



Wake



Funeral Arrangements by
Jordan Johnson

*The Family of Olívia Carter sincerely
appreciates your thoughts, prayers, and
condolences.*



Memorials can be sent to:
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OVER BLACK

MADDY (V.O.)

See this? This is what you see when
you die... I guess if you're
Buddhist you'll see this.

FLASH to an old overhead projector screen of dated religious
textbook images showing Buddhist reincarnation into various
forms.

MADDY (V.O.)

And if you're Christian you'll see
this.

FLASH to projector showing images of the typical Christian
heaven - pearly gates, white clouds, streaks of bright light.

MADDY (V.O.)

Islam, Hindu, Jewish.

FLASH to projector - Images of Islamic purgatory...

Images of Hindu resurrection into a cactus and mountain
goat...

Images of a Jewish transitory heaven...

MADDY (V.O.)

Who knows. All I know for sure is
that when you die, there are no
more sunrises.

FLASH of sunrises.

MADDY (V.O.)

Or crepes.

FLASH of breakfast crepes.

MADDY (V.O.)

Or dimples.

FLASH of dimples that slowly pulls out to reveal LIV (Olivia)
CARTER (24), smiling and laughing.

MADDY (V.O.)

No more sounds of a pin dropping on
vinyl.

SOUND of a pin dropping on a record.

MADDY (V.O.)

Or watching thunderstorms in the
Spring.

FLASH to a storm brewing over a dark green landscape.

MADDY (V.O.)

Or eye-light.

Again, we are on Liv's face, showing bright and happy eyes.

MADDY (V.O.)

This is Liv. She's my best friend.
She killed herself 3 days ago. No
more eggnog or Autumn or thrift
stores.

FLASHES - Eggnog...

Autumn...

Thrift stores.

MADDY (V.O.)

But also, no more taxes or
heartbreak or the overall crushing
weight of each decision you make or
crying babies or potato salad.

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - MORNING

We open on an overhead shot of potato salad.

MADDY (V.O.)

Fucking Liv, lucky bastard.

MADDY (24), stirs the potato salad, adding in spices and
whatever other gross things go into potato salad.

She is standing in the mustard yellow hue of an old church
kitchen complete with 80's interior decoration - wood
cabinets, tin appliances, and cold LED tube lighting panels.

EVELYN (57), a petite woman dressed in all black everything
(dress, pantyhose, loafers,) comes into the kitchen carrying
grocery bags and cooking pans.

She's stiff and serious.

She sets down her armful of potluck items on the counter and
speaks to Maddy and PAMELA (56) who stands stirring together
a fruit salad at the other end of the kitchen.

EVELYN

Thank you for helping. I don't know what I would've done without you two.

Maddy stays focused on the potato salad.

Evelyn reaches for Maddy and Pam's hands.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Let me say a quick word over the food.

Maddy and Pam take her hands and the three of them stand in a circle in the middle of the kitchen.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Dear Lord.

MADDY (V.O.)

Dear Lord...

EVELYN

Please bless the preparation of this food and the nourishment it will bring to our bodies. Please keep us all in your care today as we mourn the death of my sweet, sweet Olivia Michelle.

Maddy, tired of formalities, casually exhales and shifts her weight to her other hip in a slouched posture.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Bless today with intentional conversation and loving company. Keep us and lead us in Your way. In Jesus' name we pray, Amen.

They open their eyes as Evelyn somberly pulls each of them in for a hug. As she holds Maddy, Maddy gives a half hug back.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You were a good friend to her Maddy.

MADDY (V.O.)

I was her fucking world.

EVELYN

Thank you for being there.