

Indicating they should move to the office.

~~PETE. (Re: the brochures.) No, I'll, I'll take these home.~~

~~BRUCE. Sounds good. Take a look and give me a call later.~~

~~(They shake hands.)~~

~~Get some rest, Pete.~~

~~PETE. Thanks, Bruce.~~

Bruce sees him out, then:

BRUCE. Kids, get out of there. ← **START HERE**

(Nothing.)

Now!

Christian and Alison appear from the closed ends of a casket.

Where's John?

John appears as well.

How many times have you been told Do Not Get In the Caskets.

JOHN. We were making a commercial for//the Fun Home.

SMALL ALISON. Shhh!!

CHRISTIAN. We're sorry, Dad.

BRUCE. We've got two bodies. We've got work to do.

SMALL ALISON. My turn to do the directory! Who are they?

BRUCE. (Handing her the directory letters.) Muriel Swartz.

Dwight Johnson.

SMALL ALISON. Wait— Benny's dad?

CHRISTIAN. Benny's in my class!

SMALL ALISON. What happened?

BRUCE. He fell off a ladder. Broke his neck. Get this cleaned up.

(To himself.)

It's going to be a long night.

John and Christian start to clean. Small Alison begins putting the names onto the directory board.

Bruce, Small Al,
John, Christian

CHRISTIAN. When you break your neck is it just like *crack* you're instantly dead?

JOHN. Probably his head was hanging from his neck and then he couldn't see, and he couldn't eat or anything and then he died from not eating and running into things.

CHRISTIAN. That's not right.

SMALL ALISON. You guys, we gotta practice the commercial.

She fetches the tape recorder.

JOHN. Yeah, we messed it up before.

The kids all try to grab the tape recorder.

SMALL ALISON. Give it to me.

JOHN. I want it.

CHRISTIAN. My turn!

SMALL ALISON. (*Seeing her dad.*) Shhh!

Bruce crosses through, now wearing a gown and a surgical mask. The kids try to look innocent. He notices and shoots them a look but keeps moving through. When they're sure he's gone they return to their game.

CHRISTIAN. Should we start at the top?

SMALL ALISON. Yeah.

CHRISTIAN. Hold on, should we say Fun Home? We only call it that in the family?

JOHN. Yeah, that's right.

SMALL ALISON. It's our commercial. We can do what we want.

JOHN. That's right too.

CHRISTIAN. I guess.

SMALL ALISON. Come on!

CHRISTIAN. Okay, okay!

JOHN. (*Into a fake megaphone.*) Places everybody!

They take their places. Small Alison turns on the tape recorder.

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