

THE FUNERAL

Written by

Chiara "Sats" Di Stefano

satsdistefano@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

CECILIA (27; competent) and CONRAD (27; childish), British twins, stand in the entryway of a solemn funeral home, dressed in appropriate blacks. Cecilia fusses over Conrad's tie, tying it on herself before slipping it around his neck.

CECILIA

Twenty-seven years. Twenty-seven years we've been alive on this bitch of an earth and you still can't tie a Windsor knot.

CONRAD

Hey, it's not my fault you have butch friends to teach you these things and I spent half my childhood in your hand-me-down dresses!

Conrad steps back from his sister and tightens his tie, brushing down his suit.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Can't believe I have to wear this stupid thing anyway. I look like a twat.

CECILIA

(cheerily)

Oh, you absolutely do. Now, are you going to get back from your little errand in time?

CONRAD

Yes, *Mother*. It starts at 2:10. I literally couldn't forget if I tried. Now if I wanna leave and get back in time, I really have to go.

Cecilia SMACKS him on the shoulder and begins to push him out the door.

CECILIA

Fine then, prick. Get going.

Conrad smoothes down his hair, then steps outside.

INT. CECILIA'S TOYOTA ECHO - DAY

Conrad shivers in the driver's seat of the Echo.

CONRAD

Okay. Okay! No big deal, Conrad.
Just get this done in a half hour,
and you go to the funeral. Easy.

Conrad CLICKS on the ignition, then the heat. He fishes out his phone and punches in an address.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

1717 Auburn Lane, huh? It's, what,
fifteen minutes away? Doable.
That's doable. Definitely not going
to be late to a funeral for your
first time ever.

He gulps, sets his phone down, then puts the truck into drive and pulls out onto the road. A few minutes pass quietly as the fuzzy pink dice of the Echo wind through side streets.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Maybe some tunes will make this go
faster...

Conrad turns on the CD player. It begins BLARING DEATH METAL at top volume, and he jumps, quickly ejecting the disk.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Cecilia must have been in here
before me. Bet she did this on
purpose. Bastard.

Conrad inserts a CD with "Best of Broadway" sharpie'd on the front. "Get Me To The Church On Time" PLAYS.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Huh. Appropriate!
(beat)
In a way.

He merges onto the highway. Immediately, a white van begins tailgating him.

Conrad adjusts his rearview mirror to get a better look.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright! This is probably
fine.

The white van SPEEDS UP and Conrad SWERVES to avoid it crashing into him.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Okay! Alright! This is not fine!

Conrad SPEEDS UP on the otherwise deserted hillside highway, and the van keeps pace with him. His phone RINGS.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 This is probably a bad idea, but...

He picks up his phone.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 (American accent)
 Hello? Anthony Steel speaking.

JACOBSON (O.C.)
 Cut the crap, Steel. Or should I say, Weatherton?

CONRAD
 (dropping the accent)
 Oh, shit.

Conrad floors it.

JACOBSON (O.C.)
 I understand you have a funeral to get to.

The white van pulls up alongside Conrad's left and tries to RAM into the Echo. Conrad barely SWERVES AWAY in time.

CONRAD
 (sheepishly)
 About that...

JACOBSON (O.C.)
 Tell me who arranged this.

CONRAD
 How about instead you try being less of a slippery prick!

JACOBSON (O.C.)
 Wrong answer.

The white van decelerates enough that it's driving behind him and Conrad SIGHS in relief.

Then a shot rings out.

CONRAD
 Triple shit!

Conrad zig-zags the Echo erratically. Through his rearview mirror, he sees a sniper leaning out of the van's passenger window. A bullet pings off the Echo's back windshield.

JACOBSON (O.C.)
Know your place, boy.

CONRAD
How 'bout instead I-- bye!

JACOBSON (O.C.)
Wait, what?

Conrad HANGS UP.

CONRAD
Can't kill what you can't catch, I suppose. And this'll be a shortcut. Thirty minutes or less, here we go!

He BLASTS his music. Conrad swerves right and breaks through the barrier off the highway, barreling down the hill.

The white van screeches to a halt, narrowly avoiding following him, and the sniper fires weakly a few more times.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Ha-ha! Sucker!

Conrad bumps his way down the hill, weaving between rocks and trees. Soon enough he crashes onto a road, and, after running several red lights, pulls up in front of a McMansion.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I'm here! I'm here. Oh thank fuck, I'm here. Now just get in, get out, and get to the funeral. Golden.

Conrad checks his reflection in the rearview mirror, brushes off his suit, and flashes himself finger guns. Then he grabs his phone and gets out of the Echo.

We see him stroll up to the doorway of the mini mansion. He picks a flower from the garden and tucks it in his lapel, then KNOCKS on the door.

A hand reaches out from inside the door and grabs him, then YANKS him inside.

INT. 1717 AUBURN LANE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

JACOBSON (40s, well-groomed) pulls Conrad into his ornate entryway. An antique grandfather clock TICKS.

CONRAD
 (winded)
 Lovely place you've got here.

Jacobson PUNCHES Conrad in the face.

JACOBSON
 Tell me who hired you, you smarmy
 asshat.

CONRAD
 Whoa now, whoa now. We can talk
 about this!

Jacobson PUNCHES him again.

JACOBSON
 Tell me, Weatherton, or I end it
 all here.

Jacobson SLAMS Conrad into a wall, then draws a knife and
 presses it to Conrad's throat.

CONRAD
 (panicky)
 Okay! Okay! You're absolutely
 right. I was hired to kill you, and
 maybe I failed the first time.
 (beat)
 But you know what?

JACOBSON
 What?

CONRAD
 I have a funeral to get to, and
 it's not my own.

Conrad kicks Jacobson in the crotch. Jacobson HOWLS in pain
 and loosens his grip on the knife, allowing Conrad to SLAP it
 out of his hand. The two exchange blows, and Jacobson gets a
 good hit in.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Oh, come on, man. I'm on a tight
 schedule, here!

Conrad lunges for Jacobson's knife and suddenly the fight is
 a lot more one-sided.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 You want to know who hired me? Do
 you really wanna know?

Jacobson grabs for the knife but catches the blade, slicing his palm open. Conrad sweeps his leg and trips Jacobson, then pounces on him.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Your widower sends their regards.

Conrad slits Jacobson's throat. A moment of silence. Then...

CONRAD (CONT'D)
(cheerfully)
Well, I've got a body! All I need
now is to get to the --

The antique grandfather clock CHIMES loudly, and Conrad glances over at it. It's 2:00.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
(panicked)
-- funeral. Shit!

Conrad HEFTS the corpse indelicately and DRAGS it to the front door.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Should've parked in the back. Shit!
Everyone's gonna see me now.

The clock CEASES ITS CHIMING and goes back to TICKING.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
God dammit, you're right, I have
bigger problems. Ceci's piece of
junk is physically not going to
make this drive over in under ten!

Conrad slumps by the door, defeated. Even the way he holds the dead body is dejected.

Then, he has an epiphany.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Wait, shit. Ceci's piece of junk
might not get back to the funeral
in under ten, but this guy's rich!
Maybe I will be able to make it!

INT. JACOBSON'S TESLA Y - DAY

Jacobson's Tesla, with Conrad as its driver, bursts out of Jacobson's garage. Jacobson's corpse rag-dolls in the backseat, strapped in with a seatbelt.

CONRAD
Catch you later, suckers!

In a definitely-illegal maneuver, Conrad pulls a U-turn on the city street and begins barreling towards the highway on-ramp. He checks the time on his phone. 2:05 PM.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Shit. Five to.

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cecilia PACES nervously as various guests begin filing into the home, GREETING each other like they're attending a party, not a funeral.

CECILIA
(muttering)
Conrad, if you cock this up, I swear...

CHARLES-ELIZABETH (30s, beautiful mourning gown) WALKS through the door.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Shit!

INT. JACOBSON'S TESLA Y - DAY

Conrad break-necks down the highway, Jacobson's corpse bouncing along in the back.

CONRAD
Come on, come on!

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cecilia checks her phone. 2:07.

CECILIA
Come on, Connie, you dick. The widower's here and the corpse is not.

Charles-Elizabeth glides closer. Cecilia GULPS.

INT. JACOBSON'S TESLA Y - DAY

Conrad takes a sharp corner, and there's a sickening CRACK from the backseat. He looks behind himself and GULPS.

CONRAD
 (hysterical)
 Well, good thing he's already dead!

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cecilia hovers over guests signing the memorial guestbook, stressed. Charles-Elizabeth taps her on the shoulder.

CHARLES-ELIZABETH
 I trust my late husband is ready
 for his burial?

CECILIA
 Who? Oh, Jacobson. Yep! Absolutely.
 Ready as rain. Definitely here.

INT. JACOBSON'S TESLA Y - DAY

Conrad speeds off the highway and weaves through the city.

CONRAD
 Sixty. Fifty-nine. Fifty-eight.
 Fifty- seven.

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The doors to the burial grounds CREAKS WIDE OPEN, and Charles-Elizabeth smiles.

INT. JACOBSON'S TESLA Y - DAY

Conrad SCREECHES around the corner onto the street of Rico's funeral home.

INT. RICO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cecilia watches miserably as the time on her phone ticks over to 2:10. Charles-Elizabeth squeezes her arm encouragingly.

CHARLES-ELIZABETH
 Well, I'm ready to officially be a
 widower. If you'll lead the way?

CECILIA
 Yeah. About that...

Suddenly, glass FRACTURES and SHATTERS as a Tesla Y CRASHES through the front window, scattering guests in its path.

Conrad, slightly dazed, gets out of the driver's seat and HEFTS Jacobson's body from the back.

CONRAD
 (triumphantly)
 Conrad Weatherton, putting the
 "fun" in "funeral" since 1995!

Charles-Elizabeth CLAPS their hands and LAUGHS in delight. Cecilia shakes her head and starts helping Conrad lug the body into the funeral home.

CECILIA
 You gave me the fright of my life,
 you prick!

CONRAD
 Thirty minutes on the dot. Was I
 late?

CECILIA
 No, but --

CONRAD
 -- Was I late?

CECILIA
 No, you weren't late. Bitch.

Charles-Elizabeth leads the way as the twins drag the body towards the back doors to the burial grounds.

CONRAD
 Who's the best hitman on the
 planet? Who is?

CECILIA
 (teasing)
 I dunno; Nan isn't here today.

CONRAD
 Oh, rude!

CECILIA
 But I suppose you did alright
 without her.

CONRAD
 (genuinely)
 Hey, Ceci?

CECILIA
 Yeah, Connie?

CONRAD
You're the worst.

Cecilia bursts into LAUGHTER. The body is pulled through the entryway. The back doors SWING SHUT.

FADE TO BLACK.