

**The Happy Embalmer**  
*a noody musical*

**11/01/2009**

by  
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**Act I**

\*Note: a Big Screen takes up the back wall for use with background projections, photos, video, and other media throughout the show.

**Opening Titoli: The Happy Embalmer**

PREPARE FOR AN ADVENTURE THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN  
BUCKLE UP LITTLE ONES, WE'RE ABOUT TO SHAKE YOUR VERY SOUL  
IT'S A TALE OF LOVE AND GREED, HAPPINESS AND STUFF  
WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU 'ROUND THE WORLD BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH  
THERE'S THRILLING FIGHTS, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, AUTHENTIC ROCK N ROLL  
SO SIT BACK, RELAX, WELCOME TO THE SHOW  
IT'S THE HAPPY EMBALMER, THE HAPPY EMBALMER  
IT'S THE HAPPY EMBALMER, IT'S THE HAPPY EMBALMER  
WELCOME TO THE SHOW!!

**Scene 1**

(Lights up. The Nando Funeral Home. Viewing Room. Somber organ music plays.)

(Lowly embalmer Edward Nando wheels on a casket holding grandmother Gertrude's body. With a paintbrush he puts the final touches to her makeup. Edward moves off to the side as his Father and Brothers and groups of Mourners enter the room. Mourners, in small clusters, take turns viewing the deceased. (Note: three men we do not yet know are at this wake, but they are not noticeable. They are: Bob Bobson, Tenzing, and Todd.) People can't quite believe what they see...

**SONG 1: She Looks Great**

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL FACE  
SO FULL OF HOPE, SO FULL OF GRACE  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
SHE'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DREAM

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH GORGEOUS HANDS  
SHE MIGHT BE GONE, BUT SHE'LL WITHSTAND  
THE TEST OF TIME, SHE'S LOOKING FINE

THERE'S NO CROW'S FEET AND NO BAD SMELL

SHE HAD A CASE OF JAUNDICE BUT YOU CAN'T TELL  
SHE LOOKS AT PEACE, LIKE SHE'S FAST ASLEEP  
HER FACE DOTH SHINE

SHE LOOKS GREAT!  
IT REALLY IS REMARKABLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
THEY MADE HER LOOK INCREDIBLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
IT REALLY IS A MIRACLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
I THINK SHE IS INVINCIBLE

GERTRUDE DIED JUST YESTERDAY  
BUT TODAY SHE'S LOOKING SO DAMN GREAT  
SHE HAS PASSED AWAY SO LET'S ALL CELEBRATE  
SHE'D BE SO GLAD

SHE LOOKS GREAT!  
THEY MADE HER LOOK SO WONDERFUL  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
SHE REALLY IS ADORABLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
THEY'RE WORK IS INCOMPAREABLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
Joey: DO YOU THINK SHE MIGHT BE EDIBLE?  
What?

(Gertrude's Son gives a brief speech)

Son: I just want to thank all of you for coming to pay your respects to our dear mother, Gertie. Doesn't she look great everyone? (Applause) And we'd like to thank the Nandos, and especially your embalmer. (He looks to Mr. Nando.)

Father: Edward.

Son: Yes, to Edward! (More Applause) Mom would want me to thank Tenzing Choden—Tenzing! (A Tibetan Monk is revealed.) Mom was a devoted fighter for a Free Tibet. So much so she donated her entire life savings to the Dalai Lama (under his breath) crazy old bitch, (to all) and the Dalai Lama sent Tenzing here to join us celebrating Mom's life.

Tenzing: Her donation will aid the cause of Freedom! His Holiness blesses her life, blesses all of you, and prays for Gertrude's peaceful reincarnation!

GERTRUDE YOU LOOK SO DAMN GREAT  
IT MAKES ME WANT TO MASTER—PAINT A MASTERPIECE!

AND THOUGH YOU ARE GONE, YOUR BEAUTY WILL LIVE ON  
YOU'D BE SO GLAD, YOU LOOK GREAT

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL FACE  
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH GORGEOUS HANDS

SHE LOOKS GREAT!  
IT REALLY IS REMARKABLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
THEY MADE HER LOOK INCREDIBLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
IT REALLY IS A MIRACLE  
SHE LOOKS GREAT  
I THINK SHE IS INVINCIBLE

SHE LOOKS GREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAT!  
BUT SHE'S DEAD

(Father and Brothers, overwhelmed by the scene, escape outside. Tenzing takes photographs of Gertrude.)

## Scene 2

(The front lawn. Nando Funeral Home sign. Joey eats a candy bar.)

Father: Business is booming, boys. Edward's work is better than ever. He's made us the hottest ticket in town. At this rate we'll never have to sell, because what is the one constant in this world?

(The Brothers think.)

Four Brothers: Taxes!

Father: No, no, no, the other one.

(The Brothers think.)

Four Brothers: Keith Richards!

Father: Well, yes. That's true. But No! The other one. That ties in with what we do...Everybody eventually...(Bros huddle up, Father is exasperated) Eventually...Everybody...

Jesse: Poops!  
Joey: Croaks!  
Jimmy: Death!  
Johnny: Dies! Everybody Dies!

Father: Yes. Thank you. (under his breath) Jesus. (louder) All right, boys, it's time we made a change to Nando Funeral Home.

Joey: Are we selling to IAC?

Father: What?! No! No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! Never! Why would you say that?!

Joey: (finished with candy bar #1) I don't know.

Father: Your Grandfather Francis built this house! Your Great Great Grandfather Albert started this business in a barn! A Barn! This is Our Place! This is Our Dream! Knock on wood.

(Unseen by their Father, Joey knocks on his crotch. He then pulls candy bar #2 out of his pocket)

Jesse: So we're not selling?

Father: (about to explode) No! We're not selling! (to himself) Should I even do this?

Jimmy: Do what?

Father: I was gonna change our name to Nando and Sons!

Jimmy: Really?

Jesse: That's great!

Johnny: Awesome!

Joey: (mouth full) That's unbelievable.

Father: Yes. Nando And Sons!

Jesse: (as if he's envisioning the sign) What about Nando and Bros?!

(Other 3 heads turn towards Jesse. Father slaps Johnny.)

Father: Any other brilliant ideas?

Joey: (not really paying attention) Sons und Nando?

Johnny: (covering for his bro) He's just kidding. Lighten up.

Father: I will not lighten up. When people die, do I laugh? Sure. You have to laugh, otherwise you'd cry your eyes out. But this is our good name: Nando! Now Boys, before we make this change, there's a few things you need to know. So listen up.

## SONG 2: Cash

Father:

SOME PEOPLE THINK WE'RE STRANGE  
OTHERS CALL US SICK  
TO THEM I SAY, "YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND."  
FOR YOU MIGHT LOSE A SOUL  
BUT WE ALWAYS REACH OUR GOAL  
IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE PALM OF MY LEFT HAND...  
IT'S...CASH!

Boys: CASH?

Father:  
YES, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH  
WE WON'T RUN OUT OF CLIENTS  
AND OUR BUSINESS IS A SMASH  
IT IS WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND  
AND WE DO PUT LOVED ONES IN THE GROUND  
FOR CASH, CASH, CASH!

Boys:  
LIKE JOHNNY?

NO! GREENBACKS OR DINEROS

LIKE ROBERT?

NO! MOOLAH, BREAD, OR DOUGH  
IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT THE NAME  
TO US IT IS ALL JUST THE SAME  
IT'S CASH, CASH, CASH!

Father (spoken/sung):  
(showing the boys what to do)  
WHENEVER YOU SHAKE  
IT'S THE SANDWICH YOU SHOULD MAKE  
A PERFECT WAY TO SOOTHE THE GRIEF  
IS WITH A FRESHLY PRESSED HANDKERCHIEF  
THE HUG SHOULD BE SMOOTH AND SWEET  
AND ONLY KISS IF YOUR EYES MEET  
THEN ONCE ALL IS SAID AND DONE  
WELCOME THEM IN TO NANDO AND SONS

RIGHT BOYS, HERE THEY COME  
CONSOLATION FORMATION NUMBER ONE!

(The Brothers shift from smiles and peppy energy to dignified somber poses as mourners exit the funeral home. Father remains to the side observing. Jesse shakes a middle-aged Man's hand as he passes the Brothers line. Joey removes a handkerchief and with great simplicity and chivalry offers the cloth to a crying Woman. Jimmy hugs a distraught Woman. Johnny consoles the last of the group, a Little Old Lady, with a kiss. As all this goes on behind, downstage a Man and Woman in their late fifties sing the praises of the Nando Funeral Home.)

Man & Woman:

WE'RE SO GLAD THAT WE CHOSE  
THE NANDO FUNERAL HOME  
'CAUSE IT'S NICE TO KNOW  
THAT WE'RE NOT ALONE  
AND THEY SHARE OUR GRIEF  
IN THIS TIME OF NEED  
BECAUSE THEY LOVE US  
YES, THEY LOVE US  
THEY SURE DO LOVE US

Man: Here you go, Mr. Nando, payment in full.

(He pulls a big white sack with a green dollar bill sign (\$) on the side out of his side suit coat pocket and hands it to Father. The Man and Woman exit. Father passes the sack down the Brothers' line.)

Brothers: CASH! CASH! CASH! CASH! CASH! CASH!  
(Father runs over and accepts the cash sack)  
Father: CASH!

Brothers:  
YES, CASH, CASH  
LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH  
WE WON'T RUN OUT OF CLIENTS  
AND OUR BUSINESS IS A SMASH  
IT IS WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND  
AND WE DO PUT LOVED ONES IN THE GROUND  
FOR CASH, CASH, CASH!

Father:  
LIKE JOHNNY?

Brothers:  
NO! GREENBACKS OR DENIROS

LIKE ROBERT?

NO! MOOLAH, BREAD, OR DOUGH  
IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT THE NAME:  
TO US IT IS ALL JUST THE SAME  
ANY FORM OF CURRENCY  
PESOS, EUROS, RUPEES  
IT SURE HAS THE SWEETEST SMELL  
AND YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE TASTE AS WELL  
IT'S CASH, CASH, CASH, CASH, CASH!! (they let money fly)

Jesse: What about checks?

(Father walks over and slaps the 4 Brothers in quick succession.)

(Mourners exit the funeral home. Father and Sons shift to somber poses offering condolences. They say, "Glad we could help," "Our deepest condolences," etc. A Man approaches Father.)

Bob Bobson: I just wanted to tell you personally, sir, how great she looks.

Father: Well, thank you very much.

Bob: I've seen a lot of embalmers but I've got to tell you, yours is the best.

Father: Edward will be very happy to hear that.

Bob: Please tell him for me. Listen here, my name is Bob Bobson. (handshake)

Father: Nice to meet you, Mr. Bobson. (handshake)

Bob: (sandwich) I was wondering if you've given any more thought to our latest offer?

Father: You sonofabitch.

Bob: Because we at International Aid Corporation would really like to make your family part of our family—

Father: Why you, you really have some nerve coming down here—

Bob: It's a fair offer, Mr. Nando, you're not gonna do any better—

Father: You know what you are—

Bob: What do you want? You want cash? We got cash—

Father: You're a lousy Maggot!

Bob: Really? A maggot, Mr. Nando? How about checks? You want checks?

Father: That's exactly what you are, a no good worthless, bottom of the barrel—

Bob: Gold? I can get you gold. You want women? I can get you women.

Johnny: Actually, Dad, that's not a bad offer—

Father: (cutting Johnny off) Maggot!!

Bob: All right. Maybe some other time then. So long, boys—

Father: Go on! Get out! Get out of here!

(Father pushes him. Johnny tries to hold his Dad back.)

Bob: I'll be seeing you real soon.

Father: Get out of here!

Bob: You haven't seen the last of me.

Father: My answer is No! You hear that! No!

(Bob Bobson exits.)

Father: Stay away from us—I'll sue your ass all the way back to Texas, you Maggot!

(The Bros go to their Father and it turns into a group hug.)

Jimmy: Whoah, whoah, whoah

Joey: What was that?

Jesse: I'm scared.

(Todd enters.)

Father: (calmer) Another one of those IAC guys. Goddamn it, they're never gonna stop. (he shouts off) Maggots! I need a drink.

(Father exits. Todd gazes off in the distance where Bob Bobson exited.)

Todd: IAC never learns. Like a big dumb puppy.

Johnny: They've been after us for years.

Todd: They'll probably go after your brother next.

Jimmy: Who, Edward?

Joey: You know Edward?

Todd: No. Just his work. I'm a big fan.

Johnny: That's kind of weird.

Jimmy: Gay.

(Todd turns and looks at them. The Brothers get a good look at Todd for the first time.)

Joey: Holy shit, you're really good looking.

Jimmy: Jesus, you are.

Johnny: Holy crap.

Jesse: You're gorgeous.

Todd: Thanks. I'm Todd.

(He shakes the Brothers' hands.)

Johnny: Whoa. Firm shake.

Todd: Thanks.

Jimmy: Nice arms.

Todd: Thank you.

Joey: You must work out.

Jimmy: He must hit the gym—

Johnny: He must live at the gym—

Jesse: He must hit at the live.

Todd: Guys, Guys, Guys! (moves away from them) Edward's work really looks great in there.

Jimmy: Oh yeah.

Joey: He's at the top of his game.

Johnny: He made that Misses Bergold, who was about sixty, look like Jenna Jameson.

Todd: Who's that?

Jimmy: Dude.

Johnny: What the F?

Jesse: You haven't seen American Booty?

Joey: Or Lawrence of a Labia?

Jimmy: Or Beyond The Valley of The Ultra Milkmaids?

Todd: No.

Johnny: She's only like the Tiger Woods of Porn.

Todd: That is really Fascinating....(claps his hands together, crosses) Hey! What do you guys say we go out for a few beers?

Johnny: What are you, crazy?

Jimmy: (looks at his watch) It's two o'clock in the afternoon.

Todd: (knows he has them) Yeah, you're right. What was I thinking? (smirks to himself, the Bros can't see it)

(The Brothers look at each other until they burst.)

Johnny: You beautiful bastard!

Jimmy: We're just joshing ya!

Joey: Come on! Let's go!

Jesse: First round's on me!

(As they walk off together, their arms around Todd.)

Todd: So how's Edward doing?

Johnny: Eddie's Great!

Jimmy: Ed's Awesome!

Joey: He's Stupendous!

Jesse: He's Lovin' Life!

(Lights fade out.)

### Scene 3

(The sound of crickets. Lights fade up on a dimly lit Embalmer's Basement Workroom. There is a spiral staircase that we never see, only hear. There is a crash pad. There is also a single bed off left with a dresser, nightstand, lamp, for this is also Edward's bedroom. Over his bed is a framed photograph of a 60 year old man with long grey hair, a grey beard, and wire-rimmed glasses (Professor Pasternov). Edward has a laptop he uses for research: to find models (he normally uses celebrities) for the bodies he works on. As a soft spotlight comes up we see Edward working on a middle-aged male body.)

### **SONG 3: Ich Bin Allein (The Embalmer's Lament)**

Edward:

LONELY  
SO VERY LONELY

AM I IN THIS FOR THE CASH  
OR AM I IN THIS FOR THE LOVE  
THIS RACKET IS ALMOST CARIMINAL  
AND THE HOURS ARE LONG

SADLY I AM AN ARTIST  
STUPIDLY I CARE ABOUT  
EVERY SINGLE LAST POOR BASTARD  
THAT I SLAVE TO PREPARE

BECAUSE I MIGHT AS WELL BE  
A CHEF, I SERVE UP THE DEAD FOR THE LIVING TO SEE  
'CAUSE EVEN THE DEAD CAN LOOK HAPPY \_\_\_\_\_  
FOR JUST A SMALL FEE

LONELY  
SO VERY LONELY

(spoken)  
Mr. Reilly  
my god, you look happy  
a wife, a house  
two jobs, three kids  
a four car garage  
and a puppy named spike  
not once did you think about death  
never once did you think about death  
never once did you think about...

(Edward is looking on his laptop at pictures of celebrities, searching for a good model to use for his work on Mr. Reilly. These photographs can show up on the Big Screen. The first to appear is Mel Gibson. The second to appear is Pierce Brosnan.)

THE PROBLEM IS EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE DIE  
SO I GET NO REST NO TIME THAT IS MINE  
MY WORK IS MY LIFE AND THAT'S NO LIFE AT ALL  
SO I'M SAD, PLEASE PARDON ME

(Edward finds his model for Mr. Reilly: George Clooney.)

LONELY  
SO VERY LONELY  
I AM SO ALONE \_\_\_\_\_  
ALONE \_\_\_\_\_  
ALO—

(In burst the Brothers, they have been drinking for hours and are excited about the Nando and Sons news. Johnny has the alcohol (either a six pack of coors light in cans with only three left on the plastic, or a bottle of something, maybe cheap tequila or vodka in a plastic jug) Jimmy carries a bong. Joey is eating a burrito (or something). And Jesse is really stoned but has confetti that he throws up in the air and does a twirl to.)

All Four: Surprise!

(They throw confetti, blow party wailers like it is New Year's Eve.)

Johnny: (thick Austrian accent, like Ahnold in Predator upon meeting Carl Weathers) Edward!  
You son of a Bitch!

Edward: Hey, Johnny, Jimmy, Joey, Jesse.

Jimmy: We have come to rescue you, big brother.

Edward: From what?

Joey: Yourself!

(They all laugh.)

Johnny: We have big news.

Jimmy: News that is big, like this guy. (points to his crotch)

(They all laugh again.)

Edward: Oh, yeah, what's that?

(Small pause. Joey farts. The Brothers laugh.)

Edward: All right. Come on. You guys have to get out of here.

Joey: What's in here?

Edward: Don't touch that.

Johnny: (whispered to Jimmy) Check this out.

(He extends Mr. Reilly's hand to a middle finger.)

Edward: Hey! Come on! I spent all day fixing his hands. (Jimmy exhales a long puff from the bong.) Come on, that'll get on his clothes.

Edward: (Jesse messes with Edward's cosmetics) Hey, those are important tools, not—

Jimmy: We are going out, baby!

Edward: What are you guys celebrating?

Johnny: (holds out his arms) Nando and Sons!

Jimmy: Hell yeah, mofo!

Joey: You betchyer ass!

Edward: Wow. Dad finally changed it. That's great.

Johnny: We know it, Broseph. We are hitting The Landing Strip tonite and you are coming with us. (puts his arm around Edward, pulls out a wad of cash rubber-banded together) These are all singles.

Jimmy: Boobays!

Joey: Titays!

Jesse: (he's quite stoned) MmBoobs.

Edward: No, guys, really, I can't. I've got Mr. Reilly here—

Jimmy: What is this "can't" bullshit?!

Johnny: You know Edward, before you know it, you're gonna be on this table.

Joey: Carpe Denim, Ed.

Jimmy: Gather your Rose Bowls while you can (Jimmy has his arm around Edward and nods his head as if this statement is some profound idea)

Edward: What?

Jesse: You need to cut loose!

Joey: No play and all work make Eddie a dull boy.

Johnny: Exactly. Cannonball!

All: Cannonball!!!!

Edward: No, guys, I can't—

(But Johnny forces him to drink the shot.)

Jimmy: Over the lips, over the gums,

(They turn Edward upside down and pour alcohol down his throat. Joey dives under Ed to get the leftovers.)

All 4: Chug, chug, chug, chug

Edward: No, I'm not gonna—

(But they force Edward to chug the beer.)

All 4: Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug. Yeah!!

(Johnny tosses the empty can to Jimmy who then matter-of-factly crushes the can on Joey's forehead.)

Johnny: Now that is what I am talking about! Having fun!

Jesse: Good times!

Jimmy: Just livin'!

Joey: Totally!

**SONG 4: F\*\*k It!**

(As you can see, the Brothers are idiots. However, when they sing and dance, they are unbelievably good.)

Johnny:

I KNOW SOMETIMES IT'S HARD  
TO LIVE INSIDE YOUR HEAD  
STUCK DOWN HERE LIKE A RAT  
AND YOUR ONLY FRIENDS ARE DEAD

BUT BROTHER, EVERY CREATURE NEEDS SUNLIGHT  
TO GROW AND BLOSSOM AND LIVE  
YOU'RE NOT A MOLE, YOU ARE A MAN  
AND MEN ARE BORN TO LIVE...  
TO LIVE...

NANDO FOUR FORMATION: COUNT IT OFF!

Jimmy: JIMMY! (rips off clothes, revealing a gold sequin tanktop)

Joey: JOEY! (rips off clothes, revealing same)

Jesse: JESSE! (does the same)

Johnny: AND I'M JOHNNY! (does the same)

NOW LISTEN UP,

WHEN THE FIRST CRO-MAGNON MAN  
STEPPED OUT OF HIS CAVE  
HE GAZED ACROSS THE HORIZON AND SAID  
MAN, THIS WORLD LOOKS GREAT (YES IT IS!!!)

BUT HIS NEWFOUND JOY  
IT QUICKLY TURNED TO HATE  
HE DISCOVERED THAT THE DAILY NINE TO FIVE  
IS A DIFFICULT THING TO TAKE (SO HARD!!!)

AFTER YEARS AND YEARS OF PRESSURE  
HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE  
HE CRIED HIMSELF TO SLEEP AT NIGHT  
HE EVEN STOPPED EATING WILD BOAR (YES HE DID!!!)

AND HE STOOD ATOP A CLIFFSIDE  
READY TO END IT ALL  
WHEN JESUS CHRIST APPEARED TO HIM  
AND SAID, MY CHILD YOU WILL NOT FALL

SAY FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT  
AS LONG AS YOU HEED THIS RULE

FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT  
DON'T WORRY  
LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR BUGABOO

(Dance Break)

(The Big Screen shows images illustrating what the Brothers sing about.)

GALILEO SPENT HIS DAYS  
STARING UP AT THE SUNNY SKY  
BUT AT NIGHT HE'D FORGET IT ALL  
AND GO PARTYING WITH THE GUYS (ALL NIGHT\_\_\_\_\_)

SOCRATES LIKED TO SIT AROUND  
AND TALK ABOUT WHY WE'RE HERE  
BUT ONCE NIGHTTIME FELL  
HE WAS THE FIRST TO GRAB A BEER (COORS LIGHT\_\_\_\_\_)

PICASSO WAS AN ARTIST  
JUST LIKE YOU  
SURE HE PAINTED FOR NINETY YEARS  
BUT HE ALSO LOVED TO SCREW (DYNAMITE\_\_\_\_\_)

EVEN STODGY OLD FREUD  
OBSESSED WITH HIS ID  
LIKED TO TAKE HIS MOMMA OUT FOR NICE LONG WALKS  
AND FORGET ABOUT EVERYTHING

HE SAID FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)

AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT  
AS LONG AS WE HEED THIS RULE

FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
DON'T WORRY  
LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR BUGABOO

WELL,  
F IS FOR...FORNIFICATE  
U IS FOR...UNICORNS  
C IS FOR...COPULATE  
K IS FOR...KANGAROOS

(Dance break)

ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY  
IS FULL OF CHANGE  
BUT THERE IS ONE CONSTANT  
A PHILOSOPHY THAT REMAINS

SOME FOLKS CALL IT CARPE DIEM  
OTHERS LIVING LIFE TO THE FULL  
BUT NO MATTER WHAT THE NAME  
THE IDEA IS STILL THE SAME!

What's that?

IT'S FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT  
AS LONG AS WE HEED THIS RULE

FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE COOL  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT!)  
DON'T WORRY

LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR BUGABOO (NO BUGGA)  
BUGABOO, BUGABOO (NO BUGGA)  
LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR BUGABOO (NO BUGGA)  
BUGABOO, BUGABOO (NO BUGGA)

LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR BUGA...(a female body bounces off an unseen  
trampoline and lands on a crash pad) BOO

Father: (from offstage) Edward!!

(And then we hear Father's footsteps circling on the wooden stairs behind the door.)

Johnny: Oh, shit! It's dad! Hide the booze!

(The Brothers run around stuffing bottles and cans away. Edward moves to the female body that landed on the crash pad. Johnny grabs the bong from comatose Jesse and sticks it in Mr. Reilly's arms so he hugs it. Edward delicately picks up the female body and pushes the hair from out of her face.)

Edward: Oh my God, I don't believe it—

(Father enters. The Brothers, scattered about the room, try to act casually.)

Father: Edward!

Edward: Dad. It's Emily.

Joey: Who?

Edward: Emily McDonnell.

Johnny: (perhaps like a local news reporter) Emily lived next door to us, her and Edward were best friends, and then after high school she moved to Los Angeles to become a star, but the best she achieved in ten years was an Applebee's Ad, only to see her life tragically cut short by a car accident and just seeing her now has awakened something inside of Edward he hasn't felt for years.

Father: Everybody got that?

Jimmy: Sure.

Joey: Absolutely.

Jesse: She's who?

Father: Jimmy, Joey, we've got two more for load in.

Joey: You got it Pop.

Jimmy: Sure thing.

(And they run out the door to go get the other two bodies.)

Edward: I can't believe this. Emily is dead.

Johnny: (trying to be comforting) At least now you'll get to touch her.

(Father quickly snatches an instrument off of Edward's worktable and throws it at Johnny, who ducks.)

Father: Idiot. I'm sorry, Edward. I know how close you were.

Edward: She was the only person who ever really understood me.

Father: (not good a dealing with real emotional stuff) Well, that's for sure.

Edward: It's just seeing her again, after all these years, seeing her face, I feel something inside of me that—

Jimmy: (offstage) Look out below!

Joey: (offstage) Incoming!

(A fifty-nine year old male body bounces off the trampoline and lands on the crash pad.)

Jimmy: Fire in the hole!

Joey: Here comes number two!

(A fifty-two year old female body bounces off the trampoline and lands in a sexual position (perhaps 69) atop the man's body. Jesse plasters his hands over his mouth but he can't contain himself and he runs to Edward's desk...)

Bros: Ohhhh!!!!

Edward: No! Not in (Jesse vomits in it)...my desk.

Father: Johnny! Let's go.

(Johnny runs over and helps Father pick up the two new bodies and put them on cots.)

Father: (pointing to the bodies) Helen McChrystal, fifty-two. James Mooney, fifty-nine. Both wakes are tomorrow.

Edward: Tomorrow!? Are you crazy!? It's nine o'clock!

Father: They're rushes.

Edward: What about Emily?

Father: No, she's not for a few days. But the best way you can help her now, help all of these people now—

Edward: I know. It's by making them look great.

Father: Yes. It's the one gift you can give. You can do this. 'Cause Edward Nando is not a quitter. Right, boys?

Johnny: No way.

Jesse: Absolutely not.

Father: Edward Nando is a brilliant restorative artist. Edward Nando cares.

Edward: You're right. I do. I care.

Father: All right. Boys! Let's go! Your brother has work to do.

(Father moves to exit. Johnny and Jesse are on his heels.)

Johnny: (sandwich handshake) Sorry about your loss, Edward.

Jesse: Freshly pressed handkerchief?

Father: Gimme that! (he snatches it out of Jesse's hand, Johnny and Jesse exit) Edward!

Remember: that which doesn't kill us! (Father exits.)

Edward: (to himself) Only makes us stronger. (he turns and looks at Emily's body) Oh Em...I never wanted to see you like this...here. You were my only real friend. Well, my only friend. But more, you were my true...(he mouths the word "love"). But I never told you that. And now it's too late. What an idiot! What is wrong with me? Well I will show you now. I am going to make you look more beautiful than ever. (Turns to face Mooney and McChrystal as well) All of you! Just like Professor Pasternov used to say: honor your dead with love, and that love will come back to you...Okay, Misses McChrystal, Mister Mooney, let's do this!

#### Scene 4 - Montage

(He punches his laptop and images of beautiful people flash on the Big Screen. For the Mooney and McChrystal prep it's images of famous people like Tim Robbins and Nicole Kidman.)

(Edward works in an over-the-top musical montage scene (in a way like a training montage, for instance think Rocky, similar uplifting music underscores the scene) Perhaps, in an always classic move, on the Big Screen appears a moon-clock that shows the hours ticking by and glides across the screen. Edward sticks trocars into Mr. Mooney and starts the pump while working on Mrs. McChrystal's features and massaging her hands and joints. He uses his paint brushes like a mad Jackson Pollock. Finally finished, Edward launches his brush into the air, like Sweeney Todd with his blade, as the music accentuates his work done. The clock reads 10:30 am.)

Father: (offstage) Edward! Those bodies ready?

Edward: Good to go, dad! (exhausted and emotionally spent, Edward breaks down in tears)  
We're good to go!

#### Scene 5

(Lights up. Noon. Two viewing rooms of Nando Funeral Home. Both viewing rooms are now full of people making small talk and discussing how great the bodies look. Included with these folks is Todd and Tenzing. At the back of both rooms, upstage center, in front of the main doors, stand Father and the Brothers (horribly hungover).)

Woman: She looks great.

Man: He looks great.

Father: We're just happy we can help during this difficult time—

Johnny: Yes, we're happy to help—

Jimmy: Happy to help—

Joey: Glad we could help—

Jesse: Helping to help—

Father: And if there's anything at all we can do, please let us know.

Man: Oh, that's very kind.

Woman: Very kind indeed.

Father: Excuse me. (to everyone) Ladies and Gentlemen, if you'd care to say your final goodbyes before we head to the cemetery, please feel free to do so, there are refreshments: pasta salad and cold cuts in the next room—

(But before Mr. Nando can finish all of the mourners stampede to the adjoining rooms on opposite sides of the stage. Edward enters and has to fight his way through this rush to get to the viewing rooms. Edward walks up to Mr. Mooney's casket and looks inside. His Father stands next to him.)

Father: These people are nuts. (he looks inside the casket) Nice job Edward. Best work I've seen you do.

Edward: Thanks Dad.

Father: Did you see they chose the Titan? (Edward looks at the casket which he could care less about) We're gonna clear fifteen grand today easy.

(Edward moves off to have one last look at the work he did on Mrs. McChrystal.)

Johnny: (hungover, looking in at Mrs. McChrystal) How old was she?

Edward: Fifty-two.

Johnny: I think I'm still drunk, but I swear she looks about thirty.

Edward: Appreciate it, Johnny.

Jimmy: (also hungover) Good job, Edward.

Joey: (hungover) She looks wonderful.

Jesse: (hungover) Yeah. Wonderful.

Edward: That means a lot, brothers.

Father: Consolation Formation Number Nine! (The Bros strike a ridiculous pose, Father laughs)  
This might be one of our biggest days yet. And you know what that means, boys?

(Hungover blank stares from the Brothers.)

Father: (flabbergasted) (under his breath) Cash!

Johnny: Right.

Jimmy: Yeah.

Joey: Totally.

Jesse: Johnny?

(Tenzing sees this an opportunity to approach Edward for the first time. Todd observes.)

Tenzing: His Holiness would like to thank you for the work you did on Gertrude yesterday.

Edward: Oh, you're welcome.

(Tenzing hands Edward a gift: a book.)

Edward: What is this, a book?

Tenzing: The Art of Happiness.

Edward: Oh, I think I could get into this—

From Mr. Mooney & Mrs. McChrystal's caskets: Thank you, Edward!

Edward: Did you just hear my name?

Tenzing: Yes. What is that?

From Mr. Mooney & Mrs. McChrystal's caskets: I feel Great!

Edward: (looks up) What in the world—

Left Side: He looks so great.

Right Side: She looks so great.

Caskets Pop Open, Mr. Mooney & Mrs. McChrystal sit up: Death is Wonderful!!

Edward: Oh My—

Tenzing: Buddha!

SONG 5: **A Wonderful Man**

(Edward's eyes become enormous. Tenzing is shocked too. He backpedals until he hits a wall and then he stays pinned to that wall. McChrystal and Mooney jump out of their caskets and walk straight at Edward. Todd, standing off to the side, sees what is going on with Edward and the two dead bodies. He is not at all shocked. He observes. No one else notices at all, they are wrapped up in their own conversations and food. Tenzing and Todd, though, do make eye contact with each other occasionally.)

McCh/Moo: YOU WONDERFUL MAN  
 YOU MADE US LOOK SO GREAT  
 AND IT MUST' A BEEN FATE  
 WE GOT YOU  
 TO DO WHAT YOU DO  
 WHEN YOU DO WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU DO  
 TO ME, AND ME  
 YOU TURNED A LUMP OF CLAY  
 INTO A CLAUDE MONET  
 YOU WONDERFUL MAN\_\_\_\_

Clusters: GREAT  
 HE LOOKS SO GREAT  
 SHE LOOKS SO GREAT  
 Brothers: CASH CASH CASH CASH  
 Father: YES, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH  
 Clusters: THEY LOOK SO GREAT  
 THEY LOOK SO GREAT  
 Brothers: CASH CASH CASH CASH  
 Father: YES, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH

Mooney: YOU WONDERFUL MAN  
 I LOOK SO FULL OF LIFE  
 EVEN THOUGH MY WIFE  
 STABBED ME IN THE FACE  
 WITH A HACKSAW BLADE  
 BUT YOU MADE THE GRADE

McChrystal: EDWARD  
 YOU WONDERFUL MAN

A GUY THAT YOU CAN TRUST  
IF YOU'RE HIT BY A BUS  
LIKE ME, CROSSING THE STREET  
I WAS TORN IN TWO  
BUT NOW THANKS TO YOU I LOOK

Clusters: GREAT  
SHE LOOKS SO GREAT  
HE LOOKS SO GREAT  
Brothers: CASH CASH CASH CASH  
Father: YES, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH  
Clusters: THEY LOOK SO GREAT  
THEY LOOK SO GREAT  
Brothers: CASH CASH CASH CASH  
Father: YES, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH

(Todd finally approaches Edward. Tenzing remains shocked speechless.)

Edward: This is crazy! (he sees Todd) You're very good looking.

Todd: Thanks.

Edward: Who are you?

Mooney: Edward—

Todd: I'm Todd. Pasternov sent me to help.

Edward: You know Professor P?

McChrystal: Edward—

Todd: Yes. Is this the first time this has happened?

Edward: Is this the first time? What in the hell are you talking about?

Mooney: Edward—

Todd: It's a lot to take in.

Edward: What is happening?!!

McChrystal: Edward!! (her back to the audience she pulls up her shirt and flashes Edward.)

Edward: Wow, those look great.

(Tenzing can't take it anymore and runs out the front doors of the funeral home to escape this madness.)

McChrystal: I know. Because...

Mooney & McChrystal: YOU'RE A WONDERFUL MAN\_\_\_\_  
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL MAN\_\_\_\_

Clusters: GREAT  
SHE LOOKS SO GREAT  
HE LOOKS SO GREAT

Brothers: CASH, LOTS AND LOTS OF CASH

Both: WE'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF CLIENTS  
OUR BUSINESS IS A SMASH

Mooney & McChrystal: YOU'RE A WONDERFUL MAN\_\_\_\_  
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL MAN\_\_\_\_

Clusters: SHE LOOKS  
BEAUTIFUL, PEACEFUL, GORGEOUS, WONDERFUL  
AMAZING, INCREDIBLE, SEXI, EDIBLE  
TASTY, HEALTHY, FIT, AND CAREFREE  
LOVEABLE, HUGGABLE, ALIVE, AND HAPPY  
DAZZLING, GRACEFUL, DELICATE, CLASSY  
SPARKLING, MARVELOUS, BRILLIANT, SHAPELY  
DASHING, CHARMING, SUPERB, ENTICING  
BUT MOST OF ALL SHE/HE LOOKS

Father & Brothers: LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN SO  
Mooney & McChrystal: DEATH HAS TURNED OUT TO BE  
All: GODDAMN GREAT\_\_\_\_

(Father attempts to get people moving.)

Father: All right, folks. Let's finish up.

Todd: We have to get the hell out of here right now.

Mrs. McChrystal: Why? I want to devour this man! (she jumps on Mooney)

Todd: If your families come back in here and see you two up and about, we're going to have a serious problem.

Edward: Where's Pasternov?

Todd: I can show you, Edward, but you've got to come with me. You two, let's go!

Mr. Mooney: You're a very good looking young man.

Mrs. McChrystal: I trust his face, let's follow him.

(Todd runs over and shuts both caskets.)

Father: All right, boys. Let's load out.

(Father and Brothers and others are about to enter back into the main viewing rooms.)

Todd: Come on, Edward!

Edward: (in a state of shock) But these people are dead—

Todd: Were dead. Edward, let's go! There's no time!

Edward: But how—

Father: Joey! Jesse!

(The Father and Brothers start to re-enter.)

Todd: Damn It!

(Todd pushes Mr. Mooney and Mrs. McChrystal off just as the Brothers and Father re-enter.)

Father: You take Misses McChrystal.

Edward: (mumbled to himself and pointing towards the front doors) They're alive, they're alive.

Johnny (lifting casket): Does this feel light?

Jimmy (lifting casket): You're high.

Johnny: So's your Mom.

Jimmy: Dude.

Edward: The dead people are alive. The dead are alive. (feels dizzy) The Dead Live!!!...(It's all just too much, an overwhelming of the senses, and Edward collapses. Father rushes to him.)

(Blackout)

(The Big Screen is all black.)

## Scene 6

(Music: perhaps something like Enigma plays. On the Big Screen appears the word: Lama. (In the darkness, Sherpa 1's voice shouts out: "Lama!") It dissolves and another word appears: Dalai. (Sherpa 2 shouts: "Dalai!") Likewise with: D...(Sherpa 3: "D!"), then La...(Sherpa 4: "La!") Finally, the two are put together: D. La. (All 4 Sherpas: "D. La!") A little TM appears on the upper righthand side of D. La. The graphics jump around like bad 1980's music video graphics.

Upstage center a strip of light appears bordered by cheap Christmas lights. Four cheap flashlights, guided by two dark figures (Sherpa 3 & Sherpa 4), dart around until their light finally lands on His Holiness: The D. La.

It is the Dalai Lama in Ray Ban sunglasses and white and gold robes. The Lama struts down the runway, straight towards the audience. The Flashlight Sherpas follow him. He stops all the way downstage and strikes a pose. A dark figure kneeling (Sherpa 1) turns on a rotary fan and pulls

feathers out of a pillowcase that he then blasts up at the Lama. It is all horribly low-tech, not at all cool, and after the Lama gets a mouthful of feathers he finally...)

Lama: Hold it! Hold it! (he spits out feathers) Hold it! Kill the Fan! Kill the Fan!!

(The lights come up and we now see Sherpa 2 holding a cheap cassette tape deck/radio above his head.)

Lama: I said—

(Sherpa 1 turns off the fan. Sherpa 2 kills the music.)

Lama: (spits out feathers) Jesus. John, I said a wisp of feathers.

John (Sherpa 1): Sorry, Holidude.

Lama: Paul, not in my eyes.

Paul (Sherpa 3): Sorry, Holidude.

Lama: Pete, this music is terrible.

Pete (Sherpa 2): Yes, Holidude.

Lama: That was all-in-all a piss poor effort, fellas. I mean, where's the TLC? I told you nice and simple: I NEED TO LOOK COOL. How are we going to launch my brand if I don't look cool?

George (Sherpa 4): We can't, Holidude.

Lama: That's right. We can't. We do not rehearse half-ass. We rehearse until we get it right. And then we do it again. And then, after that, what do we do?

All 4 Sherpas: We do it again.

Lama: We do it again. All right. George, get the blinds.

(George (Sherpa 4) runs to the Big Screen, jumps up, and pulls on a cord, the cheap aluminum blinds fly up and open revealing a huge, epic view of Mount Everest on a beautiful blue sky sunny day. Light floods the room.)

Lama: Ah, Jomolungma, how I love thee. (inhaler?) You know, Richard Nixon once said, "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation." Well let me tell you—

(Pete raises his hand.)

Lama: Yes. Pete?

Pete: Thoreau. The quote's actually from Henry David Thoreau.

(Lama slowly turns his head and looks towards Pete. The Sherpas are all nervous.)

Lama: Pete, are you known as the Ocean of Wisdom?

Pete: Uh, no.

Lama: Gentle Glory?

Pete: Nope.

Lama: How 'bout the Bodhisattva of Compassion?

Pete: No.

Lama: Then shut the hell up! And focus on what's important! My new avatar, my new brand, my new me. The launch of D. La needs to be executed perfectly. D. La is going to turn the world on its head. My new reinvention is going to blow people's minds. D. LA!!

#### SONG 6: **The Brand I Am**

Lama: FOURTEEN TIMES I'VE BEEN REBORN FOR THE WORLD TO SEE  
BUT THEY STILL ONLY SEE ME AS A HOLY MAN  
AND NOT THE PERFECT EPITOME OF A GLOBAL BRAND  
THAT'S WHAT I AM

(The Sherpas appear with perfect backup singing timing. Perhaps projections on the Big Screen can help emphasize the different concepts, products, and awards The Lama plans to create or win)

John, Paul, George, Pete: ACTING, JOKING, DANCING, CLOTHING  
SINGING SONGS THAT PROTEST AGAINST WAR  
D. LA IS ALL OF THAT AND MORE  
VODKA, SNEAKERS, CELL PHONES, T-SHIRTS  
CEREAL AND CUSTOM MADE SNOWBOARDS  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE

Lama: FOR ALL MY SEVENTY YEARS I'VE ONLY PRACTICED PEACE  
AND NOW ALL I WANT IS A PIECE OF THE SHOWBIZ PIE  
I THANK THE BUDDHA AROUND I'M SUCH A, A GOOD-LOOKING GUY  
I COULD KISS THAT GUY

John, Paul, George, Pete: SCRIPTING, SHOOTING, DIRECTING, PRODUCING  
COMPOSITION OF AN ORIGINAL MUSICAL SCORE

D. LA CAN DO ALL OF THAT AND MORE  
OSCARS, EMMYS, TONYS, GRAMMYS  
GOLDEN GLOBES AND PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE

Lama: WE'RE BUILDING A BRAND NEW EMPIRE BASED ON THE FACT  
THAT I KEEP COMING BACK AND ALWAYS WILL BE FUN  
AND TO THINK THAT I HAVE ONLY JUST BEGUN  
MY LONG RUN

John, Paul, George, Pete: PERFUME, BLUE JEANS, RESTAURANTS, SMOOTHIES  
SELF-HELP BOOKS AND HAPPY MEALS GALORE  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE  
NIGHTCLUBS, WATCHES, KIDS' LUNCHBOXES  
HE WILL SHAKE THIS PLANET RIGHT TO ITS CORE  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE  
THAT'S WHAT D. LA HAS IN STORE  
LA, LA, LA, LA

ACTION FIGURES, SHAMPOOS, CONDITIONERS  
AMUSEMENT PARKS OR A NICE RUG FOR YOUR FLOOR  
D. LA WILL GIVE YOU ALL OF THIS AND MORE  
AN AIRLINE, A SODA, ABE VIGODA  
SO MUCH STUFF WE KNOW YOU WILL BE A FAN  
OF THE D. LA GLOBAL BRAND

Lama: THAT'S WHAT I AM  
HE'S A GLOBAL BRAND  
THAT'S WHAT I AM  
HE'S A GLOBAL BRAND  
THAT'S WHAT I AM  
I'M/HE'S A GLOBAL BRAND

(Tenzing runs onstage.)

Tenzing: Holiness! Holiness!

(The Sherpas freeze in fear.)

Lama: Ah, Tenzing! Who is this Holiness?

Tenzing: Oh right, sorry. (Tenzing leaves and re-enters) Holidude! Holidude!

Lama: That's better. All right. How was your trip?

Tenzing: Actually, my connecting flight was cancelled so I had to—

Lama: That's great. I don't care. Tell me you have Gertrude's check.

Tenzing: What?

Lama: (makes condescending sign language hand signal) Do you have Gertrude's check?

Tenzing: Oh, yes. It's right here.

(Tenzing hands Lama the check.)

Lama: Excellent. (he takes a long sniff) Ah. Tenzing, do you know what that smells like? (he looks at Tenzing) What? What's wrong?

Tenzing: I...Uh...

Lama: Come on. Spit it out.

Tenzing: This embalmer, he, uh...

Lama: Come on. Where are your photos?

(Tenzing hands over his photographs of him and Gertrude to the Lama.)

Lama: (perusing them) Wow! Nice work. That's Gertrude? She looks incredible. What? What is it!?

Tenzing: (fast) The embalmer can bring dead people back to life.

Lama: What? What do you mean?

Tenzing: (slow) I mean the embalmer can bring dead people back to life. I gave him your book—

Lama: Of course—

Tenzing: And thanked him for the work he did when these two dead bodies came to life. They were walking! And talking! And singing!

Lama: Holy shit! Real reincarnation. This is the Pasternov Incident all over again.

Tenzing: Pasternov?

Lama: Boris Pasternov, he was a former student of mine. He studied with me for three years. Three long long boring years. He came to me searching for Enlightenment but instead discovered that he possessed a far greater power: He too could perform Real Reincarnation!

Tenzing: What happened to him?

Lama: He disappeared. Poof! Like a fart atop Jomolungma. No Sherpa could find him.

Tenzing: Do you think he's connected to Edward Nando?

Lama: It's too strange to be a coincidence. You have to get me this Nando! I already lost one man with this gift, I will Not lose another! Once he shows me how to perform Real Reincarnation nothing will stop D. La! D. La will be a household name! D. La will Live Forever!...Now (claps hands) Who wants frozen yogurt? (pointing at the sherpas) Frozen yogurt? Frozen yogurt?

(The Sherpas are all excited.)

Lama: Ok. Vanilla for you. You get strawberry. Fat free for you. (etc...)

(Sherpas run off. Tenzing follows them but the Lama stops him.)

Lama: Hold it. Tenzing, where are you going?

Tenzing: Frozen yogurt?

Lama: No, no, no, no, no. Fro Yo for us, not for you.

(Lama runs off. Tenzing sits down and hangs his head in sadness.)  
(Blackout.)

### Scene 7

(Edward's Workroom and Bedroom. Edward lies in bed. Father stands over him. Then Father walks over and addresses the Brothers.)

Johnny: What do you think it is, Pop?

Father: I don't know.

Jimmy: Do you think it's serious?

Father: I don't know.

Johnny: He's got to get back to work.

Jimmy: Why does he have to get so worked up?

Joey: (eating something) He lets every little thing get to him.

Jesse: It's not healthy.

Father: You morons! Your brother is sick because he works so hard. Unlike you idiots he doesn't go out partying every night and then try to hide it. You smell like Coors Light and B.O. If you four douchebags helped your brother out a little more we wouldn't be in this mess. I can't believe I was going to change My good name to Nando and Sons. Really, we should just call it the Edward Nando Funeral Home because he's the only one keeping this place running.

(A bearded Man wearing glasses and carrying a suitcase enters.)

Bob: Mr. Nando, (It is Bob Bobson in disguise but Father and Bros can't tell) There you are.

Father: Who are you? How'd you get in here—

Bob: My name's Jeffrey Jefferson. I wanted to show you something that I thought might cheer you up.

Father: What's that?

Bob: (opens briefcase) It's cash. Lots and lots of cash. There's two hundred fifty thousand dollars right here and that's just the start.

Father: You lousy maggot! (Father attacks him, pulls off his phony beard and glasses) It's you! Go on! Get out of here! You go tell whoever it is you report to that I'm not selling. You got that?

Bob: All right, Mr. Nando. I'll see you again. (points) You can count on it.

(Bob Bobson exits.)

Father: I'm not selling! I'm not selling!!!! I'm not...(suddenly very tired) You boys look after your brother. Take care of him. He needs to rest. To relax. Without Edward, we're nothing. We're as good as sold to IAC. We're nothing...I need a drink.

(Father exits. The Brothers turn their heads and look toward Edward. A soft spotlight on the tucked-in Edward as the crickets return. Blackout.)

### Scene 8

(Houston, Texas. The head corporate office of IAC, the multinational trying to buy Nando Funeral Home. The office, using the Big Screen, is decorated all leather and wood like a hunting lodge: dead animal head trophies are mounted to the wall alongside gun racks. Jimmy-Bob Bobson sits in a highback leather chair at an enormous redwood desk eating a t-bone steak the size of a bicycle wheel. He wears a cowboy hat, spurs, and a bib. He eats with a big fork and knife. A rifle leans against the desk. Sitting across from Jimmy-Bob is Mrs. Margaret Weist of Weist Funeral Home, a funeral director considering selling her Mom & Pop operation to IAC.)

Jimmy-Bob: Can I get you a porterhouse or a sirloin?

Mrs. Weist: No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Jimmy-Bob: All right. It's your mouthwatering loss. IAC wants to make your family part of our family. All you Independent funeral homes, you Mom and Pop places, we don't want to see you go under, we want to see you prosper. Misses Weist, you can still run yer funeral home. You can still live in yer funeral home. You can still call your funeral home Weist Funeral Home. But by hitching yer wagon with us you are guaranteed there will be no slow times. You are guaranteed more visibility, more advertising. You are guaranteed a more efficient better way of doing business. Do you git it?

Mrs. Weist: Well,

Jimmy-Bob: (interrupting) The point is Bigger, for lack of a better word, is Better. Bigger is right. Bigger works. Bigger clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Bigger, in all of its forms: Bigger for life, for money, for love, knowledge has marked the upward surge of mankind. And Bigger, you mark my words, will not only save Weist Funeral Home but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA.

(A dramatic silence. They look at each other. Then Jimmy-Bob notices something out the window, picks up his rifle, and fires. We hear Moo!—THUD.)

Jimmy-Bob: Timmy-Bob!

(In through the door runs Timmy-Bob.)

Timmy-Bob: Yessir, Mr. Bobson!

Jimmy-Bob: (he picks up a pair of binoculars and looks out the window) We got ourselves another kill out there at approximately four hundred fifty yards due west. Or, if you check your map...(Timmy-Bob pulls out and accordion-snaps open a big map) Five clicks left. I want that sucker hauled in, chopped up, and mesquite grilled how, son?

Timmy-Bob: Rare, sir!

Jimmy-Bob: How rare?

Timmy-Bob: Very rare, sir!

Jimmy-Bob: That ain't rare enough.

Timmy-Bob: Extremely rare, sir!

Jimmy-Bob: It's rare rare, boy! How many times I gotta tell you?

Timmy-Bob: Yessir! Rare rare, sir!

Jimmy-Bob: Have it on my desk at sixteen hundred sharp. Dismissed.

Timmy-Bob: Thank you, sir! Yes, sir! Rare rare, sir!!

(Timmy-Bob exits. Mrs. Weist is dumbfounded. Enter Bob Bobson.)

Bob: Jimmy-Bob.

Jimmy-Bob: Bob here just got back from Nando Funeral Home.

Mrs. Weist: Nando? (shocked) The Nandos are selling?

(After a look between Jimmy-Bob and Bob.)

Bob: Yes they are.

Mrs. Weist: I never thought I'd see the day.

Jimmy-Bob: One point two million dollars, Misses Weist.

Mrs. Weist: I thought you said One point five?

Jimmy-Bob: Tick tock tick tock.

(Mrs. Weist is trapped and she knows it. The choice is beyond her control. She quickly signs the contract.)

Mrs. Weist: Go to hell.

Jimmy-Bob: Welcome to the family!

(Exit Mrs. Weist.)

Bob: We gotta change tactics on Nando. The Padre ain't budging.

Jimmy-Bob: The heart of any funeral home lies with the embalmer.

Bob: Edward Nando. He's something special. He makes bodies look so lifelike. It's amazing. People just love his work.

Jimmy-Bob: Love, eh?

Bob: But he's kind of a squirrelly fellow.

Jimmy-Bob: Well I shoot squirrels.

Bob: Yes. Yes you do.

Jimmy-Bob: I have wanted Nando Funeral home now for what? Going on five years? Five long years salivatin'. If that sumbitch father ain't gonna come 'round, let's get that sumbitch embalmer down here for a little display of what this here Big Dawg can do!

(Jimmy-Bob fires a shot out the window. We hear a Goose Sqwauk! And then...THUD)

(Blackout.)

### Scene 9

(Next morning. Edward's workroom and bedroom. The Brothers are around Edward as he sleeps. They've got candles and incense burning, fans, smoothies, a soothing Ocean background on the Big Screen, etc...Edward wakes.)

Edward: (confused) Good morning?

### SONG 7: Hush Hour

(A completely random Guy has joined the Brothers onstage and sings with them in perfect unison. The reason? The song has five part harmony and there are only four brothers. But no one is at all surprised by this and they just sing all together as if it is a normal occurrence.)

OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH  
OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH

RELAX, RELAX, REST YOUR HEAD AND UNLAX  
THINK OF NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL  
WE'RE JUST WATER ANYHOW

OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH  
OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH

IT'S HUSH, HUSH HOUR  
THERE'S NO REASON TO RUSH  
HUSH, HUSH HOUR  
LIFE'S A WHISPER PRETTY MUCH

YOU COULD STRESS ABOUT LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS  
SPEND YOUR TIME SINGING THE BLUES  
BUT ALL OF THAT WORRY WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

LISTEN TO OUR AHH'S AND OOO'S \_\_\_\_\_

OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH  
OOO OOO OOO  
AHH AHH AHH

Jimmy:  
Babies,  
I know sometimes  
life gets you down  
and you don't know  
what to do  
but I'm here  
to tell you, baby  
baby, we're all just matter  
on this great big blue ball  
and sure  
we might have the ability  
to create tools  
and think for ourselves  
but remember, baby  
don't you forget  
we're seventy percent water  
and water don't stress  
water is always cool  
and baby, we want you to know  
that we're here, baby  
we are here for you...baby

HUSH, HUSH HOUR  
THERE'S NO REASON TO RUSH

(The Brothers and Edward pause in relaxation a moment...Until they notice...)

Jimmy: Who are you?

Guy: (matter of fact) I'm the Bass.

(They all stand there looking at each other for a long awkward moment. Then the Guy slowly walks away. Edward and the Brothers look at each other, all totally confused by what just happened.)

Edward: Uh, thanks, brothers.

Johnny: If you need us, just,

Joey: Call.

Jimmy: Hollah.

Jesse: Chirp.

All 4: (four part harmony) AND WE'LL BE THERE (Johnny points at Edward)

(The Brothers exit. Edward gets out of bed and stands. He is still unsteady and by no means feeling good.)

Edward: Okay. Time to get to work on Emily.

(He looks at Emily's body. Blackout.)

### Scene 10

(Lights up. On the Big Screen, through a window view: palm trees, the ocean, sand, sun. A tropical paradise. A bamboo desk and chair slide on. Standing centerstage, Professor Pasternov hugs three good-looking young people one by one: Nicole, Megan, and Sally. Professor is an older gentleman about sixty. He has long grey hair, a grey beard, and wears wire-rimmed glasses (the photo hanging over Edward's bed). He has a slight Russian accent and wears a floral shirt and cargo shorts. The three young people are dressed in Gap-like clothes. As he hugs them:)

Pasternov: You are young and beautiful. You have your whole lives ahead of you. Now go get out there and make me proud. I know you will.

Megan: Thank you, Professor.

Nicole: We'll never forget you, Professor P.

Sally: (bursts into tears)

Pasternov: (comforts her) You'll all be fine. You'll be happy. Trust me.

(Todd enters with Mr. Mooney and Mrs. McChrystal as Sally, Megan, and Nicole exit.)

Pasternov: Todd! (re: the kiddies, points off) So emotional.

Todd: It's always scary leaving. This place is paradise.

Pasternov: That's true. (He walks over, pours himself a White Russian, and lights up a joint.)

Todd: Professor Pasternov, Helen McChrystal and Jim Mooney.

Mrs. McChrystal: Nice to meet you.

Mr. Mooney: Quite a place you have here.

Pasternov: Thanks. Cocktail? (offers the joint)

Mr. Mooney: (accepts the joint) Don't mind if I do.

Mrs. McChrystal: That would be lovely. I'll have a Sex on the Beach.

Pasternov: But first, a drink?

Mrs. McChrystal: What? Oh, you.

(They all laugh. Perhaps a little steel drum underscoring.)

Todd: Helen and Jim are Edward Nando's first.

Pasternov: (gets excited) Really? Wow! Hello! Welcome! This is Great! Finally! Where is Edward? (shouting off left) Edward! My little Kochanku!

Todd: I didn't bring him.

Pasternov: What? Why not? Todd?

Todd: There was no time. I had to make a snap judgment. And obviously They couldn't be revealed. And there was this Sherpa and he was talking to Edward—

Pasternov: Wait. Did you say a Sherpa?

Todd: Yes. Why?

Pasternov: Back in the sixties I studied under the Dalai Lama and it was always groovy happy fun time until he discovered my ability. He changed completely. He became a twisted egomaniac hell bent on global domination. So I fled. And he sent an army of Sherpas to find me.

Todd: If he's doing the same thing with Edward—

Pasternov: It's too strange to be a coincidence. Todd, you have to go!

Todd: I Know!

Pasternov: And you have to get Edward before he falls into the wrong hands!

Todd: The Sherpas!

Pasternov: Trust no Sherpa, Todd! None!

Todd: I Won't!

(Todd runs off.)

Pasternov: Now, my new friends.

Mr. Mooney: How did this happen?

Mrs. McChrystal: How did Edward bring us back to life?

Pasternov: It's all about love. It always is. Edward must be in love, even if he doesn't know it.

(Blackout.)

### Scene 11

(Edward's WorkRoom. Music underscoring as Edward finishes up on Emily. The Brothers stand watching. Edward delicately repositions Emily's leg so it is just right. The Brothers are in awe. Then Edward puts the final touches to the makeup on her face. She looks fantastic. Edward stands back and admires his work. The Brothers applaud.)

Johnny: Whoa! She looks Incredible!

Joey: Unbelievable!

Jimmy: Dude! (he hugs Edward)

Jesse: (crying) It's so beautiful!

Edward: I gave it—her—Emily, everything I had—

Johnny: You are Amazing, big brother.

Jimmy: You're a real Artist—

Joey: Like Edward James Olmos.

(Enter Father.)

Father: Edward, you feeling all right?

Edward: Yeah. I'm fine. It was just formaldehyde fumes or—

Father: Sweet Infant of Prague! She looks Magnificent! Wow. (he pulls Edward away from the Brothers. The Brothers immediately start messing with Emily's body) So, no more spells? Hallucinations?

Edward: No, I think I'm good.

Father: Excellent. (Father catches the Brothers) Morons! (this snaps the Brothers to attention) Your brother needs anything, you get it! Edward tells you to Jump, you ask...

Jesse: Where?

Jimmy: How?  
Johnny: Rope?  
Joey: Van Halen?

Father: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! (chases the Brothers out of the room) How High! How High!  
High!!! High!!!! (he turns and looks at Edward) Edward...(he's bad with expressing his emotions) You're a Good Son.

Edward: Thanks, Dad.

(Father exits. Edward's attention turns to Emily.)

Edward: Em, you look great. Amazing. It's like you're alive. (hand to his chest) What is this?  
My heart's pounding. What is this strange feeling? I look at you and I want...But you're dead.  
You can't be dead. Not now. Just when I need you the most, Em. I need you...

**SONG 8: The Light in Your Eyes**

Edward:

I'VE SPENT ENOUGH TIME ALONE  
TO KNOW THAT IT AIN'T NO FUN  
EVERYONE NEEDS AFFECTION  
EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEONE

BUT UNFORTUNATELY YOU'RE GONE  
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW  
IT TAKES TWO TO BUILD A RELATIONSHIP  
IT TAKES TWO TO DO THE TANGO

BUT FINDING LOVE IS HARD IN LIFE  
LET ALONE A CARING WIFE  
MAKING LOVE IS NOT A CRIME  
BUT FOR NECARAPHILIA YOU DO TIME...

THERE'S A LIGHT IN YOUR EYES THAT CALLS TO ME  
LIKE A STAR IN THE SKY WHEN I'M LOST AT SEA  
THAT LETS ME KNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME  
THAT I'M ALIVE...

I KNOW I'M A LOSER  
I REALLY DO HATE MYSELF  
I'VE BEEN ALONE FOR FAR TOO LONG  
AND IT'S AFFECTING MY MENTAL HEALTH

BUT I'M STUCK INSIDE OF MY HEAD  
FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY

NO TIME TO LAUGH OR GIGGLE  
NO TIME TO RUN AND PLAY

BUT I KEEP YOUR SKIN SO BRIGHT  
AND YOUR FACE IS FULL OF LIGHT  
THE URGE TO TOUCH YOU IS OKAY  
AT LEAST IT PROVES THAT I'M NOT GAY!

THERE'S A LIGHT IN YOUR EYES THAT CALLS TO ME  
LIKE A STAR IN THE SKY WHEN I'M LOST AT SEA  
THAT LETS ME KNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME  
THAT I'M ALIVE...

YOU'VE GOT SKIN LIKE PORCELAIN  
AND WONDERFUL RED LIPS  
TELL ME, BABY, WHAT'S THE HARM  
WITH JUST A LITTLE, JUST A LITTLE KISS

(Edward is about to kiss her on the lips when one of the corpses on a breakdown cot behind him stands up and pulls out an electric guitar and plays a bitchin' Guitar Solo. Perhaps this man wears a scraggily black wig and top hat like Slash from Guns N Roses. Edward, disgusted with himself, runs to the sink and splashes water on his face. Maybe he then crosses downstage dramatically, trying to get away from what he almost did. After the guitar solo Edward turns and looks at Emily's body, still laid out on his embalming table, and then slowly walks to her as he sings.)

WONDERING COULD WE TRY  
FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE  
WONDERING COULD WE TRY  
FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE  
WONDERING COULD WE BE  
TOGETHER FOR ALL TIME...

(The vault doors open and bodies slide out dressed in white robes, their heads pop up and they sing the gospel chorus as the song hits its high point. Edward does not notice or acknowledge any of his backup singers. Edward scats over top.)

Gospel Chorus:  
WHOA LIGHT  
YOUR EYES  
WHOA LIGHT  
CALLS TO ME  
WHOA WHOA WHOA  
STAR LIGHT  
STAR BRIGHT  
OOO OOO OOO

AHHHHHH  
YOUR LIGHT  
YOUR EYES  
A STAR, NO LONGER LOST AT SEA  
TONIGHT  
YOUR STAR  
ALIVE NOW, I CAN SEE...

Edward:  
THERE'S A LIGHT IN YOUR EYES THAT CALLS TO ME  
LIKE A STAR IN THE SKY WHEN I'M LOST AT SEA  
THAT LETS ME KNOW FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME THAT I'M ALIVE

(The dead chorus slides back inside and the vault doors close on their own. Lone spotlight on Edward:)

BUT I'M STILL HERE ALONE, STUCK WONDERING WHY  
THAT I CAN SEE A LIGHT, BUT STILL...YOU'RE NOT...ALIVE

(The Song ends. Edward holds Emily's hand and closes his eyes. A beat. Then Emily slowly sits up and looks at Edward.)

Emily: Edward!

Edward: Ah!

Emily: It is great to See you. I've been listening to you and—Oh, it feels so good to talk.  
(massages her jaw, sees her reflection in Edward's mirror) Wow! I look great.

Edward: Yes you do.

Emily: Remember when you did my makeup for that mixer, what was that like the tenth grade?

Edward: Freshman year. October twenty-seventh. It rained in the afternoon.

Emily: Right. (builds in speed, like someone who hasn't spoken in a long time discovering how much fun it is) It is so fantastic to see you and what you were just talking about with me I totally feel the same way and I've been living out in LA which is so phony and I've met some really hot guys, sure, and I have had some crazy crazy times but it was always just physical and they were all so stupid and didn't know what they wanted there was really nothing emotional or spiritual about any of them or any of it, it was just two people going at it like wild pulsing sweaty beasts—

Edward: I don't think I need to hear this—

Emily: (cont) but not feeling any sort of real true connection, the kind of connection we used to have and you're so sweet, you always have been the kindest—and I never knew how much you cared about me, I mean you never showed it, how was I supposed to know, ya know, I mean how—

Edward: I've lost my mind—

Emily: (cont) and now I really don't know what it's like to be lonely, the kind of lonely you're talking about I mean Jesus that sounds awful, I'm really sorry you've been so sad for so long and haven't been getting any holding or squeezing or teasing or pleasing 'cause everyone needs to be touched, everyone needs to feel the hot breath of someone else, and the person's warm flesh, and we all have certain needs that are needed and that need to be quenched otherwise it just builds and bubbles and flows and can short out—

Edward: What in God's name are you talking about? I must be crazy.

Emily: I'm talking about just seeing you now for the first time in so long it's really awakened something—

(Footsteps are heard offstage.)

Emily: --inside of me that, my God, I haven't felt in so long—

Edward: Oh, Jesus. It's my Dad. He's coming.

Emily: I'd love to see your Dad—

Edward: No, you don't understand—

(These next two long lines should be simultaneous and overlapping)

Emily: --with all of those other guys it was never really anything with any heart—but here now, this is different, this is really a powerful amazing feeling. Oh, it's just running all the way out to my toes and fingertips. Do you feel this too?

Edward: --if my Dad sees you—if anyone sees you it'll just be I don't know what—I must be insane—I've actually finally cracked. You're supposed to be dead!

Emily: (simul) What?

Edward: (simul) What?

Emily: (simul) Feel this?!

Edward: (simul) You're Dead!

Emily: (simul) What?

Edward: (simul) What?

(More Footsteps, now voices can be heard also.)

Edward: (frantic, getting her to lie down on this embalming table, she reluctantly follows his lead) Please please please, if you ever cared about me, please, you're supposed to be Dead.

Emily: I don't wanna be dead—

Edward: Please, play dead. Please—

Emily: I'm alive—

Dead. Please, Em, please—

Emily: I'm Alive!

Edward: Okay, yeah, whatever, just play—

Emily: A—

(Edward stuffs a small towel in her mouth, shutting her up but she keeps flailing around so Edward jumps on top of her body to stop her and, of course, at that precise moment, Father enters with 2 Men (Bob Bobson in yet another disguise, and Timmy-Bob). Ed dismounts from the compromising position. Emily plays dead for Edward.)

Edward: (trying to act casual) What's that? She's dead. Still dead. She's dead. Why? You were saying. What?

Father: O-kay? Uh, Edward, these men are from Embalmer's Monthly.

Edward: Embalmer's Monthly?

Father: I thought it would make a nice surprise.

Bob Bobson: George Georgeson. Thank you, Mr. Nando.

(Bob smiles. Father exits, confused by the big smile.)

Bob Bobson: Edward, we're featuring a different embalmer every month. Kind of like Playboy has playmates...

Edward: Sure.

Bob Bobson: We have deathmates. And you are Mr. November. Edward Nando.

Emily: (mouth still stuffed with towel so it's muffled) Woo hoo!

Timmy-Bob: (jumps) What was that?!

Edward: Nothing. Just, ya know, bodies make noises sometimes. Trapped gas and fluids—

Bob Bobson: Right...So anyway, to get the ball rolling, if you could just look over this document,

Edward: Sure. What is that, a steak?

Bob Bobson: Yes it is.

(Timmy-Bob chloroforms Edward with the steak. Then he drops the steak on the floor. Bob and Timmy-Bob carry Edward out like a side of beef.)

Emily: (she sits up) Edward? Edward? (she looks around, she walks over and bends down and smells the steak) Woo. (The fumes make her woozy, she stumbles around a little bit and then gathers herself)

(Suddenly a body comes bouncing on and lands on the crash pad with perfect grace. It is Todd.)

Emily: Who are you? You're hot.

Todd: Thanks. You're not so bad yourself. I'm Todd. Todd Rivers. (he kisses her hand) It is a pleazzure.

Emily: Emily McDonnell.

Todd: Ah, yes! Edward's one true love. Now it all makes sense.

Emily: What makes sense? How do you know Edward?

Todd: Where is he?

Emily: I don't know. There's a steak.

Todd: What steak?

Tenzing: (offstage) Edward Nando! Edward Nando!

Emily: Who's that?

Todd: Emily, get behind me.

(Enter Tenzing.)

Tenzing: Edward Nando! Edward Nan—

Todd: It's you.

Tenzing: Just tell me where Edward is and I'll be on my way.

Todd: You know I can't do that.

Tenzing: Maybe you don't know.

Todd: Leave now or I'll be forced to kill you.

Emily: WHAT?!

Tenzing: That's big talk for such an unenlightened mind.

Todd: Emily, whatever happens, don't tell him where Edward is.

Emily: What? Why? Who are you people?

Tenzing: You are about to enter a world of emotional, spiritual, and physical pain.

(Tenzing strikes a fight pose. A gong is struck.)

Todd: Dirty Sherpa. (strikes a Matrix-type kung-fu fight pose, synthy sounds erupt) Let's do this.

Emily: Wait. What are you guys gonna do?

Tenzing: I'll see you in hell, pretty boy.

### Scene 12 - Fight Ballet

(Light/Music Change. Todd lunges at Tenzing.)

Todd: I must break you.

Tenzing: Not in this lifetime.

(Light/Music Change. Todd and Tenzing grappled together.)

Tenzing: You're very good looking.

Todd: That's sweet of you to say.

(Light/Music Change. Tenzing is about to end Todd.)

Tenzing: Prepare to meet your beautiful bastard God!

(Tenzing is about to kill Todd when Emily gets his attention.)

Emily: Buddha say What?

Tenzing: (looks up) What?

(And then Emily knocks Tenzing out.)

Todd: I had him right where I wanted him.

Emily: Uhhhh, you're welcome?

Todd: Thanks. I owe you one. Now come on. We have to go.

Emily: Where are we going?

Todd: Texas. This steak has IAC written all over it...(Todd holds up the steak and indeed it does have in big bold white letters the word IAC written on it.) Edward has a great power, but in the wrong hands it could be an evil tool used to destroy the—

Emily: Well then what are we waiting for?!

Todd: I like your balls. And your face and breasts. Now let's ride!

(They exit. Blackout.)

### Scene 13

Bob: (in the darkness) Edward? Edward?

(Lights up. IAC Offices. Bob Bobson holds a bottle of Tabasco sauce under Edward's nose to wake him.)

Bob: Edward?

Edward: (just woke up) What? Where the hell am I?

Bob: Sorry about that chlorosteak.

Edward: The what? Who are you? Where's Emily?

(Jimmy-Bob enters.)

Jimmy-Bob: Jimmy-Bob Bobson of IAC! Nice to finally meet ya, boy! Can we get you anything?

Edward: No! What am I doing here? What do you want from me?

Jimmy Bob: We don't want nothing from you, Edward. We want to help you. A man with your extraordinary talents deserves the best this business can offer. You work your ass off—

Edward: That's true.

Jimmy-Bob: And there's no need to. We can make Nando Funeral Home into a boutique funeral home. You would only work on bodies one at a time. All you'd have to worry about is makin' 'em look great, which you do already.

Edward: I do.

Jimmy-Bob: Edward, there are over six billion people in the world. By twenty twenty-five it will be almost eight billion. By twenty fifty: nine billion. And every last one of them is gonna die! It'll just keep getting' bigger and bigger. Death care will be The growth industry of the twenty-first century.

Edward: You're right.

Jimmy-Bob: We want you to join our family! And we'll take care of you like family! 'Cause there's a lot of things you can Only do when you're Big!

**SONG 9: Bigger is Better**

Jimmy-Bob: (sung)

SON, THE REAL WORLD'S A BIG OLD PLACE  
FULL OF GOLD DIGGERS, LECHERS AND SNAKES  
YOU GOTTA REALIZE THIS HERE ONE THING  
THAT THE LITTLE MAN, HE DON'T ALWAYS WIN

NOW I AIN'T SAYIN'BEIN' SMALL IS BAD  
THAT WE SHOULD KILL ALL MIDGETS AND USE THEIR TINY HANDS  
AS COASTERS, THAT AIN'T WHAT I MEAN  
NOW CAN YOU SMELL WHAT I'M COOKIN' HERE, JELLYBEAN

Bob Bobson:

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER THING YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND  
AND THAT'S GOD ABOVE HAS A MASTER PLAN  
FOR ALL OF US EVEN YOU AND ME  
BUT YOU GOTTA SEEK IT OUT LIKE A DOGGIE IN HEAT

NOW I KNOW SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO SEE  
WHICH PATH LEADS TO PROSPERITY  
RICHES AND FAME AND LOOSE WOMEN

J-B: WELL SHUT YER CLAP TRAPPER AND HEED THE ADVICE THAT I'M GIVING

BIGGER IS BETTER FOR YOU AND ME  
BIGGER IS BETTER FOR DEMOCRACY  
AND BIGGER...IS BETTER FOR TEXAS

(Enter a group of pretty Girls dressed in nurse-like uniforms. They sing back up.)

Girls: TEXAS\_\_\_\_  
TEXAS\_\_\_\_

Jimmy-Bob: Edward,

Edward: Yeah.

Jimmy-Bob: INSTEAD OF SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME MASSAGIN' DEAD BODIES  
WE GOT YOU A BEVY OF PERSONAL MASSEUSES  
FOR THOSE BODIES, AND FOR YOURSELF (he laughs)  
SO LET ME INTRODUCE PEGGY SUE, MARY LOU, AND MICHELLE:

Girls: Hi; Howdy; He's cute.

(The Girls giggle, Ooo and Ah as they touch Edward.)

Jimmy-Bob: Ladies...

Girls: BIGGER IS BETTER FOR YOU AND ME  
BIGGER IS BETTER FOR SOCIETY  
AND BIGGER...IS BETTER FOR TEXAS

TEXAS\_\_\_\_  
TEXAS\_\_\_\_

Jimmy-Bob: Eddie, check out these here Memorial Scenes! Say your loved one was a golfer.  
Played golf every Sunday. We got the Golfer's Memorial Scene!

(Big Screen shows the Golfer's Memorial Scene: We see a casket in the shape of a golf bag. On the walls are golf plaques. The floor is astroturf with a golf cup and flagstick. An arm extends out of the golfbag/casket, the corpse's right hand holds a driver which has the head placed on the astroturf addressing a teed up golf ball.)

Edward: (in awe) Look at that.

Bob Bobson: Say your Grandmammie liked bingo. Dreamt of bingo balls. We got the Grandmammie Bingo Memorial Scene!

(Big Screen reveals the Bingo Memorial Scene: The casket has bingo cards all over it. Behind a Priest is a big bingo board lit up. The Priest spins the bingo balls and then picks a ball out and calls out the number. Priest: "B16!")

Edward: That's Incredible.

Jimmy-Bob: Now say your Uncle was a rabid Nascar fan. Went to Talladega every Saturday night! We got the Nascar Memorial Scene!

(Big Screen shows the Nascar Memorial Scene: the casket is a bright red stock car complete with all the corporate sponsors stickers. Trophies, flags, beer mugs, all the accoutrements of Nascar litter the room.)

Edward: Holy Sheeit—

Jimmy-Bob: That's my personal favorite.

Bob Bobson: You can just sign right here—

Jimmy-Bob: NOW EDDIE, THE SMALL FUNERAL HOME IS A THING OF THE PAST  
IT'S THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SO PLEASE DON'T ASK  
ME TO APOLOGIZE

Edward: I WON'T.

Jimmy-Bob: WELL DON'T. 'CAUSE THAT AIN'T WISE.

Bob Bobson: FOR TWELVE STRAIGHT QUARTERS WE'VE HAD DOUBLE DIGIT  
GROWTH

AND IF THAT AIN'T POSITIVE, WELL SHIT, I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SMOKIN'

Edward: NOTHING

Jimmy-Bob: THAT'S GOOD.  
CAUSE THAT'S A CHICKEN THAT DON'T NEED CHOKIN'

Jimmy-Bob: (Chorus)  
BIGGER IS BETTER FOR YOU AND ME  
BIGGER IS BETTER FOR DEMOCRACY  
AND BIGGER...IS BETTER FOR...

(My country tis of thee underscoring)

Jimmy-Bob: Eddie, come and join IAC, and together, my boy, well, we can make history and change the world. Daggone it, it's your destiny. We can make people happy. Everybody! Sing!

(By now Edward is holding the contract with a pen in his hand, poised to sign. He's really knocked out by all this. I mean, who wouldn't be?)

BIGGER IS BETTER FOR YOU AND ME  
BIGGER IS BETTER FOR DEMOCRACY

FOR GERMANY  
DJIBOUTI  
THE PHILLIPINES

THE SUDANESE

FOR GABON  
AZERBAIJAN  
LEBANON  
AND SASKATCHEWAN

FOR BELIZE  
THE CHINESE  
THE CONGOLESE  
AND BOOBIES

FOR MADAGASCAR  
A BRAND NEW CAR  
MYANMAR  
AND A SUSHI BAR

FOR BONSAI TREES  
THE PORTUGUESE  
MAC N CHEESE  
JOHN CLEESE?!

Edward (JB points to him):

(Todd and Emily run onstage.)

Emily: Edward!

Edward: Emily! You're alive?!

Emily: Yes. And it's all because of you. At least that's what he says.

Todd: Edward, you gotta come with us. We're gonna go see Pasternov.

Jimmy-Bob: Hold it, hold it, hold it. (music out) Fella, you might have a face like a freshly foaled appaloosa but we're kinda in the middle of somethin'.

Edward: Wow. You really are alive? This is great! Isn't this place amazing?!

Bob: (holding out contract and pen) You can just sign right here—

Emily: Edward, what are you doing?

Edward: Doing what I want to do for once. Me!

Jimmy-Bob: There you go, boy!

Todd: Edward, don't do it!

Edward: Look at all this! They appreciate embalmers down here. Bigger is Better for Me! (about to sign)

Jimmy-Bob: You bet yer Goddang ass it is! (his arm around Edward)

Emily: (seeing Ed with pen) Todd! Quick! Do something!

(Todd neck pinches Edward which knocks him out. Then Todd grabs Edward's body.)

Jimmy-Bob: Wait just a second here! (he fires his rifle in the air) We have a deal! I said a deal! (he points it at Todd and Emily)

Emily: (pulls something out of her pocket) No deal! (holding something in her hand)

Jimmy-Bob: What're yeeeeew gonna deeeeeeeew?

Emily: Stand back! This is Tofu!!

Jimmy-Bob: (gasps, throws down his rifle)

Bob Bobson: You crazy hippie bitch!

Emily: Todd, let's move!

Todd: One step ahead of you!

(Todd runs off carrying Edward. Emily follows, arm cocked with tofu all the way until she's offstage.)

Jimmy-Bob: You can run but you can't hide, Edward Naaandoh! You hear me?! We're gonna keep comin'! We won't Stop! 'Cause Bigger is Better...

FOR PROFIT  
HEALTH CARE  
FREEDOM  
FRENCH FRIES  
SCRIPTURE  
SCROTUM  
ICE CREAM  
INCEST  
CONGRESS  
CATFISH  
BABIES  
TAMPONS  
REDWOODS

PUSSIES  
PUPPIES  
HUMVEES  
SOLDIERS  
TITTIES  
MEATLOAF  
TV  
BIBLES  
BLOWJOBS  
KARMA  
ORGIES  
JESUS  
BUDDHA  
ALLAH  
VISHNU  
GANDHI  
STALIN  
HITLER  
CLINTON  
FAITH  
PISS  
JOY  
FARTS  
GOD  
LOVE  
DICK  
HEARTS  
TRUTH  
COCK  
PEACE  
BALLS  
HOPE  
JIZZ  
LIFE  
POO-NANI\_\_\_\_

AND BIGGER...IS BETTER...  
FOR TEXAS...FOR TEXAS...TEXAS

Jimmy-Bob: Don't mess with Texas.

End of Act I

Act II

**Titoli (part deux):**

WHOA WE'RE HALFWAY THERE  
AND EDWARD'S BEEN TAKEN TO GOD KNOWS WHERE  
THERE'S D. LA, THE TEXANS, AND PROFESSOR P  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT? JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE  
THIS IS ACT TWO  
WE'RE DROPPIN' THE DEUCE ON YOU  
THIS IS ACT TWO  
THE DEUCE IS LOOSE  
IT'S A LOOSEY, JUICY DEUCE!!

Scene 14

(Enter Edward, Emily, and Todd. Edward has white sunblock on his nose and an icepack on his shoulder. Emily wears a floppy hat and sunglasses. Todd is bare-chested and tan.)

Edward: (rubbing his shoulder) What did you do to me?

Todd: I saw dollar signs in your eyes.

Edward: Well IAC's offering a lot of money. And they have such wonderful toys.

Emily: You don't need toys. That was one long boat ride. Where are we?

Todd: We're home.

(Todd claps twice, like the clapper: the lights on stage come up full. It is a Beach Scene, like southern California circa 1962: a large group of young, good-looking people in bathing suits on a beach. A few boys lean against surfboards stuck in the sand. People dance, play volleyball, shuffleboard, bongos. Perhaps two slip n slides are unfurled to the stage's edge (or out into the aisles) and boys slide along them either into the orchestra pit or out into the audience.)

**SONG 10: Welcome to...**

VOLLEYBALL, MARGARITAS, BARBECUES  
EVERYBODY'S HAPPY, AIN'T NO SUMMERTIME BLUES  
THERE'S PARASAILING, BUNGEE JUMPING, AND SURFING TOO

SHUFFLEBOARD, SANDCASTLES, WET T-SHIRT NIGHT  
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF PURE SUNLIGHT  
AND EDWARD, WE ARE HAPPY TO WELCOME YOU

'CAUSE WE SWIM  
AND WE SMILE  
IT'S FUN  
SO STAY A WHILE

IT'S ICELAND  
ICELAND\_\_\_\_  
THE FUNNEST PLACE ON EARTH

(A banner drops:)

Welcome to Iceland!  
The Funnest Place on Earth™

Guys:

CRUISIN' DOWN THE HIGHWAY IN MY WOODY FOR TWO  
A GIRLIE ON MY LAP IN A TWO PIECE SUIT  
AND I GOT ANOTHER WOODY, AND IT'S GROWIN' FOR YOU

Girls:

THE GUYS ALL SMELL LIKE SAND AND OLD SPICE  
BUT IT'S OKAY 'CAUSE NOBODY FIGHTS

All:

AND YOU CAN MAKE SWEET LOVE WHENEVER YOU WANT TO

WE SLIP (WE SLIP)  
AND WE SLIDE (WE SLIDE)  
IT'S FUN  
SO TAKE A RIDE  
IT'S ICELAND  
ICELAND\_\_\_\_  
THE FUNNEST PLACE ON EARTH

OOO WAH WAH OOO  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
YIP YIP YIP YIP  
SHANANANA

Everbody Clap Now!  
(Clap-a-Thon)

SOFT SERVE (SOFT SERVE)  
HARD NIGHTS (HARD NIGHTS)  
THIS PLACE  
IS PARADISE  
IT'S ICELAND  
ICELAND\_\_\_\_  
THE FUNNEST PLACE ON EARTH

WE HANG  
AND WE GLIDE  
IT'S A GAY  
OLD TIME  
IN ICELAND

ICELAND  
THE FUNNEST PLACE ON EARTH  
ICELAND  
ICELAND  
THE FUNNEST PLACE ON EARTH

(Post-Song: all the Girls scream and mob Edward.)  
(Enter Professor Pasternov, White Russian in one hand, joint in the other.)

Pasternov: All right. All right, girls. Give the man some air.

Edward: Professor Pasternov!

Pasternov: Edward, my little kochanku, you made it!

(They embrace.)

Edward: Great to see you. I feel like Elvis.

Pasternov: Welcome to Iceland.

Edward: Thanks. What are you doing here?

Pasternov: I live here.

Edward: Really? On Iceland?

Pasternov: In Iceland. Yep.

Emily: Ahem.

Edward: Oh, Professor, this is Emily.

Pasternov: It is a great pleazzure.

(A tropical Tiki bar with bamboo stools and trim slides on. Todd bartends.)

Pasternov: Would you like a daiquiri, my dear?

Emily: Okay.

Pasternov: Edward? Daiquiri?

(Todd hands them two daiquiris.)

Edward: Thanks.

(Mrs. McChrystal and Mr. Mooney lie together on a beach towel.)

Edward: Misses McChrystal! Mister Mooney! You guys look fantastic.

McChrystal & Mooney: We know!

McChrystal: We're going to get a full body massage.

Mooney: And then we're gonna give each other an inner body massage.

(Everyone laughs.)

McChrystal: Oh, you.

Edward: Wow! This place is great! (to Emily) Don't you think?

Emily: Reminds me too much of L.A.

Pasternov: Edward, do you remember back at McCallister when I told you you had abilities far beyond your classmates?

Edward: Oh sure.

Pasternov: You have a special purpose. You've reached the final stage of the Four Embalming Truths.

Edward: Embalming Truths?

Pasternov: Like the Noble Truths. From Buddhism?

Edward: I'm Catholic.

Pasternov: I'm sorry. (Beautiful girls and boys—one by one—carry on cards with the Truths.)

The Four Embalming Truths

1. Life is Death
2. Life is the Cause of Death
3. Death is not the End of Life
4. The Path out of Death: Celebrate Life!

Edward: But what does that mean?!

Pasternov: Ah. Well, only a few have this special purpose. I have a special purpose. You have a special purpose. But it all dates back almost a hundred years. To sweet mother Russia.

SONG 11: **The Sad Sheep**

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR VLADIMIR LENIN DIED  
MY GRANDPA BORIS PASTERNOV WAS GIVEN THE TASK TO TRY  
TO KEEP THAT DEAD BODY LOOKING STILL ALIVE  
ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE

HE WAS THE FINEST EMBALMER IN ALL OF THE LAND  
WITH A TEAM OF EMBALMERS UNDER HIM LENDING A HELPING HAND  
HE PUT EVERYTHING INTO THE PLAN  
THE PLAN THE PLAN THE PLAN THE PLAN THE PLAN THE PLAN

HIS HOPES AND DREAMS, IDEAS AND THOUGHTS  
WANTS AND NEEDS, AND LOTS AND LOTS OF  
LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE YOUR LOVIN' LOVE

AND THEN ONE DAY LENIN SAT UP  
LOOKED AT OLD BORIS, AND SAID TO HIM,

Lenin:

SON,

FUCK THE PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL SAD SHEEP, I WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY!  
FUCK THE PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL SAD SHEEP, I WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY!  
FUCK THE PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL SAD SHEEP, I WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY!  
FUCK THE PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL SAD SHEEP, I WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY!

Opera Lady:

WE MAKE CELEBRITIES  
FROM DEAD BODIES  
WE MAKE CELEBRITIES  
AND KEEP EVERYBODY HAPPY IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVELY LOVIN'  
LOVE  
WE MAKE CELEBRITIES  
(FUCK THE PEOPLE THEY'RE ALL SAD SHEEP, I WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY)  
FOR THE WORLD TO SEE  
(LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE LOVE YOUR LOVIN' LOVE)  
WE MAKE CELEBRITIES  
AND KEEP EVERYBODY HAPPY IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVELY LOVIN'  
LOVE

Pasternov:

MY GRANDPA PASSED IT DOWN TO MY DAD WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-TWO  
PERESTROIKA MEANS REBIRTH, HE SAID, AND THAT IS WHAT YOU'LL DO  
WHEN I GREW UP AND CAME OF AGE MY DAD DID THE SAME TO ME  
HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO TURN THE DEAD INTO CELEBRITIES

BUT THE PREMIER AT THE TIME, HE RULED WITH AN IRON FIST  
AND I KNEW THIS POWER WOULD BE MISUSED IN THE HANDS OF A COMMUNIST  
SO I CAME HERE TO ICELAND, WHERE I COULD LIVE IN PEACE  
BUT I KNEW THERE MUST BE OTHERS WHO SHARED MY ABILITIES

THEN I FOUND YOU, AND YOU FOUND ME  
SO I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO PARADISE TO BE MY PRODIGY

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, HUN?

Edward:  
I'LL MAKE CELEBRITIES  
FROM DEAD BODIES  
I WILL MAKE CELEBRITIES  
AND KEEP EVERYBODY HAPPY IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVE, IN LOVELY LOVIN'  
LOVE  
WE MAKE CELEBRITIES  
FOR THE WORLD TO SEE  
WE WILL MAKE CELEBRITIES  
AND SHIP THEM OFF TO LOS ANGELEEZA  
ANGELEEZA, ANGELEEZ, LOS ANGELEEZA  
(LALALA LALALA LALALALA LAND)  
(WE MAKE CELEBRITIES, FROM DEAD BODIES. WE MAKE CELEBRITIES)  
WE MADE  
ANGELINA JOLIE\_\_\_\_JOLIE\_\_\_\_JOLIE!!!!!!!

Emily: So this is why celebrities seem to come out of nowhere.

Pasternov: Exactly. Whenever you hear about a new celebrity, what do they always say? So and so came from Dogpatch, Arkansas—just poof, magically appeared—and now here they are, a celebrity. It's all a bunch of hooley. We make celebrities here in Iceland. And you can too.

Edward: But Lenin's body is displayed—

Pasternov: That body they have laid out is made of goat cheese and plastic. The new and improved Lenin had a full head of hair, moved to Los Angeles, and you knew him as Rudolph Valentino.

Edward: How am I able to do this?

Pasternov: Love.

Edward: Love?

Pasternov: Love, Edward. All you need is love.

Emily: John Lennon.

Pasternov: Exactly, my dear. He's actually Johnny Depp now. But nobody'll ever figure it out. Edward, the reason you're able to bring people back, like me, is because you're in love. (All eyes turn to Emily) Emily, how would you like to be the next Reese Witherspoon? I will call you...Emily Windford!

Emily: I don't know about that.

Edward: You don't know? This is your dream. This is what you've always wanted. Ever since we were kids. This is why you went to L.A. You don't know?! How can you not know?!

Emily: I don't know. Nothing personal.

Pasternov: I can't be offended. My life's too good. Edward, I want you to come live here.

Edward: What do you think? It sounds pretty great, Em.

Pasternov: Exactly!

Emily: Edward, I think we should talk about this.

Edward: What's to talk about? Iceland is incredible!

Pasternov: Like shooting goldfish in a thimble.

Emily: What? Come on, Edward. Let's go for a walk. I need to talk to you.

Pasternov: Yes, yes, by all means. Go for a walk. Enjoy the sunset.

(Emily pulls Edward along. Pasternov hands Edward a ukulele.)

Pasternov: Here. Have a ukulele.

Edward: What? Why?

Pasternov: Why not?

Edward: (getting dragged away by Emily) I love this place!

(Edward and Emily exit.)

Todd: You think he'll stay?

Pasternov: (tracing his finger across Todd's bare chest) I hope so, Todd. I hope so. I hope...

(Blackout.)

Scene 15

(Edward's Embalming Room. His Brothers are horribly depressed. The Brothers stand over a dead body on Edward's table about to attempt an embalming.)

Johnny: (holding a scalpel, standing over a body) How do we even do this?

Joey: I guess we just cut the sucker.

(They all lean in but Johnny can't do it. The other three wince. Finally, Jesse runs to the desk and pukes in it.)

Johnny: This is nuts! Where the hell is Edward?

(The door flies open and in bursts Bob Bobson in yet another disguise.)

Bob: Now, Edward, I want to show you something that will—(he looks around) Where's Edward?

Johnny: Lost.

Jimmy: Missing.

Joey: Disappeared.

Jesse: Vanished.

Bob: Oh. Boys, I have something for him.

Jimmy: What's that?

(Bob pulls something the size of half a piece of paper out of his pocket and keeps unfolding it, getting bigger and bigger, until finally he hands a golf-size check to Johnny)

Johnny: A check?

Bob: That's right. Ta Da!

Jesse: Made out to Edward for—

Jimmy: A million bucks!?

Bob: Un hun.

Joey: From IAC?!

Bob: That's just the first payment. There's much more where that came from. It's not like people are gonna just stop dying. (laughs) Are they?

Johnny: You mean—

Jimmy: Edward's going to work—

Joey: For IAC?

Bob: Well there's some final paperwork to go over but yes—

Johnny: I can't believe it.

Jimmy: How could he?

(They all walk at Bob Bobson who backpedals.)

Bob: Oh. Well it's no big deal really, boys. Just making Your family part of Our family. In fact, once we take over the Nando Funeral Home you will all get checks like this for each one of you. So just—Oh my God! What the hell is that!?! (he points)

(The Brothers don't fall for his trick and stand there staring at him. Beat. Bob Bobson runs away. The Brothers let him go. Now they are really depressed, a feeling they've never experienced before.)

Johnny: Without Edward we'll have no choice.

Jimmy: We'll have to sell to IAC.

Joey: How could Edward? We can't sell.

Johnny: He's going against everything Dad stands for.

Jesse: Why would Edward? (he cries)

Jimmy: Can you blame him?

Joey: No.

Jimmy: We pushed him to it.

Joey: We did.

Johnny: We don't do anything around here.

Jimmy: Dad's right. We're worthless.

Jesse: What'll we do now?

Johnny: I don't know.

Joey: What can we do?

(They all stop and think. Johnny picks up a bottle and takes a swig out of it. The Brothers pass the bottle around and take drinks as they sing.)

SONG: **Diesem Leben Sucks (F\*\*k It! Reprise)**

ALL OF MY LIFE SO FAR  
ADDS UP TO ONE BIG LIE  
I SPENT IT ALL IN A DRUNKEN HAZE  
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND?

SOME FOLKS CALL IT MANIC DEPRESSION  
OTHERS LIVIN' LIFE UNDER A CLOUD  
BUT NO MATTER WHAT THE NAME  
THE IDEA IS STILL THE SAME

FUCK IT (FUCK IT)  
I DON'T FEEL SO COOL ANYMORE  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT) (THIS LIFE SUCKS)  
WHEN DID LIFE BECOME SUCH A CHORE  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT)  
I DON'T FEEL SO COOL ANYMORE  
FUCK IT (FUCK IT)  
THIS LIFE SUCKS, QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE

NEVERMORE  
NEVERMORE  
QUOTH THE RAVEN  
NEVER—

Johnny: (the bottle returns to him, he takes a swig and finally realizes it tastes awful) What the hell are we drinking? (he examines the bottle) Embalming Fluid!? Isn't this—

Joey: Poison!

(And they all die scattered about the room.)

(Blackout.)

### Scene 16

(Iceland. The Big Screen shows a beautiful red sunset. Edward and Emily walk together on the beach. Edward plays the ukulele Pasternov gave him.)

Edward: How amazing is this? I go from having nothing—living in a basement, constantly being told when to work and who to work on—to being offered Awesome toys from IAC and Fun Fun Fun celebrity-makin' with Professor P. It's the Summer of Ed! (he tinkles on the uke)

Emily: Yes. I guess that's true. What I'd really like to know is—

Edward: (interrupting her) And you get to be a big celebrity. A star. What you've always wanted. Why you went to L.A. in the first place. I mean, I just can't see how this could get any more Perfect—

Emily: Will you Shut Up!? Shut Up! Shut Up! SHUT UP! And give me that! (she snatches it out of his hands)

Edward: My uke!

Emily: Snap out of it, you idiot. This place isn't great. This place is phony. Phony baloney. Make believe. IAC (mocking voice) with all of their awesome toys, will just use you and throw you away. (Pause.) What do you want?

Edward: (struggling with words, thinking) Um...to be happy?

Emily: No. Stop the greeting card bullshit. Stop thinking. (she holds his face, makes eye contact with him, Edward avoids the eye contact) What do you want?

Edward: I want...I want...

Emily: What?! What!!? WAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!!!?

Edward: (fast, knee-jerk answer) You!

Emily: Finally! Thank you. I want you too, you stupid sonofabitch.

Edward: You do?

Emily: Yes. I do. It's always been you. I realized it again the moment I saw you. You.

Edward: Me.

## SONG 12 – **THE HEART OF MY HEART**

Emily: YOU WERE STRANDED ALL ALONE  
I WAS DROWNING IN MY FANTASY  
ALL WE WANTED, ALL WE NEEDED  
LOST IN OUR MEMORIES

MY LOVE WE CAN SAIL AWAY

YOU AND ME ARE MEANT TO BE AND WE WILL SEE A BRIGHTER DAY  
SHOULD'VE KNOWN RIGHT FROM THE START,  
YOU WERE ALWAYS IN THE HEART OF MY HEART  
OH LOVE, LET'S SAIL AWAY

Edward: BUT WHAT ABOUT FAME AND FORTUNE, WHAT ABOUT CELEBRITY?

Emily: YOU'RE CONFUSING WHAT YOU WANT WITH WHAT YOU REALLY NEED

MY LOVE, LETS SAIL AWAY  
ACROSS THE SEA YOU AND ME WE'RE HEADING FOR A BRAND NEW DAY  
EVEN WHEN WE WERE APART  
YOU WERE ALWAYS IN THE HEART OF MY HEART  
AND NOW LOVE WE CAN SAIL AWAY

Edward: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL (WE'LL SAIL AWAY)  
BURIED MYSELF UNDERGROUND, I WAS HIDING FROM THE TRUTH (WE'LL SAIL  
AWAY)  
AND NOW THE SWEET SUNLIGHT IS SHINING DOWN ON ME (WE'LL SAIL AWAY)  
I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HAPPY

Emily: Oh, Edward. You're doing it. You're doing it. I knew you would.

Edward: I know! And it's fucking amazing!

Emily: But what about IAC? What about making celebrities?

Edward: (ignoring her, wrapped up in his newfound emotion) I feel incredible! My senses are  
alive! I feel this sand! And I feel the sky! And I feel the ocean! And I feel that lady! (points into  
audience) And I feel this electric current surging through my veins and it makes me want to sing,  
to paint, to sculpt, to act—

(Emily slaps him across the face...band stops)

Emily: What about me, you jackass?

Edward: Em, it's all you! I feel You! (to band conductor) HIT IT SONNY!

Sonny: THREE, FOUR!

Edward & Emily:

MY LOVE, LETS SAIL AWAY  
ACROSS THE SEA YOU AND ME WE'RE HEADING FOR A BRAND NEW DAY  
Em: I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE START  
Ed: YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE HEART OF MY HEART  
AND NOW LOVE LET'S SAIL AWAY  
LOVE LET'S SAIL AWAY  
AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU I KNOW I'LL FIND THE WAY  
MY LOVE, LET'S SAIL AWAY

(A figure in an Adidas track suit with a hood jogs up to Edward and Emily. He carries a  
swimming pool ring under one arm. He quickly slips the pool ring over Emily's head and pulls it  
down to her waist trapping her arms. He pulls back his hood revealing: Tenzing.)

Edward: Hey. You gave me that Happiness book.

Tenzing: Yes.

Emily: Edward? He's a Sherpa. Don't trust him.

Tenzing: Give me your hand.

Edward: What? (Edward puts out his hand) Em, what are you talking about?

Tenzing: Make a fist.

(Edward makes a fist.)

Emily: No. He knows how to—

Tenzing: And now I knock you out.

Edward: What?

(And Tenzing uses Edward's own fist to knock him out. Then Tenzing pulls Edward's body offstage.)

Emily: Edward! Edward! No! Stop! Wait! (she's trapped in the tube so she flails around like an idiot and then she does log rolls halfway across the stage) Wait! Wait! Wait! Come back here! Help! Help! Todd! Todd! Todd!

(Todd, in swimming trunks and nothing else, runs onstage. He runs all the way across the stage to Emily.)

Todd: (standing over her) Emily! What is it?

Emily: (still trapped in tube, lying on ground) That Sherpa. He just took Edward!

Todd: We've no time to lose. Sherpas move like the wind. Come on. Quick. To the Boat!

(And Todd runs almost offstage right. Emily log rolls all the way to him. Todd stops and watches her until she is at his feet and she sits up.)

Emily: Can you get me out of this!?

Todd: Sure thing.

(He takes the pool ring off of Emily. She stands, regroups, adjusts her boobs.)

Emily: All right. Let's Ride! (she runs off left)

(Todd starts to run off right then stops himself and follows her.)

Scene 17

(Back to Edward's Embalming room. On the Big Screen, the Brothers appear. They are dressed all in white and seem to be floating in mid-air.)

Joey: Hey, where are we?

Johnny: Looks like Edward's room.

Jimmy: Why are we floating?

Jesse: Why are we all in white and shirtless?

Joey: I don't know.

Johnny: This is weird.

Jesse: (looking up) Hey, what's that bright light?

Johnny: (looking up) Oh, yeah.

Jimmy: (looking up) Look at that.

Joey: Oh my God!

Johnny: What?

Jimmy: What is it?

Jesse: What's wrong?

Joey: I think we're dead.

(They look at each other.)

Jimmy: Dead?

Jesse: Dead?

Johnny: That would make more sense.

Joey: Right? You've got the light,

Jimmy: The white,

Johnny: The floating.

Jesse: Dead? But there's so much I wanted to do.

Jimmy: I never went skydiving.

Jesse: I never saw Paris.

Johnny: I never learned flamenco guitar.

Joey: I never ate a nectarine.

(The other three look at Jesse.)

(Enter Father.)

Joey: Hey, look. It's Dad.

Father: Edward? Edward? What the hell is this? A check from IAC?!! Made out to Edward!!!  
What the hell...

Johnny: Dad! Dad!

Jimmy: Dad! Hey, Dad!

Joey: Dad, Up Here!

Jesse: Dad! Dad!

Father: (trips over a body) Goddamnit! These should be in a cooler. Boys! Where are those morons?

Johnny: Dad!

Jimmy: Dad! Hey, Dad!

Joey: Dad! Yo, Dad!

Jesse: Dad! Look Up Here! Dad!

Father: What is...(he pulls away the arm covering his face) Joey?

Johnny: Yep. We're dead.

Jimmy: Hold on. Maybe not.

Jesse: Right. Maybe it's just Joey.

Father: Johnny...Jimmy...Jesse.

Johnny, Jimmy, Joey, Jesse: Sonofabitch!

Father: Oh, no. My beautiful boys. Dead.

(Suddenly, the Brothers start to get pulled upwards which they try to fight but to no avail.)

Jimmy: Hey. What's happening?

Joey: Wait a second.

Johnny: Dad.

Jesse: The light's getting brighter.

Joey: Oh, no.

Jimmy: What do we do?

Jesse: Oh, no.

Joey: Bye, Dad.

Jimmy: Bye, Dad.

Jesse: Byee.

Johnny: See ya!

(And they are pulled upwards and we get a nice shot of skin colored speedos so it looks like the brothers are sans genitalia. At the same time the screen goes to bright white. We're left with Father crying.)

Father: What is happening? Where is Edward? My boys...

(Blackout.)

### Scene 18

(In the darkness: music builds like a U2 rock concert is about to start. (Where The Streets Have No Name). Chants of "D. La" "D. La" echo around the theater (chanted by the Sherpas). With the Lama's check from Gertrude he can now at least afford a decent sound system and a microphone.)

Lama: (in the darkness) What can I give back to Buddha for the blessings he poured down on me? What can I give back to Buddha for the blessings he poured down on me? Let us spin a prayer wheel for our fellow brothers. Let us spin a prayer wheel for our fellow sisters. Let us spin a prayer wheel. Let us spin.

(Finally, a Bono-style scream slowly revs until it reaches jet-engine-like proportions.)

(The lights come up full and we can now see The Lama, standing center in his best Bono pose. Unfortunately, instead of a band, he has a karaoke machine. The Sherpas run on: John, Paul, and George throw bang-snaps on the floor around the Lama, and Pete fires a cheap little confetti can that blows up behind the Lama with a very unclimactic quiet “Poof.”)

(Lama launches a fist in the air triumphantly but it soon becomes apparent from his body language that this really isn’t doing it for him.)

Lama: Okay! Stop it! Stop it! Hold it! Really? That’s the best we can do? Really?

John: We’re trying, Holidude.

Pete: These damn tiny Sherpa hands aren’t made to perform such tasks.

Lama: Like what? Creating awesomeness? Sometimes I don’t think you dudes are on board. Well you better get on board ‘cause the D. La train is choo chooing its way to Immortality!

George: Yes, Holidude.

Pete: Of course it is, Holidude.

Lama: What’s that John and Paul? I didn’t hear you?

John: D. La is going to rock!

Paul: D. La is going to rule!

(Enter Tenzing. He carries Edward onstage and then puts him down in a chair.)

Lama: Ah, Tenzing! Fantastic. You dudes see what I am talking about? Tenzing gets results. Tenzing loves me. Tenzing, you get fro yo.

Tenzing: (claps happily) Ooo, fro yo.

(Tenzing slaps Edward gently in the face a few times. Edward wakes.)

Edward: What? Where am I? Why do people keep knocking me out?

Tenzing: You are just across the border from our homeland, Tibet.

Lama: George! Blinds!

(George pulls the blind cord again, revealing Everest! The room is flooded with light. Edward is blinded.)

Edward: (squinting) Jesus! You weren’t kidding.

Lama: Greetings, Embalmer.

Edward: Hey there...Dalai Lama?

(The 4 Sherpas and Tenzing gasp.)

Edward: What?

Lama: (sighs heavily) You may refer to me as D. La.

Edward: D. La?

Lama: Exactly.

Edward: How did you even find me on Iceland?

Lama: In Iceland.

Tenzing: Little known fact: we Sherpas are the greatest trackers known to man.

Lama: It's true. I can't tell you how many times that has come in handy. Of course, in other areas (he looks to his 4 Sherpas) they leave something to be desired.

(The 4 Sherpas hang their heads in shame.)

Lama: Tenzing tells me you practice Real reincarnation. Tell me: Do you know this man? (hands Edward a photograph)

Edward: Professor Pasternov.

Lama: He lives?

Edward: Yeah. On Ice—In Iceland.

Lama: (to Tenzing) Don't you think that might have been worth mentioning?

Tenzing: I was about to get to it, Holidude.

Lama: You are going to tell me how you do Real reincarnation.

Edward: I just know it's all about Love.

Lama: Love?

Tenzing: (of course) Love.

Lama: You can bring people back to life because of Love? What does that even mean? If that were the case I'd be bringing people back all over the place.

Edward: It takes some practice, you gotta be an embalmer first off—

Lama: How 'bout being a divine being, does that do anything for you?

Edward: Sounds nice.

Lama: (angry, screams) Arhhhhhh!! You are going to show me how you do this. I don't understand how—I AM LOVE! In all its forms! That's all I do is preach Love! And this little, lowly Embalmer—You're a Nobody! How can you do this? Tell me!

Edward: (shrugs) It's a mystery. I just know that I'm in love with a beautiful girl and I can make dead bodies come to life.

Lama: I've Achieved Enlightenment!

Edward: Good for you.

Lama: Ahhhhhhhhhh!!! (calms himself) I am going to go for a walk...clear my head...have a chat with Buddha. When I get back...(he points at every one of them) I expect results.

(Lama exits.)

Edward: What is wrong with him?

Tenzing: He's obsessed with making D. La a worldwide success.

Edward: What is D. La?

All Sherpas: His Global Brand.

Edward: I pictured the Dalai Lama, I'm sorry D. La, a lot more relaxed and easy going.

Tenzing: He used to be. He's just completely lost touch.

Edward: Can't you guys stand up to him?

Tenzing: Oh, sure. You stand up to the divine. See what that gets you reincarnated as.

John: A camel.

Paul: A beetle.

George: A dodo.

Pete: Geraldo.

Edward: I'm sure it's just a phase.

Tenzing: I don't know. He's worse than ever. Right, fellas? I just wish we could get back to those salad days. When we were young. And full of hopes and ideals. Dreams...

SONG 13: Charade

DO YOU REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE  
ALL FOR ONE, ALL FOR LOVE AND ALL FOR FREE  
NOW YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE  
SO CLOSE (SO CLOSE) NO MATTER HOW FAR

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE FRIEND WE USED TO KNOW  
AND NOW THIS TIME, YOU'VE CROSSED THE LINE  
OUT OF CONTROL (AND YOU HAVE LOST)

YOU'VE LOST YOUR TOUCH, IT'S NEVER ENOUGH  
AND I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CHARADE  
YOU ACT SO COOL, I PLAY THE FOOL  
BUT I STILL SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CHARADE

(Enter the Lama. Tenzing and the Sherpas and Edward sing the song to him.)

WE SING THE SONG BECAUSE WE LOVE THE MAN  
I KNOW THAT SOME OF YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND  
WE ARE ONE BUT WE ARE NOT THE SAME  
IS THIS BURNING (BURNING) AN ETERNAL FLAME

SHED A TEAR CAUSE WE'RE MISSING YOU, THIS IS OUR CROSS TO BEAR  
WANT YOU TO KNOW, WE LOVE YOU SO  
WE'D FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE (BUT YOU HAVE GONE)

YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, FORGOT WHO YOU ARE  
AND I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CHARADE  
CHASING FAME, HAVE YOU NO SHAME  
BUT I STILL SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CHARADE

YOU'RE RIDING OFF THE RAILS ON A CRAZY TRAIN  
YOU WANT TO ROCK US LIKE A HURRICANE  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE LIKE A REFUGEE  
HEY PEOPLE SING ALONG WITH ME!!!

C'MON LAMA, YOU KNOW YOU WANNA  
JUST LIKE OBAMA, WE'RE HOPING THAT YOU CAN CHANGE  
Tenzing: Make that change.

(Applause.)

Lama: Nope.

(Lama skips offstage leaving a dejected Tenzing and Sherpas.)  
(Enter Todd and Emily.)

Emily: Edward!

Edward: Em! Todd!

Emily: Are you all right?

Edward: Yeah, I'm fine. This is Tenzing and—

Todd: (lunging toward Tenzing) What do you want with Edward, you dirty Sherpa?

Edward: The Dalai Lama just wants me to show him how to reincarnate people.

Todd: What?

Emily: Why?

Tenzing: His Holidude isn't thinking quite clearly at the moment. In fact, I think you should go before he returns. It was foolish of me to bring you here.

Edward: But you were just following orders. What will he do to you?

Tenzing: Probably just scream at us until he passes out. But we're strong dudes on the inside, we can take it.

Todd: Come on, Edward, let's get the hell out of here. (starts to leave)

Emily: Yes. We should go.

Tenzing: Beautiful Todd, (Todd turns and faces him, Tenzing places his hands together and bows his head) Namaste.

Todd: (he doesn't know what to make of this, Pasternov has him trained to hate sherpas because of the Lama's quest to find him. So Todd rather reluctantly puts his hands together and performs a half-ass bow back to Tenzing) All right. Edward, let's leave.

Emily: Goodbye.

Edward: Goodbye, John. Goodbye, Paul. Goodbye, George. Goodbye, Pete.

(Edward, Emily, and Todd exit. The Sherpas wave goodbye.)

Tenzing: (waving) Goodbye.

Pete: Yeah, Todd's hot.

John: He's hot.

Paul: He's gorgeous.

George: I'd do him.

Lama: (offstage) Tenzing!

(The Sherpas all drop their hands.)

(Blackout)

### Scene 19

(A Rowboat slides onstage with Edward and Todd and Emily. Todd sits between them and rows. It is nighttime. The water is a dark purple. The sky is black and full of stars. Crazy colors streak across the Big Screen. Edward appears in deep thought.)

Emily: Todd?

Todd: Yes, Emily?

Emily: Am I going to live forever?

Todd: No, with Celebrification, you only get One Life.

Emily: (relieved) Oh, Thank God!

Edward: What do you mean?

Emily: 'Cause then I'd spend an eternity without you.

Edward: Oh, that's sweet. (in awe) Wow! Look at That!

Emily: (in awe) Holy Shit!

Edward: Is that—

Todd: The Northern Lights. The Aurora Borealis.

Edward: It's incredible.

Emily: Beautiful. Does that happen every night?

Todd: Just about.

Edward: Amazing...I should just kill myself.

Emily: WHAT?! Why in the world would you say that?? That's Insane!!

Edward: Well then Professor P could bring me back and I'd be beautiful too. Like you guys.

Todd: No, Edward. This (motions to his face) isn't Real Beauty. This is just skin and bone and hair. It doesn't matter in the Grand Scheme.

Edward: That's easy for you to say. You're already beautiful.

Emily: So are you, (with a wisp of anger) My Love.

Edward: No, Em, don't get me wrong. I adore you. I just know that I'm nowhere near in your league. Especially not now. After Celebrification.

Emily: Of course you are. Celebrification or no Celebrification. If Todd weren't between us, I would jump your bones right now.

Todd: Edward, real beauty is on the Inside. Real beauty is whatever it is that makes you feel Alive. Don't you See?! For some, it's a Lover. For others, it's a Friend. Another, it could be a Painting. Or a Song. There's Beauty All Around Us! For me, it's sweet Mother Nature. Pure and True...

**SONG 14: Auroraboraroraborealis**

BEAUTY'S POSTERBOY FOR THIS FLAT WORLD  
JUST LABEL ME THE PERFECT MAN  
BLUE-GREEN EYES AND BRIGHT WHITE TEETH  
I'VE BEEN FAST TRACKED FOR CELEBRITYLAND

TRY TO CHART A COURSE AND YOU WILL SEE  
THAT TIME GETS THE LAST LAUGH  
AND MAN HAS LOST THE RACE FOR TRUE BEAUTY  
FOR THAT YOU GOT TO SET YOUR SIGHTS ON THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Todd steps out of the rowboat and walks on water. Edward and Emily are, of course, amazed.)

AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
YOUR BEAUTY IS TRUE, HOW I WISH I WAS YOU  
AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
WE'LL HAVE YOU TO SEE, FOR ETERNITY  
I HAVE SEEN THE FACES  
I HAVE KNOWN THE PLACES  
ONLY YOU CAN GET ME HIGH\_\_\_\_\_

WELCOME TO TWENTY-ONE, HOP ONLINE  
GET YOUR FIX OF INSTANT INFORMATION  
SUCK OUT SOME FAT, IMPLANT SOME DOUBLE D'S  
AND CUE THE IMAGE REVOLUTION

YOU BILLION DOLLAR BABIES YOU WILL NEVER SEE  
FATHER TIME WILL GET THE LAST LAUGH  
AND NO TRUST FUND WILL EVER BUY YOU BEAUTY  
FOR THAT YOU GOT TO SET YOUR SIGHTS ON THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Todd holds Edward's and Emily's hand and brings them out to walk on the water with him)

AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
YOUR BEAUTY IS TRUE, HOW I WISH I WAS YOU  
AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
WE'LL HAVE YOU TO SEE, FOR ETERNITY  
    I HAVE SEEN THE FACES  
    I HAVE KNOWN THE PLACES  
    ONLY YOU CAN GET ME HIGH\_\_\_\_\_

A DISCIPLE OF DARWIN  
A STUDENT OF INTELLIGENT DESIGN  
TWO TRAINS BROKEN DOWN  
DEAF, DUMB AND

DUST TO DUST, MAN'S TRAJECTORY  
SELF-OBSSESSED, HE CAN NO LONGER SEE  
WASTING TIME, CONSUMED WITH CELEBRITY  
YOU CAN'T COMPETE, DON'T EVEN TRY  
WITH MOTHER NATURE'S SUPER GRAND TECHNICOLOR MASTERWORK OF  
WONDER IN THE SKY\_\_\_\_\_

(Edward and Emily finally kiss. Todd is filled with powerful emotion.)

AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
YOUR BEAUTY IS TRUE, HOW I WISH I WAS YOU  
AURORABORARORABOREALIS  
WE'LL HAVE YOU TO SEE, FOR ETERNITY  
    I HAVE SEEN THE FACES  
    I HAVE KNOWN THE PLACES  
    ONLY YOU CAN GET ME  
    I HAVE RUN THE RACES  
    I HAVE SOLVED THE CASES  
    ONLY YOU CAN GET ME  
    I HAVE TRACED THE TRACES

I HAVE STOLE THE BASES  
ONLY YOU CAN GET ME  
I HAVE TIED THE LACES  
I HAVE WORN THE BRACES  
ONLY YOU CAN GET ME HIGH

(Edward and Emily embrace back in the boat. Todd stands with one leg in, one leg out—on the final note he sheepishly brings his leg still walking-on-water back into the boat.)

(Blackout)

### Scene 20

(The Nando Funeral Home. Main Viewing Room. The dead Brothers are laid out on cots around the room. Father sits at a small desk with paperwork and a pen in front of him. Jimmy-Bob walks on carrying a suitcase overflowing with cash.)

Jimmy-Bob: Sorry about yer boys.

Father: I just wish I knew where Edward was.

Jimmy-Bob: Before we do this deal, let's pray. After all, we're gonna be family. In the name-a-the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Dear Gawd, we pray for the recently departed Nando boys. They're with you now, Lord. Make sure they got the choicest grade A meats to keep their bellies full. And make sure the boys each git themselves a good woman who can cook their vittles and curl their toes. 'Cause at the end of the day that's all a man really needs. Amen.

Father: You're a lunatic.

Jimmy-Bob: All right, Nando. Let's finish this. Two million bucks. Cash. In Texas we do deals one way and one way only: you look the feller in the eyes, you say, "Do we have a deal?", and then you shake.

(He walks up to Father. Father stands. Jimmy-Bob holds out his hand. They are looking each other in the eyes.)

Jimmy-Bob: So, Do we have a deal?

(Ah, the tension...the music builds...Father looks at Jimmy-Bob. Father looks at his dead Sons. Father looks up to the heavens. Father looks back at Jimmy-Bob. Father slowly puts out his hand. And is about to shake when--)

Edward: Dad, Wait!

(Edward runs on. Followed by Emily and Todd.)

Jimmy-Bob: God Dammit!!

Father: Where the hell have you been?

Edward: Uh, Iceland, Tibet, and Texas with these guys.

Jimmy-Bob: And then he ran off with this sumbitch and that little beeatch.

Emily: Hey!

Edward: Dad, what are you doing? You can't sell to these guys.

Father: We have no choice, Edward. Your brothers are dead.

Edward: Dead? How did this happen?

Father: They killed themselves.

Edward: Really?

Father: They found out you were going to work for IAC. I saw that big check. How could you? After all these years—

Edward: But Dad, I'm not.

Father: No?

Edward: Definitely not. And don't worry about Johnny, Jimmy, Joey, and Jesse, I will take care of them.

Father: What are you talking about? (sees Emily) Wait a minute. Aren't you...

Emily: Emily. Good to see you again, Mr. Nando. It's been a while. (she runs up and hugs Father)

Father: Wait. You were dead. Edward, she was...

Edward: Yeah, dad, she was. Listen, it's a lot to take in all at once (he makes eye contact with Todd briefly, Todd gives a thumbs up, Edward gives a big thumbs up back) but I can bring back the dead.

Father: I need a drink. (Everybody laughs as he Exits.)

Jimmy-Bob: What the hell are you talking about, boy?!

(Enter the Lama, trailed by Tenzing. Tenzing has a black eye and his head is bowed.)

Lama: Edward! You son of a Chinaman! Nobody walks out on D. La! Real Reincarnation should be a D. La trademark! People think reincarnation, they think Me. It is Mine!

Edward: Listen, Dalai Lama—

Lama: D. La!

Edward: Dalai Lama—

Lama: D. La!

Edward: Maybe you should rethink who you are and what you mean to people. The Dalai Lama isn't a brand, he's a holy man—

Lama: What?! Who told you that?

Tenzing: (under his breath) D. La sucks.

Lama: What was that!?! What was that!?! No one talks back to D.—

(Music underscoring. And the Lama goes to strike Tenzing across the face with the back of his hand. Tenzing doesn't attempt to stop him, just scrunches up his face in anticipation of the hit. But Todd reaches out and grabs the Lama's wrist before he can hit Tenzing. There is a moment of eye contact between the Lama and Todd. And then Tenzing opens his eyes and looks to the Lama. The Lama's face suddenly changes completely, as if an epiphany has just happened. The Lama and Tenzing look at each other. Then Tenzing looks at Todd and they share a moment. Then the Lama looks out.)

Lama: What have I become?

Edward: You lost touch.

Emily: Got obsessed.

Todd: Crossed the line.

Tenzing: Forgot who you are.

Lama: Yes. I am not D. La. I am Tenzin Gyatso. Humble yak herder. Tenzin Jeffrey Gyatso. That's who I am.

Tenzing: And the world loves that guy.

(Lama and Tenzing hug.)

Jimmy-Bob: You're gonna have to sell, Edward. You can't win. We're Bigger than Yewwwwwwwww!

Todd: Edward, why don't you come and live with us on Iceland.

Edward: In Iceland.

Todd: Right. With Professor Pasternov and you and Emily, we could have—

Pasternov: Hello! Hello!

(Professor Pasternov's face appears on the Big Screen. He waves. He is sipping a frozen drink, wearing sunglasses, holding a joint. He looks more relaxed than any human being in history.)

Jimmy-Bob: God Dammit!

Edward: Professor P!

Pasternov: How's it going? I heard my name. Yeah. What do you say, Edward? Come to Iceland, we can make celebrities and kitesurf and shit. Wait! Is that a Sherpa?

Edward: Yes. It's Tenzing.

Pasternov: Todd, kill him!!

Tenzing: What?

Lama: Hello, old friend!

Pasternov: Jeff, is that you?

Lama: Yes. It is fine. All is fine. I'm fine and you're fine. I feel like my true groovy self once again. I am a simple Tibetan monk who enjoys a nice prayer, a nice long walk at dusk, and a nice cup of butter tea. My heart is filled with love for all of you!

Pasternov: Well that's a relief. Great news. Good to have you back, Holiness!

Lama: Good to be back, Boris!

Pasternov: Edward, what do you say, you gonna come make celebrities or what?

Edward: (he looks to Emily, her eye contact encourages Edward) You know, Professor P, I've been thinking. (music underscoring) You have an amazing power and yet you use it to make celebrities? Can't you see the damage you cause? The world is full of Sad Sheep obsessed with beauty they will never have, wealth they will never gain, and a lifestyle that no sane person

should want. We shouldn't idolize Brad Pitt or Julia Roberts. We should idolize the people that really matter like...uh...the farmers, who give us our food.

Emily: (stepping up to support Ed) Yeah! And the Doctors, who heal our wounds.

Lama: The Friends, who show us our path.

Edward: Our Teachers. You were the one who told me, honor your dead with love and that love will come back to you. Let's honor the dead. They deserve it.

Pasternov: (wipes a tear from his eye) That is beautiful! But what about my people? Celebrity production on this scale takes a lot of manpower. If I close up shop, Iceland will crumble.

Edward: Why don't you and the Lama join forces? You could turn the dead into monks and spread peace and love and—

Lama: Yes! We can put our powers together and we can create an Army and Go Take Back Tibet! (he raises his fist dramatically)

(Edward and Tenzing in quick succession gently slap him across the face.)

Lama: Sorry. Old habit.

(Tenzing exits.)

Pasternov: You make a lot of sense, Edward. What do you say, old friend? Should we give it a shot?

Lama: We will make people beautiful on the Inside!

Edward: There you go.

Pasternov: Okay. That's Perfect!

Lama: Namaste, Boris!

Pasternov: Dasvi-daniya, Kundun.

(And Professor Pasternov disappears from the Big Screen.)

Todd: Edward, what are you going to do?

(Everyone looks to Edward.)

Edward: I'm going to bring my brothers back. I'm going to help my father run this funeral home. (Father runs back onstage) And I am finally going to make sweet shawweet love to this beautiful woman.

Emily: Your best friend.

Edward: Damn straight.

SONG: **The Heart of My Heart Reprise**

(The Lama gets into Ed & Em's reprise, he really feels their love, swaying along, etc.)

MY LOVE, LET'S SAIL AWAY

ACROSS THE SEA YOU AND ME WE'RE HEADING FOR A BRAND NEW DAY

Em: I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE START

Ed: YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE HEART OF MY HEART

AND NOW LOVE LET'S SAIL AWAY

LOVE LET'S SAIL AWAY

AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU I KNOW I'LL FIND THE WAY

MY LOVE, LET'S SAIL AWAY

Jimmy-Bob: Well that's a nice senteemint, boy, but we are going to Destroy You! We will rain down the fires of Hell! By the time I'm finished you'll be Beggin' me to buy your crappy little funeral home—

(On the Big Screen appears a furious middle-aged Japanese Man, like Marty McFly's boss in Back to the Future II. His title appears under him: Atsushi Nakatomi, CEO, Nakatomi Worldwide)

Mr. Nakatomi: Jimmy-Bob!!

Jimmy-Bob: (suddenly turns submissive) Nakatomi San!

Mr. Nakatomi: Bobson! This will not stand! Your unprofessional conduct goes against everything the Nakatomi Corporation stands for!

Jimmy-Bob: No, no, no—I didn't mean to—

Mr. Nakatomi: You are a Bully!

Jimmy-Bob: No, no, no, no, no—

Mr. Nakatomi: You, Jimmy-Bob Bobson, have soiled the good Nakatomi name for the last time! You...Are...Fired!!

(The words "You're Fired!" flash on the Big Screen.)

Jimmy-Bob: I can't be fired. I'm fired. Ahhh!

(Mr. Nakatomi glares into the camera and then disappears from the Big Screen.)

Jimmy-Bob: (crying) Now what am I gonna do?

Lama: (offers a helping hand) You could come live with us.

Jimmy-Bob: (perks up) Y'all got steak in Tie-bet?

(Emily's Mom and Dad enter. All heads turn.)

Mom & Dad: Emily?

Emily: Mom! Dad!

(Mom and Dad freeze. And then, at the same time, they both fall backwards and faint.)

(Blackout: Music erupts in the darkness. A blue spotlight: Edward, center stage.)

SONG 15: **Finale: Happiness Is Everywhere**

Edward: (underscoring plays) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We hope you have enjoyed our show. You know, sometimes it's hard to see which path leads to prosperity; riches and fame, and loose women. But one thing to keep in mind, amid life's ups and downs, smiles and frowns, politicians and clowns: you have to laugh. Because if you don't laugh, you're dead already. And believe me, I should know.

Edward:               ALL OF MY LIFE I'VE BEEN A LONELY GUY  
                          LOVE NEVER SHOWED HER FACE  
                          AND AS MY LIFE HAS QUICKLY PASSED ME BY  
                          WORK WAS MY HIDING PLACE

                          ALONE IN MY CAVE I COULD NOT EVEN CRY  
                          NUMB TO EVERYTHING  
                          THIS PASSION I CAN NO LONGER HIDE  
                          IT'S TIME FOR LIFE TO BEGIN

                          SO CANCEL MY FUNERAL  
                          BEFORE THE FLOWERS ARRIVE  
                          'CAUSE JUST LIKE LAZARUS  
                          I AM NOW ALIVE\_\_\_\_\_

                          HAPPINESS IS EVERYWHERE  
                          BUT YA GOTTA LOOK AROUND  
                          HAPPINESS IS IN EVERYONE

IT'S NOT SIX FEET UNDERGROUND

HAPPINESS IS IN YOU  
HAPPINESS IS IN ME  
HAPPINESS IS IN ALL OF US  
HAPPINESS IS FREE  
Emily!

Emily: HAPPINESS IS LOSING MYSELF  
IN THE LIGHT IN YOUR EYES  
Edward: HAPPINESS IS BEING IN LOVE  
IT'S THE ULTIMATE PRIZE

(Upstage center appear Four really really good-looking Guys: tan, buff, beautiful.)

Bros: HAPPINESS IS IN HOLLYWOOD  
THE PLACE WHERE DREAMS ARE MADE  
HAPPINESS IS IN CELEBRITY  
IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY

Jesse: That's right, baby, we're back!  
Johnny: And we're going to Los Angeles!  
Jimmy: We're gonna be Superstars!  
Joey: 'Cause we ain't learned Shit! One!  
Jesse: Two!  
Jimmy: Three!  
Johnny: Four!

HAPPINESS IS HAPPINESS IS  
HAPPINESS IS HAPPINESS IS  
HAPPINESS IS HAPPINESS IS  
HAPPINESS IS HAPPINESS IS

HA-PENISES HA-PENISES  
HA-PENISES HA-PENISES  
HA-PENISES HA-PENISES  
HA-PENISES HA-PENISES

HA-PENISES	HAPPINESS IS EVERYWHERE	HA_____
HA-PENISES	BUT YA GOTTA LOOK AROUND	HA_____
HA-PENISES	HAPPINESS IS IN EVERYONE	HA_____
HA-PENISES	IT'S NOT SIX FEET UNDERGROUND	HA_____

HA-PENISES	HAPPINESS IS IN YOU	HA_____
HA-PENISES	HAPPINESS IS IN ME	HA_____
HA-PENISES	HAPPINESS IS IN ALL OF US	HA_____

HAPPINESS IS  
FREE \_\_\_\_\_  
PENIS IS FREE

Balls!

(A small plastic toy fighter jet flies above pulling a sign behind it that reads:

FIN

(Credits Roll onscreen like at the end of a movie.)