

SIDE 04  
 BRUCE  
 JOHN  
 SMALL ALISON  
 CHRISTIAN

*[Redacted]*

*[Redacted]*

*[Redacted]*

*[Redacted]*

*[Redacted]*

*[Redacted]*

*Bruce sees him out, then:*

BRUCE. Kids, get out of there.

*(Nothing.)*

*Now!*

*Christian and Alison appear from the closed ends  
of a casket.*

Where's John?

*John appears as well.*

How many times have you been told Do Not Get In the  
Caskets.

JOHN. We were making a commercial for//the Fun Home.

SMALL ALISON. Shhh!!

CHRISTIAN. We're sorry, Dad.

BRUCE. We've got two bodies. We've got work to do.

SMALL ALISON. My turn to do the directory! Who are they?

BRUCE. *(Handing her the directory letters.)* Muriel Swartz.  
Dwight Johnson.

SMALL ALISON. Wait- Benny's dad?

CHRISTIAN. Benny's in my class!

SMALL ALISON. What happened?

BRUCE. He fell off a ladder. Broke his neck. Get this  
cleaned up.

*(To himself.)*

It's going to be a long night.

*John and Christian start to clean. Small Alison  
begins putting the names onto the directory board.*

CHRISTIAN. When you break your neck is it just like *crack* you're instantly dead?

JOHN. Probably his head was hanging from his neck and then he couldn't see, and he couldn't eat or anything and then he died from not eating and running into things.

CHRISTIAN. That's not right.

SMALL ALISON. You guys, we gotta practice the commercial.

*She fetches the tape recorder.*

JOHN. Yeah, we messed it up before.

*The kids all try to grab the tape recorder.*

SMALL ALISON. Give it to me.

JOHN. I want it.

CHRISTIAN. My turn!

SMALL ALISON. *(Seeing her dad.)* Shhh!

*Bruce crosses through, now wearing a gown and a surgical mask. The kids try to look innocent. He notices and shoots them a look but keeps moving through. When they're sure he's gone they return to their game.*

CHRISTIAN. Should we start at the top?

SMALL ALISON. Yeah.

CHRISTIAN. Hold on, should we say Fun Home? We only call it that in the family?

JOHN. Yeah, that's right.

SMALL ALISON. It's our commercial. We can do what we want.

JOHN. That's right too.

CHRISTIAN. I guess.

SMALL ALISON. Come on!

CHRISTIAN. Okay, okay!

JOHN. *(Into a fake megaphone.)* Places everybody!

*They take their places. Small Alison turns on the tape recorder.*

SMALL ALISON. Fun Home commercial. Take seven million billion thousand.

~~Your uncle died  
You're feeling low  
You've got to bury your momma but you don't know where to go  
Your papa needs his final rest  
You got you got you got to give them the best  
Oh-~~

SMALL ALISON & CHRISTIAN.

~~Come to the Fun Home~~

JOHN.

~~That's the Bechdel Funeral Home, baby~~

SMALL ALISON & CHRISTIAN.

~~The Bechdel Fun Home~~

JOHN.

~~Next to Baker's Department Store~~

THREE KIDS. in Beech Creek!

SMALL ALISON & CHRISTIAN.

~~The Bechdel Fun Home~~

JOHN.

~~We take dead bodies ev'ry day of the week so~~

THREE KIDS,

~~You've got no reason to roam~~

~~Use the Bechdel Funeral Home~~

~~What it is, what it is~~

~~hoo hoo hoo~~

~~What it is, what it is now baby~~

SMALL ALISON/CHRISTIAN. JOHN.

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me~~

~~Sock it to me, baby~~

~~Ooh-~~

~~Here come da judge~~

~~Here come da judge, baby~~