

## FUNERAL

Synopsis: When Edie's ex-girlfriend Laura dies in her sleep at 27, and Laura's phone won't stop buzzing in the night-table drawer in Laura's childhood bedroom during the Mourner's Kadish, Edie has no choice but to take it. Really, she's only come to sit Shiva to finally get closure, and exonerate herself from their failed relationship. But as the night unfolds, and secrets get revealed, it turns out that Edie's not the only one obsessed with rehashing the past, resulting in a wildly inappropriate and chaotic comedy of errors.

**Characters:**

Edie: late 20s. Neurotic and caustic. Smart but emotionally dumb.

Ben: late 20s. Burnt out therapist who takes care of everyone but himself.

Jo: late 20s. A new mom. Sore.

Camille: late 20s. The grieving girlfriend.

Tom: Late 50s. A doctor.

Bridget: Late 50s. Was head of the PTA.

Steven: late 20s. Used to pay girls to kiss in front of him.

Bridget: late 20s. Reads Cosmo on 20 ways to surprise your husband.

**Place:**

Tom and Bridget's house in LA. It's a very nice house.

They're sitting Shiva for Laura.

**Time:**

1st day of Shiva.

SCENE ONE.

*A house.*

*THE FOYER. An urn. A lit candle next to it, and a wreath with a picture of LAURA DATHOS, inscribed: Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts. In the living room: a slideshow. It's bad. It's like Bleeding Heart Sob story bad, just a bunch of photos of her smiling, with parents, with her girlfriend, while HARRY NILSSON'S WITHOUT YOU plays in the background bad. It's on a loop. The house is full. Roving bodies.*

*There's a thrumming to this house.*

*THE BEDROOM. In one of the bedrooms, EDIE WHITENBERG sips her wine, and paces around the room. She inspects photos of Laura and Parents, Laura and Girlfriend, haphazardly slamming them back down. Then: a buzzing. It's in a drawer. Edie searches for it. She finally gets to the night table and pulls out LAURA'S PHONE. And then puts it back. And then pulls it out again. She looks over her shoulder, as the door opens. She shoves it in her back pocket.*

**BEN**

I have been looking everywhere for you.

**EDIE**

I needed a second.

**BEN**

You will literally never guess what Tiffany Sandles did.

**EDIE**

Did she give / Steven a blowjob in the bathroom?

**BEN**

She blew Steven in the  
Wait yes.  
How did you know that?

**EDIE**

That was like their thing in college.

**BEN**

Fucking in bathrooms?

**EDIE**

I don't know. Yeah, I guess.  
Like the exhibitionist thing of it all.

**BEN**

It's just like... it's a funeral.

**EDIE**

I'm not saying I'm for it.

**BEN**

They came out all sheepishly out of the bathroom, and she was wiping her mouth.  
Like a heathen.

**EDIE**

Grief makes people horny.

**BEN**

I'm horny constantly, but you won't catch me fucking in a bathroom  
AT MY FRIEND'S FUNERAL.

**EDIE**

You are ultimately yelling.

**BEN**

Trashiness triggers me.

*He looks at her.*

**BEN**

You okay?

**EDIE**

Do I look okay?

**BEN**

No, you look like shit.

**EDIE**

Well.  
Okay then.

**EDIE**

I don't think I should have come.

**BEN**

Okay.

**EDIE**

No, I'm serious. The last time I  
We  
Like really capital t Talked was like 6 years ago.

**BEN**

Ok, so?

**EDIE**

I felt like an imposter.

**BEN**

Do you think there's a time limit on who can attend a funeral?

**EDIE**

Yeah, maybe.  
Like, if you spoke in the last 3 years, you can attend.

**BEN**

That would remove half the people here.

**EDIE**

Exactly.

**BEN**

Ok, Edie.

*Buzzing.*

**BEN**

Are you buzzing?

**EDIE**

Huh?

**BEN**  
Your phone is buzzing.

**EDIE**  
No it's not.

**BEN**  
Edie. It's literally  
I can hear it buzzing.

**EDIE**  
No it's not  
Maybe you're buzzing.

**BEN**  
Eden Whitenberg.

**EDIE**  
Benjamin Polaski

**BEN**  
What's happening.

*A silence. A look.*

**EDIE**  
It's her phone.

**BEN**  
What.

**EDIE**  
It's her phone.

**BEN**  
No, I heard you.  
But why is her phone in YOUR pocket?

**EDIE**  
It was just like there  
In the night table.

**BEN**  
Edie.

**EDIE**

Why was it in the night table.  
Like I thought she  
I thought they were home when she  
Why was it here?

**BEN**

Put it back.

**EDIE**

It's just weird.

**BEN**

You have to put it back.

**EDIE**

Are we standing in the room where she died?

*A beat.*

**EDIT**

What do you think her password is?

**BEN**

Edie!

**EDIE**

I'm kidding!

**BEN**

No you're not.

**EDIE**

Yes I am.

*The rumblings of people. The mourner's Kadish starts.*

**BEN**

We should get downstairs.

**EDIE**

Maybe it's my birthday.

**BEN**

It is not / your

*She tries it on the phone. It doesn't work.*

**EDIE**

It's not my birthday.

**BEN**

Yeah, that would be weird.

**EDIE**

Why would it be weird?  
Do you know Camille's birthday.

**BEN**

Yes.

**EDIE**

What is it.

**BEN**

I'm not giving that to you.

**EDIE**

Beeeeeeen, come on.

**BEN**

No.

**EDIE**

Please.

**BEN**

Let's go downstairs, and be like  
A normal person  
At a funeral.

**EDIE**

Define being normal at a funeral.

**BEN**

Sad, and maybe like humble.  
Maybe not trying to hack into your dead ex's phone.

**EDIE**

Grief is different for everyone.



**BEN**

You and I both know what this is  
And it is not grief.

*Ben goes downstairs.*

SCENE 2

*THE LIVING ROOM. Edie slips the phone back into her pocket, as she crosses to the statue-esque woman in the middle of the living and her shorter husband.*

**EDIE**

Bridget. Tom.

**BRIDGET**

Edie.

**EDIE**

Hi.

**TOM**

We weren't expecting to see you.

**EDIE**

Right cuz

**TOM**

Camille said you had moved to New York.

**EDIE**

Uh, yeah. I did. But I wouldn't / have

**BRIDGET**

It's good to see you.

**EDIE**

You too.

**BRIDGET**

I wish it were under better circumstances.

**EDIE**

Well yeah, of course.

I don't think anybody would have wanted it under/ these

**TOM**

How are your parents?

**EDIE**

They're fine. They send their best.

**BRIDGET**

Tell / them thank you.

**EDIE**

I've

I will.

I just wanted to say I've missed you guys.

And Laura, of course.

And I'm really sorry that this

Happened, I guess?

I also wanted to, just in like good conscience, offer some / money

**TOM**

Let's not, Edie.

**EDIE**

No, I'm not

No, I just wanted to say I'm sorry / for

**BRIDGET**

I think we've all moved on from that, and

I don't think this is the most appropriate setting to be doing this in.

**EDIE**

Right, sorry.

**BRIDGET**

Not to worry.

**EDIE**

I just wanted to say if I did any permanent damage with the you know

I know it was like 6 years ago

But I'd like to pay for whatever damages I caused

I'm also medicated now and so I

I just, it's important to me that I say I'm really sorry. You guys didn't deserve that.

That probably really changed your opinion of me.

**BRIDGET**

I

**EDIE**

Sorry.

**BRIDGET**

We always knew how  
How  
Tom help.

**TOM**

Emotional you were.

**BRIDGET**

Right, emotional.

**TOM**

And how that was something maybe Laura needed, during college.

**BRIDGET**

Someone to push her outside of her comfort zone.

**EDIE**

Uh huh.

**BRIDGET**

You taught Laura a lot, Edie, and we will forever be grateful for that.

**TOM**

We should probably make our rounds.

**EDIE**

What did I teach Laura?

**TOM**

What she wanted from a partner, and what she could do without.

**EDIE**

Oh.

**BRIDGET**

Thank you for coming, Edie.  
I think Laura would have been surprised but...

**TOM**

Happy, that you're here.

**BRIDGET**

Right, happy.

**EDIE**

Do you know if she kept the Rilke book I gave her?

**TOM**

Thank you for coming.

*They walk off. Edie stands in the midst of everyone.*

**EDIE**

Fuck.

*Out of nowhere:*

**CAMILLE**

You good?

**EDIE**

Jesus Christ, Camille.  
You can't  
That fucking scared me.

**CAMILLE**

How were Tom and Bridget?

**EDIE**

Oh you know.

**CAMILLE**

I don't, actually.

**EDIE**

Great. I always got along with them great.

**CAMILLE**

Okay, because you seem tense.

**EDIE**

Well, we're at  
Like we're at a funeral, so  
Like we're at her funeral, so  
I'm not gonna be relaxed.

**CAMILLE**

No you're right. That was a stupid question.  
I feel like my sphincter has collapsed in on itself, so right there with you.

**EDIE**

Wow okay. An image to behold.

**CAMILLE**

I feel like I haven't been able to breathe all week.

**EDIE**

Well yeah, that makes sense.

**CAMILLE**

Sorry, I didn't mean to  
Like I know you lost her too  
I'm not trying to make this about my grief

*She breathes.*

**CAMILLE**

I just keep replaying trying to wake her up that morning.  
Like if I hadn't done my morning meditation, would she still be here?  
Could I have caught it in time?

**EDIE**

I don't know if that's how pulmonary embolisms work,  
But maybe.

**CAMILLE**

I just have to find solace in that at least my face was the last one she saw. Someone who loved her.

**EDIE**

Right.

**CAMILLE**

How's New York?

**EDIE**

Uh

**CAMILLE**

Ben said you started serving again.

**EDIE**

Yeah, uh  
Apparently can't live off of commercial money forever.

**CAMILLE**

Not in New York, at least.

**EDIE**

Mhm.

*A beat.*

**CAMILLE**

Listen, I don't want  
I would like for us to be friends again, Edie.  
I don't want Laura to have permanently fractured our friendship.

**EDIE**

Um

**CAMILLE**

I loved when it was the three of us.  
I always used to call us the three musketeers.

**EDIE**

I know. I was there.

**CAMILLE**

Kind of felt like we could do anything.  
And you and Laura  
I know things didn't end particularly  
But, you guys had such a  
A  
Unique relationship.  
God, I really did love you guys together.

**EDIE**

Okay, this is getting weird now.

**CAMILLE**

Sorry.  
I just know how much I'm hurting  
And I know it took you a while to  
So, I'm just trying to affirm you in your  
Hurt, if you're hurting, you know?

**EDIE**

I'm fine, Camille. Thank you.

**CAMILLE**

Maybe that came out wrong.

**EDIE**

It was six years ago. I'm okay.

**CAMILLE**

No I know, I just

**EDIE**

What's your birthday, out of curiosity?

**CAMILLE**

Um.  
November 2nd, 1994.

**EDIE**

So 10-02-94?

**CAMILLE**

Yeah, I guess? Why?

**EDIE**

I wanted to  
Do your birth chart.

**CAMILLE**

My birth chart?

**EDIE**

Yeah, I'm super into that now.  
It's a new hobby.  
Wanted to see if good things were coming your way.

**CAMILLE**

Oh that's  
That's actually really nice.

**EDIE**

Well.

**CAMILLE**

I could use something nice right now.

**EDIE**

It was good to see you, Camille.

**CAMILLE**

Don't you need my time of birth too?

**EDIE**

Oh.  
Sure. Yeah.

**CAMILLE**

8:09 PM.  
I really didn't want to come out, apparently.

**EDIE**

Okay, great.  
I'm gonna  
I'll email you what I find.

**CAMILLE**

Thank you, Edie.  
That's weirdly really kind.  
I'm kind of surprised, to be honest.

**EDIE**

Like I said, I'm over it.  
All good now.  
Happy that you got to love her too.

*Camille hugs her. Edie's entire body tenses. She rips away.*

**EDIE**

Bye.



## SCENE 3

*THE BATHROOM. Edie stands, hovering over the sink. On the counter is a half-drunk glass of wine. She's hunched over the phone. She types, and the phone unlocks.*

**EDIE**

Fucking original, Laura.

*The door opens. JOSEPHINE (JO) comes in with breast pumps and a bottle of champagne. Edie jams the phone into her back pocket.*

**JO**

Oh my god, hi. Ben said you were here, but I didn't believe him.

**EDIE**

Why is everyone so shocked that I'm here?

*Jo looks at her, and sticks a breast pump under her shirt.*

**EDIE**

What?

**JO**

Really?

**EDIE**

Yes, really.

**JO**

You know what happened last time you were here.

**EDIE**

Holy fuck, I have said sorry for that like 14 billion times. At what point does everyone just move on?

**JO**

It wasn't just that.

It was that plus the photo album. It was bad.

**EDIE**

I am fully aware  
Thank you  
It was not my best moment.

**JO**

Weirdly not your worst either.

**EDIE**

Wow, ok. I'm so not in the mood for this, Jo.

**JO**

No, sorry.  
My boobs are fucking killing me,  
And all of the post pregnancy mommy hormones are hitting really hard  
And I'm dealing with wanting to kill Lance at an actual funeral.  
So.  
I wasn't trying to  
I was trying to say I'm happy you're here, Eddie.

**EDIE**

What's Lance doing?

**JO**

Being a man, I don't know.  
He keeps trying to tell me facts about my vagina post birth.

**EDIE**

That does sound like Lance.

**JO**

It's like... I am fully aware of what's happening down there.  
I'm the one having to wear a diaper after splitting my taint in two trying to birth YOUR son.

**EDIE**

Where is your perfect baby?

**JO**

My mom is watching him.

**EDIE**

I can't believe you birthed Jesus incarnate.

**JO**

I can't either.  
He like doesn't even cry.

**EDIE**

Can he walk on water yet?

**JO**

I feel like that comes at like 3.

**EDIE**

Oh, right, right, right.

*A beat.*

**EDIE**

It's good to see you too, Joey.

*Jo wells up, and hugs Edie.*

**JO**

Jesus Christ, I have missed you. Why don't you call me?

**EDIE**

Your pumps are digging into / my ribs.

*They break apart.*

**JO**

Oh my god, I'm sorry. I honestly forget that I had these on.

**EDIE**

Do you need to like start it?

**JO**

Not right now. It's so loud and honestly my nipples being just like held at the moment is enough.

**EDIE**

How are you doing?  
Other than split taint and diaper wearing and being a mom, I guess?  
I can't believe you're a fucking mom.  
I feel like we were 18 yesterday.

**JO**

I know.

I feel like I got duped into it too.

Lance was all like “oooooh, I love you. You’re the love of my life. I want to have babies with you,” and my dumb ass was like “I love you too, sure a family sounds nice”

Little did I know I would be shitting myself on the hospital bed trying to get a human out of my vag.

**EDIE**

Jesus Christ.

**JO**

You’re so lucky that you don’t touch penises often.

**EDIE**

Thank you. I do pride myself on that.

**JO**

How are YOU? Ben said you’re serving again.

**EDIE**

I’m fine.

I’m

I actually don’t really know.

I feel like this happened so fast that I haven’t really been able to like

**JO**

Yeah, I know.

**EDIE**

It was so sudden.

**JO**

Literally who dies of an acute pulmonary embolism anyways?

**EDIE**

Laura. Fucking desperate to be unique.

**JO**

What a bitch.

**EDIE**

You know, I sent her a text the night she died.

**JO**

Edie.

**EDIE**

No! It wasn't anything bad.  
I just was trying to say that I like moved on.  
And I wished her the best.

**JO**

That doesn't really sound like moving on.

**EDIE**

It took a long time for me to like

**JO**

I know.

**EDIE**

And everybody wants to focus on the shit I pulled.  
But somehow everyone forgot that she wrecked me.  
She left me out in the dust to basically rot.

**JO**

No one handled that well.

**EDIE**

No, **she** didn't.  
She was so rude and cold to me.  
I mean she completely shut me out,  
Like we hadn't just spent the last four fucking years together.

**JO**

Okay, maybe this isn't the time to like / rehash this.

**EDIE**

She left me with no power.  
She stole that from me.

**JO**

It's not like it didn't affect her, either.

**EDIE**

It didn't.  
She and Camille literally started fucking right after and I was not

**JO**

You / were

**EDIE**

Even a thought.

Jo, come on. I wasn't.

You're just being nice because she's dead.

**JO**

Well. Yeah.

She is dead, and

You don't speak ill of the / dead

**EDIE**

Yeah but

**JO**

You cannot BUT someone DYING.

**JO**

No.

Stop it.

*Edie tries to say something. Jo flips on the breast pumps.*

**EDIE**

Fine.

**JO**

What?

**EDIE**

I SAID FINE.

*Jo flips it off.*

**JO**

Ow my nipples.

Eddie, look, this is gonna sound harsh, so forgive me

I really don't mean it / to

**EDIE**

Just say it.