

Post Mortem

SAMPLE SCRIPT

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

Yvonne is making a round of drinks, methodical, trying to stay calm, anything to keep busy. Morgen stands apart, uncertain of whether to offer help or not. Yvonne notices her- trying to think of anything except John.

YVONNE

You okay?

MORGEN

Yeah...no...you?

YVONNE

I will be...

MORGEN

Need a hand?

Yvonne trembles: to admit gratitude would let the self-control slip. Not in front of the new girl.

YVONNE

Thanks...

Morgen drops her coat and joins in.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be good at dealing with this, would you believe?

MORGEN

How can anyone be good at this?

Yvonne finds a tea spoon and slams the drawer shut.

YVONNE

I'm paid to be. I'm the bereavement counsellor. Isn't that a joke? Supposed to know the right thing to say when someone close to you has died. It's funny- my training said nothing about colleagues 'offing' themselves!

Morgen fingers a mug, hesitant to break the mood.

MORGEN

Er...who has what?

Yvonne tries to answer but gestures to the mugs.

YVONNE

Mine's white coffee but today I think I need something stronger. Frankie's is tea but I can't make tea to save my life so you'd better do that one. Strong and dark; and you'd better put sugar in.

MORGEN

Isn't she sweet enough?

Yvonne barks a bitter laugh.

YVONNE

Wait till you know her. Geoff had his brew over there so we can forget him. Leigh...

MORGEN

The tall one?

YVONNE

Black coffee and despite what he may say, he only ever gets sweetener. Something about his diet.

MORGEN

And Mr. Rao?

YVONNE

Ash. Ashram Rao. Tea, as it comes, no sugar.

MORGEN

Right. Thanks.

A strained silence broken by the kettle. Yvonne cracks under the Morgan's silent question hanging in the air.

YVONNE

His name was John Bryan. He was an APT. One of us.

MORGEN

I'm sorry.

YVONNE

Thanks. I had to tell you; he was drinking mates with Geoff and he had a thing with Frankie once.

MORGEN

I see.

YVONNE
They're not together...they
weren't when he...

MORGEN
Okay...

YVONNE
They're not together anymore.
She's onto someone new.

MORGEN
Lucky guy.

Yvonne shrugs: she didn't infer it was a guy.

YVONNE
Frankie swings both ways.

MORGEN
Okay...

YVONNE
Not going to worry you, is it?

MORGEN
I was a student.

Yvonne nods, sniffs, wipes her sleeve.

YVONNE
Good. Frankie's many things, but
up there on the list is 'Loyal'
and 'Faithful'. She's a one man-
or woman- woman- depending on who
her partner is at the time. Her
time with John was just...

She chokes, Morgen puts a hand on her shoulder and for
once, Yvonne doesn't shrug off the contact.