

SHERYL

Yeah, honey. He's passed away.

Olive nods, says nothing.

A hospital administrator, LINDA, comes in with a sheaf of papers. She is overburdened and all business.

LINDA

I'm your bereavement liaison, Linda. My condolences for your loss.

RICHARD

Thank you, Linda.

Linda hands Richard her sheaf of paperwork.

LINDA

(fast, indifferent)

Okay. These are the forms you need to fill out -- death certificate, report of death and the M.E. pink slip. Try and be as detailed as possible. This is a brochure for our Grief Recovery Support Group that meets Tuesdays. If you'd like, I can refer you at this time to a funeral home so you can begin making arrangements.

Richard and Sheryl glance at each other.

RICHARD

Um, actually, pre-arrangements have been made with a home in Maryland.

LINDA

In Maryland...?

RICHARD

Yeah, we're passing through. Y'see, we're trying to get to Boca Raton...

LINDA

Okay -- if the body is crossing state lines? You're gonna need a Burial Transit Permit from the County Registrar...

RICHARD

Okay, fine, but here's the thing -- we're trying to get to Boca Raton by three o'clock this afternoon...

LINDA  
 Three o'clock? Today?  
 (checks her watch)  
 That ain't gonna happen.

RICHARD  
 It's for my daughter. This is  
 really important.

LINDA  
 It may be important, but you still  
 have to fill out this paperwork.

RICHARD  
 Okay, I know this is unusual... Is there  
 a way we can go and come back? I mean,  
 can we do paperwork later?

LINDA  
 You can't abandon the body...

<p>RICHARD          I'm not gonna abandon the          body. I just want to go and          come back. We just need to          get to Boca and then we'll          come back! We'll come back!</p>	<p>LINDA          ...Otherwise the hospital          becomes responsible... Sir,          there's a way these things          need to be done. Sir?          Sir...? Sir!!!</p>	<p>* * * * * *</p>
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LINDA (cont'd)  
 Sir, this may surprise you, but you're not  
 the only one who's had someone die here  
 today, all right?! Now we have a way of  
 doing things around here, and I'm gonna  
 ask you to respect our rules and  
 procedures!

Silence. Richard stares at the floor, seething. A pause.  
 Richard speaks with great restraint.

RICHARD  
 Could you...? Is there a way we could  
 view the remains?

LINDA  
 (nods, also restrained)  
 I'll show you, yes. We haven't had  
 a chance to move him downstairs.

She leads them out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Linda stops in front of an intensive care room.

LINDA

He's in here. Now someone may come by in a few minutes to take him to the basement, but just tell them who you are. They'll wait.

RICHARD

Thank you.

LINDA

When you're done with the paperwork I'll be in the nurse's station.

RICHARD

Okay. Great. Thank you, Linda.

She departs.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - DAY

They enter. It's quiet. There's a body under a sheet.

Richard walks over and peers under it, then puts it down.

He turns away and faces the wall. He starts hyperventilating -- choking down the emotion. He doesn't want to lose control, and he's not comfortable showing his feelings.

RICHARD

(under his breath)

Goddamn it, Dad. Goddamn it.

(beat)

Stupid, stupid, stupid...!!!

\*

He shakes his head and takes a few sharp breaths, getting himself under control -- still facing the wall.

Sheryl hugs Olive, stroking her hair. Olive is dry-eyed -- this is all new to her. Sheryl bends down and whispers:

SHERYL

We'll do Little Miss Sunshine next year. Okay, honey? Next year.

Olive nods. No one says anything. Finally, Richard turns around. He is very determined.

RICHARD

No. We've come seven hundred miles. I'll be damned if I'm not making that contest.

SHERYL

Honey... We can't leave him!