony and Kelli are kissing feverishly -- their hands pawing and grabbing each other.

Jamal prepares for a gentle kiss, but the Church Lady breaks down the backdoor and barges in with a pistol in one hand, and a small black handbag in the other. She's wearing a black funeral dress, a black hat with a veil, and matching black pumps.

Jamal and Huan step back and put their arms up in surrender.

Tony and Kelli keep kissing and petting.

The Church Lady breaks Tony and Kelli apart.

CHURCH LADY  
Where's the Codfather's ashes?

JAMAL  
We call them remains.

The Church Lady stomps over and points the pistol at Jamal's head.

CHURCH LADY  
We'll be disposing of your remains  
if we don't give Mr. Gold his  
burial at sea!

Jamal inches his way over to the furnace.

JAMAL  
He wasn't quite done the last time  
I checked.

KELLI  
And he has anger-management issues.

TONY  
And a baseball bat.

The Church Lady looks around at the smashed-up coffin and broken windows.

CHURCH LADY  
He did have a temper.

The Church Lady waves the pistol around nonchalantly.

HUAN  
Tell us about it!

Dr. Ramos, the Coroner, strolls into the kitchen area. His eyes open as he is instantly smitten by the Church Lady.

The Church Lady puts the gun behind his back and smiles at Dr. Ramos.

DR. RAMOS  
The front door was wide open, so I  
let myself in.

The Church Lady glances back at the broken backdoor and  
blushes, followed by a masculine voice.

CHURCH LADY  
I let myself in, too.

Dr. Ramos strides over to the Church Lady like he recognizes  
her.

DR. RAMOS  
You're the Church Lady at St.  
Theresa's, Our Lady of Perpetual  
Guilt.

Dr. Ramos takes the hand of the reluctant Church Lady and  
kisses it.

CHURCH LADY  
Yeah, so?

DR. RAMOS  
So, I love your flower arrangements  
for Sunday Mass.

The Church Lady turns away and smiles shyly.

CHURCH LADY  
It's my structured use of amaryllis  
that creates a certain pop against  
a backdrop of lilies or carnations.  
(snickers)  
I feel that daffodils are little  
more than yesterday's pansies.

DR. RAMOS  
I couldn't agree more! And the  
priest's vestments! Never a thread  
out of place.

The Church Lady is defensive.

CHURCH LADY  
I use cross-stitches, of course.

Dr. Ramos swoons, as does the Church Lady. The others look  
on, puzzled.

DR. RAMOS  
It's too much work for one...

CHURCH LADY

It is, indeed!

DR. RAMOS

I know a great all-night diner,  
would you think about joining me  
for a cup of coffee and a cinnamon  
roll?

The Church Lady puts her handbag behind her back and slips  
the pistol into the bag.

CHURCH LADY

I have a few chores to finish up  
here, but I may join you in a few  
minutes. No promises.

Dr. Ramos smiles, and winks.

DR. RAMOS

Ricco's Diner, corner of thirty-  
third and Main? Say, ten minutes?

CHURCH LADY

Ten minutes.

(winks)

You said, say ten minutes, and I  
did.

The Church Lady giggles and sways.

DR. RAMOS

You're such a tease.

Jamal, Huan, Tony, and Kelli have looks of disbelief.

CHURCH LADY

I know Ricco's Diner well. Love  
their steak and eggs, but don't  
tell Mr. Gold! He gets very angry  
when you don't order fish!

DR. RAMOS

The Codfather? Dead, isn't he?

JAMAL

Newly cremated.

Dr. Ramos glances over at the staff.

TONY

The guy with the baseball bat.

KELLI

Mrs. Mignon had it in for him.

The Church Lady gets angry.

CHURCH LADY

That beef-loving bovine of third-grade teacher? Worse than her husband, that restaurant-stealing bully!

DR. RAMOS

Did you know them?

CHURCH LADY

Went to Saint Theresa's, Our Lady of Perpetual Guilt, Easter and Christmas only. You know the type.

Tony looks away with a guilty look.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

But Mrs. Mignon was the one who made fun of me and talked behind my back. Said I wouldn't know fashion if it hit me with a ruler.

HUAN

That's her.

Dr. Ramos steps up to comfort the Church Lady.

DR. RAMOS

It's what's wrong about this country now.

CHURCH LADY

I smothered her face with a pillow.

Dr. Ramos steps back.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

In my dreams, of course. I had nothing to do with her death.

DR. RAMOS

Of course. I'll see you in ten minutes at Ricco's diner, my dear.

Dr. Ramos smiles and winks at the Church Lady as he strolls toward the broken backdoor.

CHURCH LADY

Maybe I'll see you at Ricco's. I don't know. I'm conflicted. You understand?

Dr. Ramos nods sadly, and exits via the backdoor, as Mr. Gold enters the front door.

The Church Lady's eyes open widely in horror at seeing Mr. Gold.

MR. GOLD

If it isn't the Church Lady!

Mr. Gold spots Jamal with the baseball bat. He trudges like a zombie toward Jamal, as the Church Lady whips the pistol from the little black purse.

CHURCH LADY

You're dead!

JAMAL

Newly cremated.

Church Lady points the pistol at Jamal.

CHURCH LADY

Why can I see him?!

JAMAL

Don't know. We can see him 'cause we cremated him. Just 'til loved ones pick up his remains in the morning.

CHURCH LADY

He didn't have no loved ones!

TONY

Doesn't explain why the Church Lady can see him!

The Church Lady threatens to shoot each of the staff as they speak. Meanwhile, Jamal runs around keeping the baseball bat from Mr. Gold.

KELLI

That is a puzzle.

HUAN

Unless the Church Lady had something to do with Mr. Gold's death!

Mr. Gold stops and glares at the Church Lady.

Jamal freezes.

Mr. Gold stares at the bullet holes in his jacket.

CHURCH LADY

I didn't shoot that many times, and  
besides, it was before I fell in  
love!

Mr. Gold glares at the Church Lady.

MR. GOLD

Traitor! I'll kill you for this!

Jamal hands the baseball bat to Mr. Gold.

The Church Lady turns his pistol to Jamal.

Mr. Gold swings his bat and hits the pistol from the Church Lady's hand. The staff talk among themselves.

TONY

Not bad for a designated hitter!

HUAN

Gotta give the Church Lady an  
error.

KELLI

It was a hit all the way.

MR. GOLD

(to the Church Lady)  
It was you!

CHURCH LADY

Girl's got to make a living!

Mr. Gold raises the bat, about to strike the Church Lady's head.

MR. GOLD

Who ordered the hit?

CHURCH LADY

I ain't talkin'!

Mr. Gold plunges the bat into the Church Lady's groin.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)

(high voice)  
I ain't talkin'!

JAMAL  
Can't walk on two balls!

Again, Mr. Gold plunges the bat into the Church Lady's groin.

TONY  
Ball four!

CHURCH LADY  
(higher voice)  
I ain't talkin'!

Mr. Gold takes aim at the Church Lady's head, but before he can swing, Mrs. Mignon enters from the lobby with her ruler, and Mr. Wilson is behind her looking down at his gold watch.

The Church Lady still can't see Mrs. Mignon.

Mr. Gold stares at the gold watch.

MR. GOLD  
Hey, that's my gold watch!

MR. WILSON  
Took it from you in the walk-in refrigerator.

The Church Lady is confused. He picks up the pistol from the floor, but his hand is shaking too much to fire it at Mr. Wilson.

CHURCH LADY  
Who's he? How can I see him?

JAMAL  
Do you recognize him? He seems to recognize you!

Mr. Wilson grabs the ruler from Mrs. Mignon and smacks the Church Lady on the hand, knocking away the pistol again. The Church Lady screams.

TONY  
That was a solid hit.

KELLI  
And another error.

Mr. Wilson smacks the Church Lady on the other hand.

CHURCH LADY  
Stop that!  
(beat)  
Who's the other ghost?

HUAN  
Newly cremated.

CHURCH LADY  
Newly cremated?

MR. WILSON  
I was walking home after  
volunteering at the homeless  
shelter after work when some old  
guy ran me over first, then a lady  
ran me over in a big black car.

JAMAL  
That's why you can see him, Church  
Lady!

TONY  
You were driving the second car!

KELLI  
Church Lady?!

MR. WILSON  
And she wasn't the only one!

Mr. Gold looks to the side.

HUAN  
Mr. Gold must have been driving the  
first car!

JAMAL  
And Mr. Gold must have just come  
from smothering Mrs. Mignon!

Mrs. Mignon smacks Mr. Gold with her ruler. He yelps.

MR. WILSON  
In those last few minutes, lying in  
the street, know what I was  
thinking?

JAMAL  
You agonized about dying before  
your lovely wife.

Everyone turns and faces Jamal.

MR. WILSON  
Saddest realization of my life.  
Knowing that I wouldn't be there to  
take care of my lovely bride when  
she got old and needed me.

They all hear the Church Lady sobbing.

CHURCH LADY  
Sweetest thing I ever heard!

MR. WILSON  
You killed me?

The Church Lady points at Mr. Gold.

CHURCH LADY  
He killed you first!

JAMAL  
Not cool, Mr. Gold.

MR. GOLD  
I was running late...

TONY  
For what?

Mr. Gold has an epiphany.

MR. GOLD  
For my showdown with Mr.  
Smokehouse, himself! Philly Mignon!

HUAN  
But the Church Lady killed you  
first?

JAMAL  
Police couldn't solve the case. Dr.  
Ramos released the body to us, the  
rest, they say, is combustibility.

Mr. Gold threatens to clobber Jamal when a buzzer goes off at  
the furnace.

HUAN  
He's done!

MR. GOLD  
(mumbles)  
What does she mean, "done?"

Mr. Gold, with an angry face, grabs the bat and pounds the  
furnace.

JAMAL  
Gotta love the Betcher-Asher 2020  
furnace! It grinds, consolidates,  
and packages the remains for us!

The Church Lady opens the door to the restroom.

Mrs. Mignon and Mr. Wilson, behind the Church Lady, stare at the toilet.

CHURCH LADY  
Burial at sea!

MR. GOLD  
(very angry)  
Burial at sea?

Mr. Gold charges at the Church Lady with the bat, causing Mrs. Mignon and Mr. Wilson to step back in fear.

The Church Lady ducks in the restroom and shuts the door.

Mr. Gold pounds on the bathroom door with his bat.

JAMAL  
The sooner the better!

TONY  
Sooner the batter!

Jamal grabs a plastic bag of remains from the side of the furnace, but freezes as Mr. Mignon enters through the lobby. Mr. Mignon is shocked when he sees the ghost of Mr. Gold.

Mr. Gold spins slowly to see Mr. Mignon.

MR. MIGNON  
But you're dead!

KELLI  
Newly cremated.

MR. GOLD  
You should know! You ordered the  
hit on me!

Mr. Gold runs toward Mr. Mignon with the bat and trips Jamal and the ashes spill onto the floor.

Mr. Mignon tackles Mr. Gold to the floor. They wrestle and grunt.

TONY  
I'll get the dustpan.

KELLI  
I'll grab the broom.

MR. GOLD  
(angry)  
Dustpan? Broom?

HUAN  
Hurry! Somebody could get killed!

Tony and Kelli race to a broom closet.

Mrs. Mignon recognizes her husband's voice and walks like a blind person toward it.

MRS. MIGNON  
Honey? Is that you?

MR. MIGNON  
(to Mr. Gold)  
You killed my wife!

Mrs. Mignon smacks Mr. Gold with her ruler. He yelps in pain. Meanwhile, Jamal, Tony, Huan, and Kelli talk among themselves as they sweep up Mr. Gold's ashes.

MRS. MIGNON  
You leave my husband alone,  
or you'll get detention for  
sure!

TONY  
Have we got a vacuum?

MR. GOLD  
Nobody eats beef anymore!  
It's too costly ecologically!

KELLI  
Dust-Buster?

MR. MIGNON  
You're depleting ocean  
fisheries at an unacceptable  
rate! Call that sustainable?

HUAN  
Gold is everywhere!

MR. GOLD  
I was after you that night!

JAMAL  
Hurry! Gotta get him flushed  
before he kills someone!

MR. MIGNON  
It was you!

Mr. Mignon and Mr. Gold keep wrestling on the floor.

MR. WILSON  
You both ran me over! I was hit and  
run twice!

Jamal gets the last of Mr. Gold's ashes in the large dustpan.

JAMAL  
Can this get any worse?

ALL

No!

Dr. Ramos enters from the lobby with a dozen red roses and a box of chocolates. He doesn't see the ghosts at any time.

DR. RAMOS

Is my favorite Church Lady here?  
When she didn't show up the Ricco's  
Diner, I thought I'd better ask her  
out again.

TONY

Gonna have to ask her out of the  
bathroom.

Dr. Ramon walks right past Mr. Gold, but he can see Mr. Mignon, flailing on the ground as Mr. Gold chokes him.

Jamal points at Mr. Mignon.

JAMAL

That's Mr. Mignon. Mrs. Mignon's ex-  
husband, and former owner of the  
Smokehouse Restaurant. Mr. Mignon,  
this is Dr. Reuben Ramos, the  
county coroner.

DR. RAMOS

A pleasure to meet you.

Mr. Mignon waves hello, but can't speak.

DR. RAMOS (CONT'D)

Is he okay?

TONY

We all handle grieving in our own,  
highly personal way.

KELLI

He's taking it pretty hard.

HUAN

Gets all choked up.

Dr. Ramos steps to the bathroom door, knocks, and yells, as the staff talk among themselves.

DR. RAMOS

Church Lady? I've got  
flowers.

JAMAL

(whispers to Huan)  
Flowers and chocolates? They  
still work?

CHURCH LADY (O.S.)  
Not now! I'm busy!

HUAN  
Every time!

DR. RAMOS  
And chocolates.

KELLI  
You never brought me flowers,  
Tony! You're dead to me.

CHURCH LADY (O.S.)  
Chocolates?

TONY  
Got you a shoe-venir, didn't  
I?

The Church Lady exits the bathroom and stares at Dr. Ramos.

Everyone is naturally curious and stares at them.

CHURCH LADY (CONT'D)  
You're serious?

DR. RAMOS  
I can talk to you.

The Church Lady looks away shyly.

CHURCH LADY  
I'm... different.

Dr. Ramos smiles and hands the Church Lady the flowers and chocolates.

DR. RAMOS  
We have a saying in the coroner  
business, "Every body is a little  
different."

TONY  
(mutters)  
They don't come any more different!

Mrs. Mignon smacks Tony with the ruler. He rubs his arm and screams.

TONY (CONT'D)  
That hurt this time.

JAMAL  
The newly cremated get stronger  
towards the end. Mr. Gold's bat  
could be lethal. How are you  
feeling, Mr. Wilson?

Mr. Wilson points to his arm muscles.

MR. WILSON  
Strong as an ox, but I'm mostly non-violent.

Mr. Gold points a finger at the Church Lady.

MR. GOLD  
(to Mr. Mignon)  
It was her idea! The Church Lady!

MR. MIGNON  
To eliminate the competition!

MR. GOLD  
Just to eliminate! She gets paid by the body! He's a hit-woman. I mean, she's a hitman!

Mr. Mignon pushes Mr. Gold away, pulls out a pistol, and confidently walks toward the Church Lady.

Dr. Ramos is shocked and pleads with the Church Lady.

DR. RAMOS  
Hitman? Hit-woman? Masquerading as a Church Lady?

MR. MIGNON  
Who would ever suspect a Church Lady of being an assassin?

Jamal, Huan, Tony, and Kelli raise their right hands, and nod 'yes.'

The Church Lady grabs Dr. Ramos around the neck as a hostage and human shield.

CHURCH LADY  
You're so brave to protect me, Reuben!

Dr. Ramos turns to the Church Lady but has trouble speaking.

DR. RAMOS  
Does this mean you like me?

The Church Lady whispers to Dr. Ramos.

CHURCH LADY  
I care for you as a person. It's difficult to commit to a long-term relationship right now, but you had me at chocolates.

Mr. Mignon steps toward the Church Lady.

MR. MIGNON

Give it up, Church Lady! You're a fish and beef traitor, and can't be trusted.

JAMAL

Mr. Mignon, watch out!

Mr. Mignon turns to see Mr. Gold stomping towards him. He swings his baseball bat with wobbly, unbalanced feet.

MR. GOLD

When I get ahold of you...

Mr. Mignon spins and fires three shots into Mr. Gold's chest. Mr. Gold freezes, stares down at the new holes, and laughs maniacally.

JAMAL

Burial at sea, quick!

Mr. Mignon spins to shoot the Church Lady.

Dr. Ramos closes his eyes tightly.

MR. MIGNON

End of the line, Church Lady! My ex-wife is dead.

Mr. Mignon pauses and looks around but can't see his wife next to him.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)

Not that that was a bad thing.

Everyone freezes, puzzled by Mr. Mignon.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)

Her life insurance payout means I'll never have to work again.

Mrs. Mignon smacks Mr. Mignon with her ruler, and he yelps in pain, but can't see her.

JAMAL

You just wished her dead! She still has her ruler, you know.

Mr. Gold is right behind Mr. Mignon and ready to swing into his back.

Mr. Mignon smiles and aims his pistol at Dr. Ramos who shields the Church Lady.

The Church Lady flings Dr. Ramos out of harm's way to save his life.

MR. MIGNON

Good thing the old bat is dead!

Mr. Gold smacks Mr. Mignon squarely in the back, and his eyes roll in his head as he flies forward to knock over and land on the Church Lady.

The Church Lady slaps away Mr. Mignon's gun, which slides to the corner of the room.

Huan sees Mr. Gold going after Jamal and the ashes.

HUAN

Jamal, look out!

Mr. Gold swings high, and Jamal ducks under the bat.

MRS. MIGNON

We gotta do something! He ran over you and killed you!

Mrs. Mignon begs Mr. Wilson.

MRS. MIGNON (CONT'D)

Make your wife and boys proud of you!

MR. WILSON

You're right!

Mr. Wilson turns angry!

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

Let's get him!

Mr. Gold stomps toward Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Mignon with a vengeance, as Jamal, Huan, Tony, and Kelli, race into the bathroom.

Mr. Wilson tackles Mr. Gold, and his bat flies out of his hands.

Mrs. Mignon beats Mr. Gold with her ruler and he screams.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamal pours a third of the bag of ashes into the toilet as Huan flushes.

KELLI

Hurry!

TONY

Shouldn't we say a prayer or Grace or something?

Dr. Ramos stands at the door, angry!

DR. RAMOS

That's illegal disposal of human remains.

Jamal ignores him and pours another third of the ashes into the toilet.

JAMAL

He's pretty inhuman if you ask me.

HUAN

He's trying to kill us!

DR. RAMOS

I'll have to file your third complaint. I'm afraid this means I'll have to shut you down.

Everyone turns to see Mr. Gold standing behind Dr. Ramos with his baseball bat ready to strike his head.

Mrs. Mignon and Mr. Wilson cling to one foot each on Mr. Gold's leg, but they're yelping in pain.

Kelli and Tony cringe in fear.

In the b.g., we see the Church Lady fist-fighting with Mr. Mignon, back and forth, in and out of the shot, but everyone else ignores them.

Jamal empties the bag of ashes in the toilet and Huan flushes.

JAMAL

Goodbye, Mr. Gold.

HUAN

Sleep with the fishes.

The Church Lady constrains the battered, but alive, Mr. Mignon behind Mr. Gold, as everyone stares at him.

Mr. Gold looks sadly as everyone turns to see the last of his ashes disappear with the flush.

MR. GOLD

(sadly)

When you gotta go, you gotta go!

They all turn to see Mr. Gold disappear.

Silence.

Tony and Kelli cheer and pat Jamal.

TONY

You saved our lives!

KELLI

How will we ever repay you?

Jamal lovingly looks at his pals.

JAMAL

Couldn't have done it without you.  
But now, we'll all lose our jobs.  
I'm sorry we'll lose the business.

Huan kisses Jamal firmly on the lips!

HUAN

We'll think of another!

Dr. Ramos turns to the Church Lady.

DR. RAMOS

You saved my life.

(beat)

After you used me as a human  
shield, but still...

The Church Lady tosses Mr. Mignon hard to the floor and hugs Dr. Ramos.

They all exit the bathroom.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and Huan hold hands and smile.

Kelli and Tony giggle and push each other back and forth playfully.

No one sees Mr. Mignon crawling toward his pistol in the corner of the restaurant.

Huan and Jamal kiss again. They share a moment, as do the Church Lady and Dr. Ramos.

JAMAL	CHURCH LADY
What about a drive-thru wedding chapel?	I'm thinking of retiring.

HUAN	DR. RAMOS
Really, a drive-thru wedding chapel?	As a church lady?

JAMAL	CHURCH LADY
Complete with a ghost who impersonates Elvis!	Hitman.

Kelli spots Mr. Mignon reaching for his pistol.

Kelli dives on him and wrestles Mr. Mignon for his pistol.

Kelli has the pistol in her hands when it accidentally goes off, and Tony gets shot in the arm.

Jamal and Huan secure Mr. Mignon, as Kelli races to comfort Tony, who acts like he's dying slowly, and overly dramatically.

KELLI  
Tony, I didn't mean it.

TONY  
I know. Do you love me?

Kelli looks away.

KELLI  
Not really.

Tony glances over at Jamal and Huan. He struggles to speak, and his arms and legs flail randomly and comically.

TONY  
Drive-thru wedding chapel? Elvis impersonator? I'll take the job.

Everyone, including, Mr. Mignon, is sad.

JAMAL  
You'd have to be cremated.

TONY

I need the work! You owe me that much!

HUAN

There's no going back! You know that!

KELLI

(angry)

It's just a flesh wound!

Mr. Wilson crouches near Tony and sheds a tear.

Mrs. Mignon strolls slowly and lovingly over to her husband.

MR. MIGNON

I'm so sorry for everything I did wrong in my life. Please forgive me.

(to the Church Lady)

I forgive you.

Mrs. Mignon shakes her head disapprovingly at her ex-husband.

Tony, still in Kelli's arms, continues his overly dramatic death scene, with random limb movements.

Jamal and Huan surround Tony.

TONY

(whispers to Jamal)

Would I be able to haunt, Kelli?

JAMAL

Don't see why not. She shot you!

Tony gets a burst of energy.

TONY

I'll do it! You'll have to cremate me piece by piece so I can stick around for a while.

HUAN

Forever!

(holds up a knife)

If you were thinly sliced.

Jamal helps Tony to the cashier's window, while the others look on.

Jamal helps Tony put on his tuxedo costume.

KELLI

May I remind you all, that it's  
only a flesh wound!

Jamal points out to the drive-thru lane.

JAMAL

I'm thinking of calling it, "Jamal  
and Huan's Drive-Thru Wedding  
Chapel."

MR. WILSON

(yells)

Stay out of the window!

Mr. Mignon leaps to push Jamal and Tony away from the window.  
He does, but Tony stands up again, stares out the window, and  
smiles.

Tony is shot by a dozen rifles. His tuxedo costume is riddled  
with bullet holes.

Tony falls to the floor, but Kelli races to the cashier's  
window and empties the pistol expertly at the bad guys who  
shot Tony.

The shooting stops.

Kelli blows a cold breath over the pistol, before hugging  
Tony, who is dying this time.

The Church Lady puts his arm around Kelli.

CHURCH LADY

Nice shooting! You can take my job  
as the Church Lady!

KELLI

Can I? I'd be so honored. I can  
play Catholic you know. I know  
their three most common gestures by  
heart.

Everyone leaves Tony's side, stands, and turns their  
attention to Kelli.

Kelli demonstrates the sign of the cross.

HUAN

Sign of the cross.

Kelli demonstrates a proper genuflect.

JAMAL

Ooooh. Oooh. A proper genuflect.

Kelli demonstrates the shooting of a person.

HUAN

Don't recognize that last thing?

KELLI

Shooting a pedophile priest.

TONY

(angry)

Can we focus on me here? I'm dying,  
as if you didn't know!

JAMAL

You're hired, Tony!

Tony dies with a smile. Everyone mourns.

MR. WILSON

You have something, Kid. You're  
gonna be a star!

Mrs. Mignon hugs her husband, but he doesn't see her.

Dr. Ramos looks lovingly at the Church Lady.

DR. RAMOS

Are you retiring? For me?

CHURCH LADY

Working for these fast-food  
restaurant chains can be very  
dangerous.

KELLI

I'll take the job!

CHURCH LADY

You might not fit into my print  
dresses, but the hats and veils are  
one-size-fits-Hell.

Jamal and Huan stare lovingly at Tony.

JAMAL

Think it will work? A piece-by-  
piece cremation?

Huan nods, 'yes.'

HUAN  
We freed up space in the fridge!

JAMAL  
Worth a try!

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - DAY

SUPER "The next morning."

Mrs. Wilson drives up to the cashier's window. Jamal and Huan are in their tuxedo costumes.

MRS. WILSON  
Here to pick up my husband's  
remains.

JAMAL  
He was a great man! Saved my life!  
The world will miss him.

Huan hands a beautiful Grecian urn to Mrs. Wilson.

HUAN  
He was more courageous than anyone  
will ever know. He loved you very  
much. He told us so!

Mrs. Wilson stares at Huan and Jamal with a puzzled look.

MRS. WILSON  
Wish I could tell him how much I  
loved him. Didn't say it enough.

Mr. Wilson appears briefly to Jamal and Huan in the back seat of the car. He winks, waves goodbye, and disappears.

Jamal and Huan wave goodbye with tears in their eyes, as Mrs. Wilson drives off.

Mr. Mignon drives up to the window.

Jamal and Huan smile as Huan hands Mr. Mignon a Grecian urn.

MR. MIGNON  
Thanks for giving me a second  
chance.

JAMAL  
Just wish we could have given one  
to your lovely bride.

MR. MIGNON  
Truth is, I miss her a little.  
(beat)  
I have you to thank for that! I  
feel that she's still here with me.

Jamal and Huan see Mrs. Mignon sitting next to Mr. Mignon,  
and hitting him with her ruler. Her eyes are wide open.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)  
Ow! Ow! What the hell is that?

Jamal and Huan chuckle.

Mrs. Mignon winks at Jamal and Huan.

JAMAL  
I don't see anything, Sir! However,  
your wife was one of three reasons  
we decided to change our business.

Jamal points to the new sign: "Jamal and Huan's Drive-Thru  
Wedding Chapel." In smaller print, we see, "Bargain  
Cremations on the Side."

MR. MIGNON  
Yeah. Good luck with that, idiots!

Mrs. Mignon SMACKS her husband's arm.

MR. MIGNON (CONT'D)  
Ow! Ow!  
(looks around)  
What the hell is that?!

Jamal and Huan chuckle.

As Mr. Mignon drives off, we hear Mrs. Mignon yelling.

MRS. MIGNON  
You'll be on the straight-and-  
narrow from now on, or I'll haunt  
you like...

Jamal and Huan yell as the car pulls away.

JAMAL  
We still do discount cremations on  
the side.

HUAN  
To make ends meet, of course.

Jamal and Huan laugh, then kiss passionately.

INT. KITCHEN/CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

SUPER: "Later that night."

We see Jamal proudly standing at the cashier's window, as Dr. Ramos drives up in a Large Convertible with the Church Lady wearing a white wedding gown, hat, and veil. Dr. Ramos is sporting a "Rainbow jacket."

In the backseat of the car is Kelli dressed as the new Church Lady, in a print dress, hat, and veil. She hugs one of Tony's high-top black tennis shoes. She showers the bride and groom with rose petals.

The car stops at the viewing window. Huan opens the curtains to reveal Tony in an Elvis costume with a guitar and microphone. Tony has the whitened face of a ghost, and his Elvis jacket is riddled with bullet holes.

He sings, "All Shook Up" by Elvis Presley!

Jamal and Huan start dancing.

Dr. Ramos, the Church Lady, and Kelli rock out in the convertible.

Tony continues to sing wildly. We see that he is wearing only one high-top black tennis shoe.

FADE OUT.

THE END