

DEATH IS NO FUN!

"Dead Parent's Society"
(Pilot)

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COLD OPEN

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

GIANNA (21), Long Island Italian, ISSA (24), older sister, has an actual job, and ANTHONY (59), typical dad, definitely wasn't head of the house when his wife was alive, sit in front of an open casket, containing LISA (deceased).

Silence.

GIANNA

Okay. Let's make a plan on how we're gonna make these next few days about us, and not Mom.

ANTHONY

Seriously?

ISSA

Gi's right. This is the perfect attention seeking opportunity, for all of us.

GIANNA

Yeah dad, aren't you sick of living in mom's shadow? You're no longer the "least favorite of the couple" anymore. How great is that?

ANTHONY

This, cannot be a recurring theme. I know death is funny, but not everyone is sick like us.

GIANNA

God literally made mom die so I can have more comedic material. Sorry dad, but I don't make the rules. The man upstairs has blessed me with a bit, and I must commit to it.

ANTHONY

Can you guys at least, try to be respectful? Like in front of the priest, and Nonna?

ISSA

I will make no promises about Nonna.

GIANNA
Or the priest.

The PRIEST (old) enters, and stands in front of the casket.
He lifts his hands up in prayer, and begins.

PRIEST
(With a brutal lisp)
In the name of the Father, the
thon, and Holy thpirit.

The priest has a brutal lisp. Anthony's head immediately goes
into his hands. Gi and Issa are biting their tongues.

GIANNA
(whisper screaming)
Come on, this isn't fair!

PRIEST
Jethus bletheth all thoth who
mourn. May your thadneth be thwept
away by Chrith-th-th-t thweet
angelth.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
And bleth perhapth the thweeteth
angel of all, Litha Cathtello.

ISSA
There it is.

ANTHONY
Jesus Christ.

PRIEST
(To Anthony)
Thir? Are you okay?

ANTHONY
(On the verge of tears)
Yeth. I mean, thorry, I mean. You
know, it's just a hard day.

FADE OUT:

END OF COLD OPEN.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Gi is greeting guests in the wake line.

A distant relative, Angelina Angelini (90, probably), approaches, and gives Gi a hug.

ANGELINA ANGELINI
I'm so sorry sweetie. She's in a
better place.

GIANNA
Yeah I kinda wish I was there with
her, ya know what I mean?

Gi elbows Angelina, who clearly wouldn't know a good suicide joke if it hit her in the face.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER.

A loud group of SOBBING ITALIANS with Long Island accents approach Gi, hugging and kissing her.

LONG ISLAND COUSIN
(Looking at Lisa)
Oh, doesn't she just look
beautiful?

Gi looks at her dead mom.

GIANNA
(Imitating LI accent)
Hmmm, I don't know Diana, she
looks a little pale to me. Hold on.

Gi takes lipstick out of her pocket, and doesn't hesitate to reach into the coffin to apply it.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
I know she's dead, but doesn't mean
she has to look like it!

DIANA, one of the Long Island cousins, laughs nervously and runs away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME BATHROOM - LATER

Cousins ADRIANA (17), sucks up to her older cousins and MIA (19), down for anything, sit on the ground with Issa and Gi, smoking out of a bong.

ADRIANA
So, I just, suck in?

GIANNA
That's all you have to do, I'll do
the rest.

Adriana sucks in as Gi lifts up the bowl. She coughs. Issa pats her back.

ISSA
Aw, baby's first bong rip.~

MIA
Alright, alright, it's my turn.

Mia starts sucking in, as Gi is lighting it. They're interrupted by AUNT ROSA, Mia and Adriana's mom.

AUNT ROSA
What the fuck is going on in here?

ADRIANA
(Whispering)
Guys, my mom can't see me like
this!

GIANNA
See you like what?

ADRIANA
You know...
(Whispers quieter)
High.

GIANNA
Adri, if you got high off that
doinker of a hit, well, then, I'm
jealous of your teeny little body.

ISSA
I miss having virgin lungs.

AUNT ROSA
Hello? Am I camouflaged into the
bathroom stall or something?

GIANNA

Whoa! Aunt Rosa, I didn't even see you there! What's up?

AUNT ROSA

I said. What the fuck? Is going on?

GIANNA

(Trying to think of something)

We're...Uh...Weed?

MIA

Nice one.

GIANNA

(Mumbles)

I think it's pretty fucking obvious what we're doing, she just said that for dramatic effect.

ISSA

(Mumbles)

Worked on me, I'm scared as fuck right now. And I'm a fully grown woman!

AUNT ROSA

Can we stop mumbling Gianna, and explain to me why you're smoking out my daughters in a funeral bathroom?

GIANNA

Well... Wait- how do you know the phrase smoking out?

AUNT ROSA

Answer my question.

GIANNA

Why are you lecturing me and not Issa? She's literally 24.

AUNT ROSA

Because, Issa has a job. She makes a living. Gets up in the morning, and has something to live for. You think this is the life your mother wanted you to live? You don't think she's disappointed in you right now?

Silence.

GIANNA

What does that have to do with us
lighting up in a bathroom?

Issa signals for Adriana and Mia to leave with her.

AUNT ROSA

(To Adriana and Mia)

I'll talk to you girls about this
later.

Gi holds her bong out to Rosa.

GIANNA

Would you like a hit, Aunt Rosa?

AUNT ROSA

Gianna. What are you doing?

GIANNA

You mean right this second? We just
talked about this, 'cause I think
it's pretty obvious what I'm doing.

AUNT ROSA

Cut the shit. Can't you have a
serious conversation for once in
your goddamn life?

Gi puts her bong down, and gestures for Aunt Rosa to sit
down. She does so, awkwardly in heels and a dress. She tries
to sit criss cross applesauce, but it doesn't work. She gives
up.

GIANNA

I don't know what I'm doing. I
don't even know what I'm doing
tomorrow. I have no plans for the
future. No direction whatsoever.
And I'm really fucking scared about
it, okay? Is that what you wanted
to hear?

AUNT ROSA

Yes, actually.

GIANNA

Why?

AUNT ROSA

So now, you'll do something about
it.

Silence.

GIANNA
Do you really think my mom is
disappointed in me?

AUNT ROSA
Give me that.

Aunt Rosa takes the bong, lights up, and takes a hit. Gianna looks shocked.

GIANNA
What the fuck?

AUNT ROSA
I think she's disappointed because
she sees all the potential you
have.

GIANNA
That's so sweet of you to say, but
I really can't get over that.

AUNT ROSA
You think your mom and I didn't do
this shit when we were your age?

GIANNA
You guys smoked? No way.

AUNT ROSA
Yes way. Especially your mother,
the little stoner.

GIANNA
I have never felt more connected to
her than I do right now.

AUNT ROSA
God, she loved you. Adored the shit
out of you. You were her little
buddy.

GIANNA
I just wish I could talk to her, ya
know?

AUNT ROSA
What, my advice not good enough for
you?

GIANNA
Aunt Rosa, you literally yelled at
me and then smoked the rest of my
weed.

(MORE)

GIANNA (CONT'D)

I love you, but you haven't really given me any life-changing advice.

Aunt Rosa laughs.

AUNT ROSA

That's fair. That was more of your mother's thing, anyway. You know, I know someone who can help you talk to your mom.

GIANNA

What kind... Of people? People who do voodoo or some shit?

AUNT ROSA

Well, yes, but I'm not talking about them, they're way too busy. I meant a psychic! Your mom went to her sometimes too.

GIANNA

I don't know...

AUNT ROSA

Just think about it. And if it doesn't work out, I have the Voodoo Spiritual Temple on speed-dial.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

HUDSON (23), flaming homosexual, hates his boring desk job, greeting guests in his deceased father, DOUG's, wake line.

BRITTANY, Hudson's best friend, approaches him.

BRITTANY

Hey man, I'm so sorry for your loss.

Brittany tries to hug Hudson. He blocks it, and shows her his phone instead.

On the phone is a Grindr profile, titled "Ted, 24," with a picture of a skinny asian boy with glasses on, holding a door open (proudly).

HUDSON

Yeah, yeah. Is this guy hot enough to hook up with?

Brittany squints and gets closer.

BRITTANY

It says he's ten feet away.

Brittany and Hudson look at each other, then over to the door. There is TED, perfectly matching the exact position he's in, in the Grindr picture.

Hudson begins to get out of line.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

This is something you're actually gonna do? Like. Right now?

HUDSON

I'm grieving!

Hudson runs out of line.

INT. REPOSING ROOM- 50 SECONDS LATER

Hudson and Ted aggressively make out. The room is filled with coffins and urns. There is a sign that says "Reposing Room."

Ted pushes Hudson up against the wall. The impact causes two large urns to fall to the ground, shattering, spreading ashes everywhere.

Hudson and Ted stop and stare at each other in silence.

HUDSON

I wonder who that was.

INT. FUNERAL HOME- EVENING

Aunt Rosa and Gianna are sitting on the sink, smoking.

Ted and Hudson are on the ground in the Reposing Room. Hudson writes his name in the fallen ashes. Ted makes a face.

A split screen, showing the two of them.

AUNT ROSA

So, is this how you deal with death?

TED

So, is this how you deal with death?

Gianna and Hudson shrug their shoulders.

Gianna and Aunt Rosa leave the bathroom.

Hudson and Ted leave the Reposing Room.

Gianna and Hudson enter from opposite sides of the funeral home simultaneously, meeting in the lobby.

There are two family portraits at the entrance of both viewing rooms. One with Hudson's family, the other with Gianna's.

Hudson and Gianna make eye contact. Gianna does the "rock on" symbol with her hands. Hudson salutes her back.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME- EVENING

Ted lets Hudson out the front door. Ted straightens his clothes and combs his messy hair. They both obviously just fucked.

Hudson's mom, CINDY (60), a typical distant, but still loving mother, witness Ted and Hudson's interaction.

Cindy holds onto Hudson and leads him away from the funeral home.

HUDSON

Sorry.

CINDY

There are other things to be upset about.

Silence.

Cindy takes out a pack of cigarettes.

HUDSON

Did Dad like me?

CINDY

Your father loved you.

HUDSON

That's not what I asked.

CINDY

Your father was... A difficult man to understand. Very eccentric, and uh... He marched to the beat of his own drum.

HUDSON

People always say that. March to the beat of their own drum. What does that even mean?

(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Is someone who marches to the beat
of their own drum just another term
for alcoholic, or something,
because clearly I'm missing
something here.

CINDY

Hudson.

HUDSON

What mom? He wasn't eccentric. I'm
the gay one. He was just... Insane!
I saw more shit by the age of 8,
than most kids did in college.

FLASHBACK:

INT. A GRIMY BASEMENT- EVENING

Doug, SCARY BIKER MEN, and NAKED LADIES sit around a poker
table.

DOUG

HUDSON! Get your daddy as many
beers as your little hands can
carry.

A 5 year old Hudson walks in, holding one beer. Doug takes it
from him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Thanks little buddy. You know what?
Get one for yourself as well, as a
treat.

SALLY THE STRIPPER

Uh, hey Doug, how old is your son,
Hudson was it?

DOUG

Uh, 7 Maybe? Hudson how old are
you?

Hudson holds on five fingers.

YOUNG HUDSON

This many.

SALLY THE STRIPPER

And you told him he can have a
beer?

DOUG
Shit yeah. You're probably right.
Hey Hudson, you can have two beers
if you want.

INT. VAN HALEN CONCERT- EVENING

Doug, dragging an 8 year old Hudson with him, sneaks past the
barricade.

YOUNG HUDSON
Where are we going Dad?

Doug pushes Hudson backstage by himself.

YOUNG HUDSON (CONT'D)
Dad? DAD!

Hudson gets surrounded by a big crowd.

Doug waits for a second outside of backstage.

YOUNG HUDSON (CONT'D)
DAD? WHERE ARE YOU?

Doug runs backstage, right on cue.

DOUG
Son? Son?

The SECURITY GUARD spots Doug.

SECURITY GUARD
Who are you? You're not supposed to
be back here?

DOUG
I'm looking for my son! I think he
wondered back here.

SECURITY GUARD
How would he have managed to do
that?

DOUG
I don't know, he's a fucking fice
year old, just help me look for
him!

The security guard turns away. Doug spots someone with long
brown hair, holding a red and white striped guitar. He runs
away following him.

SECURITY GUARD
WE'VE GOT A RUNNER!

SECURITY GUARDS run after him, leaving Hudson alone.

YOUNG HUDSON
Dad? DAD I'M RIGHT HERE! COME BACK.

Hudson begins to cry, as he's left alone. Doug gets in a fight with the security guard.

A hand holds onto Hudson's shoulder, then pats Hudson on the back.

EDDIE VAN HALEN
Runnin' with the devil, kid.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. CEMETERY- MORNING

A different priest than before is blessing the raised coffin. Family gather around it.

GIANNA
(Whispering)
Was fully expecting this guy to have a stutter or something.

PRIEST WITH NO LISP
I would now like to invite up Lisa's daughters, Gianna and Isabella, to read out an excerpt from Lisa's favorite novel, *The Alchemist*.

With the book, Issa and Gianna go to the head of the coffin, next to the priest. Two microphones in front of them.

GIANNA
"They are not afraid to dream, and to yearn for everything they would like to see happen to them in their lives.

FLASHBACK:

INT. GIANNA AND ISSA'S BEDROOM- EVENING

YOUNG ISSA and YOUNG GIANNA lay in bed with Lisa. Lisa is reading out of *The Alchemist*. She continues the quote.

LISA

But, as time passes, a mysterious force begins to convince them that it will be impossible for them to realize their Personal Legend."

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. CEMETERY- MORNING

Issa and Gianna pick up where young them left off.

GIANNA

"It's because that desire originated in the soul of the universe-

ISSA

"It's because that desire originated in the soul of the universe-

Silence.

The Priest mutters under his breath, not realizing the microphone would pick it up.

PRIEST WITH NO LISP

Alright, enough of that hippie bullshit, let's just put her in the ground.

Crying people stare at him, offended.

EXT. PSYCHIC'S HOUSE - MORNING

Gianna paces, on the phone with Issa.

GIANNA

Is this a dumb thing to do?

ISSA (O.S.)

Yeah, kinda.

GIANNA

Issa!

ISSA (O.S.)

You asked. This shit is stupid as fuck, but hey, whatever helps you, I guess. How much are you spending on this anyway?

GIANNA

It's like sixty dollars an hour.

ISSA (O.S.)
Jesus fuck. Okay. Well. I, uh, need
to keep reminding myself that
people grieve differently than I
do.

GIANNA
Bye, Issa.

INT. PSYCHIC'S HOUSE - MORNING

Gianna sits across from MAGNOLIA (80's, probably,) your
typical crazy ol' crystal lady. Leg shaking.

GIANNA
So, you *can't* hear what I'm
thinking?

MAGNOLIA
No.

GIANNA
Okay, but if you like, had to guess
what number I was thinking, what
would it be.

MAGNOLIA
Uh, I don't know. Seven?

GIANNA
Whoa.

MAGNOLIA
How about we get started? First and
foremost, my name is Magnolia.

Magnolia shakes Gianna's hand.

GIANNA
(murmurs)
Of course it is.

MAGNOLIA
And yours is?

GIANNA
Gianna. Or. Gi. Call me Gi, you're
about to talk to my dead mom, I
guess we're there.

Magnolia doesn't react.

MAGNOLIA

Is there anyone else you wanna talk to? I'm seeing lots of relatives who've passed coming in around you. Even a dog!

GIANNA

Nah, it's okay. Nonno is just gonna tell me that I'm way too thin and should save all my change in a jar, or something. And Scruffy can fuck off, he ate all of my expensive California edibles, then died.

Silence.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm only interested in my mom.

MAGNOLIA

May the angels guide me through this... Mess.

GIANNA

Well, damn. Alright, let's get this show on the road.

Magnolia closes her eyes.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Should I be doing this too, or...?

Magnolia shushes Gianna.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

My bad.

Magnolia takes out a notebook, and starts writing. Gianna watches in awe.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Are the spirits controlling your hand? What the fuck?

Magnolia shushes her again.

A few moments of silence goes by. Magnolia opens her eyes.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Was my mom there? Did she uh...
Pick up the phone? I guess?

MAGNOLIA

The first thing I see written down here is "You read beautifully. Ignore that religious prick." Does that hold any significance to you?

Gianna giggles a bit, tearing up.

GIANNA

Well...Uh... Yeah, haha. Were you? Were you at the funeral?

MAGNOLIA

No, I'm just saying what I wrote.

Gianna cries a little harder.

GIANNA

Not gonna lie, this shit is kinda scary, haha. I don't know how to react. But uh... Please keep going.

INT. PSYCHIC'S HOUSE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Gianna and Magnolia are belly laughing. Magnolia laughs like a jolly old woman.

GIANNA

(laughing)

Please tell me you're joking.

MAGNOLIA

I am 79 years old, and have been doing this for 45 years. Do you truly believe that I, a defenseless old lady, could make a living off of pretending to talk to dead people's relatives?

GIANNA

I don't know, some old people are pretty fucked up. Ever seen *The Visit*?

They continue laughing.

MAGNOLIA

So yes, your mother said you and Issa need to stop making fun of your Nonna, because it's making Nonno upset.

GIANNA

I don't care!

(looking up to the sky)

Nonno, what are you gonna do if I don't stop? Move around my shit so I can't find anything? Flip the light switch on and off?

MAGNOLIA

Oh Gianna, you are too much!

GIANNA

Hey, can I, uh, ask mom something more serious?

Magnolia nods.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Is she actually disappointed in me? Like my Aunt Rosa said?

Magnolia closes her eyes, and writes more.

MAGNOLIA

She says she isn't disappointed, but Aunt Rosa has a point.

GIANNA

Bitch.

MAGNOLIA

You have to try something new Gianna. Take some risks. Do something you aren't used to doing. Break this unmotivated monotony you've created.

GIANNA

Hmmmm. Take risks.

INT. CINDY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Hudson and Cindy sit outside a therapy office.

HUDSON

Are you sure going to dad's therapist is a healthy thing to do?

CINDY

I don't know, probably? Just get out of the car Hudson.

INT. DOUG'S THERAPISTS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

DOUG'S THERAPIST (50's), literally no personality, is sitting across from Hudson, who's laying on a couch.

DOUG'S THERAPIST
Wait, I'm confused. So, who are you again?

Hudson is exasperated, like he's explaining this for the third time (because he is).

HUDSON
I'm Hudson. Hudson Harris. Doug Harris' son.

Doug's Therapist looks at his notebook.

DOUG'S THERAPIST
Sorry kid, I don't have it here that Doug had a kid.

HUDSON
Well if it doesn't say it on there- just fucking look in front of you.

Silence.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
What do you want, a fucking DNA sample? Do you want me to just prick my finger right here, right now?

DOUG'S THERAPIST
I mean...

HUDSON
Look. I don't give a fuck that he never mentioned me. Even if I did, I'll push that emotion down so far, I'll never have to feel it. I just need you to tell me what to do right now. Because he sucked as a dad, but for some reason I'm still sad. Fix it.

Doug's Therapist looks scared.

DOUG'S THERAPIST
That's the first thing you can fix, stop taking your anger out on people.

(MORE)

DOUG'S THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Look what it did to our relationship? Now I don't even want to help you.

HUDSON

For Christ's sake.

Doug's Therapist hypes himself back up. Doing breathing exercises to himself.

DOUG'S THERAPIST

What do you do? Do you have a job?

HUDSON

I'm an accountant. What does that have to do with anything?

DOUG'S THERAPIST

Do you like it?

HUDSON

No, of course I don't. You think there are kids who say "I wanna be an accountant when I grow up?" We all fucking hate our job.

DOUG'S THERAPIST

Actually, there are people who enjoy it.

HUDSON

Fuck off.

DOUG'S THERAPIST

It's true. Have you ever thought that, you can be doing a job you liked? Or at least a hobby?

HUDSON

I can't just quit my job, that's not how it works.

DOUG'S THERAPIST

Actually, that's exactly how it works.

HUDSON

(ignoring him)

I could try a hobby.

DOUG'S THERAPIST

Is there anything you're particularly passionate about?

HUDSON
I can think of a few things.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gianna and Issa are sitting at the dining table, looking at the notes Gianna took at the psychic. They're laughing.

ISSA
There's no way I'm gonna stop making fun of Nonna. What's she gonna do? Turn off my lights?

GIANNA
That's literally what I said!

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Seriously, though Issa. Should I try something new?

ISSA
Definitely. We don't wanna piss off the ghost of mom, do we?

GIANNA
I guess not. She said to take risks. I... guess I have a few ideas in mind.

ISSA
I'll be right there with you, whatever you want to do.

EXT. EDGE OF A FUCKING CLIFF - MORNING

Gianna and Issa are standing at the edge of a small cliff, water below them.

ISSA
Uh... Gi... I don't think this is what mom meant.

GIANNA
Sure it is!

Gianna takes Issa's hand, pulling her off. They land in the water.

They come up for a breath.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
See! Wasn't that exhilarating!

ISSA
Okay fine, that was pretty cool. As long as the risks don't keep getting higher, I'm okay with this.

INT/EXT. A FUCKING AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

Issa and Gianna look at the open airplane door.

ISSA
Gianna, this risk is significantly higher than the last. We shouldn't do this, I don't have a good feeling about it.

GIANNA
Don't be a pussy Issa. This is what mom wants.

ISSA
What I think mom ACTUALLY wants is for us to grieve! This isn't grieving!

Gianna signals the instructor she's ready. They jump out of the plane.

Issa sighs with frustration, and signal her instructor she's ready.

They both laugh and have a great time on the way down.

EXT. THE GROUND - AFTERNOON

Issa and Gianna are safely on the ground.

ISSA
Gi if we must continue this, can we do something that doesn't include us jumping from high heights.

GIANNA
Small height it is!

INT. BAR WITH A MECHANICAL BULL - NIGHT

Issa and Gianna watch as a BIG STRONG MAN tries hang on to the bull.

ISSA

I gotta say, Gi. Compared to the last two, I was expecting something a bit more dangerous.

GIANNA

Thought you could use a little break from the constant terror I've forced you to endure.

ISSA

How thoughtful.

BIG STRONG MAN falls off. BUFF MAN WITH A COWBOY HAT, strong southern accent, probably fake, takes his place.

BUFF MAN WITH A COWBOY HAT

Alrighty now y'all! Who dares to take on Bessie the bull's wrath!

Gianna walks up to the bull.

GIANNA

I dare.

BUFF MAN WITH A COWBOY HAT

Uh... You're pretty small, aren't ya little darling?

GIANNA

I guess so, but I'm dense.

Gianna slaps her arms, to show just how dense she is.

BUFF MAN WITH A COWBOY HAT

You sure you wanna do this? Uh... Bessie can get a lil' crazy... Being from the Wild West and everything.

ISSA

Gi, maybe you shouldn't, he sounds pretty concerned.

GIANNA

I'm. Taking. Risks.

Gianna angrily gets up on the bull.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

(to the bull)

Show me what you can do Bessie!

Gianna slaps it's ass.

The bull starts. After a few seconds of getting started, the bull goes extremely fast. Almost instantly, Gianna falls off. She lands directly on her arm, creating a CRACK sound.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
MOTHERFUCKER!

ISSA
STOP THE MACHINE! STOP THE MACHINE!

EXT/INT. ZACH'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Hudson goes to knock on the front door of a house. He looks down at a Grindr profile of "Zach." The door opens before he can. It's ZACH (25), hispanic, brown curly hair.

ZACH
Hey! Hudson? Come on in!

Zach brings Hudson in. There's a sign in the hallway that says "Talk quietly, there is healing in session."

HUDSON
Is this a...? Are you...?

ZACH
Oh yeah, probably should have mentioned this earlier! I'm actually a grief counselor. I work here, out of my home.

HUDSON
Of course you fucking are. Sorry Zach, you seem like a great guy, I just don't know if I can deal with... Your kind.

In case you forgot, Zach is hispanic. He looks offended, obviously.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD... No, no, no, that's not what I... THERAPISTS. "Your kind" is referring to... Therapists. Fuck. Let's get on with this date then, I guess.

ZACH
You don't have to if you really hate Latinas that much...

HUDSON
Oh, shut the fuck up. I wanna do
this. Just... Don't go... all...
Shrink on me.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Zach and Hudson lay in bed, clearly after (attempted)
intercourse. Hudson looks mortified.

ZACH
You know, it's a very normal thing.
Not being able to... Ya know...

HUDSON
Literally what was the one thing I
asked you not to do.

ZACH
(guilty)
Look, I'm sorry Hudson, it's just
what I do.

HUDSON

This is why I didn't wanna come in.
I don't want to talk about my
feelings for fucks sake.

Zach sits up, and rubs Hudson's back.

ZACH
(like a therapist)
And why is that, do you think?

Hudson immediately lays down, typical patient trope.

HUDSON

I don't know. My dad and I weren't
even that close. He was a dick. I
don't know why I feel so empty. I-
WAIT a damn minute. I see what
you're doing!

ZACH

Hudson, I think it's important that
you talk about it.

HUDSON

STOP. Just. Stop. I can't. Fucking.
DEAL WITH THIS. FOR FUCKS SAKE.
(pause)
Sorry. I think I'm hungry.

ZACH
Wanna go to Waffle House?

HUDSON
More than I want tomorrow morning.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gianna's on the couch, nursing a broken arm. Issa sits next to her. They watch TV in silence.

GIANNA
Hey, can we do something later?

ISSA
Absolutely not.

GIANNA
Fair reaction. I was just thinking we could go out for drinks? With the cousins? The age appropriate cousins, of course. Don't wanna endure the wrath of Aunt Rosa again.

ISSA
My alcohol to blood level content is dangerously low. Sounds fun, Gi.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hudson and Zach sit across from each other.

HUDSON
Thanks again for agreeing to not talk about the grief thing. I know thats hard for you.

They chuckle.

ZACH
No problem, we're just here to have a good time, I won't bring it up again.

HUDSON
I'm gonna go to the bathroom, I'll be back.

Hudson leaves the table.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - ABOUT 5 MINUTES LATER

Three waiters are gathered around Zach, all of them tearing up and dabbing their wet eyes.

ZACH
It's sad enough that his father
passed, but his dad also treated
him horribly.

Hudson arrives back at the table, standing behind a WAHO WAITER.

WAHO WAITER
Was it 'cause he was gay, do you
think?

HUDSON
One of the many reasons, but yes,
how did you know?

WAHO WAITER
Lucky guess?

Zach looks at Hudson with pleading eyes.

HUDSON
Zach can you take me somewhere to
get drunk? Please?

WAHO WAITER
(whispering)
I think he deserves a drink, don't
you?

Hudson stands up, grabbing Zach's hand, leaving the restaurant.

WAHO WAITER (CONT'D)
(calling after Hudson)
You're so brave!

EXT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT

Gianna, Issa, COUSIN SOFIA (23), COUSIN RITA (26), get out of their Uber, and walk towards the club, already drunk.

Gianna leading the group.

GIANNA
Follow my lead.

They do so.

BOUNCER
Hey, ID's and cover charge. It's
ten dollars.

GIANNA
Thank you so much for owning this
club. We've had a really hard
couple of few days.

BOUNCER
I don't own the club, I'm just the
bouncer.

Hudson and Zach walk up to the line, listening to Gianna.

GIANNA
(crying)
Our mom and their aunt died a few
days ago, then I broke my arm and-

BOUNCER
Just go in.

GIANNA
(not crying)
Thanks!

They walk into the club.

HUDSON
Ya know, my dad died the other day
too. I actually saw her at the
funeral home.

BOUNCER
Yeah right, pretty boy. Back of the
line.

HUDSON
Do you wanna see his prayer card
for proof?

INT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT

All the cousins sit around the table, with drinks.

ISSA
I don't think thats how it works.

SOFIA
You just said you and Gi are
getting money right?
(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Your mom had like, a decent amount of money, she must ration some out to me and Rita. Or at least me, since I'm her goddaughter. Well, was. Haha.

RITA

Sofia, we aren't her kids.

SOFIA

We got money when Nonno died. How is that any different?

RITA

It just is.

SOFIA

I can't wait for Nonna to die, she has so much expensive jewelry.

GIANNA

Yeah I can't wait to take a bunch of it and then sell it.

Hudson and Zach walk in and see the group of girls. Hudson recognizes Gianna and Issa from the wake.

HUDSON

LOOKS LIKE WE BOTH HAD THE SAME IDEA.

Issa waves and Gianna salutes him. They sit at a different table.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

See? Everyone copes unhealthily.

ZACH

Actually, it's perfectly healthy to consume an average amount of alcohol when grieving...

HUDSON

Not to be gross, but you would be so much hotter if you just stopped talking.

INT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT

Someone is singing "Wake Me Up When September Ends" by Green Day.

Gianna and Hudson immediately lock eyes and sighs.

GIANNA
Of course they're singing this
song.

SOFIA
Why of course?

ISSA
Do you not know what this song is
about?

Sofia shakes her head.

GIANNA
God, you're so uncultured. This
song is about the lead singers dad.
Who died. In... September. And my
mom just died... when it was...
September.

ISSA
You can do a better job than this,
Gi. This guy's a hack.

RITA
Yeah Gi, you should get up there!

GIANNA
Well, I was president of high
school choir...

Everyone cheers her on. The other singer's song finishes.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go fuck some shit up.

Everyone cheers again. Gianna gets up onstage, taking the mic
from the previous guy.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Hey everyone. Would just like to
say a quick thank you to Mr. Green
Day over here for singing that
song, when my mom died a few days
ago... While it was still
September. So, thanks man, for
reopening those fresh, fresh
wounds.

Everyone laughs, Hudson cheers.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
On that note, I will be singing
"Ironie" by Alanis Morissette.

The music starts.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*An old man turned ninety-eight,
He won the lottery and died the
next day.*

GIANNA (CONT'D)

That isn't even ironic, is it? I
feel like it's just really fucking
unlucky.

She jumps back into the song, late but singing fast to catch up.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

*It's like rain, on your wedding
day, It's a free ride, when you're
already late, It's the good advice
that you just didn't take.*

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Okay, there is NOTHING ironic about
not taking someone's advice, that's
just being a stupid idiot. I didn't
take my sister's advice, and look,
I broke my fucking arm like a 12
year old. Drunk at a bar, falling
off a mechanical bull.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

*He waited his whole damn life to
take that flight, And as the plane
crashed down, he thought isn't that
nice? Isn't it Ironic?*

GIANNA (CONT'D)

You know, she is right about that
one. Death is probably the most
ironic thing in the entire world.
God, all I wanna do when I think
about death is giggle.

Gianna points to Hudson in the audience.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

This sexy guy knows what I mean.
Hey, come on up here!

Hudson does a "who, me?" motion. He gets onstage. Gianna
shakes his hand. "Ironic" continues to play in the
background.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm Gianna.

HUDSON
Hudson. I'm sorry for your loss by the way. How did she die? If you don't mind me asking?

GIANNA
Ya know, natural causes. Got hit by a bus.

HUDSON
Holy fuck, that's awful.

GIANNA
I'm just kidding, it was cancer.

HUDSON
Oh my God, same!
(pause, laughs)
I also died of cancer! No, my dad died of liver cancer.

GIANNA
Thyroid.

HUDSON
Those pesky cancer cells, always... Killing people.

GIANNA
Oh wait, I like this part.

Gianna goes back into the song.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
It's ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife

HUDSON
Who has ten thousand spoons just lying around their kitchen?

Gianna looks at Hudson seductively.

GIANNA
It's meeting the man of your dreams

HUDSON
Me? Oh, honey I'm gay.

GIANNA
And meeting his beautiful wife.

HUDSON

I know all the words to an Alanis Morissette song, and you honestly thought I was straight? That's on you, boo.

GIANNA

I don't know, I thought the universe would throw me a bone right now.

HUDSON

The universe says "Gianna's mom just died. I know what she needs. Dick."

Hudson looks into the audience to Zach.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Zach, I'm having a great time, that was just a bit.

GIANNA

You brought a date?

HUDSON

He's a grief counselor.

Issa stands up and looks for the guy playing the music. She tells him to lower it down, to hear them talk.

GIANNA

I can't tell if that's really healthy, or really not.

HUDSON

Neither can we.

Hudson blows a kiss to Zach. Zach catches it.

GIANNA

I won't lecture you about unhealthy coping mechanisms, I jumped out of a plane yesterday. I just really wanted to see my mom.

HUDSON

Is that how you broke your arm?

GIANNA

I can't tell if you're being serious, and it's important to me that you are not being serious.

HUDSON

I'm one hundred percent dead ass.

GIANNA

You think. I jumped out of a plane.
With no parachute. Landing on the
ground. Only breaking my arm.

HUDSON

I want to say yes, but based on
your tone, now I'm not so sure.

GIANNA

I think I love you. Sorry grief
counselor.

The song ends. They realize what they've just been doing.

ISSA

TAKE A BOW!

Hudson and Gianna, confused, holds hands and take a bow. They
come offstage. Before they go visit their people, Gianna
drags Hudson off, alone.

GIANNA

Can I say something weird?

HUDSON

Yes please.

GIANNA

We're funny.

HUDSON

That's not weird, you're just
stating facts.

GIANNA

Hudson. We could like. Do that. For
a living.

HUDSON

Sing karaoke?

GIANNA

No you dumb bitch. Stand-up.
Comedy. We didn't pre-plan any of
that shit. I usually have life-
threatening stage fright, but did
you see that? Feel that? We were on
fire. Everyone loved us.

HUDSON
I do love being loved.

GIANNA
And what a great gimmick we have!
Met at the funeral home 'cause our
parents died. Thats comedy gold.
Not even gold. Platinum. I'm not
saying you have to quit your job or
anything, we can just do this on
the side, or something.

HUDSON
Oh, no I am very okay with quitting
my job.

GIANNA
Wait, so do you wanna do this?
Like. Actually?

HUDSON
I think we have to. For the irony.

GIANNA
For the irony.

They high five.

END OF SHOW