

A GONG SOUNDS. TITLE OVER BLACK:

"THE SEVENTH SEATING"

FADE IN:

EXT. BERGAMANESQUE SKY - DAY

Music up. The shilouette of a lone bird circles the sky. Pan down to reveal the Twin Cities IKEA store in the background.

Caption over:

"And when the weary shopper was in need of a new dining room set, there was silence in Heaven about the space of a half an hour. And the seven angels with the seven trumpets prepared themselves to fight crowds and parking spaces ..."

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

JON SQUIRE, a gaunt thirty-something Everyman, slumps in his car with a look of existential dread squarely on his face. He spies a DARK-ROBED FIGURE passing by his window, pushing a shopping cart. Squire rolls down the car window.

SQUIRE

Excuse me, do you work here?

The figure, DEATH, turns and steps over to the window.

DEATH

No.

SQUIRE

Are you ... ?

DEATH

I've been a long time at your side. Are you prepared?

SQUIRE

My body is, but I am not.

Death points toward the Ikea entrance, and with the other hand starts to open Squire's door, when suddenly --

SQUIRE

Wait!

DEATH

You all say that ... but I grant
no reprives!

SQUIRE

You like to shop, don't you?

DEATH

How do you know that?

SQUIRE

I saw it once. In a movie.

DEATH

Well, I know a good bargain when I
see one.

SQUIRE

Yes, but you haven't shopped here.

DEATH

Why do you want to go shopping
with me?

SQUIRE

I have my reasons. In fact, I'm in
need of a new dining set. Perhaps
you could help me pick one out?

Death considers for a moment, then --

DEATH

Certainly.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Death, slouching on a showroom couch, points a remote
control at the TV, turning it off.

-- Squire compares two different colored "springy-storage-
thingees."

-- Death and Squire bounce on a sofa together.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE.

INT. IKEA SALES FLOOR - DAY

A SALESPERSON approaches Squire as he intently inspects a light-brown dining set.

SALESPERSON

Can I help you, sir?

SQUIRE

I really like this dining set.

SALESPERSON

It's one of our most popular.

Death looms behind her. Squire catches a look from him-- a disapproving head shake. He dismisses it.

SQUIRE

How many chairs come with the table?

SALESPERSON

You can purchase as many as you need -- up to six per set.

SQUIRE

Well, I would need at least six.
Does it come in black?

Death perks up.

SALESPERSON

I'm sorry, but it only comes in taupe or light brown.

Death shakes his head vehemently.

SQUIRE

Uh, thanks anyway.

INT. IKEA CAFETERIA - DAY

A MOTHER and her young DAUGHTER have lunch. The GIRL stares over her mother's shoulder.

GIRL

Mommy?

The mother looks up from her lunch.

GIRL

Mommy, why is that man eating lunch with Death?

MOTHER

Jessie, it's not polite to stare.

Squire and Death eat quietly together at a table a few feet away.

AT SQUIRE & DEATH'S TABLE

Squire stares off in the distance.

SQUIRE

I still liked the set.

DEATH

It was cheap. Cheap and nasty. Only came with six chairs.

SQUIRE

Up to six chairs. What's wrong with that?

DEATH

Suppose you had an unexpected guest? A surprise visitor?

SQUIRE

Such as?

DEATH

(indignant)

I don't know!

An uncomfortable silence. They go back to their meals.
Squire looks up.

SQUIRE

How' re the meatballs?

Death shrugs indifferently. Squire laughs to himself.

SQUIRE

Taupe. I mean, who buys a taupe
dining set?

DEATH

(muttering)

Exactly.

SQUIRE

You know, I could just paint it
black ...

Death looks up at him admiringly.

SQUIRE (CONT' D)

See anything you like?

Death looks askance.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IKEA CHECKOUT - DAY

A CLERK rings up Squire's dining set purchase. Squire pays
and moves through checkout.

Death, next in line, holds up a bright pink "springy-
storage-thingee." The clerk rings it up.

CLERK

Will this be all today, sir?

Death nods. He hands her a credit card.

CLERK

And you'll be putting it on your
Visa. (examining the card's image)
Cute puppies!

Death looks embarrassed. The clerk looks up from the register.

CLERK (CONT' D)

Uh, sir? This card's been declined.

Death rifles through his pockets, then looks pleadingly at Squire, who steps up and pays cash.

SQUIRE

(to Death)

All right, all right, but you owe me.

DEATH

Don't worry. I gotcha covered.

They leave, Death playing with his new toy.

EXT. IKEA PARKING LOT - DUSK

The silhouetted figures of Squire, Ikea clerks and sales staff, mother and daughter, are all led dancing hand-in-hand by Death into the distance.

CAPTION: "FIN (THE END)"