

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING**

Anna is sitting across from a very tight-knit, well-dressed, stuck-up funeral director.

He tilts the brim of his glasses down to the tip of his nose in order to get a better look at Anna, who is flipping through a magazine.

ANNA

How much is this one?

She holds the magazine out, and places it on the table in front of the Funeral Director, who puts his glasses back on, inspecting the item she is pointing to.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

That item there would start at fifteen thousand and go up depending on the upgrades.

Anna takes the magazine back, seemingly un-phased, she hums, and continues flipping through.

ANNA

How how about the um ...

She read the name.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The Simcoe Cherry?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

That ones a little more moderately priced at eleven thousand five hundred.

ANNA

I see.

Beat

ANNA (CONT'D)

Now, is there anything you can sell me that isn't going to require me to take out a second mortgage on my house?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I understand this can be a very stressful time ma'am.

(MORE)

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And usually the family takes care of the financial part of the funeral, do you have any family that could help?

Beat

ANNA

Can't you just throw me in a cardboard box, and put me in a hole?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Excuse me?

He scoffs.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I mean, that's ... that's not ... that would be highly inappropriate and disrespectful for the family.

ANNA

I'm the one going in the box, not them. Plus, you don't know them.

Anna stands up and puts the magazine down on the funeral director's desk.

ANNA (CONT'D)

How much to get incinerated?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Cremated?

ANNA

Yeah, that thing.