

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - TUNNEL - DAY

A long tunnel leads to an elevator. A sign at the entrance reads "Shea Brothers Funeral Home."

DING. The elevator doors open. JULIETTE (20) a cute, slightly chubby Latino girl, steps out.

She half-run, half-walks down the tunnel and disappears around the corner.

A car door OPENS AND CLOSES. Her FOOTSTEPS hurry back into the tunnel. She carries a large makeup bag.

She makes it halfway down the tunnel before she has to stop. Her shoulders shake. She rests her hand on the wall.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

ELIZABETH JANE (40) a nervous, slight woman, stands with Juliette at a door painted a deep, dark blue.

The sound of a large family flows from a room down the hall. The chatter slips in and out of Spanish.

ELIZABETH

This is pretty weird for me. Usually  
I do the makeup before anyone gets  
here. But...

She looks at Juliette, whose eyes are red from crying.

ELIZABETH

Do you have any experience?

Juliette looks at her makeup bag.

ELIZABETH

Did you do your own makeup today?

JULIETTE

I'm not wearing makeup.

ELIZABETH

Oh. OK. He's downstairs. Come find me  
if you're having trouble.

Elizabeth disappears through a swinging door. Juliette stares at the blue door. She can't open it.

LOUIS, a Latino teenager in a dark suit, appears in a doorway at the end of the hall.

He jerks his head at her. She offers a little wave in return. He moves out of view.

She takes a step closer to the door. She still can't open it. Her hands squeeze the makeup bag.

GIL (18), a ratty looking Latino kid, steps in to the doorway where Louis was.

He jerks his head at her as he approaches.

GIL

Sup Jules. Louis is worried about you. He told me I should try to make you laugh. I said nah, but figured I'd come over anyway.

She nods.

JULIETTE

I can't seem to open it. I know I have to open it, but I can't. Will you open it?

GIL

No way, dude. There's a dead body down there and shit.

She grips his arm. He stiffens, unsure how to comfort her. Or anyone, really. Her eyes plead with his a little.

GIL

Hold up.

He trots down the hall. She watches him disappear into the next room. Anything to avoid looking at the door.

He trots back to her. She grips his arm again.

GIL

This might help.

He holds his pocket open. There's a small bottle of gin and a couple of beers crammed in there. She pulls him closer.

JULIETTE

Come down with me.

He can tell by her expression that it's a demand, not a request. He desperately wants to say no.

GIL

Yeah. OK.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

CRACK. Gil opens a beer. He and Juliette stand in the far corner of the room where the bodies are kept.

ARTURO'S BODY (70's) lies on a metal table, covered by a sheet from the waist down.

GIL

Fuck.

Juliette lets out a little gasp-cry.

GIL

Shit. Sorry.

He puts his arm around her and awkwardly sips his beer. She doesn't respond to his touch. She's focused on the body.

Her focus snaps away. It lands on anything that isn't the body. A mania infects her movements.

JULIETTE

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. Is Cass coming? Did anyone ever find out? He's gonna lose it big time if he can't say goodbye. She was always his favorite.

She steps forward, out of Gil's reach.

JULIETTE

Look at his belly. It looks weird.

She steps forward some more.

JULIETTE

Doesn't it look weird?

Gil stays where he is. She throws him a wild look.

JULIETTE

Gil, is Cass coming or not?

GIL

You'd have to ask his mom.

Her eyes focus on the body again. She trembles. Gil approaches at a slow pace.

He slips his open beer in his free pocket, CRACKS into hers, and unscrews the gin. He hands her the gin first.

She takes a deep pull. Gil takes the gin and replaces it with the beer, in one fluid motion.

She stops trembling. They sip their beer and get right up close to the body.

JULIETTE

God. He was a handsome guy.

GIL

I wouldn't know about that stuff.

She rolls her eyes at him. SIP. SIP.

GIL

Remember when he caught us fooling around that one time?

She does a spit take. Over the body.

JULIETTE

Dude. Sick.

GIL

He didn't say a word. He just. He knew I had the major hots for you and he. He just. Was so cool about -

Gil slumps forward. His body convulses in the way bodies do when someone's trying not to cry.

She's about to cry because someone else is crying. Her eyes land on Arturo's face. An emotional calm descends on her.

She rubs Gil's back.

JULIETTE

Remember when you and Louis were little-little and he'd make me those super creepy stuffed animals and chase you around with them? What was it he always said? He said the same thing every time. What was it again?

Gil regains his composure after a SNIFFLE or two.

GIL

He'd say "You'll get eaten by the monster of love" then sort of sang "Don't let it get me. Don't let it get me - naw - don't let it get me."

They both smile without laughing. She takes her hand off his back. He polishes off his beer.

JULIETTE

You can go now. I'm good.

He looks at her with concern. She nods.

JULIETTE

Go, go.

He takes one step backwards. Without warning he throws his arms around her. They share a deeply emotional hug.

He shuffles away from her as soon as its done. She stares down at Arturo. Gil stops and turns back to her.

GIL

Oh shit. There's that thing. The thing from the other day. You know?

Her bearing changes. Her posture straightens and her expression gets more business like.

JULIETTE

Yeah. It was fifty, right?

He shuffles back to her.

GIL

Yeah.

She fishes in her purse and pulls out fifty bucks worth of weed. She slides it into his hand.

He pockets it and walks out of the room without another word. CLICK. The door closes a few seconds later.

Juliette is alone with her Grandfather. She looks at his face with a sad reverence and the hint of a smile.

INT. FLASHBACK - BEDROOM - A SEPIA DAYTIME

A LITTLE GIRL JULIETTE lies on her stomach on a LITTLE GIRL BED covered with vaguely creepy stuffed animals.

ADULT MALE LAUGHTER sounds from the next room. Arturo appears in the doorway. She see's him from the neck down.

A BIG POT BELLY pokes out of his tank top. ANOTHER MAN, also seen from the neck down, appears next to him.

Arturo motions at one of her stuffed animals. A FLUFFY BUNNY. She happily tosses it to him.

Arturo and the man talk and laugh as Arturo screws the head off the Fluffy Bunny. He takes out some bags of weed.

The OTHER MAN pockets them and goes in for a major bro-hug - half hug, half chest bump. He walks off.

Arturo reassembles the doll. He sits on the edge of the bed and hands it back to Juliette. His whole face is a smile.

He's a warm, handsome man. The good nature pours off of every inch of his face.

Juliette swings her legs in the air. Arturo slips her a twenty. She sits up and folds it in a specific way.

She opens a drawer and takes out a book. She opens it to reveal a hollowed out center filled with cash.

Arturo watches her fit the twenty in with another twenty. She looks at him proudly.

His smiling face fills her entire field of vision.

INT. END FLASHBACK - FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Juliette looks down at Arturo's dead face. It's sallow, waxy. Very pale.

She takes out a makeup brush and some foundation. The brush moves for the face. It stops in mid air.

She leans down and kisses his forehead. The brush moves to apply foundation to his cheeks.

CLICK. The door opens behind her.

CUT TO BLACK: