

It's Not Her

By

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INT. MORTUARY - DAY

MR. FRY and MR. LAURIE, two grieving older men, walk into a funeral parlor filled with caskets and a distinct smell of rodent. HORACE, a disheveled mortician, crawls around on the floor looking under coffins and desks.

MR. FRY

I'm here to drop off the paperwork
for my wife Dolores.

MR. LAURIE

(angrily)

Dolores is my wife and I have the
paperwork to prove it.

HORACE

(gesturing at two body bags)

Now, now there's plenty of dead
Doloreses to go around.

MR. LAURIE

(sheepishly)

Oh. Well where should we put the
paperwork?

HORACE

(absentmindedly pointing to a
pile of paperwork)

Damnit, Bojangles is in the coffins
again.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

The dead bodies of Dolores Fry, a morbidly obese woman, and Dolores Laurie, a woman of a size that might be referred to as husky, lie side by side both with toe tags on. BOJANGLES an obese guinea pig, begins chewing the tags until both simply read Dolores; the rest is obscured by saliva and bite marks.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Horace prepares to put both Doloreses in their caskets for their funerals. BRIAN, his assistant, helps him to push Dolores Fry into a casket. Her fat rolls spill out of the casket like ham out of a club sandwich.

HORACE

(jumping up and down on the
casket as you would close an
overfull suitcase)

(CONTINUED)

Thank God she's having a closed casket funeral. We're just gonna have to stuff her in.

BRIAN

Sir, Mr. Laurie's paperwork indicates she was only 170 pounds.

HORACE

Well, love is certainly blind. Now help me get Mr. Fry's wife prepared for her viewing.

BRIAN

(timidly)

Sir, it says here she's supposed to be placed in our Big Bertha line of caskets. She should be well over three hundred pounds.

HORACE

(sternly)

Now, Brian, we don't insult the dead. Try and be a professional, and for God's sake don't use the glitter eyeshadow. This is her funeral, not a Cher concert.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Horace strides toward the car carrying Bojangles, who is wearing a black bow tie and a small hat taped between his ears. Brian follows behind looking horrified.

HORACE

Well, Brian, Mrs. Laurie's burial went just beautifully if I do say so myself.

BRIAN

(shell shocked)

Her casket crashed through the wooden supports and into the grave right as the priest mentioned the fires of hell. Everyone was traumatized.

HORACE

Well, I think Bojangles looked adorable in his outfit.

Bojangles begins eating his bow tie.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Guests begin entering for Mrs. Fry's viewing. Suddenly a SCREAM comes from Mr. Fry as he approaches the casket.

MR. FRY
(shocked)
This is not my wife!

HORACE
(tenderly)
Well, our loved ones don't always look the same way we remember them after they've passed on.

MR. FRY
No this doesn't look anything like my Dolores.

HORACE
Well we do our best to preserve our clients but we can't put that twinkle back in their eye.

MR. FRY
I... I don't understand.

HORACE
Well first we drain all their fluids and pump them full of a special chemical to really clean everything out if you know what I mean. Then we usually do manicures, and wash them down with a high pressure hose before we apply the make up. It's a lot like playing dress up with a mannequin actually.

MR. FRY
(disgusted and horrified)
No, you monster, this woman is not my wife!
(pointing to the picture of Dolores next to the coffin)
That is what my wife looks like.

HORACE
(embarrassed)
Ah. I see.
(slamming the coffin shut)
You'll be wanting the closed casket option then. Much more affordable.

FADE OUT