

Ex Hubris

Episode XX:  
GOOD-BYE MR. BIX

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1. INT. STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE CAMERA ROOM

NIGHT

SUBTITLE: Ex-Hubris: End of Week 13

The clocks read three AM. The crew wraps up for the week - people finish shifting cases and a lone body sweeps the floor. STEVE, the Grip Trainee, using the phone outside the camera room, speaks to his girlfriend. TED, an electric, leans against the wall on the other side of the door and casually smokes a cigarette. Between drags, and moving only his eyes, he looks over to Steve during points of interest of his conversation. Inside the camera room, BERT, the Second Camera Assistant, rifles through stuff.

BERT  
(shouting)

Where the hell is my tape stringer!

Bert tears more ferociously through his stuff.

Steve shifts so he has more privacy from Ted and Bert.

STEVE  
(to his girlfriend)

No . . . I'll be home in half an hour.  
For sure. I don't have to be back till  
Wednesday.

BIX, the Key Grip, staggers up to TED. Bix is obviously drunk and otherwise impaired.

BIX  
Ted, you live in the west end, right?  
Give me a ride.

Ted takes a leisurely drag on his smoke.

TED  
Nope.

BIX  
Why the fuck not?

(Cont'd)

1. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE CAMERA ROOM

NIGHT

TED

'Cause I'm an electric and us  
electrics aren't supposed to have  
anything to do with you Bix.  
Gaffer's orders. I'm not even  
supposed to be talkin' to you.

BIX

(furious)

Orders! You gonna let that fuckin'  
Pepsi tell you what to do after work?  
I need fuckin' a ride!

Ted takes a final long drag from his cigarette and looks away. Bix fumes. Ted tosses the butt to the floor and stamps it out.

TED

(To Bert)

I saw Gert with your stuff earlier.

BERT

Bloody Gert!

Bert pushes past Bix to confront Gert.

STEVE

(to his girlfriend)

I'm leaving right now. Love you.

He hangs up the phone and tries to avoid Bix.

BIX

(mockingly)

Love you. Ha! Hey loser! Give me  
a ride!

STEVE

No. I not going that way.

(Cont'd)

1. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE CAMERA ROOM

NIGHT

BIX

You don't even know where I'm going. Fuckin' typical - won't do a favour.

STEVE

(avoiding confrontation)

Okay! Okay. Where are you going?

BIX

Kipling and Viking Road.

STEVE

That's at the other end of town!

BIX

You're going west anyways. Fuck! Take the highway - it'll only be ten minutes.

STEVE

But I'm only going downtown.

BIX

(unusually pleasant)

This would be a big favour to me. A big fuckin' favour.

Bix puts his arm around Steve and gives him a squeeze. Steve looks resigned to his fate.

BIX

What do ya say? Yes? Great. We'll get to know one another and all that other touchy feely emotional crap. I'll grab my crap.

Bix runs off to get his stuff.

(Cont'd)

1. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE CAMERA ROOM

NIGHT

STEVE

(muttering)

We've only worked together fourteen hours a day for three months.

In the background GERT, the Set Dresser, and Bert argue over a tape stringer.

2. INT. STEVE'S CAR

NIGHT

Steve and Bix drive down deserted streets in an industrial park. The dashboard clock reads four AM. They drive in silence. Bix is uncomfortable in his seat, Steve is uncomfortable with Bix.

STEVE

So Bix, are you married?

BIX

(looking out the window)

Was till the bitch started screwing around on me.

Steve doesn't follow up. Bix starts wrestling with his seat again. He keeps trying to force it back.

BIX

Doesn't this piece of shit move back any farther?

Bix furiously kicks at floor to force the seat back.

STEVE

What's the matter now?

BIX

I can't feel my legs! It's cuttin' the fuckin' circulation to my legs!

Bix's struggles become even more violent.

(Cont'd)

2. (Cont'd) INT. STEVE'S CAR

NIGHT

STEVE

Okay! Okay! Settle down!

SFX: METALLIC SNAP

STEVE

What was that?

BIX

Japanese crap!

Bix holds up the broken seat adjustment handle. Steve rolls his eyes and bites his tongue.

BIX

Got any tunes?

Before Steve can answer Bix discovers the CD case and begins rifling through it. He offers his critiques of Steve's musical tastes.

BIX

Crap. Crap. More crap. Just plain  
shit. Nina Simone? What's with all  
this shit?

STEVE

It's jazz. I like jazz. Okay?

BIX

(mockingly)

It's jazz. I like jazz. Well it's shit!

He tosses the CDs into the back.

Silence descends again.

Bix switches on the radio and cycles through the stations.

(Cont'd)

2. (Cont'd) INT. STEVE'S CAR

NIGHT

BIX

Crap. Crap. Crap. Shit. Jazz - no  
CRAP!

Bix laughs at his own wit. Steve no longer responds and Bix keeps his opinions to himself. Nothing satisfies Bix and he switches the radio off.

Bix pulls a mickey out of his jacket and takes a sip. The car goes over a bump and he spills it over himself.

BIX

Watch what your fuckin' doin'! You  
fuckin' need some new shocks.

STEVE

The shocks are fine.

BIX

Then it's your fuckin' driving that  
sucks!

Bix takes another slug and slips the mickey back into his pocket.

Bix starts to clear his throat. Then makes sucking noises as if he is trying to draw the phlegm back in. Steve glares at him. What next?

Bix then attempts to clean out his nose. He does this squeezing one nostril shut then blowing really hard. He succeeds in launching a goober out somewhere in the car.

STEVE

That's it! That's . . . That's just  
disgusting!

The car screeches to a halt.

STEVE

Get the hell out of my car right now!  
You disgusting swine!

(Cont'd)

2. (Cont'd) INT. STEVE'S CAR

NIGHT

BIX

Don't give me any of your fuckin' crap! I'll do what I fuckin' want.

STEVE

Get the hell out of my car!

Bix hesitates. This is not the corner of Kipling and Viking Road.

BIX

I don't need this or your fucking ride!

Bix grabs his stuff and gets out.

3. EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL STRIP-PLAZA WASTELAND

NIGHT

Steve's car screeches off, does a U-turn and disappears. Bix watches it leave.

BIX

(Muttering)

I show the little fucker.

Bix staggers over to a building and urinates against the wall. Once relieved he unsuccessfully attempts to do up his fly. He takes a couple of steps then leans on the building for support. He swoons and falls on his face.

4. INT. THE STUDIO - GRIP LAND DAY

Steve shows up and skulks around warily. He sees DOUG, the Best-Boy Grip, and Gert in deep conversation. He approaches them, all the while watching his back.

GERT

And make sure your grips keep their dirty paws off my stuff.

DOUG

Gert, no-one's touching your stuff, okay?

(Cont'd)

4. (Cont'd) INT. THE STUDIO - GRIP LAND

DAY

GERT

Oh yah? Then who is?

DOUG

No one Gert! That's the whole point. No one's touching your stuff.

GERT

We'll see about that. Cause if I find out some one's been touching my stuff I'll go to Dan!

DOUG

And then what?

GERT

We'll see. We'll see.

She shuffles off but not before giving Steve one of her bug eyed glares.

DOUG

(to himself)

Psycho!

STEVE

Hey! How's it going?

DOUG

You know the usual - camera assistants are uptight, props is on the warpath and Bix is late.

Doug takes a seat on a pile of apple boxes.

STEVE

So he's not here yet? Did he tell you anything on the weekend?

(Cont'd)

4. (Cont'd) INT. THE STUDIO - GRIP LAND

DAY

DOUG

Bix tell me anything! On the weekend! Christ where have you been for the last three months?

STEVE

Well its just that gave him a ride on Friday and it didn't go to well.

DOUG

Like what?

STEVE

Well I called him a swine and kicked him out of the car.

Doug laughs.

DOUG

Hey that's great! We'll make a grip out of you yet.

STEVE

It's just that I'm worried about my job.

DOUG

Christ Steve! Bix has got to remember your name before he can fire you.

Steve does not find this reassuring.

DOUG

Relax. Why don't you go get yourself a coffee.

STEVE

Okay.

(Cont'd)

4. (Cont'd) INT. THE STUDIO - GRIP LAND DAY

DOUG

And while you're at it get me one too. No cream, double sugar. And see if craft service's got breakfast ready.

5. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE DAY

AMBER, the receptionist, producer DAN MONNAI'S personal choice for the job, sits at her desk making appointments for Dan and herself to have massages. KI, an office PA and a severe looking young woman, waits impatiently for her to get off the phone.

AMBER

Two o'clock this afternoon. Okay, bye-bye.

Amber hangs up. And looks up to Ki. Amber's face drops.

AMBER

(to Ki)

What do you want?

KI

I'm going to set. While I'm gone we need you to call the key grip. He hasn't come in today and he's not answering his pager.

AMBER

Can't you do it? I'm really overloaded here.

Ki looks over Amber's desk. It is clean except for a Cosmo magazine and a Starbuck's cup.

KI

No - because I'm going to set and you'll be sitting here beside the phone and the contact sheet.

(Cont'd)

5. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE

DAY

AMBER

The contact what?

KI

The contact sheet! Oh here!

Ki reaches over and pulls out a production binder and leafs through it.

KI

This is the Crew Contact Sheet and these are emergency contact sheets. If you can't get him at home try his next of kin..

AMBER

What's his name?

KI

Who?

AMBER

That grip guy.

Ki groans and circles the name on the contact sheet - Cosmin Bischerescu.

KI

That's his name.

Ki storms out of the office.

KI

(as she goes through the doors)  
And I'm taking the Navigator.

Amber studies the problem for a minute.

AMBER

Better get it over with.

She calls Bix's home.

## 6. INT. BIX'S APARTMENT

DAY

Bix's bachelor apartment is a mess. Clothing and garbage is strewn about in equal portions. The bed is a bare mattress a couple of ratty sheets half pulled off it. A bare bulb with a paper parasol for a shade and a broken table lamp are the only forms of artificial illumination. Right now an oily light passes through a dingy window and yellowed blind. A phone sits in the middle of the floor, and some distance away an answering machine sits half buried under a pizza box.

The phone rings four times then the answering machine picks up.

## BIX'S ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Bix. I'm either working or sleeping. So leave a message at the beep then fuck-off!

## AMBER

(over the phone)

Ooo - I'm sorry I'm looking for  
Cosmin Bish . . . Bishe . . . Bisheroo.

The phone hangs up.

## 7. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE

DAY

Amber looks at the sheets Ki has pulled out. There is no Bix listed on them. She looks over the emergency contact information for Cosmin, but its is mostly blank.

The phone rings.

## AMBER

Production. Cosmin Bisher? . . .  
Yes, he's one of us. Of course. Yes,  
I'm sure. That's what the address is.  
Funeral home . . . no I don't think so.  
My name? It's Amber - A - M - B . .  
. that's right. Okay. Bye-bye.

Amber hangs up, looks a little puzzled then picks up her magazine.

8. INT. STUDIO OFFICE

DAY

SHELLEY, the first AD, huddles with GARY, the unit manager. They are going over the schedule for the next week. Ki walks in on them.

KI

Here are the new revisions.

Both Shelley and Gary groan.

KI

No use hiding out at set. We'll track you down sooner or later. Speaking of tracking down, is Gert around?

GARY

Now what?

KI

Nothing, just that accounting says she's messed up her paperwork again.

Ki drops a file folder down on the table.

GARY

I'll see that she gets it.

SHELLEY

Any word on Bix?

KI

No. But I've got Amber on the job.

GARY

Oh God! Why didn't you just get a brick to do it?

KI

No - because bricks are useful, Amber is not. Beside, do you really miss him?

(Cont'd)

8. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO OFFICE

DAY

SHELLEY

No.

GARY

Me neither. No complaints about any of the new gear, or the food, or anything yet. Like the calm before the storm. If this were a movie . . .

SHELLEY

This is a movie!

An awkward pause follows.

KI

Well then pre-light and be merry, for tomorrow he'll show.

KA, another severe looking young woman, Ki's significant other and director SEBASTIAN ST. JOHN's personal assistant shows up.

KA

Ready.

KI

Yes. I've got the Navigator.

They embrace lightly and kiss then walk out arm-in-arm. Gary stares, mouth agape. Shelley punches him in the arm.

SHELLEY

Grow-up!

9. INT STEVE'S GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT

NIGHT

Steve's girlfriend's apartment is one of those older affairs with lots of dark wood trim. The walls are painted strong colours in keeping with a person of artistic bent.

The door swings open in strides Steve.

(Cont'd)

9. (Cont'd) INT STEVE'S GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT NIGHT

STEVE

(to his unseen girlfriend)

Hey I'm home. You won't believe  
my day. It was the best I've had.  
Bix wasn't there to ride my ass.

10. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE DAY

Ki sits in Ambers place. She munches on a sandwich while reading a copy of the novel Ex Hubris. A COURIER walks in.

COURIER

Is this Sans Cullets Productions?

KI

Like this: *Sans-Culottes*. Say it like  
you have drunk the wine of  
revolution and you now march on the  
Bastille. *Sans-Culottes*.

To emphasize her pronunciation Ki motions with her hand as if she were pulling the words from her mouth then letting them free in the room. She quietly repeats the words *Sans-Culottes*, *Culottes* to herself while the Courier continues.

COURIER

*Sans-Culottes*.

KI

Much better.

Ki returns to her sandwich and her book. The Courier waits. And waits. He finally clears his throat. Ki turns to him as if her just entered the room.

KI

Can I help you.

The Courier weighs his options. Ki smiles kindly at him.

COURIER

Is this *Sans-Culottes* Productions?

(Cont'd)

10. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE

DAY

KI

Yes, in more ways than one.

COURIER

Are you Amber?

KI

No. Amber's out bopping the producer. But maybe I can be of service.

Ki passes the Courier a couple of exaggerated winks.

COURIER

(uneasy)

Yeah, sure.

He hands over a squarish box.

COURIER

This is for Amber. Print here, sign here.

Ki follows his instructions, then holds the package by her ear.

KI

Well it's not ticking so it can't from me.

The Courier leaves and she stows the box behind the counter. She spots her "to do" list and sighs. She pulls out Bix's contact numbers and tries his pager.

11. EXT. CURBSIDE, AN INDUSTRIAL STRIP-PLAZA WASTELAND DAY

In the gutter, by a sewer grate, lies Bix's pager with some chicken bones. The pager buzzes and vibrates. It scuttles around knocking some of the chicken bones into the sewer. The pager too becomes a victim of gravity and slips into the abyss

12. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE (LATER IN DAY)

DAY

Ki still mans the receptionist's station. Dan Monnai swaggers in.

KI

Good afternoon Dan. Amber still coming?

DAN

(suddenly embarrassed)  
Yes . . . er . . . No! Ah . . .  
(confrontationally)  
What do you mean by that? Who do you think you are?

KI

Ki. *Cogito ergo sum Ki.* Is Amber with you or will I remained chained to this desk for the rest of the day?

DAN

Oh . . . She's right behind me.

KI

*Oh is she now.*

Ki winks knowingly at Dan. Dan huffs off in embarrassed defeat.

A moment later Amber enters, resheveling her disheveled hair.

AMBER

Can you give me a moment to fix my hair.

Ki steps out from behind the desk.

KI

No.

Amber puts on a pout and takes he place behind the desk, hands still adjusting hair.

(Cont'd)

12. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE (LATER IN DAY)

DAY

KI

If it'll make you feel better there's a package for you.

Amber leaves her hair and reaches for the package. She excitedly rips it open. Her face drops as she pulls out a drab vase-thing.

AMBER

Gross!

Wrinkling her nose in disgust, she drops the vase back in the box in disgust. She shoves the box away and goes back to fixing her hair.

13. INT. RUNNER CAR FROM TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT

DAY

Gert rifles through the glove box, map pouches and any crevice she can get her hands into. At last, from under the seat, she pulls out a couple of receipts - stained and soggy. They are not hers. She circles the receipts and writes number in the upper corner, then adds them to a pile on the passenger seat. She grabs her expense report and adds those receipts to it. Her expense report is messy, with a lot of cross-outs and liquids paper, and has been written with many types and colours of pens. The receipts and money she has still do not tally. Giving up, she shoves everything into an envelope and leaves the car.

14. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE

DAY

Gert enters the office and sidles up to the receptionist desk. She discretely slides her expense report into the middle of a pile of envelopes. Amber looks up from her magazine.

AMBER

Hi Gert. Are those your expenses?

GERT

Er, yes - no - Why?

AMBER

(As though reciting something from rote)  
'Cause they said that if you brought them in you should take them to accounting right away.

(Cont'd)

14. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE DAY

GERT

Why do I have to do that. Does anyone else have to?

AMBER

How am I supposed to know? I mean I've got all this, you know, stuff to do, and I can't get it done. Then I get this vase thing given to me, but like I don't want it.

Gert looks into the box.

GERT

Who's is this?

AMBER

That's what I've trying to say. How am I supposed to know?

GERT

Can I have this?

AMBER

Sure. Get it off my desk. It's ugly.

Gert takes the vase, box and all, along with her expense report and leaves.

15. INT. RUNNER CAR FROM TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT DAY

From her satchel Gert pulls out a spare receipt book. Opening somewhere in the middle she starts to make out a fake receipt. She even uses her left hand to fill it in. She occasionally refers to the vase and its box. She finishes off the receipt with an appropriately illegible signature. She re-tallies her expenses. It seems that now the production owes her money.

16. INT. STUDIO - PRIVATE LIBRARY SET DAY

Activity bustles around the set. GABOR, the DOP, using Ka as a stand-in, makes final adjustments to the lighting. Doug and DENIS, the gaffer, stand by. Gert and other props people dress the set. Gert, with great care, places the vase on the mantle-piece. Doug watches her intently. She notices and scowls at him as she leaves.

17. INT. STUDIO - VARIOUS

DAY

Montage of different activities as the crew finishes prepping for the next day's shoot. Gabor admires his handiwork, Sebastian St. John critiques it, while Dan Monnai hits on Shelley.

Assistants pull camera gear out of cases and assemble it. Film is loaded, and the camera is placed on the dolly. Gear is pulled off trucks; things like sandbags and apple boxes get stacked neatly. Craft service cleans up their kitchen while sawdust is swept from the studio floor. Ki arrives with call sheets and script revisions. She finds Shelley out on the floor.

SHELLEY

Okay everybody, that's a wrap for today. Eight o'clock tomorrow all bright eyed and bushy tailed, we've got a lot to do. Don't forget your call sheet and script revisions. And tonight, grips, electricians, props hair-make-up and wardrobe, take some time to READ the scenes we're doing tomorrow. We'll have sides ready in the morning. And Gert, accounting wants your expenses.

18. EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT

DAY

Gert slips into her car and drives off.

19. INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

Doug, Denis, Ted, Bert, Gary, and SIMON, another grip, sit on folding chairs arranged in a circle. They've got their feet propped on apple boxes, while other apple boxes are used as tables. Empty beer bottles and cigarette butts abound. They talk and relax except for Denis who moodily nurses his beer. Steve enters and hands out cold beers to everybody then takes an empty seat for himself.

GARY

Steve, what ever possessed you to become a grip?

(Cont'd)

19. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

STEVE

(uncomfortable)

Why? What do you mean?

GARY

Well I take you as being kinda of a  
muffin eater.

Doug, Simon and Bert all spit out a laugh. Steve squirms in his chair.

STEVE

What?

DOUG

I thought Ki and Ka were the muffin  
eaters.

GARY

Huh? No! That's not it.

Gary leans forward in his chair.

GARY

What I mean is that you seem like a  
guy who's smart and into healthy  
stuff.

DOUG

What? Muff's not healthy?

GARY

Jeez Doug! No, like Steve's a smart  
guy. He's got ideas and things.  
Hanging around a bunch of smelly  
grips - and electricians - breathing  
cigarette smoke doesn't seem to be  
his thing.

(turning to Steve)

Is it Steve?

(Cont'd)

19. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

STEVE

Well no. Not really. I'm doing this to learn. I want to write - and direct - but I don't think I can do that unless I have experience on the set. I mean if you want the crew to respect you, you've got to be able to see things from their perspective. And I mean too that you have to be able to establish a relationship with the technicians and I can't think of a better way of doing it than to be one of you guys. Well am I right?

Everyone looks silently at Steve, trails of smoke leaving their cigarettes.

STEVE

I am right, aren't I?

Doug laughs then takes a long drag from his smoke.

DOUG

Christ Steve! If Bix . . .

DENIS

(mumbling to himself)

*Bâtard!*

DOUG

(uninterrupted)

. . . were here right now he'd be all over you and you'd never live it down.

Doug takes another drag from his smoke.

DOUG

By the way Gary, where is Bix?

(Cont'd)

19. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

DENIS

(mumbling to himself)

*A l'enfer, j'espère.*

DOUG

(continuing)

I've tried calling him, but there's no answer.

GARY

Got me. No one's been able find him. If he doesn't show up by the end of this week I guess we'll be looking for a new key grip. Maybe even sooner.

DOUG

Hmmmm . . . Got anyone in mind?

Doug flashes Gary a wide smile.

GARY

We were thinking of you, but if you're going to act like an idiot I might have to reconsider.

DOUG

No no. I can dial back the idiot for a while if that's what you need.

GARY

Well until you hear otherwise, consider yourself Key Grip.

DOUG

I'll consider myself Key Grip when I see the cheque. And my first act as Key Grip will be to promote everybody in my department, no matter how low their standing.

(Cont'd)

19. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

SIMON, TED, BERT & GARY  
Hear! Hear!

SIMON  
(continuing)  
Long may he reign.

Everyone drinks a toast to Doug.

DOUG  
Simon, henceforth you shall be  
known as Simon, Best Boy Grip.

Simon bows his head.

DOUG  
And Steven. You shall no longer  
labour under the appellation of  
Steve, the Grip Trainee, but shall be  
elevated to a standing more worthy  
of a person with your attributes.  
Henceforward you shall be known as  
Steve, the Senior Grip Trainee and  
receive all the respect and tribute the  
title deserves.

EVERYONE  
Hear! Hear!

They drink a toast.

Ted, draining his bottle and taking a first drag of his cigarette, goes to throw the butt into the empty bottle.

STEVE  
Guys! Do mind not throwing your  
butt into the bottles. The guy at the  
beer store gets a little pissed when I  
return them like that.

(Cont'd)

19. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

NIGHT

This stops Ted, but only temporarily. He starts again.

DOUG

(mock seriously)

Stop. Do not let it be said that I do not hear the cry of help from one of my minions. I know what we can use for an ash can and we certainly won't piss-off the guy at the beer store.

Doug sweeps out of his chair.

DOUG

Come young Steven, and I shall impart some of my grip-lore to you.

They leave Gripland.

20. INT. STUDIO - PRIVATE LIBRARY SET

NIGHT

A cool shaft of light catches the vase as it sits on the mantle. Doug and Steve weave through shoals of light and shadow to approach it. Doug stops in front of it and grins, his cigarette hanging from his mouth. They speak in hushed tones, Steve more so than Doug.

DOUG

Pick it up Steve.

STEVE

This? But it's props's.

DOUG

I know.

STEVE

And it's dressed. Gert will freak.

DOUG

I know. Genius isn't it. We get an ashtray and we piss Gert off! It's win win.

20. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - PRIVATE LIBRARY SET

(Cont'd)  
NIGHT

There is a pause as they both contemplate different consequences.

STEVE

It looks like an urn - you know for ashes.

DOUG

D'uh. Why do you think I thought of it.

Steve reaches to pick it up but hesitates.

DOUG

Pick it up Steve.

STEVE

I feel like I'm violating a temple. You know like a boulder's going to fall out of the ceiling on us.

DOUG

For Christ's sake just take it.

Steve picks it up.

STEVE

Okay. Okay. I'm picking.

DOUG

Just a sec.

Doug takes off the lid and taps his ashes into it.

DOUG

A thing of beauty.

They head off back to Gripland. Doug hesitates and Steve waits for him.

20. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - PRIVATE LIBRARY SET

(Cont'd)  
NIGHT

DOUG

Man, too bad Bix isn't goin' to be here to see the look on Gert's face. He would have loved it.

Doug starts to walk again, joining Steve and they both disappear into the shadows.

21. INT. STUDIO - BETWEEN GRIPLAND AND SET

NIGHT

Steve and Doug continue to walk back to Gripland.

STEVE

That's something I don't understand.

DOUG

What?

STEVE

Your love-hate relationship with Bix.

DOUG

Oh that!

They continue walking.

STEVE

All you guys have it. You hate him but you'll still work for him.

DOUG

Well that's just how the business works. Sometimes.

They continue walking and Doug drags on his smoke.

DOUG

I mean you can't always choose who you work for, so you just make the best of a bad situation.

21. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - BETWEEN GRIPLAND AND SET NIGHT (Cont'd)

Steve does not reply. They reach Gripland and pull back on the blacks that seal it off from the rest of the studio.

22. INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND NIGHT

Steve and Doug enter with the vase. The others have resorted to using their bottles for ashtrays. Steve puts the vase down and looks a little disgusted at the mess in the bottles.

DOUG  
(with a sweep of his arm)  
Gentlemen - your ashtray.

A couple of polite applause follow, but the party is a little more subdued than when they left.

Ted, needing to use it first, picks up the vase and examines it. He removes the lid and looks inside.

TED  
Hey, there's already ashes in here.

He shakes the vase and the contents swoosh around inside.

DOUG  
Good. That means somebody else  
out there hates Gert.

Ted shrugs and taps his ash into the vase, putting it down on the apple-box table in the middle of the circle. Doug settles down into his chair and rejoins his beer.

DOUG  
Young Steven here was wondering  
why we work with Bix.

DENIS  
I not work with dat asshole.

GARY  
I've wondered that myself. The  
man's peptic ulcer on legs.

22. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

(Cont'd)  
NIGHT

Steve's eyes move around the group. Ted and Bert shrug.

BERT

Not my department.

SIMON

Hey, I work for Doug. He's the only reason I'm here. And the money. This job's paying for the renos on my house.

Simon taps his ashes into the vase. Gary opens a fresh bottle and tosses the cap into the vase. Simon follows suit. It becomes a game for the rest of the evening.

Doug looks around.

DOUG

Okay then it's up to me.

He takes a sip of his beer.

DOUG

I don't like working for Bix. He's an asshole. A prick. You name it.

Denis mutters something unintelligible.

DOUG

(to Denis)

That's right.

(to the others)

Denis here and Bix used to be the best of friends. Now they don't even talk. Haven't for years. One day they went to a strip-club at lunch and come back drunk and surly as usual. Only this time they're really PO'd at each other. This goes on for the rest of the day. The next day Denis, who's sobered up a bit, goes up to

22. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

(Cont'd)  
NIGHT

DOUG

(continuing)

Bix to apologize. Well what does Bix do? He goes off and sucker punches Denis. That's the kind of guy Bix is - a prick! A bastard! An asshole!

Doug takes a last drag from his smoke and violently tosses it into the vase. He settles back into his chair and fishes out another smoke.

STEVE

Then why do you work for him?  
Why does anybody work for him?

DOUG

Loyalty I guess. He gave me my first break - kind of like what he's doin' with you. Only he wasn't so bad then.

SIMON

Come on Doug! He's always been a prick!

DOUG

No! No! He really was better then, or not so bad. He's just gotten worse. Especially after that dust-up with Denis.

DENIS

(to himself)

*Bâtard!*

BERT

Get off it Doug! He's always been a prick. It's all a game to him. Everyday he kept putting his breakfast on the camera cart. And

22. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND

(Cont'd)  
NIGHT

BERT

(continuing)

everyday I asked him not to. And what he'd do? He grinned and kept on doing it. He even started putting an extra coffee there. The fucker! I'd love to shove the whole thing down his gullet!

He gobs into the vase.

TED

Oh no man. That coffee was mine. I did it to fuck with your head.

BERT

You what! Asshole!

Bert raises his arm to hit Ted. Ted cringes but laughs. Bert shrugs it off.

BERT

But you see what I mean.

There is a relaxed round of beer sipping and cigarette puffing. Ashes and the odd butt or cap going into the vase.

GARY

Well he's really done it this time. Not showing up *and* not answering his phone. Kiss of death.

Gary takes a leisurely drag on his smoke. And taps the ashes into the vase, then leans back into his chair.

GARY

He was warned. Well at least he didn't puke on the lead actress this time.

22. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND (Cont'd)  
NIGHT

DOUG  
(laughing)  
I haven't heard that one.

GARY  
Oh yeah. He did it - a couple of  
years back.

STEVE  
Accidentally?

GARY  
No. That's what the fuss was about.  
It wouldn't have been so bad if . . .

23. INT. STUDIO NIGHT.

The stories of Bix's vile nature continue. The words are muffled by the blacks that are tented around Gripland. The shadows outside Gripland are relieved only by the spill of light from an exit sign. But that only leads to more darkness.

FADE TO BLACK

24. INT. STUDIO DAY

Craft service lays out breakfast. Actors report to hair and make-up. The tarp is pulled off the camera and a fresh magazine loaded. A grip wheels the camera to the LIBRARY SET. Lights are sparked up and blocking begins.

25. INT. STUDIO - PRIVATE LIBRARY SET DAY

Gert inspects the dressing of the set. She notices the vase missing. She turns to look for it and notices Steve turning away. She storms off set towards Gripland.

26. INT. STUDIO - GRIPLAND DAY

Gert discovers the vase, along with its lid, sitting on an apple-box table. Cigarette ash and butts surround it; beer stains mar its surface. A sticky beer - ash matrix clings to its base. Shaking with fury, eyes ready to explode from her head, Gert grabs the vase and lid. Clutching it so tight to her breast that she stoops over she storms out of Gripland.

27. INT. STUDIO - JUST OUTSIDE GRIPLAND

DAY

Gert runs into Doug. She is so furious that she can barely speak - sputtering out her words.

GERT

You fucking bastards! You fucking  
can't keep your fucking hands off my  
stuff!

Doug just grins. Steve appears, stops and watches the exchanged - stunned.

GERT

That's it. I'm telling Dan and he'll  
have you fucking grip ass!  
(spotting Steve)  
And all your buddies' too!

Steve attempts to slink off. Doug, unbent, grabs his arm. Gert starts to walk away.

DOUG

Your gonna tell Dan what? That we  
touched your precious vase?

His tone is defiant and mocking. Gert freezes then turns to face him. She steps forward holding the vase out in front of her, open for Doug to see inside.

GERT

Look what you grip-heads have done  
to this. This cost me a lot of money.

Doug says nothing. Without looking into the vase he spits out his gum into the vase.

Gert says nothing. She stares at Doug with her buggy bulging eyes while Doug's are narrow flints. She smiles, then with her arm outstretched she slowly turns the vase over. She pours the contents all over Doug's new shoes. She shakes the vase to get every last particle out. Finished she folds her arms and smiles.

DOUG

You lousy bitch!

(Cont'd)

27. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - JUST OUTSIDE GRIPLAND

DAY

Doug steps forward shaking the ashes from his shoes. Then he pokes his finger into Gert's chest.

DOUG

I'm fed up with your crappy attitude.

Gert steps forward with her finger in Doug's chest. She pushes him back and they both step in the ashes.

GERT

My attitude! You haven't seen  
nothing yet!

Doug pushes back with his finger and again they walk through the ashes.

DOUG

Bring it on! Bring it on! Give me  
your best shot!

Gert pushes back with both her hands. Both Gert's and Doug's feet spread the ashes while at the same time grinding them into the floor. They push each other back and forth, calling each other names. Finally someone stepping down results in a jaw-jarring crack.

Gert and Doug freeze and look down. They step back to see what it was. Cigarette butts, gum and bottle caps are not the only things sticking out of the ashes. Doug bends down and carefully retrieves the offending object. Gert and Steve lean in for a closer look.

STEVE

That looks like a tooth.

Doug continues to examine the object. Steve looks down to the pile.

STEVE

Is that a bone?

DOUG

Gert, where the hell did you get this  
thing from?

(Cont'd)

27. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO - JUST OUTSIDE GRIPLAND

DAY

Gert just stares at him. Then, in simultaneous realisation, all three jump back. Gert, shaking her head, just mouths an explanation.

DOUG

Steve. Get a broom.

28. INT. PRODUCTION ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE

DAY

ADAM, the production accountant, hunches over his desk. His door is open and he can see out to the reception desk and front doors. A sound makes him look up. The figure of Gert can be seen placing a box on top of the receptionist's desk.

ADAM

Gert?

Gert furtively exits through the front door.

Adam sighs and gets up from his desk. He walks out to reception and looks inside the box.

ADAM

Oh my God!

29. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE KITCHEN

DAY

Ki and Amber both wear barbeque aprons, latex gloves and face masks. The ashes, or rather the earthy remains of Bix, Cosmin Bischerescu to his parents, lay spread out over some newspapers on the table. Amber, with a really long fork and obvious disgust removes foreign objects from the remains. Ki pulls dishes including the urn and its lid from the dish washer.

Into the room totters SEBASTIAN ST. JOHN, the current director. He is accompanied by Ka, who occasionally guides him by the arm. He takes the very occasional puff from a cigarette, on which hangs an impossibly long column of ash.

SEBASTIAN

(to Ki)

Allo luv.

(Con't)

29. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE KITCHEN

DAY

He leans forward and Ki hugs him.

KI

Hello Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

You look contagious so I won't kiss  
you. Just stepped in for a cuppa  
java.

Ki laughs. Ka leans forward and kisses Ki on the cheek.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, you kissin' my girlfriend?

Sebastian, Ki and Ka laugh. Amber stays resolutely out of the conversation. Ka prepares Sebastian his coffee. Sebastian looks around as sharp as ever. He sees the pile of ashes.

SEBASTIAN

Is this the dearly departed? He  
doesn't look too good, no wonder he  
died.

Sebastian laughs. He watches Amber with the fork.

SEBASTIAN

Remind me not to use that fork dear.

Amber looks at him and smile politely behind her mask. Sebastian looks around for a place to dump his ash. Ki gives a final wipe to the urn and puts it down on the table. Sebastian taps his ash into the urn.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks luv.

He totters out with his coffee, Ka close behind.

SEBASTIAN

Must go off and see the producer.  
Seems Mr. Monnai wants my  
opinion for a change.

30. INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

DAY

Shelley, Gary, Gabor and MARTA, an executive producer, sit at the board table. Marta talks on the phone. Dan paces nervously back and forth. Sebastian enters, cigarette in one hand, coffee in the other and Ka steadying him by his arm. Sebastian stoops and kisses Shelly on the cheek.

SEBASTIAN

Allo luv.

Shelley smiles politely and Sebastian shuffles over to and in to his seat. He motions for Ka to lean forward.

SEBASTIAN

That's all for now luv. Come back when we're finished.

Ka leaves and Sebastian watches Dan pace back and forth.

SEBASTIAN

For heaven's sake Daniel, it's not like you're going to have to pay for the funeral.

Before Dan can reply Marta gets off the phone.

MARTA

Dan. Sit down.

Dan does as he is told.

MARTA

I just finished talking to the Coroner's office. Seems that our key grip passed away and was delivered here. Thank God he died on his own time.

DAN

But cremated?

30. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

(Cont'd)  
DAY

MARTA

That was a mistake on their part. Apparently this is not the first time this has happened. There'll most likely be an inquest, and some of you may be called as witnesses, but that's months off. Hopefully we'll out of here and on location by then. In the meantime I've assured them that we can get in touch with the next of kin.

SEBASTIAN

Just a minute luv. Before we go any further I just want to make sure that it's noted on the daily production report that the current delay is not my fault.

Sebastian glares at Dan.

SEBASTIAN

Just so there's no confusion in the future. Okay luv?

SHELLEY

Don't worry Sebastian, it's already there.

SEBASTIAN

Good. Not that it wouldn't be. I've always been an 8 AM man.

Sebastian settles back in his chair with a smug, satisfied smile. Marta waits to make sure he is done before continuing. Sebastian takes a drag of his coffee and a sip of his cigarette.

MARTA

Now that's settled, what about Mr. Bix's next of kin. Shelley you have the form.

30. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

(Cont'd)  
DAY

SHELLEY

Well there's a problem there.

Shelley slides the sheet over to Marta who picks it up.

SHELLEY

It seems Bix just put his own name down as next of kin. It seems not enough people knew his real name to spot the problem. And the two contact numbers are his apartment and the production office.

Marta rolls her eyes.

MARTA

So no next of kin?

SHELLEY

Gary and I have asked around the crew and it doesn't look like there's any.

MARTA

What about the union?

GARY

Well it's the same problem we have. He put his own name down as next of kin. He was on probation - owed a lot of back dues - so they're more than happy to let us deal with it.

MARTA

Wonderful. What about getting a new key grip?

GARY

Oh, Doug's agreed to step in.

30. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

(Cont'd)  
DAY

MARTA

Who?

GARY

Bix's best boy.

MARTA

Gabor, is this Doug okay with you?

GABOR

Oh yes Marta. Doug will do fine.  
We may even go a bit faster now.

MARTA

Faster? Good. Well that's settled.

Ki knocks at the door then enters with the freshly cleaned urn and sifted remains. She carefully places the urn in front of Marta.

KI

All done.

MARTA

Excellent work Ki. You'll go far.

Ki nods and backs out of the room.

MARTA

So lady and gentlemen all we have to do is have a memorial for Mr. Bix and we will have buried the whole matter. Dan you organize that. We'll cancel the rest of the day's shoot - don't worry Sebastian I'll take care of it - have the memorial after lunch and send everybody home before nine hours are up. And tomorrow is another day. Any one have anything to add.

30. (Cont'd) INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

DAY

(Cont'd)

Marta looks around the room. Nobody adds anything.

MARTA

Good. Then meeting's adjourned.

Marta gets up and leaves the room. Everybody, except Sebastian, quickly follow. Sebastian remains seated. He notices that the ash on his cigarette has become very long again. He looks around for a place to dump it. He removes the lid to the urn and gently taps the ash into it. He sits back and finishes his coffee.

31. INT. STUDIO

DAY

The entire crew and most of the cast have gathered. The thought of free food and an early day has attracted them and raised their spirits. They will not be disappointed. Craft service, assisted by Amber and Ki carry platters through the crowd and dispense, decked-out sandwiches, smoothies, cappuccinos and fruit. The mood is light and happy.

Bix's urn sits atop a makeshift alter - made from a folding table covered with craft paper, a couple of half-apples, 2-4-6's, wedges and other bits of his trade.

Dan steps up and tries to call the crowd to order. They ignore him. Shelley lets loose a NYC taxi whistle.

SHELLEY

Hey people! Listen up!

DAN

Thank you Shelley.

Dan clears his throat and pauses dramatically. The crowd starts to rumble with conversation again.

SHELLEY

Guys! The quicker we do this the quicker we go home. So pipe down!

Everybody shuts up and pays attention. Dan clears his throat again.

31. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO

(Cont'd)  
DAY

DAN

Ladies and gentlemen . . . Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great sorrow that I gather you all here. It is my unfortunate duty to inform you of the passing of Cosmin Bischerescu.

Dan pauses to see what effect this has had on the crowd. It has none, those with sandwiched munch, those with cigarettes puff, and those with cappuccinos act cool.

DAN

Bix! Our key grip.

Some one lets out a loud whistle and there is a small scattering of applause.

DAN

We do not know when or even where this passing occurred, except - and it is with some relief that I say this - that it wasn't here or on company time. But that does not matter. For Bix had no relatives that we, or anybody else, know of. So, in accordance to his wishes, his remains were sent back to us - his only real family. So, like a real family I think it is only appropriate to hear from the father of this family, our director Sebastian Saint John.

Sebastian, cigarette in hand, steps up beside Dan.

SEBASTIAN

That's *Sin-Jin* Daniel.

Sebastian laughs at his own good humour. Then he collect his thoughts about Bix.

31. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO

(Cont'd)  
DAY

SEBATIAN

As I was telling Mr. Monnai here earlier today I didn't really know the chap. Bit surly even for a grip - no offense Douglass.

Doug raises his cappuccino to Sebastian in a sign of no offense taken.

SEBASTIAN

It's rather like the time I was still shooting. I was at Whittenham shooting *Xenofom* for Malcolm. Malcolm was all hot those days - but then I was too and Hollywood beckoned. Well Malcolm was pretty full of himself and pretty uppity for some one who used to be a tea-lad. So this ex-tea-lad has the gall to start moving my lights on me, and telling me all the plans are in his briefcase. Well me and the gaffer and some of the other lads took to hiding his briefcase. And we'd shout "Hey Guv where's your briefcase!" Oh would he be pissed! One day we didn't start shooting till noon. Wouldn't talk to no one for two days. Communicated by notes. Ha! Then one day some of the lads start handing out tee-shirts that had printed on them "Malcolm, we fucking hate you!" Well of course Malcolm wasn't too pleased. He went and complained to the producer - a nice lass who I think later became an MP or a nun, if I'm not mistaken.

Sebastian pauses to take a drag of his cigarette. While he has been speaking the crowd starts to loose interest. Gabor has started to take light readings and has grbbed some of the electrics and grips to help him. People start to drift away. Sebastian resumes.

(Cont'd)

31. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO

DAY

## SEBASTIAN

So *Xenoforn* gets release and makes a bloody ton of cash for the studio. And who do you think wins the BAFTA - fucking Malcolm! He runs up to the podium and makes this beautiful acceptance speech. And he thanks the crew and me and the producer! So the camera swings round to show us at the table and we've all pulled open our shirts and underneath we're wearing those Tees that said "Malcolm, We Fuckin' Hate You!" Live broadcast then. Malcolm went ballistic. Been banned from the Beeb ever since. I've still got that shirt somewhere.

Sebastian finishes. Staring straight forward to nowhere in particular he puffs his cigarette.

By this time the whole cast and crew have become absorbed into their own business. Many pack up for the day while the Ads go over the schedule and Gabor and his boys tinker with the lights. Dan chats up Amber.

Only Steve remains. The urn draws him forward, with every step he moves deeper into grief and remorse. He remembers every time he cursed Bix and wished him dead.

32. VARIOUS FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Various scenes of a humiliated or angry Steve cursing Bix and wishing him dead. This culminates on the night he threw Bix out of the car. He drives away wishing Bix dead.

33. INT. STUDIO

DAY

Steve stands directly in front of the makeshift altar looking down at the urn. This is all that is left of the man he hated so much, and now feels sorry for. Dan puts his hand on Steve's shoulder in consolation.

## DAN

*We're all pretty broken up about it*

son.

33. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO

(Cont'd)  
DAY

STEVE

I feel pretty awful. I mean I was the person who dropped him off that night. I guess I was the last person to see him alive.

DAN

You were close then?

Steve does not get a chance to respond. An angry-sorrowful Denis comes up to the alter and grabbing the urn scolds it. He swings between sobbing and yelling.

DENIS

You fucker! How could you! We were friends! Why? Why? Why? Bastard! I should spit on you! You couldn't say "No"! You couldn't say "Sorry" like a man! I'll hope you're Hell!

As Denis struggles with his feelings Dan takes snatches the urn away from Denis.

DAN

(to Denis)

Have some respect!

Denis crumbles into a pile of tears. Occasionally rearranging himself to shout out profanities and oaths to Bix only to crumple into tears again.

DAN

(to Steve)

Now as I was saying. I can tell that you two were close . . .

STEVE

Well I think Denis . . .

DAN

Now now! Don't put a brave face on. I know you are just as heart broken as I am. I think you should

be the one to take the remains.

33. (Cont'd) INT. STUDIO

DAY

(Cont'd)

Dan hands the urn to Steve who reluctantly takes it.

DAN

(shouting out)

Could someone please help this man!

(meaning Denis)

I think he could be unstable.

Dan turns away and puts his arm around Amber. Ted and another electric help Denis to his feet. Dan and Amber leave. Steve remains in the middle of the floor holding the urn in his hand, gazing at it.

34. EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT

DAY

Steve walks up to his car with the urn. A big SUV - a Navigator - drives by and screeches to a halt. The power window rolls down. Doug sticks his head out.

DOUG

Hey Steve! Ka's taken all us out for drinks on Sebastian's gold card! Comin'?

STEVE

I don't think so. Maybe later. I've got some issues to sort through.

DOUG

Okay then. We'll be at . . .

Doug turns his head into the truck listening. Meanwhile Steve unlocks his car's passenger door.

DOUG

. . . at *Sappho's Hideaway* . . .

Doug turns his head inside again for more instructions.

DOUG

. . . on Church a block North of Carlton. Ka says its babes galore

there! See ya!

(Cont'd)

34. (Cont'd) EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT

DAY

The SUV screeches off kicking up mud and pebbles. It honks twice and Steve waves as it disappears around the corner.

35. INT. STEVE'S CAR

DAY

Steve gently places Bix's urn into the passenger seat. He tries to secure it. He also struggles to keep it up right. First he uses the seat belt. That is not secure enough. The lid nearly comes off spilling the contents, so he secures the lid with tape. Lots of tape. He fiddles with the seatbelt some more. Finally he settles on a sandbag to hold it up right. He gets into the driver's seat.

36. EXT. ROAD BY THE STUDIO

DAY

Steve's car leaves the parking lot and away from the studio. The area is an industrial wasteland.

37. INT. STEVE'S CAR

DAY

As Steve drives the car he occasionally glances nervously at the urn. The urn sits upright in the passenger seat safe and secure. Steve's spirits rise a little. He switches on the radio - it is tuned to a jazz station. A voice speaks up off-screen.

BIX'S GHOST

Crap!

Steve startles and turns to the voice - Bix's Ghost sits where the urn used to be. Steve nearly loses control of the car.

BIX'S GHOST

That's right! Fuckin' crap!

Steve, just regaining control of the car glances over again.

BIX'S GHOST

What are looking at - Nancy-Boy?  
Do you think you can take to where I  
want to go this time? Jesus Christ,  
your car's a hunk of junk! God  
you're pathetic. What made you  
think you could become a grip? It  
takes balls to be grip! Got any? No  
- your girlfriend's got yours! Ha!

Stop at a liquor store!

37. (Cont'd) INT. STEVE'S CAR

(Cont'd)  
DAY

STEVE

(looking straight out the windshield)  
No.

BIX'S GHOST

What was that? Did the little college  
boy say something? If you've got  
something to say, say it to my face!

Steve takes a breath.

STEVE

I said "No" you piece of fucking  
human excrement!

Bix's Ghost looks surprised and does not say anything. Steve continues.

STEVE

You have got to have been the lowest  
piece of slime I have ever come  
across. How Doug, Simon and the  
guys ever put up with you is beyond  
me! I wish I said this sooner to your  
stinkin' face. Now you're dead and  
it's your own fault. You'll never  
lower my self esteem again!

The surprise drops from Bix's Ghost's face that evil grin of his over takes it.

BIX'S GHOST

(mockingly)

"You'll never lower my self-esteem  
again!" Wah, wah. Get me some  
booze!

Bix's ghost starts messing with the dashboard cigarette lighter.

STEVE

That's it!

Steve hauls the wheel over and stops the car. He gets out then opens the passenger door,  
releasing the urn from its bonds.

37. (Cont'd) INT. STEVE'S CAR

DAY

(Cont'd)

BIX'S GHOST

Hey! What's going on?

38. EXT. UN-REDEVELOPED INDUSTRIAL FIELD

DAY

Steve pulls from the car.

STEVE

I'll show you.

Steve carries the urn out into the middle of the field. Bix's Ghost continues to protest but they become more and more indistinct. Steve takes the lid off the urn and empties the ash on the ground. He tosses the urn aside.

MUSIC: HAPPY POLKA MUSIC FADES UP AND PLAYS OVER REST OF SCENE.

Steve dances to the rhythms in his head. With every step he grinds the ashes into the ground. Finally he is free of Bix.

THE END