

DIFFICULT PEOPLE

Written by

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Screen is black.

\*

MARLY (V.O.)

Mother Theresa, once said that the best way to promote world peace is to go home and love your family.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

\*

A large, boisterous family has a full-blown food-fight at the dinner table. Stuffing, collard greens, and toasted ravioli are flying everywhere.

Classical music plays in the background drowning out their shrill voices.

\*

\*

MARLY PETERSON, our protagonist, 17 with wild and crazy curly hair crouches under the table with her little brother PAT, 7, to avoid the mess the adults are creating.

\*

MARLY (V.O.)

Mother Theresa, clearly never met the Petersons.

In Slow Motion- A huge bowl of sweet potatoes goes soaring towards BRUCE PETERSON, an exuberant and stylish man in his late 20s. He ducks, as the orange goop splats onto the out-of-date wallpaper.

\*

\*

\*

BRUCE

NOT MY SWEET POTATOES!

\*

PAT

Well, this seems to have escalated quickly.

Marly rolls her eyes. She's seen her family act this way before.

MARLY (V.O.)

Let's start from the beginning.

\*

MAIN TITLES - MONTAGE:

DIFFICULT PEOPLE

\*

Titles intercut with a montage, set to the tone of some catchy bluegrass song about home or family (potentially Neil Young's "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere"). Features old Peterson family video clips at the Ozarks of the kids playing together outside by the lake, on the tire swing, trampoline, etc.

\*

We see old dusty shelves of family photos that capture all three generations of this good ole Missourian family.

A couple other photos of family landmark events: graduations, proms, weddings, etc. You can tell these people love each other. \*

INT. PETERSON'S KITCHEN - SAINT LOUIS - DAY \*

Title: 10 Hours Earlier

We hear the phone ring.

Pat, small, bright-eyed, and very precocious with big, round Harry Potter glasses answers the phone up.

PAT

Hello.

BEATRICE (O.S.) \*

Pat, Sweetie. This is your Aunt Bee. I need you to send a message to your parents.

PAT

Okay.

BEATRICE (O.S.) \*

It's very important.

PAT

Okay.

BEATRICE (O.S.) \*

You must not forget it.

PAT

OKAY.

BEATRICE (O.S.) \*

Here is the message:  
GRANDMA IS DEAD.

Pat gasps and drops the phone. It hangs off the wall by its cord.

BEATRICE (O.S.) (CONT'D) \*

(muffled)  
Hello? Hello?

INT./EXT. PETERSON'S MINIVAN - DAY

\*

Marly longingly looks out the window to see miles and miles of cornfields.

\*

MARLY

How much longer do we have?

MIKE PETERSON, Marly and Pat's father, --a complete energizer bunny-- anxiously grips at the wheel. He looks restless and completely overworked, a victim of the corporate grind.

MIKE

About an hour.

His wife, LEIGH-ANNE PETERSON, a self-proclaimed yoga enthusiast, sits in the passenger's seat reading a book titled "How to Deal with Difficult People". She places her hand over his sensing his nervousness.

\*

PAT

Are we going to miss the Cardinals game?

\*

MIKE

Unfortunately, son.

PAT

Aww man.

(light bulb goes off in)

(his head)

So since grandma's dead, does that mean we get to keep her stuff?

LEIGH-ANNE

Patrick!

PAT

What?

LEIGH-ANNE

That's not polite to ask!

Marly looks up from her phone.

MARLY

He's right, isn't he? That must be why we're driving here, because I know it can't be to hang out with this random ass family we never talk to.

\*

LEIGH-ANNE  
Maureen Elizabeth Peterson,  
language!

MARLY  
Aunt Beatrice, people!

PAT  
She scares me...

LEIGH-ANNE  
She's your father's sister.

MIKE  
(embarrassed)  
She scares me, too.

LEIGH-ANNE  
Look, I know how nervous you all  
can get about seeing dad's side of  
the family and with grandma being  
dead and all. That's a lot of  
pressure, so I've been doing some  
research.

(shakes her book)  
Plus my yoga studio just got this  
new guru who has been able to  
connect me with my inner Zen.

MARLY  
You have a Zen?

LEIGH-ANNE  
Shh...I think we should all  
meditate.

PAT  
Mediate?

MIKE  
Honey, I don't think that's  
necessary...

PAT  
Can I say something?

LEIGH-ANNE  
Why sure you can, Pat!

PAT  
God, help us.

MARLY  
Amen, to that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
  
\*

The minivan makes its way up the long drive from Saint Louis  
to the Lake of the Ozarks. \*

The road is wide and empty. \*

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER

Marly, Pat, Leigh-Anne, and Mike pour out onto the driveway  
of the Peterson lake-house. The quaint home sits on the edge  
of the lake secluded to it's own little peninsula. \*

MARLY \*

Is it just me or does this house  
seem a little haunted now that  
someone's died here? \*

BEATRICE PETERSON, bulky and broad, comes tumbling down the  
porch looking completely bitter and irritable. She smothers  
Pat with kisses. Pat stands there paralyzed overwhelmed by  
his aunt's affection. \*

BEATRICE \*

PATRICK!!! Oh my poor baby! I'm so  
sorry... \*

PAT \*

For what? \*

BEATRICE \*

Oh, shhhh, shhh, shhh. \*

(to Mike) \*

Goddamnit, Mike, what took you so  
long? I told you: YOUR MOTHER IS  
DEAD. \*

MIKE \*

I know that, Bee, but my kids had  
school; my wife had work; I was  
just a little busy running an  
entire company. \*

BEATRICE \*

LIKE THAT'S AN EXCUSE. \*

(Beat) \*

I'm a doctor. \*

MARLY \*

We know. \*

Beatrice stares blankly at Marly.

Marly stares back with an innocent look on her face that  
reads 'who me?'

Beatrice roles her eyes then leads the group into the house. They follow in one by one.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The place is disgustingly covered in dust from head to toe. It looks as if it hasn't been cleaned in months. There is an overwhelming smell of old people that causes Marly to make a face.

LEIGH-ANNE  
(whispers to Marly)  
Stop it. Jesus Christ, have a  
little respect for the dead.

Pat wanders around compulsively touching everything. Leigh-Anne follows after him swatting at his hands.

LEIGH-ANNE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.  
(whispers to Pat)  
Don't touch that. It might be  
diseased.

MIKE  
WOW, Bee, Mom croaks and you decide  
to become a complete and total pig.

BEATRICE  
Okay, you know what, Mike, Since  
when is everything my  
responsibility? Huh? I'm stressed,  
and I'm tired, and I have been  
BUSTING MY BALLS.

PAT  
Her balls?

BEATRICE  
You all are just so damn critical!  
Mother is dead! Mother is dead! She  
is dead! Dead! In the ground.  
D.E.A.D. DEAD.

Loud cheers come from upstairs. "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)" by Rupert Holmes is blasting from the radio.

The assumed deceased matriarch EDNA PETERSON comes flouncing down the staircase in a large bathrobe red wine glass in hand. She sporadically dances about making a grand entrance. Even dressed like a lunatic, you can tell that Edna was beautiful in her youth.

Marly's jaw drops straight to the floor. She is in shock. \*

Pat screams profusely believing the ghost of his grandmother is standing before him. He frantically runs over to his mother and clinging to her leg. \*

PAT  
I SEE DEAD PEOPLE!!! \*

Beatrice buries her head in her hands angrily muttering to herself. \*

BEATRICE  
Oh no, Pat, I'm so sorry. \*

MIKE  
What the hell, Mom?

EDNA  
Why is it that I have to have one of my daughters tell my favorite son that I'm dead just to get him to come visit me? \*

MIKE  
That's not fair.

LEIGH-ANNE  
(Kissing up.)  
Mrs. Peterson, I'm so glad your still alive.

Edna glares. You can tell she's annoyed by Leigh-Anne's presents.

EDNA  
You're still here.

LEIGH-ANNE  
Um...Yes?  
(Beat)  
About 17 years now.

Leigh-Anne aggressively pats her 17-year-old daughter on atop her big curly mane. \*

MARLY  
Ow! What the-? What are you doing??  
Mom!

EDNA  
Well, okay. Mike? Still waiting for that apology.



MIKE  
I'm sorry, mom.

EDNA  
There it is!

MIKE  
We should have visited more. But,  
Bee telling Pat, "Grandma is dead."  
I mean COME ON. Are you trying to  
traumatize my kid?

EDNA  
Oh, please. I did you a favor. The  
kid needs to toughen up. Look at  
him.

Pat is still on Leigh-Anne's leg quivering. Edna gives the  
kid a good pat on the butt. Pat winces.

INT. GRANDMA'S KITCHEN - LATER

Edna starts scrounging through the cabinets pulling out pots  
and pans. She grabs the food from the refrigerator by the  
handful.

EDNA  
Here.

They look at it horrified. Edna heads upstairs leaving them  
in shock.

MARLY  
Did that just--

LEIGH-ANNE  
Yup, yeah, I think so.

MARLY  
I can't believe she--

LEIGH-ANNE  
Right! Borderline psychotic.

MARLY  
To pretend to be dead...Mom, are we  
in some sort of horror movie?

LEIGH-ANNE  
I don't know, but your grandmother,  
looks kind of like a horror movie  
with that hair.

MARLY \*  
I want to leave. \*

LEIGH-ANNE \*  
We couldn't... \*

MARLY \*  
This is the twilight zone. \*  
Literally Rosemary's Baby. We could \*  
die if we stay. \*

LEIGH-ANNE \*  
Are you Mia Farrow? \*

MARLY \*  
No, YOU'RE Mia Farrow. I'm the \*  
unborn demon baby, and Grandma is \*  
the creepy old neighbors. \*

LEIGH-ANNE \*  
Do you think your father would \*  
notice? \*

MARLY \*  
Well, he didn't notice that Grandma \*  
wasn't actually dead so... \*  
(Beat) \*  
Through the window? \*

LEIGH-ANNE \*  
Let's go. \*

Marly and Leigh-Anne head towards the window. \*

EDNA \*  
I'm baaaaaaaack. \*

MARLY \*  
Lord, help us. \*

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER \*

Mike is deep into the Cardinals game. \*

You see Marly, Leigh-Anne, and Edna through the door leading \*  
into the kitchen. The women are throwing together a feast. \*

Pat mimics his father with every movement. As Mike leans \*  
forward rubbing his hands together, Pat leans forward rubbing \*  
his hands together. \*

MIKE

Come on, guys! Don't steal the base!

PAT

Come on, guys! Don't steal the base!

MIKE

We got 'em! We got 'em! We got 'em!

PAT

We got 'em! We got 'em! We got 'em!

Mike springs up off the couch.

MIKE

Yes!

Pat springs right up after him. \*

PAT

Yes!

The two high five.

The doorbell rings, and you can hear the front door open. \*

Bruce Peterson enters. \*

Bruce is a short, flamboyant, young man. His hair is perfectly gelled back to perfection. He always seems to be overwhelmingly and inappropriately eager. \*

BRUCE

Hi, boys. How's it going? I brought sweet potatoes!

Mike nods. \*

PAT

Hi, Uncle Bruce!

BRUCE

Oh, the games on! That's cool. What quarter are you in?

Mike rolls his eyes.

PAT

It's innings, Uncle Bruce.

BRUCE

Oh, right.

(to Mike)

So...when do we get to divide up  
mom's stuff?

Mike chuckles. He knows Bruce is in for a surprise. \*

Edna walks into the living room from the kitchen. She has  
changed out of her bathrobe into normal attire. A long string  
of pearls sits around her neck. She plays with the string as  
if she were Audrey Hepburn waiting at Tiffanys. \*

Edna Peterson is one classy lady. \*

EDNA

Pippi-Anne--

LEIGH-ANNE

Not my name. Not a children's book  
character.

EDNA

Can you please hurry up with the  
food? I would like for us to eat  
dinner before I ACTUALLY die. Hi,  
Bruce.

BRUCE

MOM?!?! What the--? You're alive.

EDNA

Your excitement overwhelms me.

BRUCE

I...brought sweet potatoes? \*

Leigh-Anne and Marly carry in the food from the kitchen. Edna  
pays them no mind. She merely waves her arm towards the  
dining room.

MARLY

(under her breath)

Thank you. I had no idea where the  
dining room was in this house I've  
been to only a thousand times.

LEIGH-ANNE

(to Marly in a fake french  
accent)

Yes, our sense of memory and  
direction seemed to have  
immaculately disappeared along with  
our dignity. \*

Marly giggles.

EDNA

Leigh-Anne, your sense of humor is  
as unappealing as ever.

LEIGH-ANNE

I'm so sorry.

Leigh-Anne embarrassed looks down towards her feet afraid to  
make eye contact with the iron lady.

Edna turns her attention back to her son, Bruce.

EDNA

So, ungrateful son, that's eagerly  
plotting to take all my belongings  
where is your equally ungrateful  
sister?

BRUCE

I would argue that she is  
definitely more ungrateful.

MIKE

True.

BRUCE

She's coming in. She had some work  
to do in the car. \*

MIKE

She works?

INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - LATER \*

The Petersons scrunch around the dining room table trying to  
find their seats. Edna sits at the head of the table.

Bruce struggles to pick a seat switching from the left to the  
right and then to the left again.

Pat and Marly are seated next to each other and Leigh-Anne  
and Mike are seated on the other side. \*

Bruce finally chooses a seat right next to Marly. Beatrice  
sits across from him next to Leigh-Anne and Mike. \*

EDNA

Should we say grace?

PAT

Do we have to?

LEIGH-ANNE  
PATRICK! Sorry, Edna.

BRUCE  
Wow, Mom, death has really changed  
you. Since when did we go all  
Norman Rockwell?

\*  
\*

EDNA  
Well, now that I've been to hell  
and back as my lovely son has  
thoughtfully chose to remind us  
all. I just thought it would be a  
nice change.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LEIGH-ANNE  
Actually, Edna I've been reading up  
a lot about the Hindu culture  
because of all the yoga classes  
I've been taking. I have a prayer  
for everyone if no one minds me  
sharing.

EDNA  
No. Hard pass.

MIKE  
Mother...

BEATRICE  
Did Mom say no? I think she meant  
yes. Sometimes when she says no she  
means yes.  
(mouths the word)  
SENILE. It's confusing.

Edna, offended by Beatrice's words, gives her daughter a look  
of disguised.

\*  
\*

LEIGH-ANNE  
Oh, great. Okay. Everyone heads  
down. No peaking. I see you. Okay.  
(Beat)  
This ritual is One. The food is  
One. We who offer the food are One.  
The fire of hunger is also One. We  
who understand this are One.

EDNA  
I don't understand this.

LEIGH-ANNE  
(frustrated)  
The people at this table who  
pretend they are dead but are not  
are also One.

EDNA  
HEY, you better check yourself.

LEIGH-ANNE  
I'm so sorry.

At that moment, LESLIE, early 30s, a free-spirit, Edna's  
youngest daughter, comes bursting in the door dressed in a  
complete hippie inspired outfit from heat to toe.

LESLIE  
Starting dinner without me? That's  
rude. So, how are we going divide  
up all this shit? May I just say,  
that I would like my fraction of  
the Peterson dynasty in cash only.  
I got some people I got to pay  
back.

She pops a squat into the other seat at the head of the table  
across from her mother.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hi, Mom. MOM?!?! Aw man. I  
thought you were dead.

EDNA  
Yes, definitely the most  
ungrateful.

LESLIE  
It's not personal. I'm just not  
financially in the best place right  
now so...

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

The Peterson's start passing the dishes around the table one  
by one. Rolls, turkey, collard greens, and sweet potatoes  
move from one person to the other in a fluid motion.

LEIGH-ANNE  
So, Beatrice, how are the kids? How  
is Steve?

BEATRICE

Oh, you know they're great.  
(attempts to make a joke)  
None of them are dead yet so...

\*  
\*

No one laughs. Beatrice is as awkward as ever.

\*

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Zackary, well he's been trying to  
find and job and--

\*

MARLY

Excuse me, I'm just going to go to  
the bathroom really quickly.

EXT. GRANDMA'S BACKYARD - LATER

\*

Marly is on her cell phone checking her messages.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello, Marly Peterson, this is Erin  
Wright calling on behalf of the  
admissions office at the American  
Academy of Dramatic Arts. We are  
yet to hear back from you about  
your acceptance to our school. We  
wanted to let you know that our  
offer still stands. The professors  
of which you auditioned for sang  
nothing but praises of your acting  
abilities. We would love to have  
you as a part of our incoming  
class, but if you don't get back to  
us soon, we will have to give your  
spot to someone else. So please  
call back as soon as possible.

\*

(Beat)

Marly, we think you have something  
really special.

LESLIE

Hey, girl!

Marly jumps startled.

MARLY

God, you scared me to death.

\*

LESLIE

So, whatcha doing? Sexting your  
boyfriend?

\*



MARLY

NO.

LESLIE

STOP. My little niece doesn't have a boyfriend. That's criminal.

\*

MARLY

I have a boyfriend. He's just not talking to me right now, or really has ever talked to me, or even really know my name, or maybe he's not really my boyfriend at all and is just some guy that I think is really cute in my English class.

LESLIE

That's not creepy.

MARLY

Yeah, It's a very internal relationship.

Leslie pulls out a joint from her coat pocket.

LESLIE

Want some?

MARLY

No, thanks.

LESLIE

Wow, you don't have a boyfriend AND don't do drugs. Aren't you a little Tracy Flick?

MARLY

Reese Witherspoon would be jealous.

LESLIE

You know maybe if you tell the guy that your dead like my clearly psychopathic mother he'll come running.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Leslie lights her J and takes a hit.

MARLY

Actually, Leslie, I just got a call...from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

\*

LESLIE

Yay, Yay, Yay, Marly! Go, Marly!  
Go!

\*  
\*

Leslie dances and cheers on the grass trying to pep Marly up. Leslie was a cheerleaders and high school. She is one of those adults who has never seemed to be able to let go of her glory days.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LESLIE (CONT'D)

That's great! That's great, right?

\*

MARLY

Yes! Yeah! I got in, so yeah it is great, but--

LESLIE

BUT? But what? Why is there a but?

\*

MARLY

It's in Los Angeles.

LESLIE

So?

MARLY

I can't leave Missouri.

LESLIE

Says no one ever.

MARLY

I'm serious. I can't leave my parents--

\*

LESLIE

My brother and Leigh-Anne are pushing fifty, I think they know how to deal with a little separation anxiety.

MARLY

Pat.

LESLIE

Marly. You're 17 going on 18. Moving out is what your suppose to do. That's what I did. That's what your dad did, your Uncle Bruce, surprisingly even your fat Aunt Bee managed to escape Edna's forever connecting umbilical cord.

\*  
\*

MARLY

I know, I just. Don't want Pat and  
I to end up like--

LESLIE

Us?

An awkward silence falls upon them.

MARLY

So, if I tell that cute guy in my  
English class I'm dead, do you  
really think it'd get his  
attention?

Leslie takes another hit then starts doing smoking ticks in  
the cool autumn air.

INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Marly quietly sits down back at the table her Aunt Leslie has  
still not returned from outside.

BRUCE

Leigh-Anne, can you pass me my  
sweet potatoes?

LEIGH-ANNE

Oh course.

EDNA

So, Marly, how's school going?

MARLY

Really well actually.

MIKE

Mom, Marly's a straight A student,  
so it was really such a relief  
finding out that you would still be  
alive to attend her graduation.

EDNA

So, MARLY, do you know where you  
want to go to school yet?

MARLY

I haven't made up my mind yet.

EDNA

Well, you know we'll all be proud  
of you no matter what you choose.

LEIGH-ANNE

This stuffing is my favorite, Mrs. Peterson. Again, so glad your alive, so I can still get the recipe.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Edna rolls her eyes and turns her attention back to Marly.

MARLY

Thank you, Grandma, I just don't know how I feel about leav--

\*  
\*  
\*

Leslie comes tumbling into the dining room.

LESLIE

Ohhh. Stuffing, give me! I am hungry. Nom. Nom. Nom. Munchie time!

Leslie struggles with the spoon failing to put the stuffing on her plate, so she grabs at it with her hands.

\*

PAT

That's disgusting.

\*

BEATRICE

Jesus Christ. Are you high?

Leslie shushes at her older sister. Marly tries to help by cover up the conversation.

\*

MARLY

Um...Grandma! Can you pass Bruce's famous sweet potatoes over this way? They look SO delicious.

LESLIE

(to Beatrice)

Keep your voice down, there are children in the vicinity.

(whispers)

Are you high?

\*

\*

BEATRICE

What? No, that doesn't even make sense. Oh my god, Leslie your eyes. You look like the grudge.

LESLIE

That's so insulting you know how self-conscious I get about my face. Bad genes.

\*

\*

BRUCE

Mike, where did you pick up this wine? It has such a nice pearlescent quality to it.

BEATRICE

(to Leslie)

I just can't believe you. This is so inappropriate. You are a thirty year old woman and...and...this is suppose to be a pretend funeral!

LESLIE

Yes, well, nobody's actually dead!

BEATRICE

Hence the word "pretend".

LESLIE

Well, that's just stupid and this wine. Is good. The wine is good. Mike. Yeah. Very pearlescenty or whatever. Actually, if you just pass it this way I'll give it a try-

Leslie reaches over Beatrice for the wine. As she reaches, she accidently knocks over Bee's glass spilling right into her lap.

EDNA

Leslie!

LESLIE

Oh, god. No. I'm so sorry. I--

BEATRICE

You did that on purpose!

PAT

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!  
Fight!

Pat pounds his fist on the table egging them on.

EDNA

GIRLS, CAN YOU NOT. THIS IS A WAKE NOT A BROTHEL.

LESLIE

YEAH, A WAKE WHERE NO ONE IS DEAD.

PAT

What's a brothel?

MARLY

It's where--

LEIGH-ANNE

CAN WE NOT TALK ABOUT PROSTITUTES  
AT THE DINNER TABLE IN FRONT OF A  
SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY?

Edna glares at Leigh-Anne.

LEIGH-ANNE (CONT'D)

...please? Goddamnit, I'm so sorry,  
Saint Edna.

\*  
\*

MIKE

Don't worry, kid, you'll learn  
about that later in life. Am I  
right?

Turns to his brother Bruce tries to give him a high five.  
Bruce looks painfully uncomfortable.

Mike turns to his wife she is shaking her head with a  
seriously peeved look on her face.

\*

BEATRICE

Real respectful, Bruce.

\*

Leslie chuckles. She is the only one that's found any humor  
in Bruce's comment.

\*  
\*

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Of course. Leslie, you are so  
selfish.

\*  
\*  
\*

LESLIE

Why I ought a...

Tension at the table is at an all time high.

\*

BRUCE

Actually, all. I have an  
announcement. I wrote a little  
something. Well, actually I wrote a  
eulogy, but I wasn't going to read  
it because well, mother isn't  
actually dead. But, you know, now,  
at this exact moment, well, it just  
seems really fitting since Beatrice  
and Leslie have decided that we're  
all sharing our feeling.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EDNA

Go on.

Bruce pulls crinkled pieces of paper out of his pants pocket. \*  
He gently flattens out the papers on the table. It's typed  
and lengthy. Several pages long. It could take a very, very  
long time to read.

BRUCE

Okay. Here I go. \*

(Beat)

I'm gay. And--

EDNA

Of course.

BRUCE

From some twenty-seven years of  
personal experience, I can tell you  
that--

(Bruce stops reading off)

(the page)

Wait, what? What do you mean "of  
course".

BEATRICE

Bruce, everybody knows that you're  
gay.

BRUCE

How could you know? I didn't even  
know?

(to Leslie)

Did you know?

(to Mike)

Did you know?

(to Leigh-Anne)

Did you know?

(to Edna)

Mom?

MARLY

Even we knew.

PAT

We love you no matter what, Uncle  
Bruce.

BRUCE

But, I have twenty more pages left  
in my speech, and...and...and I  
thought mom was dead, and...I  
just... \*

EDNA

Just sit down.

(Beat)

(MORE)

EDNA (CONT'D)

If you want, you can e-mail it to me later.

Bruce sadly takes a seat.

BRUCE

Pass the peas.

LESLIE

(to Beatrice)

I can't believe you said I'm selfish.

\*  
\*

BEATRICE

Well, you are. You literally came into this house asking for money. Your like a gold-digger, but with old people.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LEIGH-ANNE

Pass the peas, please.

\*

LESLIE

Well, I'm sorry. I need money. I'm human

\*  
\*

MARLY

Pass the peas, please.

\*

BEATRICE

Not showing any remorse over your DEAD mother is the most in-human response a person could possibly have.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PAT

Pass the peas, please.

\*

LESLIE

SHE'S NOT EVEN DEAD!

\*

PAT

Can you just fucking pass the peas already?

\*  
\*  
\*

LESLIE

Here are your damn peas!

Leslie sloppily flings the bowl of peas landing all over Edna and Beatrice. The peas catch in Edna's white fluffy hair.

\*

BEATRICE

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

\*



Beatrice grabs a handful of collar greens and chucks them straight at Leslie. Leslie ducks and the overcooked veggie land straight in Mike's face. \*

PAT  
FOOD FIGHT! \*

All hell breaks loose. The adults turn into vultures. Marly and Patrick dives under the table to avoid the chaos.

BRUCE  
NOT MY SWEET POTATOES!

PAT  
Well, this seems to have escalated quickly.

Marly starts to giggling.

MARLY  
These people...they're ridiculous.

PAT  
I'm so glad we're not like them.

MARLY  
Ditto.

BEATRICE  
TAKE THAT, MOM! \*

THAWAK. Potatoes go flying.

LEIGH-ANNE  
WRONG PERSON! \*

PAT  
I'm going to miss you so much next year.

MARLY  
What are you talking about?

LEIGH-ANNE  
I LIED THIS STUFFING TASTES LIKE SHIT! \*

PAT  
I know about LA. \*

MARLY  
Well, there's nothing to know. I'm not going.

LESLIE \*  
OWWWWWW. I'VE BEEN SHOT. \*

PAT  
And risk staying here with these  
people? No, your not. I'm not  
allowing you to. That's not  
allowed. If you stay, you could end \*  
up a ghost, like Grandma. \*

MARLY \*  
You know she's not really dead, \*  
right? \*

PAT \*  
That's what you think. \*

LEIGH-ANNE \*  
EDNA, WHY DO YOU HATE ME?? \*

MARLY \*  
Pat, I can't leave you. \*

PAT  
I'll see you again in ten more \*  
years. \*

MIKE \*  
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!! WHY???

MARLY \*  
That's depressing. \*

PAT  
You did the first 10 years without \*  
me, so I would consider it an \*  
evening up of the score.

MIKE  
BRUCE, SHUT UP ABOUT YOUR FUCKING  
SWEET POTATOES!

MARLY \*  
What do you think Mom and Dad are \*  
going to say when I tell them? \*

PAT \*  
They'll get over it. \*

Marly smiles at Pat graciously. They hug. \*

PAT (CONT'D)  
So should we get in on the rest of  
the action?

MARLY

Yes, definitely.

Marly and Pat jump out from under the table, and get right into the food fight.

Your favorite happy-go-lucky song plays in the background. \*

Food continues to fly all over the place, but the mood has changed. Smiles start to appear on the family members faces one by one. Amongst the yelling, screaming, and flying food they are all having fun.

Edna still sits at the head of the table rolling her eyes.

Marly and Pat take this opportunity to go in the kitchen and bring in the dessert cake.

They sneak up behind Edna, cake in hands, ready to attack. She turns around, and they slam it right in her face. \*

Edna can't help but laugh. \*

The three of them hug having a really beautiful family moment: just a grandma and her grand-kids.

Cue end credits.