

PUTTING THE “FUN” IN FUNERAL

By D. Brent Holland

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A Comedic Trio & More

By D. Brent Holland

SYNOPSIS: Skylar, Chandler, and Hayden discuss their expectations for their own services while attending their grandmother’s funeral.

TIME: The present.

SETTING: A Funeral home.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 either)

SKYLAR (m/f) The eldest sibling. Good natured.

(41 lines)

CHANDLER (m/f)..... The middle child. Competitive and very vocal. *(51 lines)*

HAYDEN (m/f) The youngest sibling. Quick to laugh and very personable. *(48 lines)*

DIRECTOR’S NOTES: I’ve always had big plans for my own funeral and most of this material comes from ideas I’ve run by my students at Laney High School in preparation for that (hopefully) far off day!

AT START: *When the lights come up, we see three siblings, well dressed as if about to attend a funeral. They are in mid conversation.*

CHANDLER: *(Laughing.)* That would be pretty awesome. I like that.

SKYLAR: You better hope Mom passes first though, or she might strangle your corpse.

HAYDEN: That would be pretty classic if you think about it. When's the last time you saw THAT happen at a funeral?

CHANDLER: I think I'm going to be dressed like Robin Hood for the visitation.

HAYDEN: Robin Hood?

CHANDLER: Yeah. Full out with greens and browns and a bow across my chest and a quiver of arrows on my back. Maybe some tights.

SKYLAR: Why Robin Hood?

CHANDLER: No reason. And no one would be told why. I would just be laying there, all calm looking dressed like Robin Hood with no explanation to anyone.

SKYLAR: *(Approving.)* Solid.

CHANDLER: Or maybe like a luchador.

HAYDEN: A professional wrestler?

CHANDLER: Yeah! With the mask and wrestling pants. Shirtless, of course.

SKYLAR: Which will be even more epic if you're like ninety.

CHANDLER: Exactly! If I'm that old and one of you are still around, make sure they give me some post mortem nipple piercings.

HAYDEN: *(Typing into his phone.)* Post mortem nipple piercings for Chandler to go along with his luchador costume. Got it.

SKYLAR: Being shirtless would be pretty cool. Most people don't go that route for open caskets.

CHANDLER: Shame on them.

HAYDEN: You could push that even further.

CHANDLER: Huh?

HAYDEN: Imagine rolling up to my funeral and I'm lying there, like a hundred and twenty years old, butt naked.

CHANDLER and SKYLAR grimace.

CHANDLER: Yuck.

HAYDEN: You gotta admit, that would be unforgettable.

SKYLAR: Not in a good way.

HAYDEN: And I'm not about having my face look all peaceful. I wonder if you can pay to have them wire your face into some other expression?

SKYLAR: I honestly don't know.

CHANDLER: So, what expression do you want on your older than dirt, butt naked body?

HAYDEN: I think I'd want to look really, really happy. Like this.
(*Demonstrates.*)

SKYLAR: That's pretty creepy.

HAYDEN: I know, right?

SKYLAR: How about, like, totally terrified. (*Makes a terrified expression.*)

CHANDLER: Adding that look to a naked old corpse would be pretty surreal.

SKYLAR: Surreal isn't undesirable though.

HAYDEN: I'm going for fun over surreal. That's why I would want to look happy. Hayden Perry, putting the “fun” in funeral.

CHANDLER: That's a pretty sweet catch phrase.

HAYDEN: Thank you.

SKYLAR: You gotta wonder why some funeral home hasn't already snatched that up.

CHANDLER: No doubt.

SKYLAR: But I think if my carcass is going to be naked, I would only open the other end of the casket.

CHANDLER: The lower half?

SKYLAR: Yeah.

HAYDEN: So, no clothes, lower half of the body only. That's what everyone is going to be lined up to look at?

SKYLAR: Ok. Well, when you say it like that, it sounds bad. So maybe I'll be wearing, like a speedo or something. The message will definitely be “look at these awesome legs, baby!”

HAYDEN: I think most people would assume something bad had happened to your head.

SKYLAR: Let them! If you two are still around, you can tell them something like, “Skylar really insisted on having an open casket, but

when we found him, some wild gerbils had gnawed off most of his face.”

CHANDLER: I want to be the person who gets to tell people that.

SKYLAR: Just make sure you say it with reverence.

CHANDLER: Of course.

HAYDEN: I want one of those remote-controlled fart machines.

CHANDLER: For the casket?

HAYDEN: Yeah. I want it placed appropriately with one of you two off in the distance letting me rip one every couple of minutes.

SKYLAR: If I was standing next to a corpse and it farted, I don't know if I'd run or laugh.

HAYDEN: Either reaction would be appropriate, I think.

CHANDLER: That's a really good idea. You have to wonder if anyone has ever thought to do that before.

HAYDEN: So, do you guys actually want to be buried?

CHANDLER: I guess.

SKYLAR: I don't know. Probably.

HAYDEN: I want to be cremated. But only after the visitation. I want the casket there for that.

SKYLAR: Do they do that?

HAYDEN: I'll pay extra if I have to, but I definitely want to be cremated.

CHANDLER: Why? Do you want your ashes spread out somewhere?

HAYDEN: No.

CHANDLER: Then what?

HAYDEN: I'm going to hire a team of goons to hold down Jim Lewis and force feed my ashes to him.

SKYLAR: What?

HAYDEN: It's going to be great. They're going to show up at his house at like two in the morning and hold him down and be like “eat it!” And then when they're done, they'll just leave.

SKYLAR: What did Jim do to deserve that?

HAYDEN: Nothing in particular. I just picked him because I thought it would be funniest.

CHANDLER: That would be pretty funny.

HAYDEN: Right?

SKYLAR: I don't know. Even though I'd already been barbecued, I don't think I would want my earthly remains to pass through Jim Lewis' colon.

CHANDLER: Ew.

HAYDEN: I hadn't thought about that.

CHANDLER: That would be a sticky point for me. I don't want to see Jim from that angle.

HAYDEN: Maybe I'll just have them force feed him some random ashes and make him think they're mine.

CHANDLER: That's a better plan.

HAYDEN: And if Jim's already dead, I'll have a backup or two.

SKYLAR: If that's the case, do it at the funeral so the rest of us can see it too.

HAYDEN: I think the SWAT team kicking the door down at two a.m. thing would be pretty epic.

SKYLAR: Stop being selfish. We all want to see Jim held down by a team of goons and force-fed ashes.

SKYLAR, CHANDLER, and HAYDEN all laugh.

CHANDLER: Speaking of the funeral... I want to give my own eulogy.

SKYLAR: How are you going to manage that?

CHANDLER: I'll record it in advance. There are a few people I'd like to tell off in front of everyone.

HAYDEN: You can totally bad mouth me as a part of your eulogy. I'll play along.

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