

FUN

Pilot

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ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. STONE & SON - PREP ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A TV SITTING ON A METAL DESK. JEOPARDY IS PLAYING.

JEOPARDY CONTESTANT (ON TV)

Science Fiction for five hundred.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE TV TO REVEAL TWO NAKED FEET AND THEN THE THICK PINK MALE LEGS ATTACHED TO THE FEET.

HOST (O.C.)

This author wrote: "Friends from the Sky" the 2003 best seller about UFO's.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL: COLLEEN STONE, SMART, BLONDE, FUN. THERE'S A "BRIGHTNESS" TO COLLEEN, DESPITE THE FACT SHE'S CURRENTLY CLIPPING THE FINGERNAILS OF AN ELDERLY DEAD MAN WHOSE NAKED BODY IS LAYING ON A METAL TABLE IN THE PREP ROOM OF HER FUNERAL HOME WITH A CLOTH COVERING HIS PRIVATES.

COLLEEN

Ooh! I know this! Don't tell me!

SHE GRABS A TV REMOTE AND HITS "PAUSE" - THE TV FREEZES.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Beth... Beth something!

SHE LOOKS DOWN AT HER ANCIENT DOG, KEIFER WHO IS LOOKING BACK UP AT HER FROM HIS COMFY DOG BED ON THE PREP ROOM FLOOR.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED) I can almost see it,
Keifer! Beth... Franklin! No that's
the woman who hates me at the bank.
By the way, she should hate you.
You're the one who left the deposit.

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(BABY TALK TO DOG) It's not your fault
-- you're a hundred -- Yes, you are.

SHE PICKS UP HER PHONE, HITS SPEED DIAL THEN TUCKS THE PHONE UNDER HER EAR AND TALKS AS SHE GOES BACK TO CLIPPING NAILS.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Martin, call me when you get this. I can't think of the name of the author who wrote that book we love about the woman who was abducted by aliens? I should know this - UFO's are our thing. That and alerting people to the dangers of Kanye.

SHE CLIPS A FINGERNAIL WHICH HITS HER IN THE FACE, CAUSING HER TO DROP THE REMOTE BETWEEN THE MAYOR'S LEGS.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I just got nailed. But not in the good way. (THEN) That would kill at the mortician's conference.

SHE PICKS THE REMOTE BACK UP, THEN NOTICES SHE'S ALSO HOLDING THE CLOTH THAT COVERED THE MAN'S PRIVATES... AND DROPS IT.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Oh, crap, I just saw the Mayor's junk. Don't worry he's dead. I didn't see it in life. Except once, at Grub Lake, I was ten. He was manspreading on a beach chair and it popped out of the leg of his swim trunk. I didn't even know what I was

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

seeing, I just thought he had a pet
turtle. (THEN, EXCITED) Oh, I didn't
tell you! Stone & Son got Mayor
O'Connor's funeral! I know -- it's
not a big deal for you in New York
City, but here in Lancaster, PA. -
it's huge. And by the way, *it is*.
You've got my vote, Mr. Mayor. (THEN:
PROUD) I left a pause for a laugh.

WE HEAR A CRASH FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE ABOVE.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I think someone just
broke in upstairs. Next time you talk
to me, I might be dead. I'm nervous,
but at least I went out with a good
dick joke. Play this message at my
memorial -- it's how I want to be
remembered.

SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS AND LOOKS OVER AT THE DOG.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. STONE & SON - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A SMALL ELEVATOR DOOR WITH A ROUND WINDOW SLIDES OPEN, SPILLING LIGHT INTO THE DARK ENTRY ROOM OF THE STONE AND SON FUNERAL HOME. COLLEEN STEPS OUT, CARRYING KEIFER. SHE TAKES A TENTATIVE STEP AND SEES THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN.

COLLEEN

(SOTTO: TO DOG) Bark, Keifer. Protect me, old man. Bark. (NOTHING, THEN SHE BARKS) Arf! (LOWER) Grrrr.

THE FIGURE HITS A LIGHT SWITCH: AND WE SEE MARTIN STONE - SMART, HANDSOME. FUN. THERE IS A BROKEN WINDOW NEARBY.

MARTIN

I liked the first bark. It had shades of terrier. The second was more chupacabra, which is scarier but I lost the believable narrative.

COLLEEN

Martin!

EXCITED TO SEE EACH OTHER - THEY HUG - THE DOG BETWEEN THEM.

MARTIN

(SNIFFS, THEN) Is that smell you or Keifer Sutherland?

COLLEEN

The formaldehyde is me. The pee smell could be either of us. I got a little scared when I saw you in the doorway.

MARTIN

If you were a candle, you'd be called
"Nursing Home." (FRAGRANCE VOICE)
"Light it when you don't have time to
visit your grandmother."

COLLEEN BENDS DOWN AND SETS KEIFER ON THE FLOOR.

COLLEEN

I was just leaving you a message! I
couldn't remember who wrote that book
about the woman who got abducted and--

MARTIN

--woke up three days later in a Burger
King with a sense of humor everyone
agrees she never had--

COLLEEN

--Muttering over and over--

MARTIN/COLLEEN

"Hold the pickle hold the lettuce,
special orders don't upset us."

MARTIN

Beth Fugate. The whole book was
debunked. I still believe it.

COLLEEN

Every word. I can't drive past a B.K.
without thinking, I believe you, girl.
(THEN) It's so good to see you! But
why am I seeing you?

MARTIN

Just wanted to come home -- check in.

AS HE STARTS TO THE OPEN DOOR - POINTS TO A BROKEN WINDOW.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sorry about the window. I couldn't
work the key out of my skinny jeans.

HE CROSSES OUT THE DOOR - THEN - RETURNS WITH TWO SUITCASES.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Spend a little time with my sister.

MARTIN PUTS THE SUITCASES DOWN - TURNS WALKS OUT - RETURNS
WITH TWO MORE SUITCASES - PUTS THEM DOWN.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Just a few days.

MARTIN CROSSES BACK OUT. WE HEAR A "THUMP, THUMP, THUMP"
FROM THE PORCH. HE REENTERS, WHEELING A LOUIS VUITTON
STEAMER TRUNK ON A SMALL DOLLY. THERE ARE HAT BOXES BALANCED
ON TOP OF THE TRUNK - MORE HAT BOXES HANG FROM HIS SHOULDER.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know, a Friday to Monday thing.

COLLEEN

Then why so many hats?

MARTIN

(DRAMATIC) Okay - I'm home forever!

COLLEEN

Still, why so many hats? You can't
wear hats. You have a small face.
You're always more hat than head.

MARTIN

I know. It's hard to accept. I keep thinking I'll find the perfect one. And they're not all hats. (TAPS HAT BOX) This one is my Speedos, because I'll be here this summer, and the *next* summer and every summer after that because I am home forever!

HE STARTS TO DRAMATICALLY THROW HIMSELF DOWN THEN STOPS.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where's the red sofa? I was going to throw myself on it. That's why I'm wearing this sweater.

COLLEEN

It fell apart.

MARTIN

Like my life. (THEN) Fifteen years, Colleen. *Fifteen years* in an emotionally abusive, totally one-sided relationship. So I finally ended it. I broke up with show business.

COLLEEN

(KIND) I thought that's where you were going but I know you like to take the long way. (THEN) Stop, it was one review.

MARTIN

You left out the word *bad*. Oh, and the word *only*. The *only* review for the movie I wrote, directed and starred in. I even bought the pizza for the wrap party. You left all that out.

COLLEEN

That's only because I knew you were going to cover it. (THEN) Martin, I'm really sorry.

MARTIN

So I've moved back to this place of eternal rest for a lifetime of peace.

WE HEAR SOMEONE SINGING AN UPBEAT SONG - THEN HECTOR, 30, LATINO, SMART, COOL, BACKS INTO THE ROOM, DANCING, WHILE PULLING A COFFIN ON WHEELS. WITH HIS BACK TURNED AND HIS HEAD PHONES ON, HE'S OBLIVIOUS TO COLLEEN AND MARTIN.

COLLEEN

Hector? (NOTHING) Hector?

COLLEEN TAPS HIM ON SHOULDER. HECTOR SPINS AROUND, SCARED.

HECTOR

Oh, god! Never tap someone on the shoulder in a funeral home! I thought you were death! And I got plans.

COLLEEN

Death doesn't tap you on the shoulder - it hits you like a bus.

MARTIN

(HORRIFIED) Colleen!

HECTOR

(TO MARTIN) I know -- dark, right?

(THEN) Marty! How long you home for?

MARTIN

(SUPER CASUAL) A couple days. Friday to Monday kind of thing.

COLLEEN

(SOTTO) Don't ask him about the hats. It's a trigger.

HECTOR

Yo, did Colleen tell you Tess is pregnant? That's right, I had unsafe sex with m'wife and I'm gonna be a dad! Due any minute.

COLLEEN

But Tess will wait til *after* the funeral right? Can't she just put on Spanx and try not to cough?

HECTOR

I'll run it by her. (THEN) So, I pulled the cemetery permits and reinforced the ramp out front.

COLLEEN

Perfect. We've got a lot fat people in wheelchairs coming tomorrow.

MARTIN

Colleen, you can't say, "fat," you can barely say, "wheelchair."

HECTOR

Yeah, people are so sensitive now. At my nephew's school, only the Mexican kids are allowed to eat "Mexican Food."

HECTOR EXITS, PUSHING THE COFFIN INTO THE VIEWING ROOM.

MARTIN

Hector drives the hearse. Why's he doing all that other stuff?

COLLEEN

We have Mayor O'Connor's funeral tomorrow. It's important -- so everyone's doing everything.

MARTIN

So, what, since Dad died, it's just you and DJ Coffin around here?

COLLEEN

(BREEZY) Martin, you don't want to hear about funeral home stuff. Don't you want to get back to you?

MARTIN

I love that you know that. We're so connected. Probably because we were abducted by aliens when we were kids.

COLLEEN

You know Mom and Dad debunked that.

MARTIN

I know, but I still believe it.

COLLEEN

A hundred percent. (THEN) Okay, you're not home forever. You just need to regroup. So, we'll do what we always do. We'll laugh, we'll make brownies, we'll throw a couple bricks through the old typewriter factory windows--

MARTIN

That's more your thing. I'm just there to watch for cop cars. And...

HE TAKES HER HAND AND LEADS HER OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

RESET TO:

EXT. STONE & SON - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN LEADS COLLEEN OUT ONTO THE PORCH WHICH IS FILLED WITH ALL MARTIN'S BELONGINGS. FURNITURE, A COUCH, BOXES, ETC.

MARTIN

Does this look like I'm not home forever?

MARTIN COLLAPSES DRAMATICALLY ONTO HIS COUCH.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Thank god the sweater goes with this couch, too.

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. STONE & SON - KITCHEN - LATER

THE 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN OF THE FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS IS WARM AND COZY AND A BIT WORN-DOWN FROM YEARS OF LIVING. COLLEEN POURS A BOX OF BETTY CROCKER BROWNIE MIX INTO A BOWL AS MARTIN SITS ON THE COUNTER, READING SOMETHING OFF HIS PHONE.

MARTIN

"I just saw Martin Stone's, self-written, self-directed, *self-indulgent* story of an adult gay man, dealing with the legacy of being teased in grade school. Yawn."

COLLEEN

You know what I heard? "My hairline's receding and I have tiny hands." (THEN) Why do you care what anyone thinks?

MARTIN

Because I'm me, I'm not Lizzo.
(CONTINUES READING) "What can I say, about "Bullied" except that twenty minutes in, I wanted to push this movie into a locker." (HOLDS UP PHONE) This is bullying. Trust me, I know. I was the only kid in Lancaster beaten up more than the Amish. And sometimes by the Amish.
(THEN) Until you put an end to that.

COLLEEN

You give one Jebediah a bloody nose,
you send a message. (THEN) Your film
is beautiful. I loved it. Everyone
at that festival loved it.

MARTIN

Except the one person who mattered, so
now, I'll never sell it. (THEN)
Colleen, I blew my half of Dad's
inheritance on that movie. I have
nothing left.

COLLEEN

You have me. And brownies. And I
have Imodium in case the expiration
date on this box actually means
something.

MARTIN TASTES THE DRY MIX WITH HIS FINGER, MAKES A FACE.

MARTIN

When's the last time we made brownies?

COLLEEN

Six months ago, when Dad died. (TASTES
DRY MIX) Or is this from nineteen
ninety-five, when Mom died?

THEY BOTH SHRUG. HE HANDS HER A MEASURING CUP. SHE POURS IN
THE OIL - THEY'VE DONE THIS A LOT.

MARTIN

I wish Mom had seen my movie. She would've loved it.

COLLEEN

Dad would've, too.

MARTIN

Would he? Because he was never really a big fan of me being a performer.

COLLEEN

Well, it didn't help that the first time he asked you to work as a pall bearer you wore tap shoes.

MARTIN

I couldn't help it! There was a captive audience and the acoustics in that church were amazing.

MARTIN STARTS TO READ HIS PHONE AGAIN - COLLEEN NOTICES.

COLLEEN

Stop. Tiny hands. And balls -- I'm adding that. (HE READS) You're done.

COLLEEN GRABS PHONE BUT MARTIN WON'T LET GO. THEY STRUGGLE.

MARTIN

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm not! I'm not!

You are! You are!

COLLEEN PULLS THE PHONE AWAY. HE EXHALES - DEFEATED.

MARTIN

Why did I think I'd win that?

COLLEEN

You just have to let it go and move
on. (THEN) Sheet pan.

AS HE SPEAKS, HE GOES TO A CABINET - GETS A SHEET PAN.

MARTIN

I can't. I'm not like you -- I can't
just bounce back after something bad
happens. My god, after you and Jordan
split, you were up the next day
throwing typewriters.

COLLEEN

I was? (BEAT, THEN, SERIOUS) Wow, when
you say it like that... Did I bury my
feelings about my divorce? Maybe I
need to stop all this running around
and just feel my feelings. (THEN,
LAUGHS) Can you imagine if I was that
person?

MARTIN

You can't be, 'cause I'm that person.

COLLEEN

You know why I could get up with a
smile and enjoy vandalizing? Because
I knew *the world wasn't over*.

HE PUTS THE SHEET PAN DOWN - SPRAYS IT WITH PAM.

MARTIN

Well the world isn't over, but my
dream is. I worked so hard to make it
happen. I waited on tables, I walked
dogs -- sometimes I waited on dogs --
Barkingham Palace. Lasted a month.
Now it's a high-end purse store. For
dogs.

COLLEEN

I imagine clutches would be hard for
them. (HANDS HIM MEASURING CUP) Water.

HE TURNS ON THE FAUCET -- WATER EXPLODES OUT - DRENCHING HIM.

MARTIN

Ahh! I'm drowning! I'm Kate Winslet
in Titanic!

COLLEEN CALMLY WALKS OVER AND TURNS IT OFF.

COLLEEN

Please, that was more Sarah Jessica
Parker getting splashed by the bus.

MARTIN

(FLATTERED) I'll take that. (THEN) You
still haven't fixed the plumbing? It
was like this at Christmas.

COLLEEN

Then why'd you walk right into it?
That's on you. (THEN) Do you know how
much it costs to have all those old

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

lead pipes replaced? By the way,
you're probably sterile.

MARTIN

Good. Let it all end with me. (THEN)
Why don't you use your half of Dad's
inheritance and fix this place. Look,
this wallpaper is breaking up with the
wall -- they used to be so close.

COLLEEN

I'm not taking sides but according to
the wall, she was too clingy.

MARTIN

(LOOKING AROUND) In fact, everything
in here is looking old and tired.

A BEDROOM DOOR OFF THE KITCHEN OPENS AND JAKE (20) ENTERS.
HE'S SEXY, SHAGGY AND SHIRTLESS IN TIGHT JEANS WITH NO SHOES.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Except for that.

JAKE

(TO MARTIN) Oh, hey. I'm Jake.

MARTIN

I'm shirtless. (CORRECTING HIMSELF)
Sorry, you're shirtless. I'm Martin.
I'm wearing a shirt and after this, I
will be for the rest of my life.

COLLEEN

(TO JAKE) This is my brother, Martin.

JAKE

Hey. Like I said, I'm Jake.

MARTIN

I'm shirtless. Remember, from before?
I'm trying to move past awkward and
make this our thing.

JAKE

(LAUGHS) I'll get right out of here.
Just need some water.

MARTIN

Careful of the--

JAKE

Yeah. I got this.

JAKE GRABS THE DISH HOSE, LEANS OVER THE SINK, SIPS. WATER
RUNS OVER HIS LIPS. MARTIN WATCHES, THEN TURNS TO COLLEEN.

MARTIN

Is it me or is he in slow motion?

COLLEEN

Jake's renting Grammy's old room.
He's studying Environmental Science
and Urban Planning at the university.

MARTIN

(TO JAKE) You know you don't have to
do anything. Just get Tom Ford to see
you drink from a hose, you're set.

JAKE

But there's so much to do. We've got two years max to turn this planet around. But yeah, if that doesn't work out -- the hose thing. (THEN, TO MARTIN) Nice to meet you, man.

JAKE GIVES MARTIN A WARM HUG, THEN JAKE EXITS BACK INTO HIS ROOM. MARTIN LOOKS AT COLLEEN, STUNNED.

MARTIN

I have so many questions.

COLLEEN

You have one. And the answer is: no, he's straight.

MARTIN

Don't reduce me down to that. I have other questions like... is he -- oh, I'm there again. (THEN) Are you *sure*? Because we just embraced warmly. I'm talking bump to bump.

COLLEEN

He's just one of those new, young straight guys. They're so comfortable with themselves... and everything.

MARTIN

Yeah, I don't get that. (THEN) But why do you need a border?

COLLEEN

I don't need one. Business has just been a little slow since Dad died. He was the best funeral director in town. He was so charming. He always knew the perfect thing to say.

MARTIN

You always know the perfect thing to say.

COLLEEN

Only to you. I've got to get better at the emotional parts he did. And remember not to tell the bereaved how I glue their loved ones' eyelids shut. (THEN, PASSIONATE) I just find that stuff fascinating!

MARTIN

Yeah. I guess you're not really a people-person. You're more a dead people-person.

MARTIN TAKES A SPOON, STARTS EATING THE BROWNIE BATTER.

COLLEEN

Martin -- that's not baked.

MARTIN

Does it really need to be?

SHE THINKS, THEN PICKS UP A SPOON AND JOINS HIM.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE D

FADE IN:

INT. ZANNO'S BREW REPAIR - LATER THAT MORNING

A SMALL COFFEE CAFE THAT WAS ONCE AN OLD SHOE REPAIR SHOP. SHOE SHINE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN RE-PURPOSED AS SEATING NEXT TO A COUPLE HIGH CAFE TABLES. THE CUSTOMERS ARE AS ECLECTIC AS THE MISMATCHED TABLES AND CHAIRS, TOWNIES AND COLLEGE KIDS. AN OLD FASHIONED OVERHEAD BELL TINKLES AS THE DOOR OPENS AND COLLEEN AND MARTIN ENTER. HE'S WEARING A FAUX FUR TRAPPER HAT. THERE IS A LINE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO ORDER COFFEE.

COLLEEN

Crap. It's the morning rush. We should've gotten here earlier. I mean, I love a hat fashion show, but the entrance down the stairs for each one ate up a lot of time.

MARTIN

To get the full effect, you have to see them coming at you.

COLLEEN

I need coffee. I was up all night embalming. I had to use steel wire and fishhook knot to keep the mayor's jaw closed. (HEARS HERSELF) I know I'm not supposed to tell people that, but it's just so cool.

MARTIN

Okay, Formalde-Heidi. (SEES PEOPLE LEAVING) I'll grab us that table.

HE STARTS TO A TABLE NEARBY, PASSING TWO HUNTERS WEARING SIMILAR FUR TRAPPER HATS ON THEIR WAY OUT.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(TO HUNTERS, RE: HAT) Don't you hate
when this happens?

THE HUNTERS CONTINUE ON, CONFUSED. MARTIN LANDS AT THE EMPTY TABLE WITH USED COFFEE CUPS AND DIRTY PLATES. HE SEES EMILY, 18, A GEN-Z EMPLOYEE, ALWAYS OVERWHELMED BY EVERYTHING. SHE'S FILLING A MILK CONTAINER WHILE LOOKING AT HER PHONE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, can we get this table wiped
down?

EMILY

(LAST STRAW) I can't. I just can't.

MARTIN

It's just she has a big funeral--

EMILY

Oh my God, quit attacking me.

MARTIN

(BEAT) I feel you, sister.

MARTIN GRABS A RAG FROM THE STAND AND WIPES THE TABLE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Look, Colleen, I'm moving on. I'm
embracing my new life. I bus tables
at the local cafe, get home by four,
put on my pajamas -- because where am
I going -- then wait for you to come
upstairs so we watch a Hallmark movie.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And I never even think about the gun
under my pillow.

COLLEEN

Shouldn't Hallmark movies just come
with a gun?

THEY LAUGH. TARA, EITHER 50 OR VERY TIRED, WALKS OVER
WEARING JEANS AND AN APRON. SHE'S EXCITED TO SEE MARTIN.

TARA

Colleen, you didn't tell me you were
bringing in a celebrity!

MARTIN LOOKS UP AS TARA GIVES HIM A BIG WARM WELCOMING HUG.

TARA (CONT'D)

(EXCITED, BIG) How the hell are you?!

MARTIN

(EXCITED, BIG) How the hell are you?!

TARA

(HAPPY) You know, all downhill since
seventh grade. Otherwise can't
complain. But how about my new
place?! I bought Old Man's Zanno's
Shoe Repair. (POINTS TO A SIGN) Get
it, "Brew" Repair." I came up with
that and I'm not funny.

COLLEEN

She got it at a good price because of
lingering high levels of Ethanal.

MARTIN

(LOOKS AROUND) I can't believe it. I used to come here all the time because Mr. Zanno gave me free Starbursts. And let me try on the ladies shoes.

TARA

(LAUGHING) He's in prison now. (THEN) Sit, sit -- I got you covered. (TO MARTIN) It is so good to see you!

MARTIN

It is so good to see *you*!

SHE CROSSES AWAY. MARTIN TURNS TO COLLEEN.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Who is that?

COLLEEN

Tara Shimmelfinnig. From high school. You took her to the prom.

MARTIN

That's Tara (BUTCHERING IT) Shimel-fff-nnnn-bbdggg? (LOOKS OVER AT HER) What happened to her? Why does she look ten years older than you?

COLLEEN

The big C.

MARTIN

Cancer?

COLLEEN

Children. Three of them.

MARTIN

Why does that always happens to the
nice people?

EMILY WHO'S NOW BEHIND THE COUNTER HOLDS UP A "TO GO" COFFEE.

EMILY

(EXASPERATED) Tyler? (CRISIS) Tyler!

COLLEEN

(TO MARTIN) That's her oldest.

MARTIN

On second thought, Tara looks amazing.

THE DOOR BELL DING-A-LINGS, AS DON AND DONNA HAMMER, 50'S,
ENTER. DONNA IS AFRICAN-AMERICAN, IMPERIOUS AND FABULOUS.
HER HUSBAND DON IS CAUCASIAN AND A BIT OF A LUMP.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I hope you like your coffee with a
side of passive-aggression because
here comes your competition.

COLLEEN

Uch, Don and Donna Hammer. This is
all your fault. A hat show doesn't
need a Q&A after.

DONNA AND DON STEP UP TO THE TABLE. SHE'S ALL SMILES.

DONNA

Well, look who it is! Martin Stone,
home from the Big Apple. (THEN: RE:

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

HER OUTFIT) Michael for Michael Kors
if you're wondering.

MARTIN

I was.

DONNA

Fashion's my passion. Oh, Colleen,
J.C. Penny has an Evan Picone three-
quarter sleeve that'll make you feel
like a woman again.

MARTIN

(TO COLLEEN) I'm sorry but I love her.

DONNA

Sweetheart, you remember Colleen's
brother Martin.

DON

(JUST A FACT) Yeah, the gay one.

DONNA

(SOTTO) Don, if you can't say anything
nice...

COLLEEN

(TO MARTIN) Still love her?

MARTIN

I can't help it.

DONNA

(TO DON) Go order your oatmeal. And
no coffee cake samples. I'll know.

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

(SMILING, CUTE) The only brown sugar
that's good for you is me.

DON GETS IN LINE. DONNA TURNS BACK TO COLLEEN.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Congratulations to you. Stone & Son
got the funeral of the decade. And
don't think for a moment you only got
it because the Mayor was friends with
your father.

COLLEEN

To be fair, the mayor and I have
recently gotten closer. Much closer.

DONNA

Well, there are exciting things
happening at the Hammer Funeral Home
as well. Did you hear the news about
our grand re-opening? Twice as much
room. Four hearses, no waiting.

COLLEEN

Yes, you texted me the announcement.
And good use of the headstone and
champagne glass emojis.

MARTIN

Great combo. Very popular when *Cats*
the movie bombed.

DONNA

(TO MARTIN) And speaking of the
cinema, didn't I read in the Lancaster
Times a while back that you were
making your own movie?

MARTIN

(MORTIFIED) Well-- um...

COLLEEN

He did. He made it. It's called
"Bullied." It's on Netflix. (THEN,
NOTICING) Is Don eating that sample?

DONNA

(AS SHE GOES) Put it down, Don!

MARTIN

Why did you tell her my movie was on
Netflix? She'll just look it up.

COLLEEN

Well, good luck with that. I'm still
trying to find the third season of
Stranger Things.

MARTIN

You and Donna. So much drama: Elegant
woman, small town girl, add a severed
ear found in a field, you've got a
podcast optioned by Laura Linney.

TIM, 38, AFRICAN-AMERICAN SMART, SWEET, ENTERS FROM A BACK
ROOM, HOLDING HIS COFFEE. TIM ALWAYS WEARS A BUTTON DOWN

SHIRT AND SLACKS. HE'S UPBEAT, SEES THE GOOD IN EVERYTHING.
HE'S ALSO BEEN IN LOVE WITH COLLEEN SINCE FOREVER.

TIM

Martin. I didn't know you were home.

MARTIN

Tim! How are--

TIM BENDS DOWN TO HUG HIM AS MARTIN STANDS TO HUG HIM.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

TIM

Oh, I didn't know we were-- My bad. I went in too fast.

MARTIN

Wait, where are your hearing aids?

TIM

(RE: EAR) They're virtually invisible,
and I control them from my phone.

MARTIN

So bionic. Do you ever hear anything
you shouldn't?

TIM

The occasional racist comment. And I
think once I heard my mom whisper, "I
wish I never had you," but I probably
heard wrong. Why are you out here,
Colleen? I was waiting at our table.

COLLEEN

There's no "our table." I mean, we
sat there a few times, but that
doesn't make it--

TARA STEPS UP WITH A TRAY COFFEES AND SCONES.

TARA

You want this here or at your table?

EMILY, AT COUNTER - HOLDS UP ANOTHER "TO GO" COFFEE CUP.

EMILY

Dante! (THEN) I can't, I just can't.

TARA

Uch, Gen-Z. When we were their age
all we wanted was to get our ears
pierced. They just want to die.

TARA WALKS AWAY. TIM SITS AND SMILES OVER AT COLLEEN.

MARTIN

(INTRIGUED) Oh, my god, are you guys--

COLLEEN

TIM

No.

But we did kiss.

COLLEEN

We were fourteen.

TIM

It hasn't been beaten!

HECTOR ENTERS, HOLDING A ZIPLOCK BAG OF ICE ON HIS CROTCH.

HECTOR

(TO COLLEEN) I got to go -- Tess is in
labor. I know 'cause she "junk-
punched" me when I asked if she was
sure.

COLLEEN

(PANICKED) But doesn't labor take a long time? Like enough for you and me to do all the flowers?

OUTSIDE THE CAFE WINDOW, A VERY PREGNANT TESS, BANGS ON THE GLASS. SHE MEANS "NOW." COLLEEN SEES HER, TURNS TO HECTOR.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, you need to go. (THEN: TURNS AND CALLS TO HER) Tess, why is your husband even here? (TO HECTOR) Go!

HECTOR RUSHES AWAY AND OUT. COLLEEN CALLS AFTER HIM.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Wait! Did you put out the chairs?!

SHE GRABS A SCONE AND EXITS. MARTIN SIPS HIS COFFEE.

MARTIN

Look at us, sitting next to each other like we're back in Mrs. Muir's homeroom. The two "weirdos" -- one with a lisp, and one who couldn't hear it. Maybe we were friends because we offered each other a kind of comfort--

TIM SLURPS HIS COFFEE LOUDLY.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Tim? (THEN) Tim!

TIM TAKES OUT PHONE, RAISES VOLUME. HE PUTS IT ON THE TABLE.

TIM

Oh, sorry. I must have turned you off. "Butt Silencing." It's a real issue.

MARTIN

I'll be sure to make a donation next time someone comes to the door.

TIM

So how's Colleen? Did she decide if she's going to sell the house to the college?

MARTIN

Why would she do that?

TIM

Oh. She didn't tell you?

MARTIN

Tell me what?

TIM FREEZES, REALIZING HE'S SAID TOO MUCH. HE SLOWLY PLACES HIS HAND ON HIS PHONE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If something's up with Colleen, you have to-- Are you turning me off?
Tim. Hello? Turn me back on!

MARTIN TRIES TO TAKE TIM'S PHONE. THEY STRUGGLE FOR A BEAT. FINALLY, MARTIN GRABS IT AWAY FROM TIM.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I knew I could win that one.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. STONE & SON - COLLEEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT FILLED BEDROOM WITH A TURRETED WINDOW.
KEIFER SITS ON A DOG BED ON THE FLOOR. COLLEEN STANDS AT HER
SLIDING CLOSET DOOR HOLDING A BLACK DRESS. MARTIN STORMS IN.

MARTIN

You're going to lose the house?!

COLLEEN

Martin! What if I was naked?

MARTIN

You're right, that would've been
weird. In my mind there's nothing
under your clothes but buttons and
yarn. (THEN) Tim said you have to sell
this place to the college?!

COLLEEN

What? No. Don't believe Tim -- math
teachers are notorious liars, everyone
knows that.

MARTIN

Is business really *that* bad? Is that
why it's just you and Hector? Why
you've taken in hot borders? Why the
plumbing isn't working -- don't look
in my bathroom. (THEN) Why didn't you
tell me?

COLLEEN LOOKS DOWN, SHAKING HER HEAD.

COLLEEN

I don't know. I guess... (EMOTIONAL)
Because I was so ashamed. I let you
down. I let Dad down. But mostly, I
let *myself* down. (THEN, BRIGHT) Can
you imagine if I was that person?

MARTIN

Again, that's me.

COLLEEN

I told you, we're just having a little
dip. But it's all going to turn
around after everyone in town sees me
crush it at the Mayor's funeral. And
hopefully, they never fix that hairpin
turn on Route 17 -- that always brings
in business.

MARTIN

But in the meantime, use some of your
inheritance to advertise. Try a new
approach. An upbeat billboard of dead
people dancing -- and underneath: "You
can't spell funeral without F-U-N."
Give 'em something to look forward to.

COLLEEN

Okay, I need to tell you something and
I don't want you to overreact. There
is no inheritance.

MARTIN USES EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING NOT TO OVERREACT.

MARTIN

What. Are. You. Saying?

COLLEEN

When Dad died, I got the business --
and I wanted you to have something. I
knew all you ever wanted was to be
able to make your movie. So I lied
and said there was an inheritance.

MARTIN

What. Are. You. Saying?

COLLEEN

I mortgaged the house, and gave the
money to you. I didn't know how mean
banks get when you miss a payment. Or
two. Or three.

MARTIN MAKES A SMALL NOISE THAT SOUNDS LIKE HE MAY EXPLODE.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Just go for it.

MARTIN GASPS, CLUTCHING FOR A WALL BEHIND THAT'S NOT THERE.
HE FALLS BACKWARDS INTO HER OPEN DOUBLE CLOSET. HE GRABS AT
HANGING CLOTHES TO PULL HIMSELF UP BUT ONLY PULLS THE RACK OF
CLOTHES DOWN ON HIM. HE HOLDS UP A DIFFERENT BLACK DRESS.

MARTIN

Here. This one's better.

COLLEEN GRABS THE DRESS AND EXITS. HE SITS THERE, STUNNED.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. STONE & SON - VIEWING ROOM - LATER

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH FLOWERS. THE MAYOR LAYS IN THE OPEN COFFIN, WEARING A SUIT. COLLEEN, WEARING THE BLACK DRESS MARTIN PICKED, FUSSES WITH THE MAYOR'S JACKET.

COLLEEN

(KIND) Are you ready for your big day,
Mr. Mayor? Everyone's coming to say
goodbye. Try to have fun.

SHE STEPS AWAY FROM THE COFFIN AS MRS. O'CONNOR, 80'S,
LOVELY, WALKS IN WITH HER SON, PATRICK, 60. COLLEEN SPEAKS
IN A SOFT FUNERAL DIRECTOR VOICE: CALM AND SYMPATHETIC.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(FUNERAL VOICE) Good afternoon, Mrs.
O'Connor... Patrick. Right this way.

MRS. O'CONNOR SEES THE MAYOR AND SMILES, SWEETLY, RELIEVED.

MRS. O'CONNOR

Oh, he looks so good. Look Patrick.

PATRICK

(EMOTIONAL) Yeah. Just like himself.

HE TURNS AWAY, OVERWHELMED. COLLEEN, DEFTLY HANDS HIM A
PACKET OF TISSUES FROM THE POCKET OF HER BLACK DRESS. MRS.
O'CONNOR TAKES COLLEEN'S HAND.

MRS. O'CONNOR

Thank you for everything, Colleen.

COLLEEN

Well, it's important. People say,
"You only live once." I disagree.

You live *everyday*. You only die once.

MRS. O'CONNOR LOOKS OVER AT HER - VERY MOVED.

MRS. O'CONNOR

That is so beautiful. (THEN, TOUCHES
PATRICK) Dad even has his same sweet
smile.

COLLEEN

I know. I'm using this new titanium
wire to manipulate the tissue.

MRS. O'CONNOR

(LOOKS BACK, THROWN) I'm sorry, dear?

COLLEEN

(BACK TO FUNERAL VOICE) I'll give you
two a moment.

COLLEEN WALKS TO OVER TO THE ARCH BETWEEN THE TWO ROOMS. AS
PEOPLE STREAM IN, CROSSING BY HER, SHE GREETs THEM.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(FUNERAL VOICE) Welcome. So sorry for
your loss.

MARTIN HURRIES UP BEHIND HER. HE LOOKS UPSET.

MARTIN

It's all my fault. I ruined your
life. But we can fix this. You'll
sell the house to the college. We'll

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

get a cute two bedroom condo downtown
-- I'll take the smaller room -- *if* it
has the better closet.

COLLEEN

Martin, we can't do this now--

A COUPLE PASSES BY, COLLEEN TURNS AND GREETES THEM.

COLLEEN (CONT'D (CONT'D)

(FUNERAL VOICE) Welcome. So sorry for
your loss.

MARTIN

It'll be good -- you'll change your
life, your hair -- maybe try a shaggy
pixie. (SHUDDERS) No, I just saw it on
you, it's terrible. My point is, you
can get out from under all this
pressure and do whatever you want.

COLLEEN

(SOTTO) I *am* doing what I want. It's
what Grandpa did. It's what Dad did.
It's what I do. And right now, you're
not helping me.

AN OLDER NUN ENTERS - COLLEEN TURNS TO HER.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(FUNERAL VOICE) Welcome. So sorry for
your loss.

MARTIN

(TO NUN, FUNERAL VOICE) So sad. He's
God's mayor now.

THE NUN MOVES OFF AS COLLEEN TAKES MARTIN'S ARM AND MOVES HIM
INTO A CORNER OF THE ROOM.

COLLEEN

Look, I get to help people on one of
the hardest days of their life. Do
you get how much joy that brings me?

MARTIN

Of course, I do. I just never felt
the same way about the house.

COLLEEN

Martin, I know you say you're home
forever but you're not. At some
point, you're going to feel better and
leave -- and that's a good thing. You
may not feel like this is your home
anymore, but it is mine.

MARTIN

You're right. What can I do to help
keep it that way?

COLLEEN

First, cut the drama, and look at this
turnout. Everything's going great.
If you want to help, go put on a black
suit and do a little crowd control.

MARTIN

I didn't bring a black suit.

COLLEEN

Three steamer trunks, five suitcases,
a mid-century couch but no black suit?

MARTIN

When you grow up in a funeral home you
run toward more life affirming colors.
Your blues. A cream if it's a summer
party and you're feeling kind of
Gatsby. (THEN) Redford, not DiCaprio.

COLLEEN

Just go up and put on one of Dad's old
suits. (BEAT) And Martin -- no hats.

MARTIN

Really? Because I have a vintage
Galliano with just the peek of a sad
feather. (HEARING HIMSELF) Don't
worry, I heard it. Couture with one
of Dad's suits from Mens' Warehouse --
what story is that telling?

MARTIN EXITS. COLLEEN TURNS TO AN ENTERING GUEST.

COLLEEN

(FUNERAL VOICE) Welcome. Sad feather
for your loss.

CONFUSED, THE GUEST WALKS AWAY. COLLEEN LOOKS AT MANY PEOPLE
ARRIVING AND SMILES. SHE QUICKLY CATCHES HERSELF AND FROWNS.

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. STONE & SON - VIEWING ROOM - LATER

THE ROOM IS FULL. COLLEEN STANDS BY THE DOOR GREETING THE FINAL GUESTS. TIM ENTERS WEARING A BLACK SUIT.

TIM

Wow, this place is packed.

COLLEEN

I know. And so many of them are close to death, it's like I hit the lottery. (HEARING HERSELF) I'm sorry. That's a terrible to say. Out loud.

TIM

I just dropped by to support my girl.

COLLEEN

Tim, I'm not your girl.

TIM

I have a six page journal entry about a kiss in a tree house that would beg to differ.

COLLEEN

(HELPFUL) Get laid, Tim. (THEN) But as long as you're here, could you--

TIM

(TOO QUICK) --Yes. Whatever it is.

COLLEEN

You are so sweet and supportive. I want more for you than me. (THEN) But until she shows, set up more chairs.

TIM STEPS AWAY AS COLLEEN MEETS MRS. O'CONNOR IN THE ARCH.

MRS. O'CONNOR

Colleen, I need you to do the eulogy. Patrick is too distraught.

COLLEEN

Well, if he needs a minute--

MRS. O'CONNOR

He's also drunk. And he's a mean drunk. I can't hear about all his daddy issues again.

COLLEEN

There must be someone else in the family who could-- (OFF HER LOOK) They're all "distraught," too?

MRS. O'CONNOR

It's genetic. (THEN) I'm sure you'll know exactly what to say.

COLLEEN

(NERVOUS) Oh, no. No I won't. I mean, funeral directors don't really give the eulogy. Isn't there a cousin who's only had a couple of spritzers and is feeling a little chatty?

MRS. O'CONNOR

Colleen, when you said that beautiful thing earlier about death being a special day -- it was so poetic, it was like listening to your father.

COLLEEN

But-- But I'm not my father.

MRS. O'CONNOR

Well, you'd better be, because that's why we came to Stone & Son. (BEAT) Am I clear?

COLLEEN

Mm-hmm.

COLLEEN SMILES AND CROSSES AWAY AS DONNA ENTERS.

DONNA

(BRIGHT) I just stopped by to show my support. (RE: HER PURSE) Gucci, if you're wondering.

COLLEEN

(FUNERAL VOICE) Welcome. (TO HERSELF)
So sorry for my loss.

COLLEEN WALKS AWAY, STUNNED. DONNA LEAVES SOME OF HER BUSINESS CARDS NEAR THE SIGN-IN BOOK.

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. STONE & SON - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

COLLEEN PACES IN FRONT OF THE SINK, NERVOUS. MARTIN ENTERS IN ONE OF HIS FATHER'S SUITS. THE JACKET IS PULLED AROUND HIM AND HELD IN PLACE BY A THICK BELT ON THE OUTSIDE.

MARTIN

Dad's suit's too big. I had to belt it. So I'm giving off a little power lesbian realness, but I can make it work. (PATS POCKET) Wait, what's this? (PULLS OUT POCKET CONTENTS) Sucrets and cigarettes. Dad's here.

COLLEEN

He's not. He's really not. (THEN, SUPER CASUAL) Hey, all that stuff about saving the house? Another way to play it is we both give up our dreams. You work at Zumo's, and I marry Tim and have lots of little math teachers.

MARTIN

Wait. I think I missed an episode.

COLLEEN

(PANICKING) Everyone in the O'Connor family is drunk and they want me to do the eulogy. And I can't.

MARTIN

Then don't do it.

COLLEEN

(MOCKING) "Uh, duh, don't do it?"

Uh... okay. (THEN) Did you learn
nothing growing up in a funeral home?

MARTIN

Yes. To get out.

COLLEEN

There has to be a moving eulogy.
People have to cry. Dad always said
the mark of a great funeral is tears.

MARTIN

Right -- "Tears equal success." It's
embroidered on that pillow on Mom and
Dad's bed. Which is weird, right?

COLLEEN

Totally. How have we never talked
about that? (THEN) But I'm not Dad. I
can't get up in front of people and
make them feel something. You said it
yourself, I'm more a dead people
person.

MARTIN

You know, when I said that, I was
probably still hurting from Tiny
Balls' review.

COLLEEN

I just got tired. I'm going to bed.

SHE STARTS AWAY. HE TAKES HER HAND, AND LEADS HER BACK.

MARTIN

No you're not. If I could coach NeNe
Leaks into the fourteenth replacement
for Mama Morton in "Chicago" on
Broadway, I can work with you.

COLLEEN

I don't know what any of those words
mean.

MARTIN

Colleen, you got this. It's just
about getting in touch with your
emotions. So, what do you feel?

COLLEEN

I feel like I'm going to fail. I feel
like I want to die.

MARTIN

Great. You're right where NeNe
started. (THEN) This'll be easy. When
I say "mayor," say the first thing
that pops into your head. Mayor. Go!

COLLEEN

(QUICKLY) Enormous penis. (THEN) See,
maybe we should just grab that condo.

MARTIN

Let's keep that on the table and move
on. Start over. Mayor. Go!

COLLEEN

Enormous penis.

MARTIN

That's okay. We were both still
there. (THEN) Okay, new thought.

MARTIN CLAPS HIS HANDS ONCE AT HER FACE.

COLLEEN

What?

MARTIN

(CLAPS) New thought.

COLLEEN

Why are you doing that? Why are you
clapping at my face?

MARTIN

It's an improv skill to get you out of
your head. I learned it when I was a
member of Mixed Nuts.

COLLEEN

(INCREDULOUS) Mixed Nuts?

MARTIN

I know, I fought against it. But the
t-shirts were already made...

JAKE CROSSES THROUGH THE KITCHEN, WEARING A TOWEL. HIS HAIR
IS WET. HE SMILES AS HE EXITS INTO HIS ROOM AS MARTIN
STARES. COLLEEN CLAPS IN MARTIN'S FACE TO BREAK HIS TRANCE.

COLLEEN

New thought!

MARTIN

Right. (THEN) Anyway, tell me something nice about the mayor.

COLLEEN

He had a great smile. I barely had to manipulate the tissue.

MARTIN

(CLAPS) New thought.

COLLEEN

He had a glow about him, even in death.

MARTIN

(THRILLED) Good, I like it.

COLLEEN

Yeah, I only had to use twenty percent red dye in the formaldehyde.

HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AT HER.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

What? It's true. Dead people are the color of dirty bath water.

HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AT HER THREE TIMES. SHE CLAPS HER HANDS BACK AT HIM THREE TIMES.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(FULL-ON PANIC) I can't do this. I'm not comfortable with feelings. I didn't even grieve my divorce. Why, Martin? Why haven't I grieved?!

MARTIN

This is a moment where I'd slap you,
but you're already over the top.

COLLEEN

Look, I'm a mortician. My only game
upstairs is the quiet voice --
(HUSHED) "Sorry for your loss." And
that one line about how "You live
every day, but you only die once."

MARTIN

Isn't that an ironic Snoopy meme?
Isn't the correct version "You only
die once, but you live every day?"

COLLEEN

Who cares, it works! I already told
you I'm a fraud! (THEN, DESPERATE)
Water. I need water.

COLLEEN GRABS A GLASS AND TURNS ON THE FAUCET. THE WATER
EXPLODES OUT, HITS THE SINK, AND BOUNCES UP AT HER. SHE
TURNS THE FAUCET OFF, AND LOOKS BACK AT HIM, WET.

MARTIN

If you knew that, why'd you walk into
it? (THEN) Colleen, listen to me.
You've been preparing for this moment
since you were a little girl. I
remember your first funeral. For
Raggedy Ann. You safety pinned her

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

little arms across her chest. She
looked so at peace.

COLLEEN

Well, she'd been sick for so long.
(REMEMBERING, WISTFUL) It was a
beautiful service. I even got a nice
card from Raggedy Andy.

MARTIN

That was from Mom.

COLLEEN

I kind of always thought that.

MARTIN

You can do this. You're going to go
out there a mortician, but you're
coming back a funeral director. Slash
mortician.

COLLEEN

You're right. I can do this. I can
save the house. I'm going to go down
there and give them the Stone & Son
funeral they came for.

MARTIN

You are. (RE: HAIR) But first we're
going to do a *real* quick blow dry.

CUT TO:

SCENE L

INT. STONE & SON - VIEWING ROOM - LATER

THE ROOM IS FULL. GUESTS WAIT IN THEIR SEATS. COLLEEN STEPS UP TO THE PODIUM, A LITTLE NERVOUS.

COLLEEN

I'm Colleen Stone. The family asked
me to say something about the mayor.

WE HEAR A FEW CANS OF BEERS BEING OPENED IN THE CROWD.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'll wait.

WE HEAR A FEW MORE CANS OF BEER OPENED AS DONNA STEPS OVER TO A VERY ELDERLY LADY IN THE BACK ROW AND HANDS HER A CARD.

DONNA

When the time comes -- and I hope it's
not for many months -- please consider
the Hammer Funeral Home. My husband's
a genius. He can make you look
seventy.

MARTIN STEPS UP, TAKES THE CARD, AND HANDS IT BACK TO DONNA.

MARTIN

(WHISPERS) If you don't leave right
now, I'll tell everyone that's not a
real Gucci bag. (OFF HER LOOK) I
worked retail.

DONNA PUTS THE CARDS BACK IN HER PURSE, AND STARTS AWAY:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

But those Trina Turk pumps -- heaven.

DONNA LOOKS BACK AND SMILES A LITTLE AS SHE EXITS OUT THE DOOR. COLLEEN LOOKS AROUND, GATHERING HERSELF.

COLLEEN

Okay. What can I say about Mayor
O'Connor? Well, he had the biggest--

MARTIN CLAPS "NEW THOUGHT" AT HER.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(TO MARTIN) I was going to say
"heart." (THEN, TO MOURNERS) His heart
was huge. It took forever to drain--

COLLEEN CLAPS "NEW THOUGHT" TO HERSELF.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

But you want to hear personal stories.
Oh, here's one! The O'Connors had that
big house on Grub Lake where everyone
was always welcome. One time, I saw
the mayor on a beach chair-- (CLAPS)
Nope. (THINKS) Oh, he-- Nope. (CLAPS,
THINKS) Uh-uh.

AS COLLEEN STANDS THERE, THINKING, SHE CLAPS MANY THOUGHTS AWAY. FINALLY MARTIN STEPS UP, AND JOINS HER CLAPPING.

MARTIN

Oh, I agree. We should all applaud
that wonderful, wonderful mayor.

PEOPLE LOOK AROUND AND LIGHTLY APPLAUD.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Colleen, I'm moved to say something.
So why don't you move. Over there.

COLLEEN

(RELIEVED) Go for it.

COLLEEN STEPS ASIDE. MARTIN ADDRESSES THE CROWD.

MARTIN

I'm Martin Stone. Some of you know my dad. He died a year ago. He and Mayor O'Connor were great friends. I'd like to think right now they're sitting up in heaven, having a beer and *talking* about golf rather than actually playing it.

PEOPLE LAUGH A LITTLE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, they're fine. It's us -- the ones left behind who suffer. We have to live with the loss. (THINKS ABOUT THIS) The *loss*. (THIS HITS HIM) You realize the life you had is over. And the life you *thought* you were going to have is never going to happen. It's gone. So what do you do? You try to remember the good times -- the surprises, the laughs, the small part you got on *Criminal Minds*.

THE MOURNERS LOOK A BIT CONFUSED.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And you forgive yourself for your mistakes, and you forgive others for theirs. Maybe they were too tough.

ANGLE ON: PATRICK, STARTING TO CRY, NODDING HIS HEAD.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Too unforgiving. They could've validated you more. Or told you, up front, they were looking for diversity. (THEN) But in the end, all you can do is wake up and start again. Without your husband. Without your father. Without your dream.

MARTIN PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN. AFTER A BEAT, HE RAISES HIS HEAD, SINGING *DANNY BOY*. IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND HEARTFELT.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(SINGING) *"OH, DANNY BOY, THE PIPES,
THE PIPES ARE CALLING / FROM GLEN TO
GLEN / AND DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE..."*

AS MARTIN CONTINUES TO SING, MRS. O'CONNOR, MOVED TO TEARS, TURNS TO COLLEEN AND NODS. COLLEEN NODS BACK.

COLLEEN

(BIG SMILE, TO SELF) It's so sad.

TIM COMES UP GENTLY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND COLLEEN.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

We're not there.

TIM GENTLY TAKES HIS ARM BACK.

CUT TO:

SCENE M

EXT. STONE & SON - PORCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

MARTIN AND COLLEEN SIT ON THE STEPS, DRINKING CANS OF BEER.

COLLEEN

You were amazing! I handed out like a million cards. Now, we just have to pray for a really bad flu season.

MARTIN

That was the best audience I've ever had. I don't know why I always hated this town. Pennsylvania gets me. I don't think I've ever been better. Did you think I was good?

COLLEEN

Sorry, I forget you always need more validation than I think. (THEN) You were really charming, you made people *feel* things. You know who it was like watching?

MARTIN

Joaquin Phoenix? Renée Zellwegger?
I'll take either.

COLLEEN

Dad. You're a lot more like him than you think.

MARTIN

You wouldn't say that if you saw me kick a baseball... or whatever you do with those.

COLLEEN

(SERIOUS) I don't know if it's these beers the O'Connors hid in the casket, but I'm starting to go dark. I'm never going to be a great funeral director.

MARTIN

Colleen, you're an amazing mortician. Maybe funeral director is not your thing. Maybe it's mine. (OFF HER LOOK) You know death. I know drama. We're the perfect team.

COLLEEN

Please, you're not staying. You've been trying to get out of this house forever. The first thing you ever wrote was a ransom note. "We have your son, Martin. He's fine. Don't come after him."

MARTIN

But they did. Every time. (THEN) I never really thought I belonged here. But after today, I realized... maybe I

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

am part of this family. This is my
house, too.

COLLEEN LOOKS AT HIM, THEN GETS A TEXT ALERT.

COLLEEN

(OFF PHONE) Oh! Hector and Tess had a
baby girl!

MARTIN

Aww, that's sweet. Text him I said
"congratulations." (THEN) Too bad he
wasn't here to see how good I was.
Eh, he'll catch my next funeral.

COLLEEN

Martin, I can't ask you to do this.

MARTIN

I want to. Colleen, you've always
been there for me. You took out a
mortgage to give me my dream. Let me
help you with yours.

COLLEEN SMILES.

COLLEEN

I'm supposed to be there for you. I'm
your big sister.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE P

EXT. STONE & SON - PORCH - YEARS AGO

TEN-YEAR-OLD COLLEEN AND NINE-YEAR-OLD MARTIN SIT IN THE EXACT SAME SPOTS ON THE STEPS. COLLEEN READS A BOOK.

YOUNG MARTIN

(SAD) I put signs up all over the neighborhood. No one's coming to my show.

YOUNG COLLEEN

'Cause they're stupid. But I'm coming. When does it start?

YOUNG MARTIN

Right now! But wait 'til I get ready!
EXCITED, HE JUMPS UP, AND AS HE RUSHES INSIDE:

YOUNG COLLEEN

You forgot Dad's razor.
COLLEEN HOLDS UP DAD'S STRAIGHT-EDGE SHAVING RAZOR.

CUT TO:

SCENE R

INT. STONE & SON - VIEWING ROOM - LATER

YOUNG COLLEEN SITS ON A FOLDING CHAIR IN THE FIRST ROW.
YOUNG MARTIN STANDS ON THE CASKET PLATFORM WEARING HIS
FATHER'S OVERSIZED VEST, SHIRT AND TIE, AND A WHITE APRON
TIED AT HIS WAIST. IT HAS "BLOOD" ON IT. HE SINGS "THE
BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD" AND WAVES THE RAZOR.

YOUNG MARTIN

(SINGING) "...ATTEND THE TALE OF
SWEENEY TODD / HE SERVED A DARK AND A
VENGEFUL GOD / WHAT HAPPENED THEN,
WELL, THAT'S THE PLAY / AND HE
WOULDN'T WANT US TO GIVE IT AWAY / NOT
SWEENEY / NOT SWEENEY TODD / THE DEMON
BARBER OF FLEET STREET."

YOUNG MARTIN HITS HIS "BIG FINISH" POSE. YOUNG COLLEEN
APPLAUDS AND CHEERS.

YOUNG COLLEEN

Yay! Yay! More blood!

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW