

**ACT 1**

*We meet Hugh, 20's/30's, open background, queer. He is a mortuary assistant.*

*Alma, 20's/30's, Mexican-American/Latine. Queer. She is a runaway bride, still in her wedding dress. She passed away shortly after fleeing from her wedding... or so we think.*

*Alma lays motionless on the mortuary exam table. Hugh reads information found on Alma's toe tag.*

HUGH

Name? Alma Alegria. Date of birth? May 3, 1995. Sex? Female.  
Height? (FILLER). Weight? (FILLER). Time of death? 12:08 pm.  
Cause of death? Let's find out.

*Hugh begins to fill out a form on his clipboard. After a moment, he attempts to start the autopsy on Alma. She sleepily slaps his hand away. He tries his best to rationalize what happened.*

Cadaveric Spasm.

*Hugh attempts to pull the body sheet off, it gets pulled back by Alma... This back and forth continues as Alma slowly comes back into consciousness.*

Rigor Mortis...

*Alma "re-enters" her body. She begins gasping for air.*

Post mortem vocalization.

ALMA

EXCUSE ME?

HUGH

Oh no.

ALMA

You are so right, "oh..no"...

HUGH

They said this could happen in school, I just... I'm sorry?!

ALMA

Please don't harvest my organs, I'm already a donor!

*A beat.*

Okay, but can it be something small? Like my appendix? I don't even know what it does!

*Another beat.*

Just tell me what you're doing to me!

HUGH

You're in a morgue. I'm the mortuary assistant, I was just preparing your body to be examined.

ALMA

I need to speak to your supervisor.

HUGH

She is on lunch... indefinitely.

ALMA

What?

HUGH

She died last week. I know, it's ironic. I'm the only one here. Your body must have shown false signs of death, or there was some medical incompetence, or...

ALMA

I need to get out of here!

HUGH

I can fix this.

ALMA

How can this happen? This is completely insane!

HUGH

Calm down, I am trying to think this through.

ALMA

Calm down? Given the circumstances, I'm pretty calm. Calm down? What am I gonna do? Wake up the other corpses?

*The sound of groans is heard coming from the freezers.*

Oh my god. I should have listened to my mom. I'm sorry I stopped going to church. If this is some brujeria for not marrying Pablito from the apartment upstairs, I'm sorry. Who reads cards to predict a seven year olds future? I thought even if it wasn't a traditional wedding you would appreciate the gesture of having it at a church. If this is karma because I ran at the altar, I'm sorry!

HUGH

I think you're overreacting, Alma.

ALMA

Oh. Am I overreacting? Your name?

HUGH

Hugh.

ALMA

Well, Hugh. I'll be a better guest the next time I wake up on an examination table!

HUGH

I will check your vital signs, we will report this incident, and you can go to therapy for the rest of your life like a normal person.

*Hugh checks her vital signs, but realizes Alma doesn't have a pulse. This intrigues him but also sparks a deep fear...*

**END OF DIALOUGE SAMPLE**