

# Directors Notes.

## "That's Your Funeral"

Middle aged Harvey and Marj have been to see a fortune teller, and Harvey is mistakenly under the impression that he is likely to meet an early demise... Once the situation has been resolved, and he realizes that he is in no immediate danger, Harvey becomes interested in the actual expenses involved in a real funeral.

When he finds out how much a casket, flowers, a funeral and a cemetery plot actually can cost, he is outraged. He decides that he could do it a lot cheaper if he organized everything himself. Harvey enlists his best mate Bazza, to help him build a coffin.

Bazza's old dog has to be put down, and he asks Harvey to go with him to the vets to pick up the body of the dog, so he can bury the poor old thing. Harvey's mother-in law overhears the burial plans, knows about the coffin in the shed, and jumps to the conclusion that her son-in law, Harvey, is about to murder her.

Marj is horrified at the coffin building and funeral plans, so she enlists the help of her sister June and her daughter Sharon, to organise something to take Harvey's mind off the funeral plans.

The girls plan a wedding vow re commitment ceremony, for Harvey and Marj. Their son, Aaron, engages an Elvis impersonator to conduct the wedding.

During the "wedding" Harvey and Marj find out just how selfish and dysfunctional their family really is.

## That's Your Funeral



**Cast required 4 Female 4 Male**

**CAST:-** roughly in order of appearance.

**MARJ.** ..... Middle aged, Wife of Harvey.

**JUNE.** ..... Older Sister of Marj. Similar age.

**HARVEY.** ..... Middle aged, Husband of Marj.

**BAZZA.** ..... Barman, Best mate of Harvey.

**NANA.** ..... Elderly Mother of Marj.

**AARON.** ..... grown up son of Marj and Harvey.

**SHARON.** ..... grown up daughter of Marj and Harvey.

**ELVIS** ..... Elvis Impersonator.

## SUGGESTED MUSIC

### ACT ONE.

1. .... Oh sole a Mio .....Music only.....
2. .... Enjoy Yourself (It's Later Than You Think.)
3. .... Wonderful Time Up There .or Dry Bones.....
- 4... Jail house Rock or Eleven more Months & ten more days.
5. ....I'm My Own Grandpa. ....
- 6.....Flash Bang Wallop.....

### ACT TWO

7. ....Oh Sole a Mio.....Music only.....
8. .... Girls Just Wanna Have Fun.....
9. .... . Oh sole a mio .....Music only..
10. .... All Shook Up .....
11. ..Hawaiian Wedding Song...or ...Bridal March.....
12. ....Staying Alive or Got a Lotta Living to Do.....

**N. B.** *This script is text only. Music is of your own choosing and copyright permission , if applicable, should be sought for any music used in your production. Titles listed here are suggestions only as to the type of music suitable.*

# That's Your Funeral

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### ACT ONE.

#### Scene One.

#### *Setting.*

*The setting remains the same throughout the production. A middle class suburban living room, or family room. A table and chairs off to one side, a built in bar, perhaps a television set, several comfortable chairs and a settee, a small coffee table. A large poster of "Elvis" adorns one wall and there are pieces of Elvis memorabilia scattered around. "Elvis Lives" is on another poster. Perhaps some Elvis record covers framed on the walls. An old fashioned stereo record player and a rack of LP Vinyl records sits in one corner. An exit to one sides leads to the interior of the house, and an upstage exit, perhaps french doors or a sliding glass door leads outdoors to the patio, or pool area , off stage.*

**MUSIC. No. 1.** .... Oh Sole a Mio, music only.....

*Enter Marj and June. They carry coffee mugs. Marj has a plate of biscuits, which she places on the coffee table between them. They sit and place the coffee mugs carefully on coasters.*

**MARJ.** Really, June, I don't know what's got into him lately. He's fair driving me mad. Talk about morbid.

**JUNE.** *(Picking up her coffee from the table.)* Far be it from me to be sympathetic towards Harvey, but maybe he's under a lot of pressure at work, love.

**MARJ.** *(Blankly.)* Pressure?

**JUNE.** Pressure. Stress. You know, Marj, running a business can be very demanding.

**MARJ.** (*Surprised.*) Get real. (*Dismissive*) Harvey runs a bait and tackle shop, for goodness sake. How much pressure can there be in selling a few buckets of bait and the odd fishing rod?

**JUNE.** (*Knowingly.*) Ahh, But, have you really talked to him about it?

**MARJ.** (*Blankly.*) About what?

**JUNE.** Duh! About what ever it is that's depressing him?

**MARJ.** (*Dismissively.*) No. Not really. Anyway, I wouldn't say he's depressed exactly, just sort of obsessed with dying, if you know what I mean..... Here, have a Tim Tam.

(*Offers the biscuits to June*)

**JUNE.** Thanks, I will. (*Takes biscuit*) And no, I don't.

**MARJ.** Sorry?

**JUNE.** I mean, I really don't know what you mean. You say he's obsessing about death?

**MARJ.** (*Thoughtfully.*) No. I suppose I wouldn't say about death, exactly.

**JUNE.** (*Curiously.*) What, then?

**MARJ.** Well, for instance. He's decided we should buy a family cemetery plot .

**JUNE.** (*Matter of factly.*) That's not obsessing. That's probably a good idea, we've all got to go sometime. Having a family burial plot is just forward planning.

**MARJ.** You reckon? How's this for forward planning. He wanted me to go shopping with him on Saturday morning..... for a coffin.

(*June chokes on her biscuit, spills coffee down herself*)

**JUNE.** He what?

**MARJ.** You heard me. A coffin. Here, have a tissue.

(*Marj hands June a tissue from a box on the table. Marj cleans the front of her clothes.*)

**JUNE.** Thanks.

**MARJ.** Anyway, I told him no way I'm going into one of those creepy funeral places to pick out a box for him.

**JUNE.** I don't blame you, love.

**MARJ.** It's not as if he's sick or anything.

**JUNE.** Are you sure? I mean he's not keeping something from you, is he?

**MARJ.** No, I'm sure. I made him go to the doctor just last week for a thorough check up.

**JUNE.** And...??

**MARJ.** Not a thing wrong with him, except he's a bit overweight, but then who isn't at our age?

**JUNE.** So he's definitely not sick. Hmm... . Then what do you think's brought all this on?

**MARJ.** Oh, I know what brought it on.

**JUNE.** (*Surprised.*) You do?

**MARJ.** Oh yeah! It started when we went to have our fortunes told at the local show, last week.

**JUNE.** (*Prompting.*) The fortune teller told him he's going to die?

**MARJ.** (*Evasively*) Not exactly.

**JUNE.** Don't get cute with me, Marj. I'm your big sister, remember. Come on love, you can tell me, whatever it is.

**MARJ.** (*Sigh.*) This fortune teller, Madame Zara, told him he would come into some money real soon, and that he would meet a very old friend.

**JUNE.** (*Positively.*) That's all good. That should have cheered him up a bit.

**MARJ.** Yes, that was the good part... then she went all strange and mysterious, muttered something about... that the next day a cloud would descend, darkens would follow... and that after five o'clock...

**JUNE.** Yes.. After five o'clock.. What? What?

**MARJ.** She wouldn't go on.. She became very agitated and ordered us to leave her tent immediately.

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**JUNE.** (*Sympathetically.*) Oh, Marj! That's scary. You must have been so upset.

**MARJ.** (*Righteously.*) I was! I mean, really. We'd already paid to have mine done as well, and she never gave us any money back.

**JUNE.** What a rip off!

**MARJ.** That's what I thought!

**JUNE.** And so.. Did any of what she said come true?

**MARJ.** Oh, yes. Absolutely. All of it!!

**JUNE.** Really!

**MARJ.** We hadn't gone more than a few yards from the tent when Harvey found a twenty dollar note, just lying on the ground

**JUNE.** Twenty dollars! That was lucky.

**MARJ.** Yes, it was. Then we ran into some friends we hadn't seen for years. They'd moved out of town and were just visiting for the day.

**JUNE.** (*Intrigued.*) Just like she said you would.

**MARJ.** Exactly! Well, as you can imagine, after that Harvey was beside himself. He didn't sleep at all that night. He spent the whole night down here playing his old Elvis records and drinking Scotch.

**JUNE.** (*Sympathetically.*) You poor thing. It must have been awful for you.

**MARJ.** (*Bravely.*) Oh, it wasn't so bad. You can hardly hear the record player from our bedroom.

**JUNE.** So, go on. Did he go to work that next day?

**MARJ.** No! Of course not. He was practically paralytic. He just stayed in here all day, got drunker and played more Elvis.

**JUNE.** What did you do?

**MARJ.** (*Philosophically.*) I tried to reason with him, but he just wouldn't listen. So I went shopping. (*Con conversationally.*) You know K Mart had a really great sale. I got a lovely pair of brown...

**JUNE.** (*Shocked.*) You went shopping?

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**MARJ.** (*Defensively.*) Yeah. Well, why not? I didn't believe anything was actually going to happen to him, and I needed a new pair of boots. They had twenty five per cent off all women's shoes.

**JUNE.** Unreal! So, what happened at five o'clock?

**MARJ.** Nothing! I was home again by then.

**JUNE.** (*Disappointed.*) What do you mean... nothing!!

**MARJ.** (*Shrugs.*) Just what I thought would happen, nothing. Of course by this time Harvey was almost comatose, it's a wonder he hadn't drunk himself to death.

**JUNE.** So the fortune teller was wrong, when she told him that she couldn't see any future for him beyond five o'clock.

**MARJ.** Exactly.

**JUNE.** She was a fake after all. Just like the rest of them?

**MARJ.** Not really.

**JUNE.** What do you mean?

**MARJ.** We saw on the channel ten news that at five o'clock Madame Zara had been hit by a truck at the show grounds, and killed.

**MUSIC No. 2....**(*Enjoy Yourself, It's Later than You Think*).....



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