

Waiting For The Right Moment

By

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INT. ROOM

MARK and SEB , two men in their late twenties, standing in front of a brown wall wearing black suits. Mark fiddles with his collar.

SEB
Mark.

MARK
Mm?

SEB
She's there. There she is.

MARK
Who?

SEB
The girl over there. The girl I was telling you about.

Mark looks.

MARK
Wow. She is stunning. You weren't lying were you?

Mark steps forward to walk over to her. Seb pulls him back.

SEB
What are you doing?

MARK
I'm going over there to ask her out.

SEB
I didn't bring you here so that you could ask her out!

MARK
Well why am I here, then?

SEB
Well I... I can't do this on my own.

MARK
You can't just walk up to someone and ask them out?

(CONTINUED)

SEB
Not at a funeral, no.

Mark looks at the groups of greiving people around the room.

MARK
Well I reckon as long as it's not
her funeral you're basically
alright.

SEB
You have a very unique set of moral
standards, you know that?

MARK
(Misunderstanding)
Thanks!

SEB
Besides, she's always here.

MARK
Wow. Maybe she's a necrophiliac.

SEB
She works here.

MARK
That's convenient.

SEB
No, I mean... she's always here
because she works here. That's two
taboos in one shot. Asking a girl
out at a funeral and asking her out
while she's at work.

MARK
Seb, look. You don't know when
you're going to see her again. I
say just do it.

SEB
Yeah?

MARK
Yeah. Although you should probably
bury your Mom first.

Off this, Seb walks away.

THE END