



Scripts.com

Death At A Funeral

By Dean Craig

Would you like to see before, you know...

Yeah.

Brian? Who's this?

You know, I asked myself the same thing when my dad passed.

I said, "Who is this man?"

No, no, Brian. Who's this in the coffin?

- Because that's not my father.

- Are you sure?

Are you asking me if I'm sure

I know what my father looks like?

No, people make mistakes in a time of grief, Aaron.

Look at the damn body, man.

Oh, shit.

- You got Jackie Chan in there!

- Okay, listen...

Come on, Brian.

You know what my father looks like.

We are very scattered today.

This type of thing almost never happens.

- Almost never happens?

- I said that out loud?

It's not Burger King.

You can't just mess up my order.

Please, just calm down.

I think I know where he is.

You think?

If my dad's not in this coffin in one hour, then you have to take his place.

- You got it?

- Don't worry. I'll get him back.

I promise that. He's in one of two places.

I think it's the second place.

Listen, okay, guys? Let's pack this up.

Close this.

Let's go, let's get out of here.

Wait a minute, before we move...

Okay. Did I give you my keys?

No. They in the car.

I left the damn keys in the car.

Let's go, guys. I think it's on.

If you're so antsy about being here,

why'd you come out in the first place?

- You know why.

- I hate funerals.

All about death, death, death.

I don't think funerals are designed
for anybody to like, Norman.

I suppose.

I don't want a regular funeral
when it's my time to go, you know.

I want my life celebrated.

Like Anna Nicole Smith, Richard Nixon,
somebody big and powerful.

I want mine to be the saddest day ever.

Stock market should crash,

factories shut down,

girls crying in the streets.

That kind of thing. An eclipse would be nice.

- Come on.

- What?

You still smoking after all of
those warnings and stuff out there?

No, Norman, stop, all right.

You used to smoke.

We used to smoke together.

I used to piss my pants and then I stopped.

I got my own problems to worry about
without worrying about your damn smoking.

Come on, Norman.

What problems you got, man?

- I told you! My rash!

- Got to use condoms, papa.

- On my hand, dude.

- You still have to use a condom, Norman.

That's the first line of defence.

This shit ain't normal. Look at it.

- Fuck. That ain't a rash, man.

- What you think it is?

I don't know, but it's very splotchy.

Splotchy? I hate splotchy.

I'm gonna pass away, I'm gonna die!

- Nah.

- And I'm so damn young!

They brought the wrong body.

Honey, did you hear me?

They brought the wrong body.

Oh, my God!
Well, do they know where he is?
They think so.
I told you.
I told you not to use the Marshalls,
but, no, you wanted to keep it all
in the neighbourhood.
Don't rub it in, not today.
I got too much to worry about.
Dad insisted on having his funeral
at home, so now I just can't escape it.
Death is everywhere.
Baby, no. No, it's not.
Mom won't stop crying.
- Ryan hasn't helped out.
- Not like he ever does.
Plus on top of that, I got to worry
about this whole eulogy thing.
I am sure it'll be the best eulogy
anybody's ever heard.
Doesn't matter.
All anybody's gonna be thinking is,
"Why isn't Ryan doing the eulogy?"
"Step aside and let the writer
say a few words."
Even I'm gonna be thinking it.
Why don't you just let him do it then?
So, now you want Ryan to do the eulogy?
No. I'm just saying...
You're just saying that you wanna
hear Ryan's eulogy.
No. You're the oldest, so...
So, the only reason I should do it
is because I'm old.
Aaron, calm down.
I think that you are every bit
as good a writer as your brother.
I just think that you need to let
someone actually read your book.
It's not ready yet.
Okay, fine. But don't forget,
we close on the house next week.
- I know.
- I mean, I love your mom,

but I am so ready to move.

I know, honey,

but we just got to get through today, okay?

Exactly.

I know this is rough.

But it's the last day of my cycle.

And I'm 37 years old, so we need to try to,

you know, we need to do it,

at least once today, okay?

- Babe.

- Yeah?

You're gonna have to switch that cycle

down to low for now, just for now.

Can we at least find the body first?

- Are you okay?

- Yeah, absolutely.

Okay, I'm a... I'm a little nervous.

Why, because you're gonna see

my dad again?

I just don't think I've ever been

so openly hated by anyone before.

Even my seventh graders aren't that mean.

I think he's gonna be more concerned today

that his brother just died than be...

- Babe.

- I'm sorry, baby. It's the traffic.

Right. Anyway, when I tell him

that we're getting married,

he's just gonna have to accept you. I...

- Jesus! Are you okay?

- Oh, my God.

- You asshole!

- Fuck you, bitch.

Oh, yeah, flip me off.

Can't you see there's a traffic jam?

You poke your eye out,

your father's gonna kill me.

- Oscar, baby.

- Yes.

- Look at me.

- Okay.

- Relax. Okay?

- All right.

Everything is fine. Okay? Breathe.

Okay.

- Better?

- Better.

Oh, good. It's okay.

Fuck you!

I think you'll find that everything is in perfect order.

Oh, so, now you wanna be professional.

You got your keys?

You got your BlackBerry?

Because once we bury him, we not gonna dig him back up just so you can tweet.

Look, I'm trying, okay?

Hey, how is your mother holding up, Aaron?

She's fine. She's in great health.

- There's no more business here.

- Good.

What about your Uncle Russell?

He wasn't doing that well.

- How's he doing?

- Bye.

Okay, I'm just asking.

It's conversation, that's all.

I'm here if you need me, you know that.

Thank you for everything.

- Michelle, come here.

- Bye, Brian.

You don't have to come.

I'm just saying, everybody knows that the Colonel stole that recipe for fried chicken from a slave named Jubalal. Now, I give him credit for the coleslaw, but that's it.

Hey, buddy! How you doing?

I need a favour.

I need you to pick up Uncle Russell.

Yeah, I know it's a hassle, but you're the closest.

- Damn! He's always in a bad mood.

- Just say you'll do it. We'll do it.

It's not a mood if he's always in it.

It's his personality. Can you do it?

All right, I'll do it.

Hey, Mama. How you holding up?
There were so many things
we wanted to do still.
Travel.
We were going to Australia and China.
He wanted to go to Thailand.
Oh, come on, Ma,
you're not gonna fly 25 hours.
That's not the point.
I haven't been feeling well.
Who knows how long
I'm gonna live without him?
It might make a difference
if I had a grandchild
who could take my mind off
of everything, but...
- Oh, well.
- Cynthia, we are trying.
I know what you're trying to do, Michelle,
all hours of the day and night, trying.
But it doesn't seem to be working,
now does it?
- Where's Ryan? Have you talked to him yet?
- He should be here soon.
Just to see his face
would make me feel so much better.
Oh, I have missed him so much. My baby.
Do you need me to do something, Cynthia?
You could take your hand off
my husband's coffin.
You are leaving a smudge mark.
Is she shooting us the finger?
Or is she just waving?
That's nice, ladies! Thank you!
- There he is.
- What?
- He's okay.
- He's gonna need assistance?
He's just grumpy.
You got to know how to handle him.
Oh, he looks kind of sweet.
- Hi, Uncle Russell!
- Hi, Uncle Russell!
You remember me? I'm Norman.

I came to pick you up
and take you to the funeral.
Where the fuck you been, you fat bastard?
You took any longer, I'd be dead, too!
Shit, good thing you know
how to handle him.
Would you like to ride shotgun?
Stop the game, all right?
...take this missile in your ass.

- Listen.
- Yes, the pills. I have them.
- They're right here.
- All right, cool. Can I come and get them?
- I have a funeral to go to. Shit!
- Whatever. Man, I'll come over there.
- Fuck.
- Did you try them?

No, no, I'm not gonna try them. I made them.
But they're good, right? The stuff's good?
I got to go.
Never get high on your own supply.
And, dude, this shit's gonna
blow your mind, I guarantee it.
You'll love it. All right, got to go. Bye.
Do you always open the door half naked?
Come on, Jeff, we're gonna be late.
All I got to do is just put some pants on.
And this is my house, so...
You all right, man?

- He's fine. He's just freaking out.
- Is he okay?
- A car almost ran into us, and I was yelling.
- And this guy just jumped right in our lane.
- I didn't see him.
- He did, he totally did.
- I'm sorry, baby, I...
- No, baby, it's fine. It's fine, okay?

You guys are funny.
Hey, what do you think?

- Yes, no?
- No.
- Go put on your pants, please.
- All right.

And make sure they're black, Jeffrey!

Okay, Mom.

- I'm so hungry.

- God, my heart is racing.

I don't know what's wrong with me.

Oh, here. Take this one.

It'll calm you down. Jeff won't mind.

What do you mean, take one of those?

What is that?

It's Valium. I used to take it all the time.

It's gonna make you feel better, I promise.

- Valium, are you sure?

- Yeah.

- Yes.

- You know, I shouldn't be taking
someone else's pills, right?

- No, it's okay.

- I got to drive and...

Babe, I'll drive. All right?

Just open wide. There we go. Take...

Let's do this.

- Oh, my keys.

- Jeff, you're wearing sneakers?

- They're black, Elaine.

- But they're sneakers, Jeff.

Is he gonna be any less dead

if I'm not wearing sneakers?

- Forget it. Let's just go. Can I just...

- No, I got it.

Okay.

- Come on, Jeff.

- I'm coming. I'm coming.

- We're waiting.

- Oh, shoot!

I still can't believe he's gone.

You can't understand death

until you've given life.

- Hey, Mama.

- Ryan, my baby!

Hey.

Mama, I know this is hard,

but it's gonna be okay,

and we're gonna get through it.

Oh, Ryan, you always know

exactly what to say, always!

I guess if people died every week,
we'd see you all the time.

- Hey, big bro. How you doing?

- Holding up.

- How was your flight, Ryan?

- It was okay.

But I had to buy the seat next to me.

I just can't do the small talk any more.

And while I'm sitting there, up in first class,
they march all the broke people through.

And a couple of them eyeballing me,
mad because I'm snacking on warm nuts.

So I'm like, "Take your broke,
no-nuts ass to the back of the plane."

Plus, there was tons of turbulence,

but I guess that's the thing
about flying first class.

No matter how much you pay,
if the plane crashes, you still end up dead.

- End up dead!

- I'll make sure she's okay.

- Please.

- End up dead!

You always know just what to say.

My bad.

Hey. I love it when you come
to family functions, man.

Because Dad takes his pure hate out on you.

- Jeff.

- I'm joking. Oscar.

You okay?

Was there a dog in here just now?

- What?

- What?

Like a Dalmatian or a Schnauzer?

- Honey, what are you talking about?

- I don't know.

It's just a shame that somebody
has to die to get the family together.

It was hard to see Dad like this.

He's in a better place now, right?

- He was sick a long time.

- Since when does dead beat sick?

You know what I mean.

This is why I try not to get close to people.

- Too much emotion involved.

- Guess that's why you never call.

Some families see each other all the time,
some meet up at funerals.

That's just us.

Hey, listen, I know this is a bad time,
but I'm gonna need that money.

- Shit.

- We're splitting these costs, right?

Okay. But I don't have it right now.

What the fuck you mean,
you don't have it right now?

You just bought a first class ticket
for your toothbrush.

I don't have any cash. Honest.

I lost a lot of shit when the market collapsed.

So, if you don't mind,
we gonna have to discuss this later.

- No, no, no, no, let's discuss this right now.

- Hey, you mind?

I'm grieving.

Look at all these cars.

You got to get to these funerals early.

Come on. There's nowhere to park.

- What? There's a spot right there. Grab it.

- That looks like it's too close to the corner.

- Nah. You can wedge it in there. Grab it.

- I don't need a ticket today.

You're not gonna get a ticket.

Would you just...

You're gonna lose it. Grab it.

Norman! Come on. Now, see?

Elaine! I was gonna park there.

Oh, I'm sorry, Norman. Are you family?

- No, but I'm like family.

- Oh, honey, there's no such thing.

- Elaine.

- Oh, God.

- Hey.

- What are you doing here?

Well, your father invited me.

Thought you might need
a real shoulder to cry on.

- Oh, please. Come on. Oscar.
- Who the fuck's that?
He... Come on, honey. We're here.
- You all right?
- Come on.
We there?
- Yeah.
- Damn. I got Uncle Russell.
How could I forget about Uncle Russell?
I said what's happening?
What the hell is going on?
What the fuck's this guy doing?
It's very green here, isn't it?
It's, like, so green.
Like, God, wow, it's like...
It's like I'm inside a lime.
- Oscar?
- Yes?
- Look at me.
- Okay.
Hi. Are you all right?
Yeah, why?
All this stuff about dogs
and things being green.
What's going on?
What are you talking about?
I'm fine. I've never been greener.
Jeff, look at this.
- Hello.
- What's wrong with Oscar?
- I don't know.
- You guys keep playing.
Oh, my God. It's the Valium.
- Valium?
- I'm in the band.
I gave him one of your Valium.
He's probably not used to it.
- Yeah, right.
- I know you were looking.
Where's he going?
- Oscar!
- Shit.
- You're going the wrong way, dumbass!
- That hurts!

- Stop the car, Norman.

- What?

Stop the car! I'm getting out.

I got to talk to her.

I got to speak to Elaine. Stop the car.

What about Uncle Russell?

- I need you to help...

- Where are we?

- We're gonna be late, fattie!

- Damn it!

Uncle Russell, you hit me in my splotch.

You got to stop this, Uncle Russell,

or you gonna be in a box next.

- Hey, how you doing? All right.

- Thank you.

Who are these people?

I don't recognise half of them.

It's your family. You don't recognise them from the last funeral?

What side of the family is he on?

Probably a friend of Dad's from work.

You know, the funeral looks good.

You did a good job.

No, we did a good job.

Are you telling me I got to pay for the whole funeral?

I'm saying you gonna have to pay for the whole thing now.

All right, just for a few months, till I get my next advance.

What am I, a damn credit union?

Goddamn, man! What the fuck?

Jesus Christ!

Hello, boys. How you holding up?

We're doing pretty good.

We just got to wait for a few more people to come and then we can start.

Have you met my brother, Ryan?

The writer? Oh, man!

You know, I got to tell you,

I squeezed this job in today

because I really wanted to meet you.

Listen, I just finished reading

Momma's Secret.

But, listen, that'll be our little secret,
because I'm not supposed to
be reading that kind of stuff, you know?
Right. Well, I'm sure the Lord'll forgive you.

- I can't wait to hear your eulogy.
- Actually, I'm doing the eulogy.
- Oh, I thought...
- Well, Aaron's the oldest, technically.

Really?

- How's my little Cynthia?
- Oh, Duncan.

Oh, look at you.

I'm just trying to hold it all together.
He was a good husband and a great father
to two healthy, strong boys.

Why they have decided not to have
children of their own

- is beyond me.
- Cynthia.

Can I get you some coffee?

Coffee may do many things, Michelle,
but it does not bring back the dead.

Tea?

- Hey, Ryan.
- Yeah.

I got to go over the speech.

Could you look out for Uncle Russell?

Look at Martina.

Man, that girl is all grown up.

Come on, man. Little Martina?

She's, like, in the 12th grade.

Yeah, well, she may be in 12th grade,
but that ass is in grad school.

- Anyway...
 - I should go see how she's doing.
- You know, that's just being neighbourly.
Yeah, you just do that.

- See if she needs a juice box or something.
- Man!

"My father was an exceptional man.

- "He was born in 19..."
- 1938.

Hi, there, Aaron.

Hi. How's it going?

I'm so sorry to hear about your dad.
He talked about you a lot.
Did he ever mention me? I'm sorry. Frank.
Not really.
Honey. Can I see you for a moment?
One second. I got to go, Frank.
Thanks for coming, though.
Be careful with my shit!
Don't bang up the rims.
Hurry up now! We're late!
Listen, we still need to finish that thing,
remember?
Oh, come on, baby,
I'm just not in the mood right now.
I'm not wearing any panties.
- Hey, my father's dead. Put some panties on.
- I'm trying to help here.
Please, honey, I really wanna make this
baby thing happen, so, come on.
- We've got five minutes.
- Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
- What?
- Don't... Don't... Don't stare.
There's a guy down there...
Don't look, don't look.
...in a black leather jacket who keeps
checking me out.
All right, okay, I see him. What?
- Don't stare, don't stare.
- I'm not staring.
You recognise him?
Well, no, but, I mean,
he must be a friend of your father's.
Now I got to go and check the food.
Hey! Put some panties on
before you touch the food.
Big ones.
- Look! Look.
- But, you know, he's in a better place.
Isn't it beautiful? Plus, it sings.
- Yep. It's right there.
- I'll see you inside.
- It's right there.
- It's the Bee Gees.

- Sounding great. Elaine.
- Thank you so much for coming.
- Hi, inside, yes. What?
- Listen, listen, listen, listen.
- Okay. I got to tell you something, all right?
- Okay.

And I'm just warning you right now
that you're not gonna like it.

Aaron.

- Uncle Duncan.
 - How are we doing on time?
- You know what, as soon as
Russell gets here, we'll be ready to go.
Fine. So, what's this nonsense
I hear about Ryan not saying a few words?
I offered to do the eulogy,
but Aaron's the oldest.
I'm sure it's gonna be one of a kind.

It's a real shame.

I mean, I'm sure you'll do fine, Aaron,
but with Ryan being the writer in the family.

You know, I'm a writer, too.

Well, we all write checks.

Your brother is an author.

Excuse me?

Uncle Duncan, I have to ask you a question.

- Okay.

- Martina.

Little Martina?

Well, she's not actually related to us
or anything, is she?

No. No, no, no. She's just a family friend.

Oh, good, good.

- What do you mean, it's not Valium?

- Well, it's interesting.

What you thought was Valium
is actually not Valium.

- Yikes.

- What is it, Jeff?

It's like a hallucinogenic.

- Mescaline, acid, Special K.

- What?

Served up in a little pill bottle.

- Oh, my God. This isn't funny.

- No, it's not, it's not funny at all.
- Look at him. Look at him.
- Oh, my God.
- He's high as a kite.
- What...

The man is clearly high.

What are you doing
with this stuff in the house?

I'm a pharmacology student, Laney.
And first of all, who just waltzes up
in someone's apartment
and just starts popping pills?

- Well, I thought it was Valium.
- Clearly.

What should I do? Should I tell him?

No, no, no. That'll just freak him out.

- Okay. Okay.

- You know, this is gonna be fine. Okay?

Don't let him spend too much time
talking to any one person.

- Okay, okay.

- Or bush.

He's in a bush right now.

Okay, Oscar? Honey. Come back.

Where are you going?

Jeffrey, help me.

Oscar. Oscar.

Oh, man.

Help me! My groin.

It's gonna be your head in a minute.

Hurry up, we gonna be late for the funeral.

My scrotum is gonna look like a duffle bag
with two bowling balls in it
when I get up this hill with you.

That's what your brain is.

Fuck.

Hey.

Oscar. Oscar.

Oh, Dad. Hi.

How are you?

Not too bad,
considering we're at my brother's funeral.

- Yes, yes, we are.

- Hey, Pop.

- Hey.
- How you doing? You look good.
How're they treating you over there
at Pepperdine?
Good. You know, don't worry about me.
- I'm not worried about you.
- Oscar.
Good. Oscar, Oscar.
- So, I see you brought your friend.
- He's not my friend, he's my boyfriend.
Doctor! Good to see you.
- I'm extremely sorry, sir.
- Derek. Glad you could make it.
Thank you. Elaine. Hello.
So, how's everything going
with my portfolio?
Could not be better, sir.
In fact, we should get together
and play a round of golf
and I'll tell you all about it, every last detail.
- Happily.
- Great.
- Maybe Elaine would join us.
- Wonderful.
Make it a threesome.
- Elaine!
- Oh, Aunt Cynthia.
I'm so sorry about Uncle Edward.
- We're gonna miss him so much.
- And Jeff, sneakers.
He bought them for me.
He bought them for me.
Oh, gosh. Aunt Cynthia, this is Oscar.
I'm so sorry about the death.
- Oh, it's okay.
- Sorry.
Amazing grace...
How sweet the sound, yeah!
That saved a wretch like...
Very nice to see both of you.
- It's nice to see you, too, Aunt Cynthia.
- So sorry, ma'am, so sorry.
- Dad, Dad.
- Cynthia.

- Okay, so we need a plan.

- Yes, we do.

What is he doing?

- I love you.

- Oh, God.

Oh, my God.

Come on! Push, you pussy. Lard-ass.

- Did you just fart, old man?

- Put your butt in it.

- Hey.

- Oh, God.

I heard about the engagement, Elaine.

- How did you...

- Yeah, I did.

You know, I can't deal with you today.

Oh, don't.

But I have not told my dad yet,

and I would appreciate it

if you kept your mouth shut.

Okay. I'll do that for you.

What is he looking...

- Hey, Elaine, I... Could I...

- Oscar?

- Hey, baby.

- You didn't even let me finish.

My father was an exceptional man.

He was born in 1938.

Actually, there is something I'd like

to talk to you about, if you have a minute.

Yeah, sure.

Quit crying. You got snot all over

my collar and everything.

Man, not stairs.

What's wrong with the stairs?

Just get me up the stairs. Hurry up!

I got to take your old ass up these stairs?

Yeah, you got to take my old ass

up these stairs.

- So, you go to a lot of funerals?

- No, this is my first one.

I want our wedding to be like this.

You might meet the man of your

dreams at this one, huh?

Got to go to a funeral

and I got a crybaby here.

Come on.

This is a bit delicate.

When they gave out brains, man,
they left yours in the elevator, shit!

You know what, can this wait?

I think my uncle just got here,
and we're running a little late.

- Sure. It's fine.

- Do something, man!

Thanks a lot.

Told you about breathing on my neck, too.

Come on.

Hey, I got it. Sit down. I got it. You all right?

- I'm seeing double.

- Just sit down.

- Is that you, Derek?

- Sit down.

Hey, old-timer, how are you?

Hey, thanks a lot, thanks a lot.

- I need something to drink.

- Okay, thanks again. Yeah.

- Come on, Norman.

- Some Gatorade.

- Get up.

- I got to get my electrolytes up.

Could you kindly take your seats?

We'd like to begin the service.

- Watch out now.

- Okay.

Watch out now. Watch out now. I'm family.

God damn it. You got old people here.

- Hey.

- Nice legs there.

Family and friends,

we are gathered here to mourn

the passing of a fine man...

I'm sorry. I'm sorry about that.

...Edward Barnes.

Now, I'd like to begin...

Elaine, I know you don't think

I'm part of this family.

Because you're not, so be quiet.

Yeah, but when you dissed me back there,

I had Uncle Russell with me in the car.
You took my parking space.
I had to push him up a hill by myself.
We almost missed the service.
Norman, you poke me one more time,
I'm gonna kick your ass.
Threats, threats.
- What's going on?
- She took my parking spot, Aaron.
Parking spot? My father's dead. Act right.
"Then Jonathan and David made a covenant,
because he loved him as his own soul.
"And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe
that was upon him,
"and gave it to David, and his garments,
"even to his sword, and to his bow,
and to his girdle."
And now we'll hear a word from
Edward's son, Aaron, Ryan's older brother.
Only by a couple of months.
We was actually born the same year.
No fault of yours, Mama.
- Last chance.
- I got it. I got it.
Daddy's only gonna die once.
Good afternoon.
Or I guess just afternoon,
I mean, it couldn't possibly be that good.
My father was an exceptional man.
And he was born in 1938,
an exceptional year.
In 1938, the number one song
was Shortnin' Bread.
Some of you might remember it.
Mama's little baby love
shortnin', shortnin'
Mama's little baby love
shortnin' bread
Also in 1938, Time magazine's
Man of the Year was Adolf Hitler.
I bet you they wished
they could have that one back.
One thing my father loved to do
was watch the Discovery Channel.

I guess you could call my mother
a real "Shark Week" widow.

Anything to do with sharks
or wild boar or the dung beetle,
- this always fascinated him.

- Did you just see that?
- He really loved The Golden Girls.
- See what?

Blanche, Dorothy, and Rose.

- That coffin just moved.
- He especially loved it
- when The Golden Girls were syndicated...
- No, no, no.
- Elaine.

...it was on at least three times a day.

And sometimes I'd say,

"Dad, you wanna go out?" And he'd go...

He's alive. There's something alive in there.

- No, there's not...
- You have to tell, someone's moving...

The coffin's moving. I'm sorry.

- There's somebody in there.
- No, Oscar, sit. Please.

It's moving. I just saw it move.

- Someone's alive in there, trying to get out.
- Need some help?
- No, can't you see it?
- I'm fine.

What the hell is wrong with you people?

The coffin's moving.

Oscar, sit down.

- No, I just need to show you, he's alive.
- Elaine, do something.

No, no, I'm gonna show you.

I'm gonna show you. No, no.

- Get away from there.
- Oscar!
- Oh, my God. Ryan! No! No!
- Do something!

Hey! Hey!

The body!

- Cynthia! Cynthia!
- Mama.

No, I'm gonna help, I got to help him.

- No, no!
- Wait a minute! Wait!
He's gonna die!
Aaron, you the oldest.
Go see what the fuck is going on.
Okay, I will.
Hey!
Jeff.
I'm not all the way comfortable with this.
Come on!
I'm too old for this shit.
- When is this funeral gonna happen?
- It's gonna happen later, honey.
- Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
- I just...
- Oh, my God.
- Hey!
- What the fuck was that?
- Aaron.
- No, no.
- Aaron, I'm so sorry.
- You need to understand that this is...
- You sorry? You sorry?
My father's sprawled out on the floor
like fucking Screamin' Jay Hawkins,
- but it's okay, because you're sorry!
- I'm so...
- The coffin was moving. I...
- Is he talking to me?
- Talking to me?
- Oscar. Oscar, honey, shut up.
- You talking to me?
- Please, for a second.
No, he's not talking to you.
Listen to me, Aaron. Go back inside.
Aaron, no. I will explain later.
Yeah, yeah, can make it up to me
at my father's next funeral!
- Baby.
- No, no, no, no, no.
I will not have sex with you right now!
- I wasn't going to ask you that.
- I'm sorry, what were you gonna ask me?
- Is everything okay?

- No.
- You just...
- No.
- Michelle, I'm sorry.
- No, it's okay.
- I'm gonna kill him. I'll kill him.
- It's okay.
You fucking moron!
- Dad, Dad! Leave it alone, please, please!
- Leave it alone?
I can't believe you brought this maniac.
I never want to see him again.
This isn't what Oscar's normally like,
you know that.
He just took some medication and he's...
- Medication?
- I gave him a Valium
- and he's having a very bad reaction to it.
- Valium? That is not a Valium high.
Your mother was on Valium for 40 years
and she never knocked over a coffin.
- Dad, stop it.
- This is not over.
You're gonna pay for that, I promise you!
- Thanks, Jeff.
- No problem, cuz.
People, allow me to extend my apologies.
But everything is now being
put back into its proper place,
so, please, enjoy the refreshments.
The catfish nuggets are to die for.
We'll let you know
when we're ready to continue.
Let's just burn him and get it over with.
- I'm gonna go have a smoke.
- All right.
Hey. That must have been horrible for you.
Maybe we should go outside, get some air?
Hey, bigshot. I read your last book there.
- Black Hurt.
- That's cool. Thanks, Uncle Russ.
I'm not giving you a compliment,
you arrogant bastard.
What a load of bullshit.

I wouldn't wipe my ass with it.
- Hey, Aaron. Yo, you all right, man?
- I'm holding up.
Yeah. That was heavy-duty,
the way your father
fell out his coffin like a dead fish.
He was like... I was like, "Damn!" Man.
Not now, Norman.
- I got to go somewhere, okay?
- You're right. I'm sorry.
Hey, Aaron. But, you know, it's just scary.
You never know when your room
is gonna be ready. You never know.
When your room is ready,
your room is ready.
And I'm like scared
because I got this rash on my wrist,
and I don't know
where it's coming from and...
I know it ain't Chlamydia.
I know what that look like, but this is
something different and I'm just scared.
- I don't know, man.
- Well, just show it to Uncle Duncan.
He's a doctor.
You know something,
Uncle Duncan, you're right.
Maybe we're standing still
and the coffin's moving.
- No, no, it's not...
- No, nothing...
Listen to me, the coffin moved.
- I saw it move.
- No, Oscar, it wasn't...
- God, Elaine, am I losing my mind?
- No, you're not losing your mind, honey.
- Why are my hands so big?
- Oscar. Look at me. Focus.
Elaine, I love this game.
Okay, good.
Because I have to tell you something.
Okay. What is it, my love?
Remember that Valium
that I gave you earlier?

Yes.

Well, it turns out that it wasn't really Valium.

Not completely.

- Did you just hear me?

- Hello? Hello?

- Am I going blind in here?

- Oh, God.

I promise.

I promise.

Hey, Uncle Duncan! Miss Cynthia, Michelle.

I got this thing on my hand
and it's been there for weeks,
and I was just wondering
what you think it might be.

I'm not...

Look, you probably should see
a dermatologist, Norman.

- I'm going out to get some air.

- Okay.

I mean... Why? I don't have
sickle cell anaemia or nothing, right?

No, it looks like a pigment mutation.

A pigment mutation?

You mean like the Incredible Hulk
or something?

I can't be turning green out there.

I'm a black man, I'm sensitive,

I'd be turning green over every little thing.

I can see it now.

Me getting mail from child support,

"That not Hulk baby.

"Hulk take blood tests on Maury Povich."

You're probably just allergic to something.

Maybe shellfish or nuts.

- Nuts? Well, what nut mutates?

- I don't know. Now excuse me.

Somebody gave me hypoallergenic drugs?

- It's a form of hallucinogenic.

- Hagucilenic.

- Elaine, Elaine, did you tell him?

- I just did.

- How you feeling, big guy?

- I've been drugged.

Yeah, not, no, yeah.

- Yeah, yeah, a little bit. Hey, listen...

- I've been drugged by you.

- You fool!

- Wait, Oscar!

- Let him go! Oh, my God.

- How long does it last?

Elaine, he's incredibly strong right now.

- I know, and I'm sorry.

- How long does it last?

- Like eight hours?

- Eight hours, fuck!

Babe, what are you doing?

I'm gonna be sick.

- Jeffrey, this is all your fault.

- This is your fault. You gave it to him.

Shit.

Baby, slow down.

Hey, Elaine. What's going on?

- What are you doing? You following me?

- Not now, Derek!

Hey!

- Sorry. You all right?

- Are you okay?

- Oh, shit.

- Oscar!

Excuse me, everyone, he's gonna be sick.

Oscar, sweetie, slow down!

- Oscar! Oscar!

- Oscar!

Oscar, no! Don't go in there!

Oscar! Oscar, out!

In here, there's a bathroom here. Oh, God.

- Jeez! Oscar.

- Get back.

What are you doing?

Get back or I will blow your head off.

- Get your hands up!

- Are you...

Hands up!

Oscar, baby.

- Are you kidding me? Open this door, baby.

- Easy, big fellow.

- Honey.

- Oh, shit.

You're locked in, so, please,
- unlock the door, okay?
- Oh, shit.
- Elaine? I can't find the pill bottle.
- Can you just...
Oh, shit.
- Oscar, open the door.
- Lasts up to eight hours.
- Open the door.
- Perfect.
- Oscar, open the door, sweetie.
- It's already been five minutes.
- That's good.
- Damn it!
Motherfucker! Five minutes? Oh, shit!
- Shit, shit, shit, shit!
- What's going on?
- Oscar, open the door, please.
- You know what,
why don't you go get something to eat?
We're gonna start pretty soon. Yeah.
Grief does strange things to people,
doesn't it?
- Yeah.
- Lf you remember,
there's something I would like
to talk to you about.
- Could we just do this...
- Is there someplace private we could go?
Cocksuckers!
This is lovely.
- So Edward.
- I know.
You're writing a novel?
Yeah, that's mine.
- Sorry.
- Just like your brother.
Actually, I was writing before my brother.
I got a couple of pieces published in Jet.
One about hypertension.
That was a while back, though,
and now I'm working mainly
as a tax accountant.
Well, then, you must be very proud of Ryan.

Getting all of his novels published.

Yeah. Pretty proud.

What did you wanna talk about?

Your father and I were very close.

- That's nice, that's nice.

- Spent a lot of time together.

Okay, well, you know, Dad was a fun guy.

I have some photos I want to show you.

Few snaps of us.

That's me and your dad at

Venice Beach, Muscle Beach.

And here we are in West Hollywood,
at the Halloween parade.

I don't know if you've ever been,
but what a spectacle that is.

Oscar.

How'd you get in here?

And here we are at the premiere
of Dreamgirls.

I was dressed as Deena

and your father just had to be Effie.

So, how exactly did you know my father?

No. No.

You think you can come in here
and just slander my dad's name
by showing me a couple of pictures
of you guys going to see Dreamgirls?

So what? I've seen Dreamgirls
two, three times.

Doesn't mean I'm gay.

Steppin' to the bad side

Gonna be a mean ride

- What's that prove?

- I'm sorry.

I guess he would've told you himself,
but he wasn't sure how you'd react.

Does my mother know?

No. And there's no reason she has to.

Just as long as I get what's owed to me.

Excuse me? What's owed to you?

Well, I deserve something.

Your father and I were lovers

and he left me absolutely nothing in his will.

How do you think that makes me feel?

I don't know and I don't care.
I will tell you how it makes me feel. Cheap.
- Like some cheap piece of ass.
- What do you want?
What I want is a lot,
but I'm not asking you for what I want.
- I deserve \$30,000.
- \$30,000?
Are you smoking meth?
I'm not giving you \$30,000.
I'm trying to buy a house!
I'm trying to have a kid!
I can't give you \$30,000!
Now, listen, your father made me
a promise to take care of me.
I made certain sacrifices to keep him happy.
Now, I don't want to,
but I will show these photos to your mother.
Do you really want me to do that?
Shit!
Wait here.
Okay.
Oh, Aaron.
I was just telling George here how
when we were boys together,
your father used to make us
all go skinny-dipping.
- Isn't that funny?
- Hilarious.
- Well, maybe your husband will know.
- Wait! Wait! Aaron! Aaron!
Sometime today?
Anything I can do to help?
No, I'm fine, thank you.
Oscar, please.
Say, Elaine, what are you doing
after the funeral?
I got Usher tickets, front row, Staples Center.
You don't have Usher tickets.
Well, no, not yet,
but I can get them like that.
You know what? Derek, please, go away.
You don't deserve her!
He doesn't.

I'm gonna go find Norman.
So, you've never been to New York?
I've been, with my parents once.
Now, that's not seeing New York.
You got to come visit. Just hang out.
- When's your birthday?
- I turned 18 last week.
Yeah. Well, that's my favourite number, girl.
You know, I want you
to get yourself on a bus
and come visit me in New York this year.
Can you do that?
For me?
All right. Yeah.
Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.
And I got all kind of snacks for you.
- Really?
- You like Sugar Daddies?
- Ryan, Ryan, I need to talk to you.
- Gummi bears...
- Ryan, I need to talk...
- Aaron, not now.
- I really need to talk to you.
- Aaron, give me five minutes, okay?
Bro, I'm grieving here.
Martina, could you excuse us?
We've really got to talk about something.
Hey, SpongeBob is on.
All right, talk to you later.
What are you doing?
Remember the guy that came by
a little earlier, that we didn't recognise?
- Dude in the leather jacket.
- Yeah, well,
he came by the study, and he showed me
some pictures of him and Dad.
So? So, he showed you some pictures,
- what's wrong with that?
- Pictures of him and Dad together.
- So, we playing 20 questions now or what?
- He was Dad's lover.
- No, man. No, no, no, no.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, the guy's name is Frank.
He showed me some pictures

of him and Dad doing stuff.

You telling me our father was
on the downlow?

- Way down low.

- Hell no.

I don't believe that. My father's not gay.

Matter of fact, he's so straight,

he makes me seem gay.

And I ain't fucking gay.

Daddy!

I ain't know he did yoga.

Look. He got the wheelbarrow.

- Thanks.

- I just don't get it.

- Thanks.

- I just don't get it.

I don't know what she sees in that poser

that she doesn't see in me.

- Seems serious, don't it?

- Of course it is, it's my life.

I've only been sleeping

like eight hours a night, man.

- I'm at my wit's end.

- What?

- No, dude.

- Yeah?

- Me. Pigment mutation?

- Right.

Well, maybe it's the tiglio,

that thing Michael Jackson had on his balls.

I don't know what Michael Jackson had

on his balls.

- Okay.

- You asking me,

like I was down there or something.

- Hey. Try this cake. It might have nuts in it.

- So?

Elaine's dad said I might just be allergic
to nuts.

So, don't eat nuts.

Put the fork down. Don't eat it.

That's what I do when I'm stressed. I eat.

You ain't gonna eat

when your hand falls off, papa.

Just try the cake for me.
See if it has nuts in it, please?
Elaine's driving me crazy,
and you're not helping.
Hey, fathead. Quit slopping down food
for a second. Make me a plate.
I'm gonna wash my hands,
and make you a dynamite plate.
I know you like hot sauce
on your collard greens. That's...
Come here to papa.
Uncle Russell.
Have you seen a little pill,
pill bottle with some Valium in it?
- Is that a yes or...
- God, don't scare me like that.
Shit tastes like it got nuts in it. Shit.
- I'm sure we'll start again soon.
- Dr Barnes! Dr Barnes!
- Let's go back inside.
- Soon. I just need a moment alone.
Just one minute.
- Dr Barnes, just one quick...
- Excuse me.
How you doing, Miss Cynthia?
- You look good.
- Thank you.
You hanging in there?
Your macaroni is superb.
Six different cheeses.
He looked good in that box.
The rigor mortis set in well.
You know, except for that left hand.
You might just wanna throw an oven mitt
or something on there. Yeah.
The suit he got on is magnificent, you know.
Looked like Colin Powell.
Looked just like a Republican.
But did you check the shoes?
'Cause sometimes they take the shoes
right off their feet in the funeral home, right?
- Especially if they're gators.
- Norman. Just...
- Excuse me.

- Sorry, Miss Cynthia.
Jesus Christ!
Somebody dropped they pills.
If we don't get him the money right now,
he's gonna start showing Mom the pictures.
- Let me think. All right? Let me think.
- Think, think.
- You gonna have to pay him, then.
- That's your big idea?
I'm gonna have to pay him?
Where's your money?
Don't you have a savings or a nest egg?
A damn piggy bank?
Aaron, I'm in debt up to my ass.
I'm broke, man. It's "Hammertime," okay?
If I don't get some money soon,
I'm gonna have to do a damn reality show.
Okay, so, I gotta pay for the funeral,
the catering, and all this other shit,
and now I gotta pull \$30,000 out of my ass?
- You know, he's your dad, too.
- Yeah, but you the oldest.
- By nine months, as you love to point out.
- Doesn't matter.
Besides, you been living off
of Mom and Dad long enough.
You must've saved some money.
What? You haven't paid rent in a long time.
Hey, hey, I've been living with them,
not off them.
And Dad's been retired for five years.
Who do you think's been paying
all these bills?
Well, if we both got money issues,
what can we do? Fuck him! Fuck...
Fuck him, Aaron. Fuck him.
Pay the man. Just pay him.
- Are you okay there, friend?
- Hey, fuck no.
My nephew's dead, and the little bastards
ate all the potato salad. Shit.
Listen, I think we're just about ready
to start that service again.
Just five more minutes, please, please.

Just five. Five.

Hey, hey, baby, what's going on?

Is everything okay?

No, we're not gonna be able to move out
as soon as we hoped. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Wait. Listen to me.

Hello? What are you talking about?

You know I wouldn't have said it
unless I had a good reason.

- Okay, fine, so what's the reason?

- Aaron, we don't have time right now.

Aaron, listen,

I am trying to be understanding,
but you have some explaining to do.

And I mean it!

Just a little more time, okay?

Hey, hey, hey, hey,

that's not supposed to be read yet.

- Well, it was on the coffee table.

- And what's that supposed to mean?

Well, when someone leaves something

on a coffee table,

it's assumed it's for everybody.

That's pretty standard.

Those are coffee table rules.

- Can we get to the point here?

- Fine by me.

So, I write the cheque,

you give us the photos,

and you stay away from our mother.

- Is that the deal?

- Deal.

Okay.

- What's your last name?

- Lovett.

With two "Ts."

- Lovett.

- Is that your first one?

- What?

- The novel. It's a first draft.

- Yeah. Yeah, yeah, so?

- No, nothing.

I tried writing once.

Didn't work for me, either.

I think it's like a gift.
Either you have it or you don't.
Must be hard for you, though.
I mean, your brother
being a bestselling author and all.
Your father and I read Rhonda's Tiny Box
cover to cover together.
We loved it. He was so proud of you.
Well, thank you. I guess.
- That's it. I can't do it.
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, Aaron. Aaron, no, no.
What are you doing?
There is no way in the world I'm giving
this guy my hard-earned money. No.
Hey, don't be stupid, okay?
Now, I'll pay you back
as soon as my advance comes in.
He picks today,
the day of our father's funeral.
And then on top of that,
he insults my book? No! No!
- But he got pictures.
- So what? I don't give a fuck what he's got.
He can show them to the world.
He can put them on Facebook for all I care.
Who the fuck does he think he is?
Fine. But this is on your head.
Whoa, whoa. Hold on.
Hold on now, hold on.
Okay, you need to back off.
- No, no, no. Let's discuss this for a minute.
- There is nothing to discuss.
- No, don't...
- I said back off, buddy!
You gonna bring a gat to a funeral?
Now, nobody got to get capped. Nobody...
- Get his gun! Get his gun!
- He ain't got no damn gun.
- You got any rope? Any duct tape?
- Hey, what do I look like, a serial killer?
I don't just keep rope and duct tape
in my pocket.
- I can't see nothing. There you go.
- Help! Help!

- Hey, use your tie!
- My tie, my tie?
- What the fuck am I gonna do with my tie?
- Stuff it in his mouth.
All right, first key... First key to war
is to cut off communication.
All right, now, grab that curtain thing.
Hurry up. Grab the curtain thing.
Tie his legs. Come on, Aaron, damn!
- Feel like I'm in a fucking rodeo!
- Yeah, yeah. Okay, now get his hands. Shit.
God damn. Strong, ain't he?
Damn it, do I gotta do everything?
Everything but write a fucking cheque!
You know what was in that cake?
What's going on? Who's that dude?
Norman, come in and shut the damn door.
Come on, Aaron, tie it.
- What's happening?
- He having a seizure.
- Damn!
- Yeah, yeah.
You know what?
I just found some Valium outside.
- You think this will calm him down?
- Good. Yeah, yeah, give him some.
- Okay. All right.
- Come on.
Put this jacket under his head
so he don't bite down
on his tongue.
I learned that procedure
at Boys and Girls High School.
- Come on.
- Here, buddy, this'll make you feel calm.
- Open up, open up.
- There you go.
- Right there. Yes, yes, baby.
- Open up, open up.
- Yeah.
- Look at that. You gonna be fine, my friend.
- Did you guys happen to see a little...
- Come, come in, Jeff, come in.
Norman, I told you to lock the damn door.

You said, "Shut the damn door," Ryan!

- What's... What's going on?

- He's having a seizure.

- Yeah. So, why is he all tied up?

- We don't want him to swallow his tongue.

No. That's part of the medical procedure.

Oh, God.

He's blackmailing you? Over what?

If I could tell you,
it wouldn't be blackmail, now, would it?

Hey, look, just trust us. He's the bad guy.
Okay? We'll explain it to you later.

Yeah, well, what are we gonna do with him?

Yeah, what are we gonna do, Ryan?

Now that you've jumped his ass?

- I don't know. Okay? You think, people.

- You're the big writer.

Why don't you write something
where we all live happily ever after?

- How long's that Valium gonna last?

- Valium? What... What Valium?

I found a bottle of Valium,
so we gave him a few,
thinking it would calm him down.

You gave him a few of these? Oh, shit.

- What?

- What?

See...

I just gave him a few Valium.
I found them on the ground outside.

All right, see, here's the story.
All right. Everybody calling
these little guys here Valium,
- they're wrong, 'cause it's not Valium.

- Yeah, and?

It's more like acid mixed with acid,
which is acid.

And Oscar took one earlier by mistake,
which is why he's been acting all crazy.

Jeff, what are you doing with that stuff?

I just whipped up a simple batch for a friend.

- What friend, Amy Winehouse?

- Wait. Wait a minute.

You telling us that Elaine's boyfriend,

old boy
who knocked over our father's coffin,
- only had one of those things?
- Yeah. One.
- Oh, shit.
- Shit's right.
- And you gave him how many?
- About four or five.
Four or five? Jesus, Norman!
That poor bastard.
- I thought they were Valium.
- Look, you at a ten, I need you at a two.
Jeff, I thought they were Valium.
- But five?
- Yes.
I mean, I wouldn't give somebody
five cough drops.
See, that's 'cause the wave cap is too tight.
Okay, okay,
maybe we should call an ambulance.
If anyone finds out
that this guy's been force-fed acid,
we could all be arrested. TMZ, here I come.
- Could he die?
- Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!
- What?
- Could he die?
No! Crazy. Maybe.
A little bit. Possibly. It depends.
Aaron? Ryan, honey?
Are you in there, baby?
We need to get things started.
Ma, we'll be right out.
Okay, look, look, look.
We gotta go out there, okay?
We gotta buy some time
until we figure this out.
You two stay here and watch him.
What you mean, us stay here and watch...
Norman, just make sure
he doesn't escape, okay?
Just lock the door behind us.
This is all your fault.
You and your chemistry set, man.

- Ever since the ninth grade...

- Shut up, Norman.

Hey, Mom. How's it going?

Reverend Davis wants to talk
to the two of you.

- Aaron, where's your tie?

- I'm looking for it.

Now, look, I have been patient,
but I'm about done with patience.

If we don't resume this funeral pretty soon,
we gonna have to have a little conversation
about my compensation.

Sure. Could I get five more minutes?

Why are you making me
go through this again?

- Just hear me out, okay?

- Listen...

The only reason you won't go out with me

- is 'cause your dad likes me.

- No! Lt...

- Can you... Can I get some help, please?

- Good Lord, your skin's so supple...

- Can you stop that?

- Okay.

The real reason why I don't wanna go out
with you is because it was a mistake before.

We had a couple of intense months,

- but then I realised that we just...

- Not fair, not true. We had a lot of fun. We...

- I bought you a watch, right?

- Here.

- Why?

- Take it.

What about our first night together?

After Norman's party?

- That was amazing. Transcendent.

- I was so drunk.

You could've been a donkey for all I knew.

- Thank you.

- It's not a compliment, Derek! You know...

Go away. Go away.

You still think about me though, don't you?

Don't say anything.

What is wrong with him?

It's beautiful.

There's still no potato salad.

There's still no potato salad.

- Hey, Uncle Russell.

- Hey, hey.

No, you... That belongs to this lady.

You don't wanna eat that.

She don't need it. It's mine now.

What's your problem, son?

It's women.

Women are my problem, Uncle Russell.

No such thing as having a woman
without a problem.

- Right.

- Lf they didn't have problems,
- they wouldn't let us touch them.

- Right.

Yeah. Let me tell you something
about women.

Smarter than you think they are,
but not nearly as smart
as they think they are.

Sweet bitches.

Yeah. I don't get it.

She acts like I don't exist.

I can't believe she doesn't feel the way I do.

- She's just playing hard to get.

- Right.

- She wants you to work for it a bit.

- Okay.

A woman wants a man who can control her.

- Yeah, you think so? Is that what it is?

- You walk up to her, and you shake her.

- Shake her?

- Yeah.

- You want me to shake her?

- Not shaking her hasn't worked, has it?

- Yeah, okay.

- You shake her, and you kiss her.

I just don't know if that'll go over so well.

- Man.

- What's up?

I gotta take a shit.

Man, just when I had my potato...

Hey, hey, hey, Norman! I gotta take a crap!

- Look at his eyes. That doesn't look normal.
- He looks like a zombie.

Hello?

- Hello?
- Hello.
- I need the toilet, open up!
- Go deal with him.

Open the door.

- Can't you use the one upstairs?
- I'm in a wheelchair, you fucking idiot!

How am I supposed to get up the goddamn stairs?

- What are we gonna do?
- I don't know.
- Open the fucking door!
- Let's put him behind the couch.

Shit. Man, I need the toilet. Open up.

Norman!

- Open the goddamn door!
- Just a minute. I'm trying to find the key.

I need the toilet, you fat bastard.

- Sorry, sorry.
- I'm just going across the room to get the key, Uncle Russell.

So you could use the bathroom, 'cause I know you gotta doo-doo.

Now open the fucking door!

Shit! Damn it.

What the hell is going on here?

Uncle Russell.

Get your ass out here.

Uncle Russell nothing, man. Shit.

Come on, Aaron, think.

- I'm thinking, I'm thinking.
- Well, you know what?
- Stop thinking and do something.
- Why do I gotta do something?
- You the one that tied him up.
- Well, somebody had to look out for Mama.

I been looking out for Mom since you got your book deal, you pompous piece of shit.

You just can't get over it, can you?

You burning with jealousy, all because I left
and did what you always wanted to do?

I couldn't just leave my family.

I got Mom, I got Dad, I got a wife.

I got all sorts of responsibilities.

Don't put it off on responsibility.

You spent three years on a novel,
and you won't let anybody read it.

What you gonna do? Wait until you're dead?

What you think you're gonna be,
the Tupac of books? Makaveli?

At least I'm not some hack writing
a bunch of crap, Mr Mama's Secret.

The secret is it sucks.

Mr Black Hurt, it hurts to read that shit.

Mr No Ink. Mr Blank Page.

Ain't nothing there. Ain't nothing there.

At least my shit gets published.

That's what it's about,
just getting published?

- Don't put your hand on me, Aaron.

- I'll put my hand on you.

- Don't touch me, man.

- I'll put my hand upside you.

- Is that what you...

- I'm a hands-on motherfucker.

What you wanna do, punch me?

Punch me in the face?

No. Why would I do that
when I could do this?

- Here, look. How does that feel?

- My ball. My ball.

I'm telling Mom.

- I'm telling Mom.

- No, no.

Don't you tell Mama! Don't you tell Mama!

- Aaron, you wrong.

- I got your black hurt.

- I got your...

- Aaron.

- Go! Not now!

- What is going on?

- Get a brick or something.

- Why are you acting like this?

- Get off me. Tell her.
- Tell me what?
- What?
- Come here.

Remember the guy with the leather jacket?

Of course, yeah, your father's friend.

Okay, I don't know how to tell you this, but it looks like him and Dad were...

Were being intimate.

- They were having sex, Michelle.
- No.
- Yeah.
- No. With him? Are you sure?
- I mean, maybe he's here making the...
- We're sure.

And what makes things worse

- is now this guy wants \$30,000.
- \$30,000?

Or else he's gonna start showing pictures of them doing stuff.

- Stuff? Like what kind of stuff?
- Sex stuff.

Oh, my!

- Okay.
- Quickly!
- I got a goddamn torpedo coming down.
- Wait a minute!

Get my pants.

Get my... Take my pants down!

- You do that by yourself!
- No. How can I? I'm incapable!

I'm goddamn handicapped!

My drawers, my drawers.

- Don't leave me here...
- No, who calls them drawers?

My drawers! My drawers! Come on!

Am I there? Come on. Shit.

Wait a minute.

- That's the snake in my mouth.
- Wait a minute! Wait a minute!
- No! No! My hand is stuck!
- How you get your hand...
- I love these padded seats.
- No! No, my hand is stuck!

No, Uncle Russell! Please!

Please come off. Please come off, man.

How does something like that happen?

Oh, my...

Norman. Norman!

Jeff, please, get me a towel. Please.

- What?

- You missed a spot.

No! No! No! Please, God. No!

- Norman. Norman, calm down. Calm down.

- No! No!

I think I got some of it in my mouth.

Norman! Pull yourself together!

Would you rather be shitty-mouthed
or get caught? Think.

You right, you right.

I'm gonna get myself together.

Everything is copastetic. I'm gonna forget
about the poop in my mouth.

- I'm just gonna hold my breath for a second.

- It never was there, never was there.

- Shit.

- Oh, no.

How the... How the... How the fuck did he...

- Check him.

- Hey, hey, hey. Hey, buddy?

Hey. Are you okay, man?

Oh, shit.

- Hey, buddy.

- Check him.

- You okay?

- Wake up. Come on, wake up, little buddy.

- What's his name?

- I don't know.

- Larry, try Larry.

- Larry?

Shake him.

- Hey, hey, Larry?

- Come on.

- Yo, Larry?

- Maybe it's not Larry.

Try another one. Bert, Ernie, I don't know,
Big Bird, whatever.

I'm gonna check to see if he's breathing,

'cause that's what people
do when they're alive, right?
I'm gonna check to make sure he's
breathing, 'cause he's gotta be breathing.
Lord Jesus, please let him be breathing.
He's not breathing.

- Shit.

- What?

He's dead.

We're just gonna give this
guy half the money we saved.

- It's not quite that simple.

- Well, why not?

Aaron refused to pay.

- Well, how come you couldn't pay, Ryan?

- That's not the point.

Besides, the only reason
Aaron tore up the cheque
is because little man was talking shit
about his novel.

- Hey, hey, hey, hey, no.

- Wait. What?

Your novel?

You won't let me read your novel,
but you let that guy read your novel?

- I didn't let him.

- Really?

Really, Aaron? Really?

Thanks a lot.

Let her go. She'll get over it.

Hey. At least that white guy finally got
what he deserved.

Let me get this straight.

Our father was having gay sex
with a guy that could fit in his pocket,
and you're mad 'cause he's white?

I don't give a fuck 'cause...

Leave me be. I'm grieving.

Grieving.

Hey, hi.

What the fuck is he doing now?

Norman. Why are you grinning
like Louis Armstrong?

Aaron, Ryan,

could you please come to the study?

Smells like shit.

Excuse me.

What? Wait a minute, wait a minute.

Somebody call an ambulance.

Get an... Get an ambulance.

It's... It's... There's no point.

What do you mean, there's no point?

I mean, look at him, Aaron. He's dead.

You mean, like dead dead?

- Is there any other kind of dead, Aaron?

- What did y'all do to him?

- We didn't do nothing.

- Well, you must've done something.

When we left, he was alive,

and I was expecting to find him that way
when I got back.

He got in a fight with the table
and the table won.

- This is really bad.

- Yeah.

- Guys, what are we gonna do?

- About 25 to life.

I think I have somewhere else to be
right now.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

Ryan, I can't go to jail. I'm not jail type.

You know how fast a rash spreads
in prison?

Cut that shit out.

No one here knows who this guy is.

Nobody knows his name.

They probably didn't even notice him.

Didn't notice him? He's four fucking feet tall.

All we gotta do is get rid of the body.

- It'll be like he came and left.

- What are you gonna do,

put it on Craigslist?

Takes me two months to get rid of a couch!

Wait.

Did anybody see the size
of Uncle Edward's coffin?

You wanna bury him with our father?

I mean, why not?

It's not like anybody's gonna notice.

- Come on.

- Wait a minute.

You gotta admit it makes sense, Aaron.

I mean, think about it.

The coffin's here, the hole's in the ground.

I mean, unless you got a better suggestion,
big bro.

I say we bury the motherfucker.

It's funny. No matter what you say

or how many times you say it,

I'm still convinced

that we're gonna wind up together.

Well, we all make mistakes, don't we?

Elaine, I'm serious.

You only live once. All right?

So, you might as well do whatever it is

that's gonna make you the most happy.

Maybe I found something outside of myself

that I truly care about.

And maybe you should, too, Derek.

And I'm not talking about my father

or his money.

Well, that's just...

That's just downright cold.

- I care about you, Elaine.

- You don't, Derek. You care about you.

You care about me in relation to

how I affect you.

Not true, Elaine. I deserve you. I do.

- Get over yourself.

- I'm serious.

What is it about this guy?

What does he have that I don't?

Not success, right? Right?

Well, for one thing, he's caring.

- Come on.

- You wouldn't cross a room

to help somebody in need,

- and that's all Oscar ever does.

- Come on.

He helps people. He's considerate.

- He's thoughtful. He's stable.

- Yeah?

He's a bunch of things
that you will never be.

- Like naked on the roof.

- What?

Boy.

Oh, my God! Oscar!

Listen to me,

I should've done this hours ago.

What are you doing?

- I don't know, but come here.

- Stop it! No!

- Elaine? Oh, God.

- Get off me!

- Elaine!

- Oh, my God!

- Seriously.

- Oscar!

Oscar, it's okay. What are you doing?

- Could've had something beautiful, Elaine...

- Oscar!

...but you had to ruin it.

Not even bleeding. You hit like a girl.

Oscar! What are you doing?

- What am I doing?

- What are you doing?

- I saw you kissing him.

- No!

- No, I wasn't kissing him!

- Yes, I just saw it.

- You just kissed him!

- No, I didn't kiss him,

- I swear to you.

- One more thing, Elaine.

- You're a cheater.

- Shut up and get out of here!

She cheated on me. I'm gonna jump.

- No! Honey! Honey, please, calm down.

- That's it. I'm gonna go talk to Norman.

You guys are perfect for each other.

- You have drugs in your system.

- I'm gonna jump.

Oscar. No!

Oscar, get back here! Honey, please!

- I'm gonna jump.

- Oscar, you're gonna hurt yourself.
Oscar! Oh, my God!
- Oscar, are you okay?
- I'm fine, I'm okay.
Look at all you ants. Shit.
Shit, this is high up. Jesus Christ.
So, how we gonna get him to the coffin?
What about that Louis Vuitton bag
you brought?
We could fit two of him in there.
You know, Aaron, this ain't about us. Okay?
Come on, y'all, think.
- We should smuggle him in the laundry bag.
- Wow.
Like they do in the prison movies.
- Norman, it's Derek, let me in.
- Shit!
- All right, let's put him in the bathroom.
- Norman!
- Hold on!
- Norman.
Hold on! I'm trying to find my pants!
- What pants?
- Hold on!
Man, open the door. It's an emergency.
- Norman, please, let me in.
- Shit.
What the hell? Aaron?
What the hell's Uncle Russell doing
in the toilet?
- He had to go!
- I don't care, not in there, not now.
- What the hell's wrong with you?
- That's how I got old man poop...
Aaron? Open the door. Let me in.
- Hey, hey.
- Hey, Aaron.
I gotta talk to Norman right now.
Yeah, I'm here. What's up?
Hey, man, it's Oscar.
He went crazy. He's up...
- The hell's going on in here?
- Nothing. What?
It's Oscar, man. He went crazy.

He's up on the roof, stark naked.

He saw me kissing Elaine

and now he's threatening to jump.

- You were kissing Elaine?

- Yeah, I told you she was in love with me.

- Shit!

- What?

I gotta... I gotta go.

- Whoa, hold up. Where you going, big boy?

- Ry, Ry, if he jumps,
my sister's gonna kill me.

You know I wouldn't jump ship,
but I gotta go. Aaron, I'm out.

Shit! I gotta go. Lock up. Don't kill anybody.

- She's cheating on me! That girl right there.

- Please, come down, baby.

- I'm gonna jump now.

- Oscar. Oscar, what are you doing?

- She cheated on me!

- Oscar.

I didn't do anything! He kissed me!

Oscar! Try to get down.

Please, come down, baby.

- I don't want you to hurt yourself.

- I saw you kissing him,
cheating on me right in front of me.

What was that?

- Can we just talk about it in here?

- Cheater, cheater, Derek eater,
had a dada, something, something.

- Oscar, please!

You be quiet, Jezebel!

Cheaters never win, winners never cheat.

- I'm coming up.

- No, ma'am.

You don't wanna come back inside,

- so I'm coming up.

- Elaine, this is a man's job!

- You can't... Don't come up here!

- Don't do that! What are you doing?

- Elaine. Elaine!

- You come up here, I'm jumping.

One more step, I'm...

I'm jumping off this roof.

- Elaine!
- Elaine.
- Elaine!
- Don't come up here! I'm gonna jump.
What are you doing? Elaine!
- Hey.
- Hey!
- God, what are you doing now?
- Hey, hey, hey.
I think I can get rid of this guy,
but I need you to stay out here
and make sure that nobody comes in, okay?
Okay, fine, fine, fine. I'll do what I can.
- But, listen, you owe me.
- Okay.
- Big time.
- Okay, okay, all the sperm you want.
- All the sperm you want.
- Yeah, please.
- Don't.
- All the sperm I want. All the sperm I want.
Okay.
- Who is it?
- It's Aaron.
Who do you think it is? Open the door.
Everybody's outside.
We gotta move this body right now.
- Well, let's do it.
- Let's go for it.
- Let me get my arms up.
- Come on. Come on.
- You got that?
- Be gentle, be gentle.
Just because he's dead
don't mean he can't bruise.
- He's small, but he's heavy as shit.
- You turn him around this way.
- Come on. You go first.
- Be careful with his head.
- All right.
- Be careful with his head.
I wish Dad would've picked a smaller guy.
Quick.
Quick.

You got it. Come on.

- Make sure no one comes in.

- Okay.

Hey there, young fellow.

- Hey, Reverend!

- You think I can find a phone somewhere?

There's something I wanna ask you.

At what age did you decide

to get your church on?

Watch out, watch out, watch out, watch out.

- I really need to use the phone.

- That's cool.

- Was there one inside here?

- No, there's no one inside there,

but I need to make a confession.

- I'm not a priest.

- That's all right, 'cause I'm not a Catholic!

It's just that, I know that I've been touched

in some religious fashion.

I'm addicted to strip clubs.

The smell, the pole, the stretch marks,

the C-section scars.

I didn't know nothing about whip cream.

Nothing! I didn't even... 'Cause I'm diabetic,

so if I eat whip cream in the wrong place,

I'm gonna break out.

- Got him?

- Got him.

We can't just leave him like this.

Well, in a strange way,

this might be what he wanted.

Come on, man.

You can't be serious for one damn second?

Just forget it, man.

That's just more Ryan bullshit.

Why you gotta say shit like that?

Why don't you try laughing, enjoying life?

Be spontaneous for once.

It might make you a better writer.

- You done?

- Yeah, I'm done.

Let's do this.

Just this light came down on me,

and there was angels,

- but they were dressed like strippers.
- Look, look,
I really need to make a phone call.
There's a man outside on the roof
- and he's about to jump.
- Don't worry about it.
- He gonna be jumping for joy after I get...
- Wait, wait, hey!
But, Reverend, I haven't finished telling you.
- I met Shalawnda in the strip club.
- Let's pray.
Bye, Dad.
- Oscar...
- Don't come any closer,
- or I'm gonna jump off this roof.
- I love you. I only love you.
- What were you doing with him, then?
- I wasn't with him.
- I saw you kissing him passionately.
- He kissed me!
It doesn't matter. I'll never be good enough.
- That's not true.
- I'll never be good enough for your father.
- I'm never gonna be good enough for you.
- Baby, come inside, please.
- No, you go inside.
- You have to come with me.
Why should I?
Because you're gonna be a father.
- I'm pregnant?
- No.
- I'm pregnant.
- You're pregnant, too?
Yes. We're pregnant.
- We're gonna have a baby?
- Yeah.
Really?
Baby, you scared me. Don't do that.
We're having a baby!
- Great.
- It's okay.
I wish somebody would give me a baby.
You blew it, son!
This is... It's upsetting for me, too.

I'm gonna go check on Cynthia.
Aaron? Hurry up! People are coming inside!
Aaron! Is he gone?
- Looks like it.
- Well, everything's cool?
Everything's cool. It's...
- Cool.
- Yeah.
- Can we go now?
- Yeah.
- Okay.
- Okay.
Oh, my God!
Oscar, hold on! Oh, my God!
Honey. Oh, shit.
- Jeff!
- Fuck!
- Jeff! Jeff, help me, please!
- Stay... Stay right... Stay right there!
- Elaine, stay right there!
- Be careful, he's on something.
- I got him, I got him.
- Okay?
Someone's coming up. You're gonna be fine.
- Jeff!
- I'm slipping, I'm slipping.
Pull yourself back up!
Jeff! Jeff, hurry up!
- Pull yourself back up!
- Okay, I can't do it.
- Somebody, help me, please!
- Help me!
- Jeff!
- Jeff!
- Oscar, I'm coming!
- Come on.
Oscar!
Baby, please, help me, help me.
I can't hold you.
- Who's that?
- I got him. I got him.
- Jeff! It's Jeff!
- Jeff?
My manhood is being questioned right now.

Just... Come on.

- You have him?

- Yeah, it's on my cheek.

- Okay. I'm letting go now!

- It's on my cheek, Elaine.

- You're okay, Jeff has you.

- He's incredibly endowed.

I could use some help here, please.

- Yeah.

- I got you, buddy.

- You're so beautiful.

- Okay, I love you.

I love you!

Hi, Miss Cynthia.

Norman.

Is that you?

Aaron?

- Aaron, I really think we should start again.

- I'll get the reverend.

Ryan, thank you so much

for getting things back on track.

I am really so glad you're here.

Where's Uncle Russell?

I'm starting to feel better.

- Good.

- Thanks to you. And you.

And you, Jeff. Thank you.

Thank you, Jeff.

- That was very brave.

- Hey. Whoa, whoa.

Listen, no offence, but, like, me and you
can't never touch again.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Jeff.

- All right.

Thank you.

I need to go get,

like, a big-ass Tic Tac right now.

Oh, God. Oh, baby.

- Oh, shit.

- Jeff...

I'm sorry, Dad. I'm just...

I'm just real vulnerable right now.

Do you have those buttons there?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- Elaine.

- Dad.

- Thank God you're safe.

- Yes. We're good.

And you. You imbecile.

What the hell is wrong with you?

Stay away from my daughter.

- Look, Dad...

- Elaine, stay out of this.

No! I'm not gonna stay out of it.

This is my life.

You don't like it, too bad.

But I'm gonna tell you something.

If you wanna have me

and my child in your life,

you better change your attitude.

You got that?

- I love you.

- My little girl.

Yeah.

I love you, too, Dad.

What the fuck's going on in here?

- Sorry, Uncle Russell.

- Yeah, sorry about that.

Somebody was on the roof,

and we just had to get him off.

Okay, I got your pants.

I got your pants. Hold on.

Never mind that. What about

that dead body you dragged in here?

- What...

- Dead body?

- No dead body.

- Hey, don't mess with me!

I know a dead man when I see one.

I live in a goddamn retirement home.

Let's go, God damn it.

It smells in this room. Shit!

- How's the... How's the skin thing?

- I don't know.

I'm more concerned with the shit smell.

Can you tell?

Yeah, yeah, but the thing on your hand,
you just put a little vinegar on it.

That'll clear it right up.

It's an old family secret.

The shit thing, I can't help you with.

I would recommend a shower or a bath.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

- I'm sorry about the whole Elaine thing, man.

- It's okay.

Did you hear she's gonna have a kid?

Can you see me as a dad?

- No.

- No.

Well, this shit's been crazy.

You have people falling out of the casket,
you got people hanging off the roof.

Can I have the keys?

I'm gonna go wait in the car.

- What?

- I'm just tired.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Hey.

- Love you.

- Hey, I love you, too.

I saw him! He was dead!

- I know you did, Uncle Russell. We all did.

- Shit.

No, dumbshit. In the bathroom.

He was in the bathroom dead.

I cannot believe

what a nightmare today has been.

I don't know, I think it's kind of exciting.

For a funeral.

- Listen, about that stuff earlier, I...

- I know, we'll work it out.

- Agreed?

- Agreed.

Let's just get through this day

and then we'll worry

about the rest of our lives.

I still have to give this eulogy.

After everything I found out.
We've really got
to get this damn thing started.
We've really got
to get this damn thing started.
Look, we're gonna have
to zip through this thing now, son.
I mean, I've already missed a funeral
and two christenings.
- Yeah, yeah, sure. Let's... Let's start.
- Okay. You want a open casket?
- No!
- No.
All right.
Everybody in their seats now.
- You with the hat?
- Yeah?
Sit on down.
Now, I'd like to apologise
on behalf of the family
for all of the distractions.
Aaron, the oldest son, would like to say
a few words about his father.
Thank you.
Okay.
"My father was an exceptional man.
"He was born in 19..."
- What the hell is going on now?
- There's someone in there.
I knew it! I knew it!
"He was born in 1930..."
Shit.
Shit.
What the fuck!
What the fuck you doing
in my father's coffin?
Edward, I miss you!
Leave me with my Edward!
My picture. My beautiful memories!
No, Mama, don't. Give me...
You bastard!
My father!
My father was an exceptional man.
Did he have his faults?

Yeah.

But he worked hard for his family.

All I wanted to do today
was tell him how much we all loved,
cherished and respected him.

Is that really too much to ask for?

So, maybe he loved Dreamgirls
more than most men.

But, hey, life is complicated.

We do our best.

And Dad, he did his best.

One thing he did
was teach us to chase after our dreams.

So, when you leave here today,
I want you to remember my father
for who he truly was,
a loving, kind, gentle man,
that never judged anyone,
who never cast disparaging remarks
or held prejudice against any race,
creed, gender,
or height.

And if I turn out to be just half the man
that my father was,
then the child I'm planning on having
with my beautiful wife
will be truly blessed.

Thank you.

Well done, son.

It's gonna be good, boy.

Good job.

Oscar, let's not do this again.

I always thought he had a little sugar
in his tank.

Hey, how's Mom holding up?

She's good. Resting.

You know, it's gonna take a while
for her to accept dad was...

You know.

She'll be okay.

You know, that was a pretty good send-off
you gave the old man. You wrote that?

Some guy I met told me

I need to be spontaneous.

Yeah, well, Dad would've been proud.

I know I was.

Maybe when you're ready, you'll let me take a look at that novel of yours.

Yeah.

- Yeah, I'm gonna send it to you next week.

- All right.

- But you know Michelle gotta read it first.

- Okay.

I'm not going through that again.

All right. Well, thanks, big bro.

Sure you don't wanna stay another day?

Got a good Laker game coming up.

- Your boy, Kobe.

- No.

I'd just be feeling sad or be in the way.

You know how it is.

Probably gonna get on back.

You know, do my thing. Still gotta grieve.

Me, too.

What? A brother's gotta get to the airport.

Come on, you better make sure you don't go to jail first.

- Hey.

- Ryan.

- Sis.

- Baby, listen,

- don't stay away so long next time, okay?

- I sure won't. All right, bro.

Hey, next funeral.

- Love you, man.

- Love you, too, man.

Wow, I see he got his ride.

Yeah. R. Kelly used the same car service.

Just like candy.

I am worn out. This has been a long day.

A long, long day.

- And guess what?

- What?

Now I'm interested.

No Mama. No guests. No Uncle Russell.

- Where's Uncle Russell?

- He's upstairs.

I gave him a couple Valium

and put him to bed.

What?

Shit. Man.

Everything's so fucking green.