

IN THE WAKE

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INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

Mostly OLD PEOPLE in black. AN OPEN CASKET with AN ELDERLY MAN INSIDE. White hair, nice suit, regal.

RYAN (15) and MORGAN (14) try to look respectful sad, but really, they're searching for...

CAMERON (16) crosses to them.

RYAN

Where were you?

CAMERON

Does it matter? I'm here. Start the party.

RYAN

Unbelievable.

MORGAN

Look, we are all grieving in our own way. That's fine. But Mom and Dad asked us to say a few words.

RYAN

All of us. Shithead.

CAMERON

As long as you know, this is all a show. A big lie. *"Look at our perfect family."*

MORGAN

Even if that's true, can't you just be normal for one day?

CAMERON

Remember when we were kids, we used to wear those matching shirts? Every where we went, goddamned polos.

RYAN

Keep your voice down.

CAMERON

Who does that? Crazy people. Shaving away our individuality. God forbid we make our own choices.

RYAN

Yeah because making your own choices has really worked out.

CAMERON

What's that mean?

MORGAN

Not here --

CAMERON

-- You wanna say something?

(beat)

SAY IT!

RYAN

...

CAMERON

That's what I thought. You can't say anything because it makes you look bad. That's the thing about family...

Cameron stands on a nearby chair.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You're stuck with me.

MORGAN

What are you doing?

CAMERON

(loud)

Can I have your attention please?

RYAN

Get down!

CAMERON

You wanted me to make a speech:

(to room)

Ehem. Our grandfather is gone. My siblings are too scared to say this, but he wasn't a nice man. He hit me - multiple times -- he hit all of us. Right guys?

Ryan crosses quickly and HITS CAMERON HARD IN THE FACE!
Cameron recovers, notice blood running from a nostril:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Huh. Look at that. We don't match anymore.