

The Funeral

Jenny | Florinda | Sweet | Chad | Lisa/Queen

SCENE: It is a pale gray winter morning in London. We hear the chimes of Big Ben fading out, followed by a single drum beating, and then then rhythmic boots upon pavement. JENNY, CHAD and SWEET are here, dressed for the occasion of a funeral.

JENNY : Oh God, these things are always so tedious.

CHAD : Tell me about it.

SWEET : Remember the whole thing is being televised so...

CHAD : None of your obvious eye-rolling, Jenny, especially when the cameras are nearby.

JENNY : Oh, but I can't help it!

SWEET : We're remembering and celebrating a very famous, very significantly historical individual today.

JENNY : No duh.

CHAD : We got the memo, Sweet.

JENNY : I'm so hungover right now.

SWEET : Shhh!

CHAD : Long Island Ice Teas, right?

JENNY : They always getcha.

CHAD : Don't trust anything that comes out of New York.

FLORINDA the Royal Magistrate approaches, very strict.

FLORINDA Ahem. The time has come for respect, for dignity, for posture that will make our queen proud.

CHAD : Oh come on, the queen never comes to these dopey things till the last minute.

JENNY : You call that respect?

SWEET : She does the best she can, she's a busy woman.

JENNY : You wanna talk about busy? Try waiting tables for a bunch of drunk parliamentarians at three o'clock in the morning while you're wearing high heels.

CHAD : Sounds kinda fun, actually.

FLORINDA : Ahem, on this particular occasion today the queen is doing something different. She's breaking precedence.

CHAD : Oh please.

JENNY : The queen breaking precedence? When hell freezes over.

QUEEN : Well helloooooooooo!

SWEET : Oh my God.

CHAD : She's right behind us.

JENNY : What the hell!

QUEEN : Winston Churchill meant more to me than any man, possibly including my very own husband. Tee hee hee.

CHAD : Weird.

JENNY : Totally.

QUEEN : I have been here for hours upon hours in order to show that I am a woman of real depth and affection.

CHAD : (*quietly*) It's gonna take a lot more than that!

SWEET : Hush, Chad.

QUEEN : Additionally, there is something I have always wondered about Winston, but I've been too much of a lady to investigate while he was alive.

CHAD : Ohh mysterious.

JENNY : La-dee-da.

FLORINDA : Respect, citizens.

SWEET : My apologies.

FLORINDA : (*to the queen*) It looks like it's almost time to visit the cadaver.

QUEEN : Oh, I've been waiting for this!

CHAD : Cadaver?

JENNY : Who talks like that?

FLORINDA : Hear ye, hear ye, clear the way for the queen.

CHAD : So pompous.

SWEET : Pompous and circumstantial.

JENNY : You're ridiculous.

SWEET : I know.

FLORINDA : All right, Queen, there is space for you now. Please visit the coffin.

We hear footsteps leading to the coffin.

QUEEN : And now, on behalf of the people of England, I will kiss your forehead, Winston, my dear man.

JENNY : Whoa, she's putting her royal lips on another man.

SWEET : Has this ever happened before?

CHAD : Guess we'd have to ask her husband.

They chuckle.

QUEEN : *(as a royal announcement)* To all you minions out there, I have something to say. My intuition was correct. The rumors can be put to rest now. It is true. Winston... Tastes.... Good.

The others are suddenly moved.

CHAD : Oh my.

JENNY : Brilliant.

SWEET : Lovely.

They applaud as Big Ben chimes again. Tears roll down cheeks. END.