

EULOGY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SHADY REST FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

SARAH (20s), an ambitious bundle of energy in a black party dress reserved for ladies night, stares somberly upon her friend TRACY.

Tracy (20s, African American), lies in a coffin, dressed in a pantsuit she normally wouldn't be caught dead in.

SARAH

You were so kind to me... too kind.

Sarah pulls a tissue from nowhere and dabs an eye.

SARAH

Though no one knew we were close, I want to thank you for everything. No one can replace you.

Sarah relaxes and begins to sing.

SARAH

Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.  
That saved a wench like me.

Tracy's eyes pop open as she bolts upright.

TRACY

It's "wretch", wench. And tell me you're not wearing that.

Sarah gently pushes Tracy back down inside the coffin.

SARAH

Girl, I want all eyes on me tomorrow.

TRACY

I told you to never "girl" me.

SARAH

Just want to make sure you're paying attention. I expect a full review. Don't hold back.

TRACY

Amazing Grace?

SARAH

Another One Bites the Dust?

Tracy rises and Sarah knocks her back down, with one hand.

TRACY

You. Are. Crazy. And surprisingly strong.

SARAH

You know what it takes to make it in this town?

TRACY

It's a FUNERAL, not an audition.

SARAH

(dramatic)

Life's an audition. I think Lupita Nyong'o said that.

TRACY

She didn't. And you don't have to keep quoting her because I'm your only black friend.

SARAH

Not. Just keepin' it real... yo.

TRACY

Stop.

Sarah paces, searching for a deep thought that would make Jack Handy proud. Tracy counts the ceiling tiles.

SARAH

In the entertainment world, nay in this vast universe, you have to make your own opportunities. Besides, what's the harm?

TRACY

Crashing an incredibly private moment as a family mourns their loss? Pretty sure that's a ticket to eternal damnation. But you do love the Valley...

SARAH

Do you know who's going to be here? Hell, who's not going to be here?

TRACY

That's if we can even get in.

SARAH

Already in. This room tomorrow.

TRACY

I'm in his coffin? I thought it would be plushier.

SARAH

Don't be ridiculous. They're prepping him downstairs. Remind me: I'm having drinks with the mortician on Tuesday.

TRACY

I'm sure they'll be stiff.

Tracy holds up an unreciprocated high-five.

SARAH

(to herself)

What do they drink? Rusty Nails? Appletinis?

TRACY

Formaldebombs.

SARAH

I think I'll stick with coffee.

TRACY

Better add Baileys. He touches dead people. So how are you gonna find a way to have this... moment?

SARAH

When the minister says "Speak now or forever rest in peace." Duh.

TRACY

(bolts up)

That's weddings. It's forever hold--

SARAH

Kidding. There's always a time to speak at funerals. Like when they clink their glasses with spoons.

TRACY

Now that was good. Believable.

Sarah shoves Tracy back into mummy position.

SARAH

I need you to be supportive.

TRACY

Hello. I'm wearing a pantsuit, in a casket. Come on, Streep. Let's hear this eulogy.

SARAH

He was one of the kindest men I never met.

Sarah gently touches Tracy's shoulder, then adjusts her hair.

TRACY

Ew. You're not gonna touch him?

SARAH

(ignoring)

I did what so many people tried to... I cold-called this amazing producer a dozen times, finally got past all nine of his assistants, and instead of blowing me off he said, "Kid, you're persistent. You got ten seconds to change your life. Go."

(beat)

And I froze. Death by a thousand headlights.

TRACY

Head lice?

Sarah slaps Tracy's forehead.

SARAH

I had nothing. I started to cry. I mean straight up bawled.

TRACY

Like after prom when you heard Chad Baker humped your sister.

SARAH

We talked for 45 minutes that first call. I told him about my father, and how he died when I was just at the edge of 17.

TRACY

(ala Stevie Nicks)

Just like the white wing doooove.

SARAH

He passed before he ever saw me perform.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I missed that special moment with  
my pops. Just wasn't meant to be.

Sarah drapes herself across the casket, like it's a piano.

SARAH

You were gonna come see me as  
Ophelia in Harper's production of  
Spamlet. At the Wilson Theatre on  
Lexington. This Thursday. At 7.

TRACY

Maybe mortician boy can hand out  
some fliers.

Sarah rises and stands in an overly dramatic pose.

SARAH

I guess that wasn't meant to be  
either. You never got to see me,  
but I thought the least I could do  
was come see you.

Sarah looks down at Tracy with tear-filled eyes.

SARAH

And share with everyone your random  
act of kindness. Hi. I'm Sarah.  
It's an honor.

Sarah caresses Tracy's face.

TRACY

I've got wood.

Sarah shuts the coffin.

SARAH

(to the empty room)  
I'm truly sorry for your loss.

Tracy knocks from the inside while Sarah holds the lid down.

Eventually Sarah lets it pop open. Tracy jumps out, then  
tries to play it off.

TRACY

S'up?  
(beat)  
So was any of that stuff about your  
dad true?

Sarah wipes her tears away, then shrugs.

SARAH  
He's probably banging some Denny's  
waitress right now. His mid-life...  
(air quotes)  
"reawakening."

Sarah punches Tracy's arm. A little harder than expected.

SARAH  
Well? What do you think?

TRACY  
Oh you're definitely going to hell.

Sarah fakes another jab then wraps an arm around her bestie.

SARAH  
Drinks? I want a formaldebomb.

TRACY  
Stop home first? I need to lose  
this suit.

SARAH  
And I need a party dress. Why did  
you wear that ugly thing, anyway?

TRACY  
You made me! You said you couldn't  
rehearse without...

As the realization crosses Tracy's face, Sarah whips out a cell phone and snaps a quick selfie of them both.

SARAH  
Hello Facebook.

TRACY  
(laughing)  
Girl...

SARAH  
You did not just "girl" me.

TRACY  
It's okay when I say it.

FADE OUT.