

A PLACE IN THE GROUND

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EXT. CEMETERY - LATE MORNING

A dirt-encrusted COFFIN, hanging in a sling under a FRONT LOADER, descends to the ground near a FRESHLY OPENED GRAVE.

KEVIN BROGAN (50) paces nearby. He's well dressed but disheveled, hair askew, as if he hasn't slept in days. He watches the coffin with a hungry look.

The coffin comes to rest on the turf, its front side facing toward Kevin. A CEMETERY WORKER unhooks the sling.

Kevin rushes up, unlocks the coffin.

CEMETERY WORKER

You wanna open it now? Here?

KEVIN

I want to make sure this is really my mother, all right? You mind?

He raises the coffin lid.

Inside lies the body of an ELDERLY WOMAN, neat, lifelike. It could be grandma just taking a nap. But the rear side of the coffin is CUT AWAY, as if by a blowtorch, showing jagged edges of metal. The plush lining is shredded and burned.

CEMETERY WORKER

Huh.

Kevin: shock, confusion... He reaches into the ravaged coffin, next to the body, and picks up a TINY GOLD RING. He brings it close to his face.

His confusion morphs into fury.

KEVIN

You... you BASTAAAAARD!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAWN

SUPER: ABOUT TWO DAYS EARLIER, MORE OR LESS

Manicured, feminine hands slam a clip into an ASSAULT RIFLE, snap the receiver handle, raise the weapon for firing.

SMOKY BLUE EYES behind safety glasses sight on the distant TARGET: a life-size paper figure of a scowling gunman.

Those eyes belong to IMOGEN HUNTLEY (22): tall, pretty, determined. She's COSTUMED as Animé heroine SAILOR MOON, including calf-length blonde ponytails, red knee boots.

IMOGEN

Okay.

Standing next to Imogen on the firing line, a grizzled VETERAN (65) presses Play on an old iPod.

Imogen's EARBUDS howl with EXPLOSIONS, GUN FIRE, SCREAMS...

She squeezes the trigger.

POW POW POW POW POW POW

Six holes in the target.

Imogen tugs out the earbuds, clears the rifle.

VET

Nice pattern.

IMOGEN

Thanks.

VET

Same time next week?

IMOGEN

Yeah. Can I take the target?

VET

Sure. Wanna show your folks?

IMOGEN

My kid brother.

VET

Ah. Little Rambo, is he?

IMOGEN

Not really.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, DISPLAY ROOM - MORNING

THE FACE OF AN ADOLESCENT GIRL rests on a lace pillow. It's angelic, eyes closed, fully at peace.

This face belongs to BRIAN HUNTLEY (12), Imogen's kid brother. He lies inside a lavish COFFIN, and looks just like his sister in miniature: SAILOR MOON COSTUME, WIG, MAKEUP.

He wakes, sits up. It's a room full of COFFINS ON DISPLAY.

Brian hops to the floor, pads to a wall switch. Torch-like lights brighten the corners, halogen beams spot each coffin.

Brian steps through an "Employees Only" door, heads upstairs.

INT. FRANK/CLAUDIA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

A stack of CARDBOARD MOVING BOXES fills one corner, all labeled FRANK'S CAMERAS. An unseen RADIO offers morning news.

A CLUTTERED MAN'S DRESSER TOP: bits of clothing, forgotten mail, pocket change. A hand reaches in, grabs a dark necktie.

Standing at the dresser, FRANK HUNTLEY (45) knots his tie. He's clean cut, softly handsome, has a mouth that wants to smile, but doesn't. He glances down at the boxed cameras, connects with some old regret.

On the dresser stands a framed 1930s PHOTO of a smiling young man in front of a trim, homey, wood-frame building. A sign identifies it as the HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME.

Right next to it, a framed 1960s PHOTO shows a different young man in front of the same building.

FRANK

Good morning grandpa... Morning
dad...

A few inches from the second photo: a cracked, unframed MIRROR leans against the wall. As he snugs his tie, Frank's eyes shift from the 2nd photo to his own reflected face.

FRANK

Morning... I'm sorry, you are...?

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Brian pads along the carpet, passing other stacks of MOVING BOXES lining the hall.

INT. 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - CONTINUING

CLAUDIA HUNTLEY (45) stirs a pot of oatmeal on a GAS STOVE, talking softly on a CHEAP CELL PHONE. She's tall and shapely, with a covergirl appeal that survives middle age.

Brian steps in, sits at the small table.

CLAUDIA
You get my latest package?... Of course I wore them... Mmmmm, you'll have to model for me.

She sees Brian. Oops.

CLAUDIA
Gotta go.
(to Brian)
Good morning!

BRIAN
Any coffee?

CLAUDIA
(sarcastic)
No, but there's crystal meth in the oatmeal. Want some?

BRIAN
Who were you talking to?

CLAUDIA
Your grandmother. She always likes to hear how we're doing.

BRIAN
Mm. So, how are we doing?

A PHONE RINGS in another room. Claudia plops a bowl of oatmeal in front of Brian.

CLAUDIA
Getting better every day!

She kisses him on the head, steps out; he calls after her.

BRIAN
How about a mimosa?

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

A lovely autumn landscape... It dissolves to a snapshot of a happy family around a birthday cake, then to a young mom with a new baby. It's a PC SLIDE SHOW with a cheap sound track.

FRANK (O.S.)

Farewell arrangements aren't about extravagance, or impressing your relatives, or making some statement for eternity. Farewell arrangements are about the simple things we cherish most, the things I know your father held dear above all else: respect, shared memories, the love of friends and family.

Frank sits behind his desk wearing a dark suit. His face offers an expression you could trust with anything, a blend of intelligence, honesty and compassion.

Opposite Frank sits MIKE GORMAN (50), a bereaved, working class guy looking for solace. He nods, watching the images.

VINTAGE CAMERAS and ART PHOTOS decorate Frank's office: Ansel Adams landscapes, Edward Weston sea shells.

FRANK

The choices we make at a time like this should reflect those cherished things. When they do, the funeral service becomes a profound bonding experience. That's why, for your father...

The slide show dissolves to a photo of a gleaming COFFIN.

FRANK

I recommend the Batesville Sierra. Solid bronze construction. Continuously welded bottom. One-piece rubber gasket. The head panel--

GORMAN

--What's all this gonna cost?

FRANK

Okay. With the farewell buffet, gluten-free, by the way, the string quartet, the Batesville Sierra and all the standard services, your father's arrangements will run \$19,495--

GORMAN

--Jesus Christ, Frank!

FRANK

I've included a substantial--

GORMAN

--Why are we even talkin' about this?

FRANK

Mike, I don't want to see you make a decision you might--

GORMAN

--Oh, fuck you, Frank. I haven't worked in over two years, and you Goddamn well know it!

FRANK

I know things have been tough since the plant closed, we're all--

GORMAN

--We're all goin' under, Frank. Whole town's dying. Hey, why don't you call the mayor? Maybe you can handle the "farewell arrangements."

Gorman rushes out, Frank in pursuit.

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Claudia steps out of her own office just after Frank and Gorman rush past. She follows behind Frank.

FRANK

Mike...

GORMAN

I know you're hurting too, Frank, but that doesn't give you the right to fleece me like I'm some rube.

They reach the front lobby. Gorman faces Frank.

GORMAN

Look, just cremate the old man. Forget the urn, forget everything, just gimme a, gimme a box. Gimme a damn Ziplock!

Mike storms out the door.

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mike trots away, Frank chases after him down the front walk.

FRANK

Okay, then! No charge for the
consultation! Best to Maggie!

Frank stops in the same spot where his father and grandfather stood in the old photos. The Funeral Home behind him has seen better days: peeling paint, weedy lawn, crooked sign.

Frank's face falls, good cheer evaporating. He heads back in.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Claudia meets Frank inside, hands him three MESSAGE SLIPS.

CLAUDIA

Should I buy some Ziplocks?

FRANK

I'm pretty sure the cremation
includes a box.

He reads through the messages.

FRANK

Barry Brogan? As in Brogan Wire And
Cable?

CLAUDIA

That's what he said.

FRANK

Real funny. Who'd it sound like,
Tommy?

CLAUDIA

Uh...

Frank crumples the message, looks at the next.

FRANK

Who's Terri?

CLAUDIA

It was on the voice mail. She wants
to check the date of a funeral.

FRANK

Easy, we don't have any scheduled.

Crumple. The last message.

FRANK
Somebody wants to rent our hearse?

CLAUDIA
Bachelor party. I told them five hundred. You need to gas it up before three.

FRANK
I don't think our insurance--

CLAUDIA
--It's five hundred dollars. Cash.

FRANK
Claudia, we have six months. People around here are bound to start dying again. Cheer up!

INT. 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Imogen drifts in looking exhausted, the long pony tails trailing behind her. Brian glances up from his oatmeal.

IMOGEN
Hey squirt.

Brian rockets into her with a bear hug.

BRIAN
There's crystal meth in the oatmeal. Want some?

IMOGEN
Pass. I have to sleep.

BRIAN
Who you gonna be tonight?

Imogen drops into a chair at the table.

IMOGEN
Well, I'm thinkin' I might go a little nineties. FBI Special Agent Dana Scully.

BRIAN
Me too! Me too!

IMOGEN

Can you come up with a tailored
black pantsuit and a sidearm?

BRIAN

I'll make something work.

IMOGEN

Anybody downstairs for me to work
on?

BRIAN

Nary a corpse within these walls.
It's terribly sad.

Imogen reaches into a MESSENGER BAG, pulls out the paper
target and hands it to Brian. He lets it fall open.

BRIAN

Whoa...

Brian puts a finger through one bullet hole, then looks up at
his sister.

BRIAN

So...?

IMOGEN

I'm pretty sure, Bree.

Brian's eyes well up. He pushes the target at Imogen and
rushes from the room.

IMOGEN

Bree!

Imogen slumps, curses, drops her head to the table.

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Frank steers a CADILLAC HEARSE out of the parking lot.

As he drives away he passes a CONTRACTOR'S VAN, just pulling
over in front of the funeral home. He glances at it in the
mirror as he drives away.

EXT. QUICK MART - DAY

A gas pump displays the cost of Frank's fill-up. He stands
next to the hearse while the pump hums, staring at some
distant clouds.

A GLEAMING BLACK PICKUP with tinted windows pulls up to the pump behind him. CALVIN (45) hops out. He's fit, Eddie Bauer casual, very alert. He starts pumping gas, notices Frank.

CALVIN
Hey there, Frank.

Frank: polite nod, the barest smile.

FRANK
Calvin.

CALVIN
Still in the stiff business?

FRANK
Calvin, the business I am in is helping people manage one of life's most challenging, even disorienting transitions. I'm like a, a...

CALVIN
...Like a wedding planner?

FRANK
Well, yeah, actually. A navigator to assure safe passage through some of life's choppy waters. How about you? Still in the... "pharmaceutical business?"

Calvin: an icy grin.

CALVIN
The only business I know, Frank. And it's getting better every day.

FRANK
What's your secret?

CALVIN
It's all about the customer. I don't suppose I could interest you in a little--

FRANK
--Nope, nope. I haven't done that shit since high school.

CALVIN
Okay. In case you're ever overcome with nostalgia, my cell number is the name of my first lay. Big redhead? 1983?

FRANK
I'll remember that.

Frank grabs his receipt and credit card. He slides into the hearse, starts the engine.

A tapping on his window. He looks up to see a 30-ish WHOLESOME BRUNETTE. She smiles, waves. He opens the window.

FRANK
Yeah?

WHOLESOME
I'm sorry to bother you, but could you give me a jump-start? That loser inside won't leave the register and I'm late for a job interview. Please? I have cables.

FRANK
Uh, sure, okay.

WHOLESOME
Thank you! Just pull up next to me over there.

Wholesome walks to an old Honda with the hood up.

Frank drives the hearse over and parks parallel to the Honda, their engines side by side. He steps out, leaving the engine running, the door open.

He doesn't see the REPO DRIVER crouching behind the Honda.

As Frank crosses in front of the hearse, the Repo Driver slips behind it.

WHOLESOME
Battery's right here. How do you connect it?

FRANK
Might have to clean these terminals.

THE REPO DRIVER HOPS INTO THE HEARSE AND FLOORS IT, ROARING OUT OF THE QUICK MART--

FRANK
FUCK!

Frank sprints after it--

FRANK
HEY!

Frank trips, tumbles, slams his knee into the pavement--
 He moans, rolls onto his back, pants torn, knee bleeding--
 Wholesome walks up behind him.

WHOLESOME

Here's the repo notice. Nothing
 personal, okay? And here's my card.
 I'm a P.I. too. I do surveillance,
 skip-tracing, whatever.

She drops the paperwork on Frank's chest.

WHOLESOME

I'm also a massage therapist.

Another business card flutters down. She walks away.

Frank writhes on the dirty pavement, holding his knee.

Calvin's pickup pulls into the road and stops, looming over
 Frank. The passenger door swings open. Calvin looks down.

CALVIN

Get in.

INT. CLAUDIA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CLAUDIA SLAMS INTO THE WALL, fending off the advances of
 DEREK (35), tanned, paunchy, desperate to shed a tailored
 suit. He gropes Claudia like the world's worst porn star.
 Claudia looks more embarrassed than threatened, but the
 balance is shifting. She shoves Derek back, forcing a smile.

CLAUDIA

Now listen you naughty boy, we
 can't do this. My kids are
 upstairs.

DEREK

So we lock the door!

He locks the door.

CLAUDIA

Oh, no, no, no, no... I think you
 deserve more than a quick poke in
 my office, so how about--

DEREK

--I'm still wearing them. Look.

Derek takes a step back and drops his pants. He's wearing PINK SATIN BIKINI PANTIES.

CLAUDIA

Oh my.

DEREK

Touch them. Touch me. Touch me now!

He shuffles toward her, pants around his ankles. She scoots away. He grabs at her, she dodges.

CLAUDIA

Derek, you need to leave.

DEREK

I'm begging you. Just a little rub.

CLAUDIA

No means no.

Claudia backs away, considering possible targets.

DEREK

It'll just take a minute. Less!

CLAUDIA

Derek, I have training.

DEREK

Really? I should have guessed.
Train me, Claudia. Train me!

He grabs her wrist, yanks her forward.

CLAUDIA SLAMS HER KNEE INTO HIS GROIN, SWEEPS HIS LEG--

Derek hits the floor. Claudia unlocks the door, ready to run, when Derek gives a throaty, animal groan. She hesitates.

CLAUDIA

Do you want some ice? Frozen peas?

Derek claws the top of the desk, pulls himself up. He looks squarely at Claudia. She's ready to bolt.

DEREK

That was the most incredible
fucking orgasm I've ever had.

Claudia drops her eyes to his crotch.

CLAUDIA

Oh my God! Please go!

She looks way, embarrassed on his behalf. Derek puts his clothes in order, moving like a zombie.

DEREK

Have... some... papers for you.

He opens his briefcase, finds a folder, drops it on the desk.

DEREK

Claudia, uh... I'm sorry about this. I stalled it as long as I could. I hope this doesn't mean--

CLAUDIA

--Get out Derek!

Derek nods, drifts out.

Claudia opens the folder, finds an official-looking DOCUMENT on PROGRESS BANK LETTERHEAD.

INT. CALVIN'S PICKUP - LATER

Frank stares out the window as they drive. Along the suburban street, FOR SALE SIGNS stand on nearly every lawn.

As they near the Funeral Home, Frank notices the van again. A CONTRACTOR packs up tools by the rear doors.

FRANK

Pull over. Pull over!

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Calvin brakes hard and Frank stumbles out. He limps up to the contractor: CURTIS (40) overalls, work boots, muscles.

On the Funeral Home lawn now stands a big, cheerful SIGN:

Coming Soon!

Another Progress Bank
Building Communities and Dreams
Throughout the Three Counties

Frank boils. He whirls on Curtis.

FRANK

Take it down!

CURTIS

Can't do that, Frank.

FRANK LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE SIGN, pulling, tugging, kicking. Curtis grabs Frank and throws him to the ground.

CURTIS

What the fuck, Frank? You gonna make me call the cops?

FRANK

My family has owned this funeral home for eighty-seven years! And for at least the next six months, I own it! They have no right!

CURTIS

Hey, I'm just doing a job here! And you don't have six months.

Frank's anger collapses into uncertainty. He stands and limp-runs into the Funeral Home.

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Frank rushes through the front lobby, down the hall, passing doors to reposeing rooms, coat room, offices.

FRANK

Claudia!

INT. CLAUDIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claudia's a tower of rage, flipping through the bank document. She looks up as Frank limps in.

CLAUDIA

Ten days!

Frank snatches the document, flips through it.

CLAUDIA

God, I want a smoke.

FRANK

He promised us! We took an adjustable rate! We did his mom's funeral at cost! I sent him a bottle of Stoli at Christmas.

CLAUDIA

Hell, Frank, I've been sending him my panties every week since Valentine's Day.

FRANK

You what?

CLAUDIA

I was thinking outside the box!

FRANK

You were thinking? Claudia, he could have been dangerous! How could you do something like this? And without telling me?

CLAUDIA

Would you have gone along with it?

FRANK

Of course not! My God, he could have dragged you off to some dungeon or something, forced you to, to...

CLAUDIA

To wear panties?

FRANK

I don't know!

CLAUDIA

Derek is harmless. He'd been flirting with me for years. So I was thinking that if I flirted back it might help. He said he could protect us, he knew how tough it was. Said he cared about our family. You know what he really cared about? Thong or bikini.

She reaches into a desk drawer, yanks out a package of pink satin panties, flings it on the desk. Her anger collapses.

CLAUDIA

Fucking asshole. You wanna know some of the things he said to me?

FRANK

I really don't!

CLAUDIA

Wait, I've got texts!

Starting to sob, Claudia digs out her cell phone, punches buttons, searching. Frank covers it with his hand.

FRANK
Claudia, stop.

He gently folds her into his arms.

FRANK
We'll figure it out.

CLAUDIA
...what are we gonna do?

INT. 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - LATER

A family meeting. Frank, Imogen and Brian sit at the table.

Claudia stands at the open door of the fridge, refilling a glass from a cardboard box of cheap Chardonnay.

Imogen, just shaken out of a sound sleep, wears running shorts and a T-shirt. Brian wears a mournful goth ensemble, recalling Winona Ryder in "Beetlejuice."

FRANK
In ten days the bank hands our deed to a trustee, who puts the property up for auction. All the bank has to do is be the high bidder. Around here, that shouldn't be too hard.

IMOGEN
But why now?

FRANK
Somebody sold the Freeholders on this big redevelopment plan. They'd rather see a shiny new bank here than a dusty old funeral home.

BRIAN
Why build another bank? Nobody has any money!

CLAUDIA
My dear, never question the motives of sick fuck asshole cocksuckers.

FRANK
Claudia...

BRIAN
Who's a sick fuck asshole--?

FRANK

--Brian!

BRIAN

Mom!

CLAUDIA

Frank, we've talked about this.

FRANK

I just want to call my son by his name!

CLAUDIA

"Breeana" is going through a process of self-discovery to explore and validate a possible new identity. It is our job as nurturing parents to offer support without judgment.

IMOGEN

Did you memorize that?

CLAUDIA

There's a wallet card.

FRANK

I let him dress like Pocahontas to go deer hunting! I'd call that pretty supportive!

IMOGEN

Okay, look, can we just sell it ourselves? Avoid the auction?

FRANK

That still wouldn't cover our debts. Not now.

CLAUDIA

Then we sell what we can. Coffins, equipment. And then run.

FRANK

Way to look on the bright side.

She glares at him.

BRIAN

Burn it.

Shocked faces turn to Brian.

BRIAN

You have insurance, don't you?
People do it all the time.

FRANK

We are not burning up my
grandfather's business! Jesus! So,
is that it? Liquidation or arson?

No one even looks at him. Frank sags back in his chair.

FRANK

Okay, worst case scenario. In ten
days there's a padlock on the door.
Claudia, how long do you think your
folks would put up with four
unexpected guests?

BRIAN

Three.

FRANK

What do you mean?

BRIAN

Tell them.

Imogen squirms. Claudia starts refilling her glass.

IMOGEN

I've been thinking about joining
the Army.

Claudia's glass overflows. Wine splashes on the floor.

FRANK

For how long?

IMOGEN

Since we lost the house.

FRANK

You didn't think maybe you should
talk to me about it? Your mother?

IMOGEN

Nope.

FRANK

Come on, Im. We need you.

IMOGEN

No you don't! There's no work, and
we're bleeding money.

FRANK

You found a job! A good job!

IMOGEN

Dad, I'm a stripper. And Xena's Fantasy Bar isn't anyplace to build a career. The health plan's okay.

FRANK

You're a skilled exotic dancer. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

IMOGEN

I'm not ashamed, I'm pissed off! Why am I the only one pulling in a paycheck? When things went south, all you and mom did was circle the wagons. We could see this coming from the day Brogan Cable closed. And if we'd sold this place then, instead of financing it up the ass, we could've moved someplace where the healthiest business isn't a strip club!

FRANK

But the Army?

IMOGEN

The Army is hiring! When I told them I was an experienced mortician they couldn't throw incentives at me fast enough.

CLAUDIA

Imogen, you might be sent someplace where there's an actual war going on. You'll have to shoot guns, did you think about that?

IMOGEN

I've shot some guns. I'll be fine.

BRIAN

That's one of us.

Imogen moves toward Brian, offers a hug.

IMOGEN

Bree...

Brian twists away, jumps to his feet, fighting back tears.

BRIAN

Well imagine my surprise upon
learning that I have nary a friend
within these walls. It's terribly
sad...

He rushes out. The silence stretches.

FRANK

I'll call the NFDA, see if they'll
list our inventory. Claudia, call
your folks, please.

Imogen stands.

IMOGEN

I'm sorry I didn't tell you. Didn't
want you talking me out of it.

FRANK

Is it that bad around here?

She walks out. Frank rubs his face, then looks up at Claudia.

FRANK

Any final thoughts?

Claudia lifts her glass from a puddle of wine.

CLAUDIA

Clean up this mess.

She walks out.

FRANK

Okay, great meeting everybody!
Huntlies rule!

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - LATER

A bloody bandage on a pale knee.

Frank stands in his underwear, his pants spread inside-out on
a stainless steel gurney. He's duct-taping the torn leg.

Claudia steps in, faintly hung over.

FRANK

Talk to your folks yet?

CLAUDIA

Barry Brogan's in your office.

Frank ignores her, but she doesn't leave. He looks up.

FRANK
You serious?

CLAUDIA
What are we gonna do without a
hearse?

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Frank limps toward his office, hastily groomed. He stops just outside the door. Someone's talking inside.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frank opens the door, steps in. A well-dressed man stands near the far wall talking on an iPhone.

FRANK
Mr. Brogan?

BARRY BROGAN (35) turns to face him: long blond hair, fratboy demeanor. In spite of the Brioni suit and black arm band, he belongs on a California beach. He flashes a puckish grin.

BARRY
Yo, sis gotta run.

Barry pockets the phone, extends a hand.

BARRY
Mister Frank Huntley, I presume?
Barry Joseph Brogan. What's up?

He pumps Frank's hand like an old lodge brother.

FRANK
I'm so sorry I missed your call.

BARRY
Ah, no worries, bro. I'm sure
you're a busy man, and it is my
intention to make you busier still.
Let's have us a confab.

Barry gestures to the desk and chairs. They sit. Barry clears his throat, takes a breath, becomes stage-serious.

BARRY

Frank, my family and I are coping with one of life's more difficult transitions. Our step-mother. After many amazing years, it's once again time to arrange her final rest.

FRANK

Once again?

BARRY

...Oh, there were some false alarms. Long story.

FRANK

Well, first, Mister Brogan--

BARRY

Barry.

FRANK

Barry, um, first let me express my sincere condolences. And I want you to know that my staff and I are here to support you in any way we can.

BARRY

Damn, that is perfect, bro! You're the real fucking deal, aren't you! Get you, "sincere condolences" 'n shit. Fuck!

FRANK

...Um, right. Listen, I'm curious. Your family owned the big plant down the highway?

BARRY

(beaming)

Brogan Cable, yup! My brother Kevin ran the whole shebang.

FRANK

Then why us? I mean, we handle a funeral as well as anyone. But let's face it, you could have gone--

BARRY

Way more upscale, I get it. But Frank, it just so happens that your little establishment is the closest funeral home to the old plant.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

And not far from there is the family estate where we all grew up. So it's kind of like... like the Brogan Triangle! See?

FRANK

I guess. Okay, well, I'm, uh, I'm honored that you would choose us to help you mark this milestone in your family's ongoing history.

BARRY

Shit, there you go again! "Mark this milestone!" You are too much!

Frank stares. He's just about reached his weirdness limit.

BARRY

Okay, okay, well, what we need, Frank, what we need is a small private viewing, just me and the sibs, followed immediately by a burial at St. Anthony's.

FRANK

Of course, whatever we can do. First I'll need the details for picking up your mother's remains.

BARRY

No need, bro. Brought 'em with me.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

A DELIVERY VAN idles just outside. Frank and Barry walk up.

FRANK

Barry, this is awfully rushed. You need to choose a casket, and we're a little short-staffed, so all the preparations--

BARRY

--All taken care of. Set your peepers on this sucker.

Two DELIVERY MEN roll a GLEAMING METAL COFFIN out of the van on a dolly.

FRANK

Batesville Sierra.

BARRY

Hm?

FRANK

The coffin. So, your mother is...

BARRY

Hundred percent ready for the great beyond. We just need a viewing and a burial. You can do that today, right? We're actually kinda counting on it.

FRANK

Sure. No worries.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

A single bed, piles of books, lots more moving boxes, a sewing machine.

Brian sits on his bed, back against the wall. Browsing the Web, he finds a YOUTUBE VIDEO posted by a fire department.

NARRATOR (IN VIDEO)

Don't allow cans of paint or varnish to collect in your basement or garage. Don't overload electrical circuits, or run extension cords where they can be stepped on and damaged. And don't leave candles burning when you leave the room. Unattended candles are one of the leading causes of home fires.

Brian types this list into a stickie-note file under the heading OPTIONS.

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - LATER

A STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the Funeral Home.

The doors swing open and two other Brogan siblings appear: SHANNON (41) and MEGAN (39). Their attire doesn't suggest a funeral so much as a swanky Malibu cocktail party.

INT. REPOSING ROOM - SAME TIME

Frank places a padded kneeler in front of the closed coffin.

Barry steps up.

BARRY

Time for a final, fond look at dear
old step-mom.

Frank releases the coffin locks, then raises the lid. Barry steps closer, they look inside...

FRANK: HOLY FREAKIN--!

He struggles to comprehend the surreal final repose of THERESA PERETTI BROGAN (72), hands crossed on her breast, regal and radiant, looking fresh from a salon.

JEWELRY EVERYWHERE - Earrings, bracelets, rings, a bib of necklaces, a crown of tiaras. Around the body: still more, as if Theresa were floating in a bath of pirate treasure.

Next to Frank, Barry grins, bouncing like a kid unwrapping the ultimate birthday present.

FRANK

Jesus Christ! Oh, I'm very sorry.

BARRY

Forget it, Frank. She has that affect on everybody.

SHANNON (O.S.)

Where's the party!?

Barry spins around. Near the doorway, Claudia stands with MEGAN and SHANNON. Barry waves them over.

BARRY

Hey, sibs, check it out!

The Brogan sisters rush up and gape at Theresa's body, ignoring Frank. He backs away, tries to stay professional.

BARRY

Is this the best ever or what?

MEGAN

Look at her! Mother fuck!

SHANNON

Oh. My. God. That's amazing.

MEGAN

Pictures!

Three iPhone's appear, snapping photos of the body. MEGAN'S IPHONE has a BLINGED-OUT CASE, studded with white gems.

At the back of the room, KEVIN BROGAN walks in, the oldest of the clan. He wears the same perfectly tailored suit as in the opening scene, but now looks ready for a boardroom portrait. He regards his siblings with helpless resignation.

CLAUDIA

Hello. Are you part of the family?

KEVIN

I'm afraid so. Kevin Brogan.

They shake hands.

Crowding the coffin, the others are still snapping photos.

BARRY

Lemme get in there!

Barry puts his face right next to Theresa's and grins back up. He gropes her breast, tongues her cheek--

They all snap pictures and laugh, chattering away like kids on a trip to the zoo. Barry notices Kevin near the entrance.

BARRY

Behold the heir apparent.

Kevin approaches the coffin.

KEVIN

Barry. Ladies.

MEGAN

Thought you'd be a no-show, bro.
Why didn't you ride with us?

KEVIN

Business. I had...

Kevin's eyes fall on the coffin. His jaw drops.

BARRY

Huh? Huh? Is this the most amazing
shit or what? Go on, tell me you're
not blown away.

Kevin steps closer. He reaches in, touches the jewels.

KEVIN

Barry? A word?

He pulls Barry away. Megan and Shannon keep chattering near the coffin.

Frank drifts over to Claudia by the entrance.

FRANK
I'm about ready for Snooki and
JWoww to walk in.

CLAUDIA
They're just clients.

FRANK
I'm not sure they're even human.

Kevin and Barry whisper in a corner.

KEVIN
But how did you get them?

BARRY
I dunno. The girls took care of it.
What's the difference?

KEVIN
You can't just put them in the
ground!

BARRY
Why not?

SHANNON (O.S.)
Barry, c'meer! Let's get one with
all of us!

Barry grins and trots over to the coffin.

BARRY
Hey Frank! Help us out, okay?

Frank walks up. Barry hands Frank his phone.

Kevin stays at a distance, thinking hard, eyeing the jewels.

Barry, Megan and Shannon drape themselves around the open coffin as Frank backs up, framing the shot. They offer beaming, million dollar smiles.

FRANK
Okay, here we go, and...

He snaps a picture, passes the phone back to Barry. The younger Brogans step away to compare photos, laughing.

Kevin and Frank approach the coffin, eyes on the jewels.
Frank notices the new face beside him.

FRANK
I'm very sorry for your loss.

KEVIN
What? Oh, thanks.

FRANK
If you don't mind my asking, what's
all this worth?

KEVIN
I'm not sure. I've never even seen
most of these pieces before. But
once I heard her say the insurance
on her jewels was worth more than
our estate. That was about 10
million then.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK
And you're going to bury them.

KEVIN
Uh, it must be in her will. And
after all, it's only money. Right?

Kevin walks away. Frank can barely hide his disgust.

And some new amusement sends Megan, Shannon and Barry into
more howls of laughter.

INT. IMOGEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

More moving boxes piled high. Exotic costumes on hangers,
inside garment bags, spilling out of a closet.

Imogen lies in bed, a sleep mask over her eyes. The laughter
from downstairs wakes her.

She throws off the covers. More laughter drifts up. Imogen
curses, leaps out of bed, looks around at the clutter.

Decision. She grabs a cell phone, hits a redial number.

IMOGEN
Sergeant Davis? It's Imogen
Huntley. Great, great. Listen, uh,
I'm ready to sign up. Yeah, hoo-ah.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Theresa's coffin descends slowly into the ground.

Nearby stands a new granite HEADSTONE, still surrounded with wooden crating. It reads: "THERESA PERETI BROGAN - WORST STEPMOTHER EVER - BURN IN HELL"

A small grave-side TABLE holds a bowl of strawberries and an open bottle of champagne on ice. Also a crystal tumbler bearing four gilded straws.

The three younger Brogans sip champagne by the grave. Megan and Shannon document the event with their iPhone video cameras. They shoot everything, mostly each other.

Kevin stands farther away, talking urgently on a cell phone.

MEGAN

Christmas eve, 1987, remember? She made us eat this dinner with all this fish, these oily crabs and squid and, oh my God, the smell made me sick!

Frank and Claudia stand at a distance. Frank's eyes follow the coffin into the ground.

SHANNON

Oh, oh! Mackinaw Island, remember? I wanted to bring my Vespa, we all got them that year, right? And she says "There are no gas powered vehicles on the island, that's the point." And I said "Excuse me, my father is worth about a billion, and I can do whatever I want! That's the fucking point!"

The coffin reaches the bottom of the grave.

BARRY

She's down. Time for piss straws.

Barry grabs the gilded straws, cups them in one hand.

MEGAN

Shouldn't we give her a few more minutes?

BARRY

Fuck her, let's do it.

Everyone reaches in and draws a straw, except Kevin. He ignores them, still on the phone.

BARRY
Big brother, you in?

Kevin waves, shakes his head, keeps talking.

BARRY
Okay, who's got it?

They compare straws. Megan has the short one. She claps.

BARRY
And the honor this year goes to
little sis.

MEGAN
Yes! Okay, you and Shannon have to
hold me.

Megan slips off her shoes, lifts her dress and tugs down her panties. She steps out of them.

Frank and Claudia look on in growing horror.

Holding Shannon's right hand in her left, Megan swings a leg across the grave. On the other side, Barry grabs her right wrist. She still has the iPhone in her right hand.

Frank and Claudia: aghast--

BARRY
Well?

MEGAN
Should've had more champagne. Hold
on.

Megan begins urinating on the coffin.

SHANNON
There ya go!

MEGAN
Happy death-day "mom." Many happy
returns, I'm sure. Bitch.

Claudia's way past repulsed. She whispers to Frank.

CLAUDIA
Are they all paid up?

FRANK

Yeah.

CLAUDIA

Is your deer rifle in the car?

FRANK

No!

Finished, Megan pulls away from Barry and DROPS HER PHONE into the grave. She topples into Shannon.

MEGAN

My phone! Barry, get it!

BARRY

You kidding? No way.

MEGAN

But my photos!

SHANNON

We've all got them, remember?

MEGAN

But the video! It was so beautiful, like a golden rainbow.

BARRY

Ya know what's beautiful? A Cruzan mojito in a tall glass. Let's motor. Kev, you comin' back with us?

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN

I'll be over later!

BARRY

Whatever.

Megan and Shannon head for the limo. Barry walks up to Frank.

BARRY

Frank, I hereby declare our brief but thoroughly satisfying relationship concluded. We thank you.

Barry extends a hand. For a moment, Frank looks as if he might spit on it. But he reaches out, smiles.

FRANK
 Barry, helping families in their
 time of need is what we do.

BARRY
 (chuckling)
 Dude, you are good.

A hearty handclasp. Barry heads for the limo.

CLAUDIA
 I need a shower. Two showers.

FRANK
 Get the car, okay?

Claudia walks off.

Frank waves at two distant CEMETERY WORKERS. They hop in a truck and begin heading over. Frank looks over at Kevin.

Kevin finishes his phone call and notices Frank staring at him. Their eyes lock for a moment, then Kevin continues toward his BLACK RENTAL SEDAN parked nearby.

Frank steps to the edge of the grave, stares down.

Not far from Theresa's grave, there's ANOTHER FRESHLY DUG GRAVE, covered with an Astroturf blanket and surrounded by a safety fence. Frank sees it. Wheels turn in his tired, desperate brain.

FRANK
 Betsy O'Neil.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank begins picking out a number on his desk phone.

FRANK
 Betsy... B - E - T, 2 - 3 - 8, S -
 Y. Oh - Neil.

It rings twice, then...

CALVIN (V.O.)
 Tri-County Roofing.

FRANK
 ...Calvin?

CALVIN (V.O.)
 ...Frank?

FRANK
Tri-County Roofing?

CALVIN (V.O.)
Didn't recognize your number. I'm
very careful, Frank. You're gonna
be very careful too, right?

FRANK
Sure, sure. I, uh, I wanna discuss
some business.

CALVIN (V.O.)
Okay.

FRANK
Can you meet me? Right now?

Silence for a bit.

FRANK
Hello?

CALVIN (V.O.)
Why the sudden change of heart,
Frank?

FRANK
This is something different. Not,
not pharmaceutical business.

CALVIN (V.O.)
I'm intrigued. Behind that old gas
station on five-eleven, by the
creek. Half an hour.

FRANK
That's great, thanks a lot. See you
then. Okay? Calvin?

The line is dead.

EXT. OLD GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Frank's dusty FORD TAURUS WAGON pulls into the gas station,
drives around behind it. He parks, gets out, paces next to
the car, looking around like a nervous shoplifter.

Calvin's truck roars in from the highway, skids to a stop
next to Frank's Taurus. Dust flies and Calvin hops out.

CALVIN
Hey Frank! Twice in one day, wow!

Like a magician, Calvin produces a hand-held ELECTRONIC SCANNER and begins running it up and down Frank's body.

FRANK

What are you doing?

CALVIN

Just being careful, Frank. Nothing personal. How'd it go with your wife? Must have been a little awkward. Leave the house with a hearse, come back with nothing but torn pants. Hope you have a comfy sofa.

Calvin slips the scanner into a pocket, instantly produces a DIFFERENT SCANNER. He swings it around as if looking for a signal, left, right, up, down.

FRANK

She wasn't happy.

CALVIN

I'll bet. That kinda thing can put a marriage in the crapper double quick. I mean I'm no Doctor Phil, but I know a conjugal smart-bomb when I see one. Am I right?

Calvin puts the second scanner away and produces a TACTICAL FLASHLIGHT. He flicks it on, blinding Frank.

Calvin shines the light inside of Frank's car, peering into corners, under the dashboard, into the wheel wells.

FRANK

You really don't need to do this.

CALVIN

Frank, I'm sure you're right. No question. Hell, we're old buds, so what's to worry?

Calvin turns off the flashlight, slips it into a pocket, and faces Frank with a smile.

CALVIN

Frank Huntley, as I live and breathe. Step into my office.

INT. CALVIN'S PICKUP - CONTINUING

Calvin turns on the stereo: BLARING METAL MUSIC--

CALVIN
ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE CAN'T
PENETRATE METALLICA! THE N.S.A.
USES IT!

FRANK
WHAT?

CALVIN
I SAID--

Frank has had enough; he snaps off the stereo.

FRANK
Fuck, Calvin! I don't have a lotta
time!

CALVIN
We're probably cool here. Shoot.

FRANK
I need... Can you fence things?

CALVIN
I sell drugs, man.

FRANK
But you must know people, right?
You must know some, some wise guys,
gangsters. Somebody, right? You're
connected?

CALVIN
Why?

FRANK
Because I need to fence some
things.

CALVIN
Things?

FRANK
Things I plan on... stealing.

Calvin sits back, takes this in.

CALVIN
That bad, huh?

FRANK
We're fallin' apart.

CALVIN

Oh, man. Frank, this is not a good plan. I mean, yeah, I know some people who know some people, okay, but a guy like you, trying to do business with them, shit. These are hard cases, Frank, they'd eat you alive. You've got no crew, no protection. They can just take your stuff and leave your body in a ditch. And even if it went as smooth as these things ever do, you'd only get maybe 50 cents on the dollar, tops.

FRANK

That would be fine. And you should take a cut too.

CALVIN

How much are we talking about?

FRANK

Over ten million. In jewels.

Calvin turns away, sighs.

CALVIN

This is such a bad idea.

He turns back, stares at Frank.

CALVIN

Tell me more.

Frank hesitates. He reaches for the stereo - METALLICA SCREAMS.

INT. HOME DEPOT - LATER

In an INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO, a burly pitchman demonstrates the finer points of using a PORTABLE PLASMA CUTTER.

Frank stares at the video, running in a floor display. He grabs one of the boxed units and puts it on a platform truck.

He looks at a shopping list. It includes a generator, electrical cable, coveralls, shovels, flashlights...

ASSOCIATE (O.S.)

Finding everything you need?

Frank snaps his head around. A smiling SALES ASSOCIATE stands next to him. Frank forces a smile.

FRANK
Yeah, yeah, thanks.

The associate walks off. Frank looks off into the distance.

FRANK
Everything I need.

INT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME DISPLAY ROOM - DAY

FANTASY SEQUENCE

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC SWELLS like a John Williams score: home, family, apple pie, amber waves of grain.

Frank and his family are gathered around a Batesville Sierra coffin, the lid open. It's overflowing with the Brogan jewels, glittering in a shaft of sunlight.

Frank wears a white suit, a red tie, Brian the same. Imogen and Claudia both wear bright summer dresses and white gloves.

They pick up the jewels by the handful, grinning, laughing.

Loan officer DEREK SHECKLEY enters, offering Frank a handshake and a broad smile. Frank grabs Derek in a big hug.

Derek produces their LOAN AGREEMENT, rips it up. Frank and Derek high-five. The kids jump and clap.

Claudia produces a HUGE HANDGUN, hands it to Frank. He shoots Derek point blank. The kids jump and clap.

Frank and his family step away from the jewels. They pass between TWO LINES OF OPEN COFFINS.

BODIES in each sit up, smiling and applauding as the Huntlies pass. They wave and smile back, conquering heroes.

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Huntlies step out into a glorious summer day.

An endless line of hearses motors down the street, all of them turning into the Huntley Funeral Home parking lot.

Frank sweeps out an arm, owning it all, then throws it around Claudia and pulls her close. They share a deep, passionate kiss as Brian and Imogen watch with approving smiles.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND lands on Frank's shoulder, yanks him away from Claudia.

An entire SWAT Team surrounds Frank. The commander wears a black mask. Frank knocks off the helmet, pulls off the mask--

It's Kevin Brogan. He shakes his head sadly.

INT. HOME DEPOT - CONTINUING

In the checkout line, Frank snaps back to the present.

CASHIER

Sir, I said your card's been declined.

FRANK

Sorry, sorry. Of course. My mistake. I'm really sorry. Don't know what I was... Just hold on.

Frank digs out his wallet, shuffles through credit cards.

FRANK

No. No. Nah. Nope. Nope. Uh...

He pokes into another pocket of the wallet, finds one last card wrapped in a note reading, "Are things that bad?" He crumples the note, hands the card to the cashier.

FRANK

Any coupons today?

EXT. HOME DEPOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Frank finishes loading the last of his gear into the Taurus, slams the rear hatch. He hops in.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank pulls out his cell phone, dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CALVIN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

A serene, smiling Calvin, eyes closed, enjoys a Bach Brandenburg Concerto over some high-tech earbuds. His cell phone vibrates. He pauses the music, takes the call.

CALVIN

No word yet, brother. And don't call me again, okay? I'll call you.

FRANK

Sure, sorry. How about I pick you up at ten? Or you wanna meet me?

Wider view in Calvin's apartment: it could be a location for "Hoarders," a tiny, cluttered room crammed with boxes, food, clothing, kitchenware, computers and books.

CALVIN

Meet you for what?

FRANK

To get the jewels.

CALVIN

Ho! Ho there! Sorry, bad connection, really broke up, I didn't get that, that, that thing we're not talking about, okay?

FRANK

I can't do this alone! It'll be hard enough with two of us!

CALVIN

I'll say this twice so you understand. No. Now, here's your free bonus answer. No! I have one job in this, and one only.

FRANK

What am I supposed to do?

Calvin's phone warbles: another incoming call.

CALVIN

Hey, this might be that news we've been waiting for, okay? Gotta go.

Calvin switches to the other call.

CALVIN

Tri-County Roofing.

GANGSTER (V.O.)

Mister Chilingarian says no.

CALVIN

No?

GANGSTER (V.O.)

Yes.

CALVIN

Hey, hey, look, this is a great opportunity. He should--

GANGSTER

Mister Chilingarian says no.

The gangster hangs up.

CALVIN

Fuck!

Calvin ponders a moment, looks in a small notebook, begins dialing another number.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank slumps, the phone slack in his hand. He gets an idea, shifts in the seat. He makes a decision, starts the car, drives off.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Frank sits behind his desk, serious and businesslike, speaking to an unseen listener. Another sales pitch?

FRANK

Sometimes, life presents us with tragic circumstances, sudden upheavals we'd much rather avoid. When this happens, the important thing is to make the right choice, to conquer those circumstances as courageously as possible.

Claudia, Imogen and Brian sit facing him, all gaping, slack-jawed with astonishment.

CLAUDIA

We'll be criminals!

FRANK

No we won't, because no one will ever know. I've got it worked out.

Claudia, Imogen and Brian all roll their eyes in unison.

CLAUDIA

Honey, poverty I can handle.
Prison, not so much.

FRANK

What do you call living with your folks, indefinitely? Claudia, look at us! We're half a million in debt. Imogen would rather risk roadside bombs than stay with us--

IMOGEN

--That's not true--

FRANK

--and, and what about... what about our son? What if he stays on this path to a new identity? How are we going to pay for, for, his... transition?

BRIAN

Yeah, Mom, what about my transition?

Claudia turns to Brian, looks pained.

FRANK

Sweetheart, it's time to escalate the problem.

Claudia's wavering.

IMOGEN

Excuse me, but isn't stealing sort of fundamentally bad? Like one of those basic, kindergarten, ten commandment, bad things you're never supposed to do?

FRANK

This isn't stealing! Think about it. These people buried a fortune in jewels in a hole in the ground. So whose are they? The step-mother? She's dead. The kids? They threw them away. They're nobody's!

BRIAN

"He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know it and he's not robbed at all."

Frank points at Brian, as if this comment settles everything.

FRANK

This is no different than finding a hundred dollar bill in a parking lot. You'd keep that, right? And it will give us a whole new start.

Claudia sags. Surrender.

CLAUDIA

I can't believe this. So, how do--

IMOGEN

--You're going along with him?

CLAUDIA

We have to escalate the problem.

Imogen jumps to her feet.

IMOGEN

Well, I don't. Forget it.

FRANK

We need you, Im!

IMOGEN

And stop calling me Im! I hate that! Sounds like some fucking Cockney pronoun! *Let's buy 'im another pint.* Why'd you give me such a stupid name?

FRANK

You're named for one of the greatest photographers of all time!

Frank jumps up, rushes to a shelf, pulls down a big, glossy photography book. Claudia groans.

CLAUDIA

He's getting out the book...

FRANK

Imogen Cunningham was a pioneer! An innovator! Her name should be a household word!

He pages through the book, finds a 1920S SELF-PORTRAIT of art photographer IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM: serious, elfin face behind oval glasses, a trim beret, camera in the foreground.

FRANK

Having her name is an honor!

Frank drops the book on his desk.

IMOGEN

It's stupid! And as soon as I get the chance, I'm changing it.

CLAUDIA

You got off easy. Your brother was almost Ansel Adams.

FRANK

Yeah, the greatest landscape photographer of all time!

IMOGEN

You do what you want. But I've found a future that looks pretty decent to me, and I'm not gonna fuck it up by getting sucked into this train wreck.

FRANK

Fine!

Imogen rushes out. Frank slams the door. Claudia sags.

Brian looks at his father.

BRIAN

Ansel?

Frank glances at a framed ART PRINT on the wall, an old memory surfacing.

FRANK

That's his. Mount Williamson, Clearing Storm, 1945. That's the one that changed my life. Well, almost. Always wanted to go there.

Claudia pulls him back to the present.

CLAUDIA

Frank, this feels so creepy. We're gonna be grave robbers.

Brian grins.

BRIAN

Not grave robbers. Tomb Raiders!

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER

Brian saunters out of his room costumed as LARA CROFT: brunette wig, shorts, hiking boots, knapsack, a tight tank-top hugging an overstuffed bra. In place of pistols, holstered water bottles are strapped to each thigh.

INT. 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Claudia packs a tote bag with sandwiches, drinks, a thermos of coffee, slings it over a shoulder and heads out.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, WORK ROOM - SAME TIME

Frank dumps cleaning supplies out of a big plastic tub, tosses in trash bags, an electric fan, a folded tarp. He snaps on the lid, hefts it on a shoulder.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME, PARKING LOT - DUSK

Frank, Brian and Claudia pile into the Taurus. Frank starts the car and they cruise out of the parking lot.

INT. IMOGEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Imogen stands in front of a mirror wearing her DANA SCULLY COSTUME: black pantsuit, red wig. She compares herself to a picture of Gillian Anderson on an X-Files DVD case.

She pockets a TOY PISTOL, FBI ID and FLASHLIGHT.

The sound of her dad's car gets her attention. She glances out the window and sees it drive away.

EXT. CEMETERY, PERIMETER - NIGHT

Frank's Taurus sits in deep shadow under some trees, but the family is nowhere in sight.

EXT. CEMETERY, BROGAN GRAVE - SAME TIME

Crickets chirp. A breeze ruffles the grass. Theresa Brogan's grave is filled in, the fresh earth rising in a neat mound.

The nearby grave is still covered with the Astroturf blanket, surrounded by a safety fence.

Nothing suggests any human presence, until Brian's head pushes up the Astroturf blanket. He looks around, then disappears.

INT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Brian stands on a ladder at one end of the grave. Frank and Claudia look up at him. Brian turns to face them, does his best Angelina Jolie.

BRIAN

Let's have a bit of fun.

Frank starts a generator.

MONTAGE

Claudia sets up an exhaust fan.

The BIT OF A HAMMER DRILL slams into the grave wall.

Frank leans into the drill, looking like he was born for this moment.

Claudia shifts dirt to one side of the grave.

Brian scans the cemetery.

A horizontal tunnel takes shape in the side of the grave: two feet high, four feet wide, at the depth of Theresa's coffin.

Claudia piles the loose dirt, now heaped waist high at one end of the space.

Frank stretches fully inside his new tunnel, scooping back loose dirt with a short spade.

On the surface: the barest murmur of the generator.

In the tunnel: Frank stretched prone, fully inside.

His drill hits metal.

Frank wipes away dirt, sees the side of Theresa's coffin. He turns toward Claudia.

FRANK

Ready!

Claudia calls to her son.

CLAUDIA

Breeana! Take this to your father.

Brian looks down from the ladder, smiles. He hops down, grabs the PLASMA CUTTER and a FACE SHIELD, scoots into the tunnel.

He sidles up to Frank, passes over the gear.

FRANK

Thanks, Lara.

Brian grins, scoots away. Frank slips on the face shield.

He fastens the ground clamp to the coffin, squeezes the trigger: THE PLASMA TIP FLARES SUPER WHITE.

The cutter makes quick work of the steel. Frank laughs, then riffs on the pitchman in the demo video.

FRANK

Perfect for all your most stubborn cutting chores!

He cuts loose a letter-size panel, pulls back the section of steel, pushes it aside. He's revealed the fabric-lined interior of the coffin, smoldering where the flame passed by.

Frank slashes the fabric with a box cutter, peels it away.

Jewelry spills into the tunnel.

Frank can't believe it. He calls to Claudia.

FRANK

Bag!

He starts scooping out handfulls of jewelry.

EXT. CEMETERY, ACCESS ROAD - SAME TIME

A POLICE CAR cruises slowly along rows of graves.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A youthful cop, head leaning back, one hand on the wheel, sings to the tune of Kenny Rogers' "Lucille."

COP

You picked a fine time to leave me loose wheel... Four little lug nuts fell off in Mobile...

EXT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - SAME TIME

Brian, peering from under the Astroturf blanket, sees the approaching police car. He ducks under.

BRIAN

Cop!

Claudia calls into the tunnel.

CLAUDIA

Frank! Police!

FRANK

Kill the generator!

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUING

The car stops about 20 yards from Theresa's grave.

The cop motors down his window and puts the car in park. He lights a cigarette and leans back.

COP

I've seen some bad tires, been
through some sad tires, but this
tire's the worst tire I--

A BLACK-CLAD WOMAN WITH RED HAIR STEPS INTO THE HEADLIGHTS.

Feet planted, the woman brandishes a PISTOL and FBI ID.

IMOGEN

Federal Agent! Step out of the
vehicle!

The cop stares. Imogen drops her hands, steps toward the car.

IMOGEN

Don't you see that the fucking
truth is out there! Come on!

And she sprints away between rows of headstones.

The cop hits the gas and takes off after her.

EXT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - SAME TIME

Brian peeks up in time to see the police car zoom away, turns back to his mother.

BRIAN

Go!

INT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Claudia yanks the generator cord - it whirs to life.

INT./EXT. - POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

The cop can barely keep Imogen in sight.

COP

Dispatch, 23, in pursuit of a possible 10-51. Uh, possible FBI involvement as well.

Imogen serpentine between graves, letting the cop catch up, then changing direction. She leads him away from her family.

Imogen swerves again and jumps over a low grave marker, nearly invisible. The cop tries to drive over it.

The car SLAMS INTO THE STONE. It rips open the transmission with a horrible sound. Oily smoke rises from under the hood.

Imogen disappears into the darkness.

In the car, the cop thumps his head on the wheel.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

23, say your 20. 23? Jason?

EXT. CEMETERY, IMOGEN'S CAR - CONTINUING

Breathing hard, Imogen trots up to her car, tucked in the shadows. She looks toward Theresa's grave, 50 yards away.

INT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - SAME TIME

The plasma flame flares - steel melts.

Frank cuts another piece from the side of the coffin.

Claudia packs the bagged jewels into the plastic tub.

Frank pulls away the loose piece of steel, pushes it aside, cuts the lining. More jewelry spills.

FRANK

Another bag!

Brian scans the cemetery.

Claudia bags jewels, checks the time.

CLAUDIA
Frank, it's after three!

FRANK
Okay! Comin' out.

Frank squirms back into the access grave.

Brian packs up the rest of their gear.

Frank & Claudia shovel dirt back into the tunnel.

Something catches Brian's eye: a shiny glimmer in the dirt. He reaches for it, discovers MEGAN'S DROPPED CELL PHONE. He grins, stuffs it into a pocket and keeps working.

EXT. CEMETERY, ADJACENT GRAVE - CONTINUING

Frank flops back the Astroturf mat, looks around. He turns back at Claudia.

FRANK
Nothing.

Brian stifles a giggle, hugs Claudia.

FRANK
Back in two minutes.

He scrambles to the surface, re-covers the grave with the Astroturf, then limps off for his car.

EXT. CEMETERY, GENERAL - CONTINUING

Frank limps along, face blank. But soon he's grinning like a kid on the first day of summer vacation. He picks up speed.

As he disappears in the shadows, his LAUGHTER echoes among the gravestones.

INT. HOFFMANN'S DINER - LATE MORNING, THE NEXT DAY

Frank makes a call at a pay phone in the lobby of this busy local eatery. He's all smiles.

He looks at Brian, Claudia and Imogen, sitting in a corner booth having breakfast. The call connects.

CALVIN (V.O.)
Tri-County Roofing.

FRANK
Hi, yes, we spoke about my roof
yesterday? I need to talk about
handing over my payment? For my
roof?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CALVIN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Calvin sits in his cluttered living room, eating microwaved
macaroni and cheese.

CALVIN
You got it?

FRANK
I got it.

INT. HOFFMANN'S DINER - SAME TIME

Claudia, Imogen and Brian pick over the last of their
pancakes, eggs and sausage.

Brian is dressed as VELMA DINKLEY from Scooby Doo: baggy,
cowl-neck sweater, brown pageboy wig, big glasses.

BRIAN
I was sooooo scared! I like didn't
breathe for five minutes! But then
he just floored it and took off.
Jeepers!

CLAUDIA
Lucky radio call about something.

IMOGEN
We're not that lucky, mom.

CLAUDIA
We were last night.

IMOGEN
No you weren't.

Claudia looks hard at Imogen.

CLAUDIA
What are you saying?

IMOGEN
I provided a little diversion.

BRIAN
You pulled a Han Solo!

IMOGEN
No big deal.

Claudia beams, reaches over and squeezes Imogen's hand.

IMOGEN
Probably cost me two hundred in
tips. Scully's always a hit.

Frank walks up, takes his seat, basks in the family glow. He looks at their smiles.

FRANK
I'm sorry, I'm looking for the
Huntley family? Weren't they
sitting here?

BRIAN
Dad, she was there!

CLAUDIA
Imogen got rid of the cop.

Frank looks hard at Imogen.

FRANK
Why?

IMOGEN
Didn't like the idea of Bree
sitting in Juvie.

Frank's about to reply when the local POLICE CHIEF, MATT ANDERSON (50), strolls by their table. He sees Frank.

CHIEF ANDERSON
Hey, Frank, thought that was you.
Claudia, Imogen, uhhh...

Chief Anderson looks at Brian, blanks on a name. Brian grins. Frank comes to the rescue.

FRANK
Hey Matt! What's goin' on?

CHIEF ANDERSON

Ah, not much. Had a little excitement at Saint Anthony's last night. Jason trashed his cruiser chasing some woman.

Imogen sinks lower in her seat. Frank glances at her.

FRANK

Sorry to hear that. Is he okay?

CHIEF ANDERSON

Oh, yeah, he's fine. Strange story, though.

FRANK

Well, kids are out of school...

CHIEF ANDERSON

I guess. Hey, did you get a call about that exhumation?

The Huntlies all freeze. Frank's face is a smiling mask. Thunder rumbles outside, the lights seem to dim.

FRANK

...Exhumation?

CHIEF ANDERSON

Yeah, get this. Kevin Brogan, of all people, calls me and-- you did their service yesterday, right?

FRANK

Yeah...

CHIEF ANDERSON

Well, wrong damn cemetery! You believe that? He's not blaming you, some kind of mix-up on the family's end. Anyway, Brogan's gonna pull his mom out of the ground today and truck her wherever. They've probably got a gold-lined family crypt somewhere, huh?

FRANK

Yeah, yeah. Heh.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Well, enjoy your breakfast.

Anderson goes to pay his check.

FRANK

Later! Ha ha! Oh, those wacky rich people.

Frank meets Claudia's eyes: animal panic.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The Taurus skids into a parking space. Imogen jumps out and sprints to the rear entrance. Frank, Claudia and Brian are close behind.

FRANK

Just pack light and fast. You remember how to shut off the water? And the gas?

CLAUDIA

We're not coming back?

They move inside--

INT. WORK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANK

I don't know, but we will have lots and lots of cash, and that suggests a little travel.

BRIAN

Where are we going?

CLAUDIA

Rich fugitives. Great plan. We have time to stop for fake beards and funny hats?

Frank and Brian pull a tarp away from a pile of debris in a corner, toss away junk until they uncover the plastic tub of jewels. Frank drags it out of the pile.

FRANK

Claudia, when we're sitting on a beach somewhere, sipping champagne and looking forward to another lobster dinner, I will gladly listen to all the reasons why this was a totally batshit idea. But until then, back the fuck off.

CLAUDIA

I'm not sure I can help myself.

BRIAN
Where are we going!

FRANK
Then just...

Imogen runs by carrying a big gym bag, heads for the rear entrance.

Frank picks up the tub of jewels, chases after her; Claudia and Brian follow.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME, PARKING LOT - CONTINUING

Frank trots up behind Imogen.

FRANK
Where are you going?

IMOGEN
To sign some papers.

FRANK
You're enlisting? Now?

IMOGEN
Yeah, now! Especially now! And as far as last night goes, I was never there.

FRANK
Im, please--

IMOGEN
--Don't call me that!

FRANK
Look, if we can just--

IMOGEN
--I don't want to talk about it!
And you should be calling a lawyer.

FRANK
You haven't thought this through!

Imogen's look: Did you actually just say that?

Brian is crying; he holds onto Claudia. A flash of eye contact between him and Imogen, but she turns away.

Imogen gets into her car and roars off.

She nearly collides with Calvin, who speeds into the parking lot in a BATTERED VAN bearing a TRI-COUNTY ROOFING SIGN.

Imogen's car races out of sight.

The van lurches to a stop.

Frank turns to Claudia.

FRANK
I'll call you as soon as...

It dawns on Frank just how clueless he actually is.

CLAUDIA
You'll call me.

FRANK
Yeah.

Frank hugs them both, grabs the tub and heads for Calvin's van. He gets in, slams the door.

Claudia and Brian watch the van speed out of sight.

CLAUDIA
Breeana, please say something encouraging.

BRIAN
There's only a point-zero-zero-one percent chance of the earth being hit by a killer asteroid.

CLAUDIA
Thanks.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

The BUCKET OF A BACKHOE claws out a scoop of earth. It's opening up Theresa Brogan's grave.

Kevin sits in his black rental sedan, watching the work. His eyes never leave the grave.

Beside him sits an Asian female TRANSLATOR with a cell phone.

KEVIN
...And I have no doubt that, with the new, the new incentives that I will shortly be able to provide, we can once again unite to achieve an outcome of great benefit to us all.

The translator echoes his words in Mandarin. She pauses, listens to the phone, speaks in English.

TRANSLATOR

I am very interested to learn more of these new incentives... How unfortunate they were not available before the conclusion of the recent arrangements.

Kevin glances at the phone as if he'd like to spit at it.

KEVIN

Yes. How very fucking unfortunate.

The translator covers the phone, looks at Kevin.

TRANSLATOR

Do you want me to...?

KEVIN

No! No, we're dear old friends, all orange blossoms and plum wine.

The translator resumes the dialogue in Mandarin.

The backhoe rips out another scoop of earth.

INT. CALVIN'S ROOFING VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

They speed down a county highway, Calvin at the wheel.

FRANK

Stan Rice? From high school?

CALVIN

The very same. "Minute Rice" to his girlfriend; I'll let you guess why. At the moment he's the only game in town.

FRANK

What, he's some gangster now?

CALVIN

No, it's like this. All my usual connections blew me off. I started with the Russian crew. They usually go for bling, but not today. So I tried the Armenians. Pass. Then the Jamaicans. Nope. I thought I had a shot with the Chinese, but, bu-yao, chey-chey.

FRANK

Where are the Americans?

CALVIN

Good question.

FRANK

Goddamn it! Isn't it bad enough we're off-shoring all our manufacturing? Can't we at least show some leadership in organized crime? This is our country!

CALVIN

Shit. It's like we've lost a piece of our history.

FRANK

I am absolutely sure that people born and raised right here in the States can operate a drug syndicate as well as anyone. Better!

CALVIN

Fuckin A. Springsteen should write a song about this.

FRANK

So, why Stan?

FRANK

One time he told me his uncle was hooked up with some mob in Chicago. Said the guy was very heavy. And when he got out of prison he came to live with them.

FRANK

You know how to find him?

FRANK

I talked to him half an hour ago. They have a deli in Taylorsville. You hungry?

The van zooms out of sight.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Brian kneels amid a clutter of open boxes: dresses, tops, wigs and shoes strewn everywhere. He tosses things into a pile on the bed, gathers an armload and rushes out.

As he yanks the pile off his bed, he uncovers the iPhone he found in the grave.

INT. FRANK/CLAUDIA'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Brian rushes in past Claudia, drops his stuff on the bed; it's already covered with an explosion of clothing.

CLAUDIA
Breeana, stop!

BRIAN
I have to get the shoes!

Back and forth - Brian keeps running in with armloads of clothing from his room. Claudia tries to sort the chaos.

They collide in the doorway and Brian drops another load: a blonde wig, white dress, matching accessories.

BRIAN
They're getting dirty!

CLAUDIA
Sweetie, you can get through a few months without being Marilyn.

BRIAN
No I can't!

Now Claudia tries to sort stuff into piles on the bed, the floor, on hangers. Brian's getting weepy.

BRIAN
I can't leave this!

CLAUDIA
Remember our talk about androgyny?
That's the trick, Bree. Pack gender neutral.

Now they're both trying to seal a HUGE SUITCASE jammed full of Brian's clothes. Claudia finally zips it closed.

BRIAN
There's another case in the attic.

CLAUDIA
You get one!

A DOOR CHIME sounds downstairs. They freeze.

BRIAN
Is it the cops?

Claudia peeks out a window.

OUTSIDE: A silver MERCEDES backs into a parking space in the rear lot.

CLAUDIA
Stay here.

BRIAN
Don't leave me alone!

Claudia checks her appearance, gives her hair a brush.

CLAUDIA
Okay, how about this. Pack the case from the attic. Essentials only! Just stay up here. And pick an outfit for the road. Something simple.

BRIAN
Okay. Ellen?

CLAUDIA
Mmm... K. D. Lang.

Claudia steels herself, heads for the stairs.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Claudia enters from the hallway, sees an elderly woman examining the dusty artwork.

CLAUDIA
May I help you?

The woman turns to face her. It's THERESA PERETTI BROGAN, whose coffin they robbed, alive and not so well.

She's 72, looks 82. A breathing tube snakes around her face; an oxygen tank stands next to her on a small cart. A cigarette smolders in one hand. And she wears more GAUDY JEWELRY than a sideshow fortune teller.

When her eyes meet Claudia's, her face lights up with a grin like a school girl.

THERESA
Hi, I'm Terri! I'm here for my funeral.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Cubicles and computers. It could be almost any office space, but for the camo-clad staff, and Army posters on every wall.

Imogen sits opposite SERGEANT DAVIS (30). She stares at a recruiting form, her pen poised for the final signature.

IMOGEN

Is there a two-week "change your mind" period or anything?

DAVIS

Well, you'd have a minimum obligation of two years.

IMOGEN

Sometimes I don't do so well with authority.

DAVIS

I hear that all the time, but Imogen, this isn't your grandfather's army. Today's army is all about helping you discover who you really are, and then helping you become the best "you" that you can be. While serving the evolving defense and security needs of your country.

Another SOLDIER (19) arrives with two cups of coffee, puts them on Davis' desk. He glances at Imogen.

DAVIS

Thank you, Specialist.

SOLDIER

Hey, you dance at Xena's! Saw you Saturday! Sailor Moon! Excellent!

IMOGEN

Uh, yeah.

SOLDIER

You're the best, ma'am. With respect. Total best.

IMOGEN

Thanks.

DAVIS

That's all, Specialist!

SOLDIER
Yes, Sergeant. Ma'am.

The soldier walks away.

DAVIS
Sorry about that. I'm sure that's something you want to put behind you.

IMOGEN
What do you mean?

DAVIS
Your... job. You'll never have to do that again. Even brief military service can open doors to any number of respectable careers.

Imogen leans back, pins Davis with a steely glare.

IMOGEN
Sergeant Davis. In addition to being a licensed mortician, I am a skilled exotic dancer, and it's nothing to be ashamed of.

She rises like a darkening thunderhead.

IMOGEN
I can waltz into thousands of cities right now and find work either bringing peace to the dead or excitement to the living, and I don't need you or the Army helping me figure out who I am! In fact I'm going to work right now, where the people already think I'm plenty fucking respectable! And I have a health plan!

She storms out. Davis calls after her.

DAVIS
You can do basic at Fort McCoy, in Wisconsin! They have a mushroom festival!

INT. TASTE OF WARSAW DELI - AFTERNOON

On the wall: a menu of Polish lunch specials.

At the tables: old men speaking Polish, hunkered over soup, sausage and potatoes. On a cheap stereo, a Polish Michael Jackson sings an '80s pop tune.

Frank and Calvin sip soup, eyeing the locals.

FRANK

Of course they couldn't be
American.

STAN RYSTEWSKI (45), balding, built like a piano mover, glides up to their table with a platter of pierogi.

STAN

You're gonna love these. How's that
soup?

CALVIN

Fantastic.

FRANK

So, Stan. Rice? Not like you came
through Ellis Island.

STAN

Yeah, I know. My folks were trying
to get away from a warrant in
Connecticut, had to leave Rystewski
behind.

FRANK

That had to be tough.

STAN

Ah, I was 13. Gimme Nintendo and a
Playboy, I was happy anywhere.

CALVIN

Very Zen.

Frank glances over at UNCLE MIROSLAV (80) sitting in a corner, reading a paper.

FRANK

I really appreciate you and your
uncle helping me with this problem.

STAN

Slow down. Until cousin Maksym
checks out your stuff, my uncle
won't even talk to you.

FRANK

But if it's worth what I think it is... can he really put his hands on that much cash?

STAN

Well, last year he bought an F-14 from this spook. He didn't use PayPal.

The bell over the front door jingles. COUSIN MAKSYM (90) enters, shuffling forward, very unsteady. He's led by his daughter MAGDA (60). He looks across the room.

Miroslav rises, looks at Stan, nods toward a back room.

STAN

You're up.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

The back side of Theresa's coffin settles into view: steel cut away, the lining in tatters. Seen through the plasma-cut opening, the lid opens, revealing Kevin looking down at the body.

His face goes slack. He reaches in, picks up the tiny ring.

From behind him, the Translator steps closer.

The Cemetery Worker and LOADER OPERATOR watch his reaction.

Kevin's confusion morphs into fury.

KEVIN

You... you BASTAAAARD!

CEMETERY WORKER

Easy, mister. That's your mother.

LOADER OPERATOR

You guys know there's a big hole in the back of this coffin?

KEVIN

What? Oh, yes, of course. We saved a lot of money buying a factory second. Excuse me.

Kevin scurries off toward his car.

CEMETERY WORKER

Man, the rich are so cheap.

Near his car, Kevin unloads on the translator.

KEVIN

That piss-ant undertaker has my jewels. How... I can't believe it!

TRANSLATOR

Shouldn't we call the police?

KEVIN

No! Those jewels have to be on a flight to Shanghai in 12 hours, not sitting in some county evidence locker.

He begins dialing a cell phone.

KEVIN

This is Kevin Brogan. I need two, no three, three of your best men. Blackwater types. They should be ready to provide a little extreme persuasion.

INT. CLAUDIA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Claudia and Theresa sit at her desk, laughing like old friends at a bachelorette party. They're both smoking.

THERESA

Yeah, they started out around 1985 with dolls in shoe boxes. Buried 'em in the flowers. Kid stuff. When Shannon's trust fund kicked in, they went big-time. Mannequins, real coffins. But it was always private, on the estate. This is the first year they actually booked a funeral home. Raising the bar yet again, God bless 'em. Hey, did they piss on me?

CLAUDIA

They drew straws.

Another explosion of laughter. Claudia wipes her eyes.

CLAUDIA

It was soooo skeevy!

THERESA

Christ on a crutch. Barry came up with that about 10 years ago.

CLAUDIA

Why do they do this every year?

THERESA

Well, for one thing, except for Kevin they've got nothing better to do. And they hate my guts. See, their mother spoiled them rotten, so after Mike and I tied the knot I dropped their allowances from five hundred to five. From that day on I was the Antichrist.

CLAUDIA

I'd think you'd be happy you got the date wrong. Why show up? What can you possibly get out of it?

Theresa gets quiet.

THERESA

They're the only family I have left. Pretty pathetic, huh?

Claudia drops her eyes. Theresa shrugs.

THERESA

Guess I keep hoping one time, they'll look across the grave at me and realize how stupid it's all been. Make a new start. Well, time's up.

Theresa holds up the oxygen tube.

THERESA

Oh my God, I just thought of something. I was late for my own funeral!

And their laughter explodes again!

Claudia shifts gears.

CLAUDIA

Um, Terri, there's something, something I need to explain.

THERESA

What's that, dear?

A bleach blonde head slides around the door frame. One mascaraed, shadowed eye peeks in.

Theresa glances over.

THERESA
Well, who's this?

Brian steps into the office: a spot on, pint-size, 1955
MARILYN MONROE, white purse in hand.

CLAUDIA
That is not K. D. Lang.

BRIAN
It's K. D. Lang on Halloween.

Brian gives Terri an appraising look.

BRIAN
I'm Breeana.

THERESA
I'm Terri. Very nice to meet you.
That's quite the bodacious rack you
have there.

BRIAN
Thanks. They're not real.

THERESA
Understandable. You're a boy,
right?

BRIAN
(hesitates)
What do you think?

THERESA
I think life's mostly about
choices. Everybody makes their own.
When I was your age, I chose to be
a pain in the ass, and it sure
worked out for me.

Brian smiles.

THERESA
Hey, wanna see something neat?

She takes off the oxygen tube, then brings her cigarette near
the outlet. The glowing tip bursts into flame.

Brian laughs. He opens his purse and produces Megan's iPhone,
now sparkling clean. He holds it up, shifts to a breathy
Marilyn voice.

BRIAN

I came across some crazy recordings
of a poor, bereaved family. Would
you like to see them?

THERESA

Ohhh, Definitely.

INT. XENA'S FANTASY BAR - AFTERNOON

Imogen sobs like a lost child at one end of the long bar.
She's costumed as XENA: WARRIOR PRINCESS. Two other dancers,
TINKERBELL and DOROTHY, offer support.

IMOGEN

What am I gonna do?

TINKERBELL

Call your mom, honey.

IMOGEN

What if the cops are listening?
They might come after me! My folks
have probably been arrested. Maybe
I should run, hide out somewhere!
And what's gonna happen to my
brother?

WHOLESOME (O.S.)

You need intel.

They look over at the bartender. It's the multitalented
WHOLESOME BRUNETTE who repossessed Frank's hearse.

IMOGEN

What do you mean?

WHOLESOME

I might be able to give you some
ears on the situation.

TINKERBELL

You're a bartender.

WHOLESOME

Yeah, see, I've got this other job.

DOROTHY

Massage therapist?

WHOLESOME

Not that one.

INT. CLAUDIA'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Theresa, Claudia and Brian sit together as Brian plays videos on Megan's phone.

Brian plays the recording in the reposing room: the Brogan siblings' first sight of the open coffin.

THERESA

Hey, I look great! Get me the name of that hairdresser!

CLAUDIA

They are so very, very awful. And yet I can't look away.

THERESA

Try it for twenty-five years. Oh my God!

This in reaction to Barry's grope and lick on Theresa's synthetic double.

THERESA

I always said that kid had a lotta class, all of it low. And what's with the jewelry? You don't think I wear too much jewelry, do you?

BRIAN

Absolutely not! It worked for Busta Rhymes.

THERESA

Thank you, dear. And look at that stuff! It's so tacky! My jewelry has some elegance, at least. It sure cost enough.

CLAUDIA

Your jewelry?

The video ends.

BRIAN

Here's another one.

Brian selects an earlier video. It shows Megan (behind the camera) and Shannon entering a WALMART.

SHANNON (V.O.)

We're probably going to have to buy everything in the store, right?

(MORE)

SHANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I mean, we want to fill up the whole coffin, right?

MEGAN (V.O.)

Absolutely, we need to totally cover the body. Everything they have that's cheap and ugly, just like her.

SHANNON (V.O.)

Excellent!

THERESA

Now they're pissing me off. Do you think this stuff looks cheap and ugly? Be honest.

But Claudia isn't listening. She jumps to her feet, locks eyes with Brian. They exchange a fearful look.

CLAUDIA

Excuse me.

She rushes out. Brian sags.

THERESA

Something wrong?

BRIAN

It's kind of like, my father's trying to sell the Maltese Falcon, only he doesn't know it.

THERESA

Great movie.

BRIAN

Lotta people die, though.

INT. TASTE OF WARSAW DELI, BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

The jewels are piled on a kitchen apron, spread on a table.

Maksym sits at the table. Frank, Calvin, Stan and Miroslav hover nearby.

Inside Frank's pocket, his PHONE vibrates. He ignores it.

Maksym has a JEWELER'S LOUPE tucked in one eye. He examines half a dozen items of jewelry, grunting after each one.

He sighs, removes the loupe and says a few words in Polish. Miroslav looks up at Frank.

FRANK
What did he say?

STAN
Pay him.

Frank and Calvin practically collapse with relief.

FRANK
Thank you, thank you. You can't
imagine what this means to my
family.

Miroslav leans close to his brother, asks something in Polish. Maksym gives a much longer answer. Miroslav chuckles and all the Polish-speakers in the room grin. Stan speaks up, but Miroslav silences him with a word.

Miroslav yells into the dining room, summoning two heavy-weight GOONS who shuffle in, pick up the joke, and begin laughing along with the others.

Calvin and Frank are clueless. They glance around, looking like schoolyard kids surrounded by bullies, sure they are the butt of some hidden joke. The laughter surges.

Still grinning, Miroslav faces Frank.

MIROSLAV
Come. Time to collect your payment.

The goons scoop the jewels back into the plastic tub.

MIROSLAV
This way.

He gestures toward a back door.

FRANK
You... you have the money here?

MIROSLAV
Yes, yes, yes, everything is right
here. This way.

A goon hands the tub back to Frank, nods toward the door.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DELI - CONTINUING

Frank, Calvin, Miroslav, Stan and the goons step into an ally behind the deli: empty food boxes, a steel DUMPSTER, and three DOGS chained to the building.

A battered delivery van blocks access to the street.

Miroslav nods toward the alley.

MIROSLAV

Your payment.

FRANK

The... dogs?

MIROSLAV

No, no. The dog shit. In the dumpster, you will find many little blue bags of shit. I love this country. Special bags just for dog shit. Take all you like! Maksym says you've brought us a pile of shit, so it's only fair that you take shit away with you!

Miroslav cracks up and everyone joins him, except Frank and Calvin. Frank's not having any of this.

FRANK

Now hold on, these jewels are worth millions! I know they are!

MIROSLAV

No, no, the jewels are shit. The shit, however, is real. For this reason, I think you get the better side of this deal!

Miroslav cracks up again, even more of a laugh-fest than before. Frank snaps.

FRANK

(angry)

Listen, you, I came here--

BANG -- One of the goons slams the dumpster with a length of pipe. Frank jumps, realizes he's crossed a line--

--Calvin grabs Frank around the shoulders, stands close.

CALVIN

Mister Rystewski, thank you very much, and I'm sorry we wasted your time. Honest mistake. I think we'll take a pass on the shit, but I'd sure like to get some of those pierogi to go. They are like heaven on a plate.

MIROSLAV

Ah, thank you. Grandmother's
recipe. Stan will take care of you.
Please.

Miroslav gestures at the door, staring hard at Frank.

Everyone relaxes, and they file back inside.

INT. TASTE OF WARSAW DELI, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank clutches the tub of jewels, face blank, sweating. He
whispers to Calvin.

FRANK

What just happened?

CALVIN

Shut up and smile. (louder) Hey,
whatever smells so good, I'll take
three!

INT. WHOLESOME'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Lights flash on a POLICE RADIO SCANNER mounted under the
dashboard. It emits occasional bursts of COP CHATTER.

Imogen and Wholesome sit in the front seats, listening...

A 2-car accident on County 841 - A road crew finishing up for
the day - An officer aiding a motorist who struck a cow.

WHOLESOME

It sounds like just another day in
the three counties.

IMOGEN

Thanks. I'm goin' home.

Imogen gives Wholesome a quick hug, hops out of the car.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

A dozen afternoon regulars nurse drinks. The big-screen TV
shows local news without any sound. Country music plays.

Frank sits with Calvin in a dim booth, beers and shots in
front of them. Frank's drinks are untouched.

On the stained, battered tabletop, Frank's cell phone
vibrates: Claudia's name on the screen.

He stares at it, glassy-eyed.

FRANK
You know any lawyers?

CALVIN
A few.

FRANK
Can't afford one, anyway. Courts
are supposed to appoint counsel,
though, right? If you're broke?

CALVIN
(nodding)
Sixth amendment.

FRANK
Guess I'm okay, then.

Frank's phone vibrates again: Claudia. He ignores it.

CALVIN
Dammit, Frank!

FRANK
What am I supposed to tell her?

He grabs the phone, speaks to it without taking the call.

FRANK
Hi honey! Hey, it turns out I
couldn't tell yard sale crap from
that fortune that was gonna save
our lives. Go figure, huh? Oh, and
I'm really sorry we're going to
prison. Love you!

He tosses the phone down.

CALVIN
You don't know that! Just think
about it for a minute. You're not
some career con, Frank. You'll get
a deal, probation.

FRANK
You don't know that.

LAUGHTER at the bar gets Frank's attention.

Using a cell phone camera, a CUSTOMER frames a snapshot of
two boozy, middle-aged LOVE BIRDS. Kiss - Flash.

FRANK

My first camera was a little Pentax Spotmatic, 35 millimeter. Found it at a church sale for 20 bucks. I never went anywhere without it, remember?

CALVIN

Sure. School paper.

FRANK

That was only cause my dad had more tolerance for journalism than art. Only thing that mattered to him was me taking over the funeral home. I never wanted to be that guy.

CALVIN

Who did you want to be?

FRANK

Ansel Adams. Had it all worked out. School of Visual Arts, Rochester Institute. Then travel. Alaska, India, places without names. I wanted to spend an entire season looking into one valley, watching the light.

CALVIN

So what happened?

FRANK

My dad. "The business stays in the family!" He was relentless. And I gave in. I always give in. My life is sort of a study in surrender. So I've spent the last twenty years offering soothing words to lost, shattered people, staring into holes in the ground. The stiff business, remember?

CALVIN

There's nothing wrong with what you do, Frank! You said it yourself, you help people.

FRANK

I was fooling myself, Calvin. We both know I didn't fool you.

His phone begins to vibrate again. He snatches it off the table, stands, stuffs it in a pocket.

FRANK

Let's get outta here.

INT. CLAUDIA'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

THERESA'S PERSONAL CHECK FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS rests on Claudia's two upturned palms, cradled like a holy relic.

Claudia stares at it, her cheeks wet with tears. She looks over at Theresa, who fires up another smoke.

CLAUDIA

People don't do this.

THERESA

The wealthy aren't exactly people, dear. Five minutes with my step-kids should've told you that. Look, I'm loaded! You don't think Kevin and the Chipmunks got all my husband's dough, do you? Besides, a little generosity might help get me through those pearly gates. You believe in heaven?

Claudia leans back.

CLAUDIA

I think I'm gonna pass out.

THERESA

Jesus! Here...

Theresa takes off her oxygen tube, passes it to Claudia,

THERESA

Breath deep, kiddo.

CLAUDIA

Thanks.

THERESA

Better?

CLAUDIA

Yeah. Yeah.

THERESA

Now, if you deposit that check tomorrow it'll bounce to the moon. Wait until Friday. I need to move some money from Geneva.

CLAUDIA
 Geneva. Of course, where else? I
 have to tell my husband. And my
 daughter. They'll think I've
 snapped.

Claudia grabs her cell phone, speed dials Frank again.

CLAUDIA
 Breeana. Terri, could you tell my
 son?

THERESA
 Sure.

CLAUDIA
 He's down the hall. He's... he's
 very sensitive.

THERESA
 Belying that macho exterior, you
 mean. I'd better...

Theresa motions for the oxygen tube.

CLAUDIA
 Oh! Thanks, really.

She passes it back.

CLAUDIA
 Second door on the right.

Terri lurches to her feet and steps out of the office,
 wheeling the oxygen tank behind her.

CLAUDIA
 Frank, pick up or so help me I will
 leave you for the panty boy.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUING

Theresa steps in, scans the open coffins on display.

THERESA
 Knock, knock.

BRIAN (O.S.)
 Who's there.

THERESA
 Your fairy godmother.

Brian sits up inside one of the coffins, looks at Theresa.

BRIAN
No such thing.

THERESA
Then you're in for a shock,
sweetheart. And why are you in a
coffin? Just planning ahead?

BRIAN
They're very comforting. I sleep in
this one sometimes.

THERESA
You don't say?

Theresa steps closer, checks out the coffin next to Brian.

BRIAN
Go ahead, try one.

INT. CALVIN'S ROOFING VAN - DUSK

Calvin slows as he approaches the funeral home on a local road, stops a hundred yards away. He and Frank scan the area.

CALVIN
No cops.

FRANK
Pull in the back.

They cruise into the parking lot, passing the Mercedes.

INT. THERESA'S CAR - SAME TIME

THOMAS, (60) Theresa's driver, sits in the silver Mercedes reading an ebook. He glances up as Calvin's van approaches. A flash of eye contact with Frank.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CALVIN'S ROOFING VAN - SAME TIME

A flash of eye contact with Thomas.

CALVIN
Who's that in the S-Class?

FRANK

I don't know.

Calvin pulls up by the rear entrance, but leaves the engine running. Frank looks at him, lost, embarrassed.

FRANK

Look...

CALVIN

Ah, forget it. Broke up the monotony for a while.

FRANK

That it did. Back to business as usual?

CALVIN

No, I gotta get outta Dodge.

FRANK

Shit. Cause of this?

Calvin gives a shy, slightly embarrassed smile.

CALVIN

Frank, my "pharmaceutical" business has been on the skids for years. I owe a lot of money to some pretty bad people. My job used to be fun, ya know? But this new breed, man. Whenever I do a deal, I'm not sure if I'm gonna get product or a bullet. I'm done.

FRANK

Where you gonna go?

CALVIN

East. I've got a sister in Jersey I haven't seen in forever.

FRANK

Jersey. Well, be sure to say hi to the Boss for me.

CALVIN

Jungle Land. You got it.

Frank hugs him.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME, REAR ENTRANCE - SHORT TIME LATER

Calvin's van pulls away, leaving Frank with the tub of jewels in the parking lot. He glances at Thomas in the Mercedes, then heads for the door.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Frank pushes through the door, hefting the tub of jewels.

FRANK

Claudia!

A SMOKE ALARM begins screaming from somewhere near the front of the funeral home.

Frank drops the tub and runs down the hall.

INT. 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Claudia's pouring herself a glass of wine, dialing Imogen on her cell with the other hand. Her head snaps toward the door as the ALARM SHRIEKS. She runs out.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - SAME TIME

THE ALARM IS LOUDER HERE. Brian's head pops up in the coffin.

THERESA (O.S.)

(slurred speech)

Should we be worried about that?

BRIAN

I'll check it out.

Brian hops to the floor, follows the noise.

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

THE ALARM IS LOUDER STILL. Frank runs along the hall.

Claudia nearly collides with him at the foot of the stairs. A fierce, urgent hug.

FRANK

You okay?

CLAUDIA

Yeah. Bree's in the back. Frank, everything's--

FRANK

--Hold on.

CLAUDIA

Frank!

Frank follows the alarm into the front lobby.

Brian peeks out from the display room, runs toward his parents.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Claudia rush in.

KEVIN BROGAN stands just under a wall-mounted smoke alarm, holding a BURNING WAD OF PAPER under it.

FRANK

What the fuck are you doing?

KEVIN

Frank! Good thing I came by, you've got a fire here!

Kevin drops the burning paper on the carpet.

FRANK

Fuck!

Frank rushes forward, starts stamping out the fire.

KEVIN

Do I have your full attention?

FRANK

Claudia, Call the cops.

Claudia pulls out her cell phone.

KEVIN

Yes, do call the police, so we can all talk about you robbing my step-mothers grave!

Claudia hesitates, looks at Frank. Brian trots to his father's side.

BRIAN

Dad, it doesn't matter.

KEVIN

Good God, Frank. What sort of misfits are you raising in this family?

The pint-size Marilyn Monroe glares at Kevin.

BRIAN

Excuse me, who do you think you are?

Frank snaps. He PUNCHES KEVIN IN THE FACE. Both men yell in pain. Kevin recoils, Frank nurses his hand.

No one notices Kevin glance into a DARK REPOSING ROOM nearby, shake his head, then turn back to Frank.

KEVIN

Frank, just give me the jewels and this won't get any uglier.

FRANK

The jewels... Yeah. Let me get this straight. You want all that jewelry you buried with your mother? Cause it's worth millions of dollars?

KEVIN

Thaaaaat's right.

CLAUDIA

Just give it to him!

FRANK: He is done with giving in.

FRANK

No. It's mine. Now get out!

CLAUDIA

Could we have a minute?

She drags Frank away down the hall, whispers to him.

CLAUDIA

It's all junk! The whole funeral was a joke!

FRANK

I don't care.

He pulls away from her, marches back to Kevin.

FRANK

Get the fuck out. Door's right there.

KEVIN

Frank, I didn't really expect you to see reason, so I've brought along some help. Three men who know far more about the arts of persuasion than I. Isn't that right boys?

Kevin turns to the nearby reposing room.

THREE SHADOWY FIGURES begin to move forward.

Frank draws his family together, placing himself between them and this new menace.

The figures step into the light... and it's Frank's client MIKE GORMAN, handyman CURTIS, and the REPO DRIVER. They all look nervous. Mike holds an open bottle of beer.

GORMAN

Hey, Frank. Claudia.

FRANK

Mike. What's up?

GORMAN

Well, this guy came into Hennessey's and offered us a hundred bucks to rough somebody up.

CURTIS

A hundred each!

GORMAN

We didn't know it was you, Frank. Nothing personal.

FRANK

This is your muscle?

KEVIN

I have an open purchase order with the finest security firm in North America! Just a little cash flow problem at the moment. But I'm sure these men can get the job done.

Kevin glares at the three locals.

KEVIN

Well, go on! Persuade! Extort!
Intimidate!

The men look at each other. Curtis sidles over to a table, pushes a vase of fake flowers to the carpeted floor. It lands with a gentle thud.

GORMAN

Don't make us get any rougher,
Frank.

Brian and Claudia start laughing.

FRANK

Cash flow trouble. Why is that,
Kevin?

KEVIN

BECAUSE THE CHINESE NATIONALIZED MY
PLANT! I spent nearly a billion
dollars to relocate. Paid a fortune
in bribes and kickbacks. But after
two years, I had the most advanced
fiber-optic line in the world. Then
I lost everything because I
neglected to pay off one well-
connected, mid-level paper-pusher
who still lives with his mother!

CLAUDIA

Ouch.

DRIVER

Lotsa guys still live with their
moms, ya know.

FRANK

So... you're broke?

KEVIN

Yes, Frank, I'm broke. Happy? Now,
I don't care how my sisters got
hold of those jewels. But they are
Brogan property, so hand them over!

FRANK

No.

Kevin simmers. The three locals look uneasy.

KEVIN

--Five hundred dollars!

Kevin holds up a handful of cash.

KEVIN

Five hundred dollars to the first man to beat Frank Huntley into a more agreeable state of mind!

ALL THREE MEN DESCEND ON FRANK.

A punch from the Driver knocks him into the reposing room.

DRIVER

Sorry, pal, you know how it is.

BRIAN

Stop it!

Brian tries to rush to Frank's aid, but Claudia holds him back. She plants Brian in a corner, grabs a floor lamp.

CLAUDIA

Don't move!

INT. REPOSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curtis shoves the Driver aside, yanks Frank up, slams him in the gut.

Gorman spins Frank around, lands an uppercut - Frank sprawls back into the rows of chairs.

Claudia charges in with the floor lamp held like a spear. She stabs at Gorman's head, knocks him back, then squares off against the Driver.

The LIGHTS in the reposing room FLASH ON.

IMOGEN (O.S.)

READY ON THE FIRING LINE!

All eyes swing toward the new voice.

Imogen stands in the lobby, still dressed as Xena Warrior Princess, aiming the ASSAULT RIFLE at the locals.

GORMAN

Hey, take it easy!

IMOGEN

Take a walk!

BRIAN

You are so totally Han Solo.

DRIVER
He owes us money!

CURTIS
Yeah, we're not leaving until he
settles up.

IMOGEN
Dad?

FRANK
Yeah?

IMOGEN
Anyone in the basement?

FRANK
Nope.

POW POW POW

THREE SHOTS TEAR THROUGH THE CARPET NEAR THE LOCALS.

The three men waste no time running out the front door.

Imogen lowers the rifle. Claudia and Brian help Frank to his feet.

IMOGEN
You wanna tell me what's going on?

CLAUDIA
You're father's having some kind of
mid-life guy episode.

FRANK
I've never felt better.

Frank and Kevin lock eyes.

FRANK
You're alone. My daughter has a big
gun. There's the door.

Kevin grinds his teeth, thinking fast.

KEVIN
Frank, give me those jewels or
spend the next twenty years sitting
in courtrooms.

Frank didn't see this coming.

KEVIN

I'm a lawyer, Frank. I know how to make a trial go on forever. If criminal charges don't stick, I'll bring a civil suit. That might even be better. You'll be utterly destitute.

FRANK

I'm destitute now.

KEVIN

Not quite. You have your family.

Kevin gestures to Brian.

KEVIN

If you're homeless, social services won't let you raise a child.

Frank and Brian share a tense look. Frank sees the checkmate.

CLAUDIA

Just. Give him. The jewels.

KEVIN

He'll go into foster care, Frank. What sort of home do you think--?

FRANK

--You win.

THOMAS (O.S.)

What the hell's going on in here?

THOMAS, Theresa's driver, stands just inside the lobby, aiming a pistol at Imogen. No one looks at him.

THOMAS

Where is Theresa Brogan?

KEVIN

She's here?

THOMAS

Yeah, she's here! She came through this door at two this afternoon and she's not answering her phone. Where is she?

BRIAN

Come on.

Imogen clears the rifle. Thomas follows Brian down the hall.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUING

Brian and Thomas approach the coffin where Terri had been lying. Brian hops up onto a stool, looks down.

BRIAN
Terri, somebody has to talk to you.
Terri, wake up... Terri?

Brian's cheer begins to fade as realization dawns.

MUSIC BRIDGE TO:

MONTAGE

INT. FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank hands Kevin the tub of jewels. Kevin takes a quick look inside, then snaps the lid closed and trots off.

INT. REPOSING ROOM - LATER

The furniture has been set in order. Imogen chats with a POLICEMAN, careful to stand over the bullet holes.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - SAME TIME

An EMT packs up gear.

Claudia and Thomas talk to another POLICEMAN nearby.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER fills out a death certificate.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank's leaning back in his chair, looking at Theresa's million dollar check. Thomas and Claudia walk in.

THOMAS
Well, I can't reach her attorney,
but I see no reason why you
shouldn't handle things here.

FRANK
Of course.

THOMAS

Just send the bill to this address. They'll get in touch tomorrow about transport. She has a plot next to her husband near Pittsburgh.

FRANK

Sure.

CLAUDIA

Uh, this is a little awkward, but Theresa gave us a check.

Thomas hangs his head, then looks up at Claudia.

THOMAS

A million dollars?

Frank and Claudia share an "uh oh" look.

FRANK

Yeah...

Thomas shuffles his feet.

THOMAS

Look... She handed out those checks every week, to bartenders, waitresses, anyone. But she hadn't had that kind of money in a long time. After Mike died, the step-kids got almost everything. Seems Kevin suddenly found a new will.

CLAUDIA

So... no money from Geneva?

THOMAS

Sorry.

FRANK

It's okay. And don't worry about Theresa, we'll treat her like a queen.

THOMAS

Thanks. I'm sorry we couldn't meet under different circumstances. You seem like nice folks. I miss the crazy old girl already. She was real good company.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUING

Theresa's body still lies in the coffin.

Imogen looks down at her. Brian sits on the stool, leaning back against the coffin. Frank and Claudia walk in.

IMOGEN
What do we do now?

FRANK
We do one more funeral. It's our last, so let's make it a good one. I said we'd treat her like a queen.

Frank looks squarely at his son.

FRANK
Breeana. Think you and your sister can find suitable attire for Theresa's final rest?

BRIAN
Definitely.

FRANK
And dress formal.

Brian grabs Imogen's hand. They run upstairs. Claudia takes Frank's hand.

CLAUDIA
The last Huntley funeral. You okay?

FRANK
Sick of this business anyway.

INT. REPOSING ROOM - DAWN

Frank and Claudia stroll in, looking dressed for a classy cocktail party. Imogen and Brian are already there, both dressed as CAPTAIN JANEWAY FROM "STAR TREK: VOYAGER."

They approach the polished walnut coffin at the front of the room, where Theresa is laid out in Imogen's CLEOPATRA COSTUME, completed with loads of fake jewelry. Anyone would think she was simply sleeping.

CLAUDIA
She looks fantastic.

IMOGEN
Thanks. You taught me.

FRANK
Nice choice.

BRIAN
Well, queen of the Nile.

Brian plays some Italian opera on a portable stereo.

Imogen lights VOTIVE CANDLES on each side of the coffin.

FRANK
Sorry I didn't get to meet her.

CLAUDIA
There is one bright spot in all
this.

IMOGEN
What's that?

CLAUDIA
Kevin Brogan's gonna to try and
deal his way back into business
with a pile of shit.

They all grin.

FRANK
My God, all of a sudden it feels
like Christmas morning!

IMOGEN
Breakfast? I'm buying.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

The Huntlies roll out of the parking lot in the old Taurus.

Frank pulls over near the Progress Bank sign, looks across
the lawn at the funeral home.

FRANK
My dad was born here.

CLAUDIA
Oh, sweetie...

IMOGEN
Hey, should I have left those
candles burning?

FRANK
They're fine.

THE FUNERAL HOME EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL

EXT. HUNTLEY FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The cheery new Progress Bank sign stands untouched near the street. The funeral home is a charred ruin.

FIRE FIGHTERS coil hoses, pack up gear. POLICE keep the curious away. Two VOLUNTEERS hand out donuts and coffee.

Imogen, still wearing a Star Fleet officer's uniform, carries coffee to her parents, talking with Chief Anderson.

She hands a cup to Frank, sitting on the curb. Brian, still wearing his matching Star Fleet uniform, sits next to him.

CHIEF ANDERSON
Fire marshal found a damaged gas pipe in the basement. He said it looked like it was hit by a nail gun or a power hammer. You have anybody in there using a nail gun recently?

Frank glances at Imogen. She finds the horizon fascinating.

FRANK
Uhh...

CHIEF ANDERSON
You know, it's these damn building codes again! I'm thinking some--
(calling to an officer)
--Hey, get those people away from there! Jason!

Chief Anderson rushes away.

CLAUDIA
How you holding up?

Frank giggles.

CLAUDIA
We've gotta get you some sleep. Can we afford a motel for a night?

FRANK
I have no idea.

IMOGEN

What about your insurance? Where's the Allstate guy?

FRANK

It won't matter. The bank will take it all.

CLAUDIA

Too bad those jewels weren't real, huh?

BRIAN

Yeah. But I'll bet these are.

He holds up MEGAN'S BLINGED-OUT IPHONE CASE. It glitters with diamonds.

Brian smiles.

BRIAN

Ahead warp factor two.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

A lovely spring landscape... It dissolves to a happy family around a birthday cake, then to a young mom with a new baby.

It's a slick, high-end VIDEO MONTAGE on an iPad screen.

FRANK (O.S.)

Wedding arrangements aren't about extravagance, or impressing your relatives, or making some statement for eternity.

Making this earnest pitch: WEDDING PLANNER FRANK HUNTLEY: GO casual, trim goatee, satisfied smile.

FRANK

In fact, the best wedding arrangements focus on the simple things we cherish most, the things I'm sure you both hold dear above all else: respect, shared memories, the love of friends and family.

Frank sits in the up-scale lobby facing a 30-something BRIDE AND GROOM TO BE. They nod and smile at Frank's insight.

FRANK

That's why, for your nuptials...

The video dissolves to a posh lake-side resort.

FRANK

I recommend the Five Willows. Cozy yet sophisticated, this location will do more than entertain your guests. It will remind everyone of what life is really all about: sharing our finest moments with those we love.

BRIDE

It's perfect. Honey, what else?

GROOM

Do you know a really great photographer?

Frank swipes a new image onto the iPad screen: a WEB PAGE for FRANK HUNTLEY PHOTOGRAPHY. It's artful and sophisticated, with a stunning black & white landscape as the background.

Frank smiles at the bride and groom.

FRANK

As a matter of fact, I do.

The bride and groom lean in closer as Frank continues his pitch.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Brian and Claudia sit opposite the same BRIDE. Brian wears a knit suit and auburn wig recalling Vogue editor ANNA WINTOUR. He presents a COLOR RENDERING of a custom wedding gown.

BRIAN

The neckline is Julia Roberts in Steel Magnolias, the waistline is Kristin Davis in Sex and the City, but the silhouette is totally Audrey Hepburn in Sabrina.

The bride is awestruck.

BRIDE

I can be Audrey Hepburn?

BRIAN

Of course! I try to be Audrey at least once a month. Does wonders for the attitude.

INT. CORPORATE TRAINING ROOM - DAY

A theater-size room: rows of tables and chairs, refreshments at one side. At the front, a bubbly female TRAINER (30) with a headset mike addresses an eager crowd.

TRAINER

Welcome, clinical specialists, to our first day of sales training for Almira, another pharmaceutical breakthrough from Meinhard-Killingbeck. Are you all ready to go out there and sell sell sell?

Cheers and applause!

In the front row, a made-over CALVIN grins and claps, reborn in a different sort of pharmaceutical business.

INT. RESORT HOTEL, BRIDE'S SUITE - MORNING

It's the big day. Imogen finishes the bride's makeup.

IMOGEN

That about does it. Want to see?

BRIDE

Are you kidding?

Imogen holds up a mirror. The bride's jaw drops.

BRIDE

Oh my God! I've never looked so alive!

IMOGEN

I get that a lot.

EXT. RESORT HOTEL - LATER

The wedding party and guests are gathered on the lawn.

Claudia helms the bar and hors d'oeuvres operation, directing a dozen black-clad servers.

An OFFICIANT (60) has nearly finished the ceremony.

OFFICIANT

And do you, Carmel, take Harris for your companion, your lover, the father of your children and the keeper of your dreams, and do you pledge to honor and strengthen the bond between you for the rest of your lives?

BRIDE

(sobbing)

Fuckin A.

Nearby, Frank SHOOTs STILL PHOTOS of the couple, his hands gliding with ninja skill over his camera, lens and tripod.

Nearby, Brian SHOOTs VIDEO with equal skill. He looks feminine, but doesn't copy any specific character: business-like ponytail, black jeans and polo shirt, topped by a beret recalling Imogen Cunningham's self portrait.

Imogen joins Claudia at the bar.

OFFICIANT

Then by the power vested in me by the state, the great, and those to whom I relate, I now name you travelers on the most uncertain of roads. May you always recall those who gave you life, and always find prosperity through devotion and love. You may both suck face.

They do, and the crowd cheers.

INT. PROGRESS BANK BRANCH - DAY

An ANNOYING CUSTOMER sits at the desk of a bank officer, continuing a long list of demands.

ANNOYING

And I want three ATM cards, one, two, three, NOW, because every time I get one it stops working in two days! ATMs are supposed to be convenient! When I want my money, I want my money!

Behind the desk sits a transformed KEVIN BROGAN, much the worse for wear: ill-fitting clothes, hair too long, and a grim, glazed expression. He forces a ghastly smile.

KEVIN

Never fear, ma'am. At Progress
Bank, we're all about your money.

INT. COUNTY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

A CLERK sits behind a counter, eyes never straying from her
computer. The four Huntlies stand opposite.

OFFICE WORKER

So we're doing two legal changes of
name today?

FRANK

Yes we are.

OFFICE WORKER

I need the original birth
certificates.

Frank hands the DOCUMENTS across the counter. The clerk takes
them, clatters away on the keyboard.

OFFICE WORKER

What's the new name for... Imogen?

IMOGEN

Xena - Claudia - Huntley.

Claudia beams, hugs Imogen. The clerk types and clicks.

OFFICE WORKER

And the new name for... Brian?

BRIAN

Imogen - Ansel - Huntley.

OFFICE WORKER

Imogen... Ansel? You sure?

BRIAN

Yep. Life's mostly about choices.
Everybody makes their own.

Frank beams, rests a hand on Brian's shoulder.

FRANK

That's my girl.

EXT. SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS - DAY

FRANK'S CAMERA POV - With Mount Williamson as a backdrop, the four Huntlies gather for a family portrait. The framing exactly matches the classic Ansel Adams photo. Frank triggers the self-timer, and they all scurry into position.

FREEZE FRAME - A Black & White portrait featuring a clearing storm, four wild smiles, and not a coffin in sight.

THE END