

INT. APARTMENT IN NYC - PRESENT TIME - EVENING

(BUZZER rings. Pause. Then, knocking on door. VIVIAN, 28, a NJ transplant now big city girl, stands holding a take out food bag)

GEORGE

Viv, open up -- I know you're home. I just saw the Chinese delivery guy leave.

VIVIAN

It's Thai. Chinese has way too much sodium. Makes my eyes puff... go away, George. Why are you stalking me?

GEORGE

Because you won't answer my calls, texts or emails. I know what's coming next, Vivian.

VIVIAN

Oh really. What's coming next?

GEORGE

Shunning me on social media. Changing your cell phone number. Do you think you're the first woman who has reacted this way after dating me? Take a number and get in line, honey bun.

VIVIAN

"Take a number and get in line, honey bun?"

GEORGE

I never get beyond a first date with a woman. You're special -- we had three dates. Three. That's a long term relationship in my book.

VIVIAN

Three dates?

GEORGE

Oh, I'm picking out the china and booking the honeymoon suite in Maui. Where would you like our wedding registry to be? Bloomies? Macy's? BB&B?

(Vivian laughs. She unlocks the door. George sheepishly steps inside. She smiles, but then, turns away...)

VIVIAN

I don't want to hurt your feelings, George... but we can't do this... I can't see you anymore.

GEORGE

That's silly.

VIVIAN

Silly?! You lied to me.

GEORGE

I didn't lie to you. I just didn't tell you the truth.

VIVIAN

Oh my God... what will my friends... and family think... about us. My brothers. They will freak out when they find out I'm dating a... dating a...

GEORGE

Say it.

VIVIAN

I can't even say it.

GEORGE

Say it, Vivian.

VIVIAN

Just saying the word out loud gives me the willies.

GEORGE

The willies?

VIVIAN

That's what my Nanna used to call the creeps. The *willies*. I never imagined myself going out with a... dating a... kissing a....

GEORGE

Your needle is stuck.

VIVIAN

A MORTICIAN! THERE! I SAID IT! Ewww. Gross. Yuck.

GEORGE

And how *old* are you again? The term is Funeral Director.

VIVIAN

Whatever... mortician... funeral director. It means the same thing -- you bury dead people.

GEORGE

Would you prefer I bury them alive?

VIVIAN

No. Not burying them at all would be nice! George, your job involves... corpses... that's not a normal 9-5 gig.

GEORGE

Well, it is to me. And I have a license to prove it. Viv, I get up, eat breakfast and go to work, just like you -- just like everyone else in the world. Only difference is my customers never talk back... or breathe... for that matter.

VIVIAN

And you're okay with that?

GEORGE

Yes, someone has to tend to the dead. Or we'd be stepping over dead bodies all day long, especially in New York City. News break, Vivian -- people are born and then they die. I take care of the latter. I'm proud of it. It's a respectable profession. Even in a down economy, there's always work.

VIVIAN

Great... you console people... the grieving... wonderful... commendable... but I don't want to date someone who does it 24/7. Do you understand me, George? It creeps me out, big time.

GEORGE

I'm sorry you feel that way, Viv. I thought we had a real connection.

VIVIAN

We do -- we did -- I had the best time ever going out with you.

GEORGE

Ever? You mean that?

VIVIAN

Yes. I never laughed so hard on a first date... doing the Hand Jive dance from Grease at Bryant Park Movie Night.

(THEY DO THE HAND JIVE DANCE AND SING TOGETHER, LAUGH)

Kayaking off Governor's Island at sunset? The Korean barbecue you took me to on 34th Street? Great veggie dumplings by the way. Those were the best three dates of my *entire* life. And, George, I was head cheerleader and Homecoming Queen in high school -- I've dated a lot, my friend.

GEORGE

Wow. I'm flattered... I think.

VIVIAN

That's why it has to end.

GEORGE

I'm sure that will make sense to me... after I obsess on it all night.

VIVIAN

I told my friend Gina about you over Margueritas the other night... and she was like so thrilled that I finally met someone... I really liked... and then she goes "So, what does Mystery Man do for a living?" and I go...

GEORGE

You didn't.

VIVIAN

I did. I go, "Well, George is...is a... an undertaker".

GEORGE

Oh wow. Undertaker? Let me guess. Didn't go over well?

VIVIAN

She spit her tortilla chip across the table at me. I mean, she lost it in the restaurant. She goes "Vivian, how can you make out with a guy who caresses dead bodies all day?"

GEORGE

Okay. First off, tell Gina... "Miss Happy Hour"... that I don't caress dead bodies... because that *is* creepy... and I'd lose my *undertaker's* license.

VIVIAN

George, it's not funny.

GEORGE

It is funny -- people are so scared of death, even in the abstract, that they don't want to be in the same room with me. I'm a reminder of their mortality and existential angst. I get that. But as soon as someone they love dies, suddenly I'm the go-to guy. I'm Big Daddy. They run to me, looking for life's answers. They can't dodge me anymore -- I hand out the tissues, take care of all the details, from flower arrangements, to limousines, to the embalming. I do it all. Impeccably, I might add.

VIVIAN

You had me until you said embalming. You *embalm* people?! You're that hands on? I thought... maybe you opened car doors for old widows. He *EMBALMS* people?!

GEORGE

Vivian, unless human kind becomes immortal and puts me out of business -- I won't go gently into that dark night.

VIVIAN

Seriously? I love Dylan Thomas! How did you know that?

(They embrace and kiss. Then George stops, abruptly.)

GEORGE

Goodnight, Vivian. Goodbye. Enjoy your egg rolls.

VIVIAN

... What? Wait. No. Spring rolls... Where are you going?

GEORGE

I'm leaving. Isn't that what you want? For me to make way for you to date someone more "socially acceptable" -- like a lawyer. A doctor. A teacher.

VIVIAN

Bor-inggg. Hey, wait, look, I'm willing to try to... make this work. You kiss hot for a morbid guy. See, I'm getting better already. High-five me!

(THEY HIGH-FIVE.)

GEORGE

Vivian. I would do anything to stay in your life.

VIVIAN

Anything?

GEORGE

Name it.

VIVIAN

Meet my family.

GEORGE

Your family? Already? Sure. Fine. What are they like?

VIVIAN

Um... Italian... from New Jersey. Basically... lunatics.

GEORGE

Now I'm getting the willies.

VIVIAN

Can you come to my mother's house on Sunday? For dinner?

GEORGE

To meet the lunatics? Count me in.

*(AGAIN, THEY KISS PASSIONATELY...
BETWEEN TALKING THE FOLLOWING)*

GEORGE

What do I bring... Wine?