

**Funderal Crashers**  
A 10 Minute Comedy  
by Andy Accioli

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### **Synopsis**

Two older Italian women have made it a hobby to attend funerals of people they do not know. They routinely review obituaries to select those funerals they would like to attend. While their mournful sobs might be overdramatic and somewhat convincing, they amuse themselves by commenting about the deceased as well as provide pithy remarks about fellow mourners.

### **Characters**

**JULIA** – very Italian, mid 70's, “with it”

**THERESA** – very Italian, mid 70's, prone to say/do the wrong thing

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR** – offstage, solemn voice

### **THE SET**

A funeral home. Two kneelers (small step stools) are center stage and face audience so that when “people” kneel at them, they too face audience. Two chairs, for JULIA and THERESA, are approximately four feet behind kneelers.

### **Production Note**

All other characters besides JULIA and THERESA are imaginary. We sense their presence by the head/eye/body reactive movements of both JULIA and THERESA.

### **Author's Blurb**

Andy Accioli is the author of 11 full-length plays and 8 books. Info: [AndyAccioli.com](http://AndyAccioli.com)

## Funeral Crashers

Grayson Funeral Home  
8AM, Monday

Two old Italian sisters dressed in black, enter arm-in-arm. They are whimpering. They kneel on kneelers facing audience.

THERESA (*whispers*)

That make-up is hideous.

JULIA (*whispers a giggle*)

Beastly even.

THERESA (*whispers*)

Looks like he's going out for Halloween.

JULIA (*whispers*)

No, no. The hair. What little he has left is orange. Mr. Carmichael could pass as a clown in Macy's parade.

Pause.

THERESA

Okay, go ahead.

JULIA

It's not my turn today. I did it yesterday.

THERESA

No, Julia. I did it yesterday. Remember the guy's daughter came over and helped me up.

JULIA

That wasn't yesterday, Theresa. Yesterday I added the fainting spell.

THERESA

A dumb idea. Too much drama, attracted too much attention. Everyone kept coming up to you at the collation asking how you were feeling.

JULIA

It's your turn today. Go ahead.

THERESA weeps uncontrollably (and loudly) as JULIA helps her up and they sit. THERESA removes a handkerchief and loudly blows her nose.

JULIA (*quietly*) All

right. Simmer down.

THERESA whimpers for a few beats.

THERESA

How was I?

JULIA

The handkerchief bit was new.

THERESA

Yeah. I decided to give it a try.

JULIA

I like it. We should definitely keep that one in.

Pause.

JULIA

I was thinking. How 'bout a stumble.

THERESA

A stumble?

JULIA

As you get up from the kneeler being so stricken with grief, you'd stumble a little. How does that sound?

THERESA

Pretty good.

JULIA

I'll try it tomorrow at the--, the ah, who's funeral are we going to tomorrow?

THERESA

I forgot. Let me check.

THERESA opens her overly large pocketbook and removes every item filling JULIA's arms.

JULIA

Really, Theresa? You really need all this?

THERESA (*continuing to remove items*)

Something I learned a long time ago, be prepared for anything. Where is that obituary, anyway?

THERESA removes a gun.

JULIA

A GUN, THERESA? A FREAKIN' GUN? Have you lost your mind?

THERESA

Julia, funeral crashing is a high-risk business. Last month, we had to go to that Massey funeral on East 6<sup>th</sup>.

JULIA

I remember. You wore your Pashmina scarf.

THERESA

Exactly. Those Greenwich Village gays would have killed for that scarf. I only packed the heat to protect me and my scarf.

JULIA

Packed the heat? Who talks like that? You been watching' too many of them CSI shows.

THERESA finds the obituary pages of the newspaper. Opens them wide and close to her face to read them.

JULIA

Hurry up, everyone's looking' at you.

THERESA (*searching obituaries*) Maybe it'd be easier to find if you listened to me.

JULIA About

what?

THERESA

I said we should use crayons to color code the day of the week. Red for Monday, Tuesday blue, Wednesday green, and so forth. *(continuing to read)* Here it is, Martin Cushman.

JULIA Williams

Funeral Home?

THERESA

Yeah, Williams.

JULIA

I hate that place. Too drafty and a terrible view.

THERESA

It's a half a block from my apartment. I can walk there.

JULIA *(after a beat)*

Promise me, Theresa. After I'm dead you won't call Williams.

THERESA

They're so close. It'll be more convenient for me.

JULIA Theresa.

THERESA

Oh, all right, I promise. *(a beat)* Where do you want to be laid out?

JULIA Benson

Funeral Chapel on 67<sup>th</sup> and First.

THERESA

Benson's. Why Benson's?

JULIA

I'll have a great view of the East River.

THERESA

You'll be dead. What do you care about views?

JULIA glares at THERESA.

Okay. If that's what you want.

Pause.

They both look at 2 imaginary girls who enter and go to kneelers. Both sisters bend in the same direction. Their mouths drop open.

JULIA

Little tramps.

THERESA

Who wears pink panties to a funeral?

JULIA

At least she's wearing them. The other one, she ain't wearin' nothing.

THERESA

They have no respect, these kids. No respect. Not like when we were their age, right, Julia?

JULIA

No respect. None.

THERESA

Don't get me started about no respect. My son, your nephew, Gino. It's been two months since he moved in with his lawyer-slut girlfriend, his princess. Do you think he calls me to go over to their apartment to eat a piece of bread?

JULIA No.

THERESA

Honest to God. May God take out both my eyes if I'm lying.

JULIA

They're all alike, these kids. Look at my Martha.

THERESA

How's she doing?

JULIA

How's she doing? How should I know. She hasn't called me since Saturday. That's how she's doing.

THERESA

That's only two days ago.

JULIA

Only? You're telling me nothing happens in two days? God made the world in 7. Suppose He didn't do nothing for a couple of days. Where would we be?

THERESA

Probably in Hoboken, God forbid. (*sign of the cross/a beat*) At least you see her. My son and his whore they never visit. Never.

JULIA

Martha comes to see me, if I'm lucky, once a month. She tells me all the time "what would happen, ma, if I lived in Nebraska. You expect me to come see you every week?" I tell her she could never live in Nebraska. Not with her allergies. And without Giovanni's Deli, she'd starve. She gets take out from them almost every night, my daughter, can't even throw pasta in boiling water.

Eerie funeral home music softly starts.  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR is offstage.

DIRECTOR (*offstage*)

We will now begin egressing to our funeral bus parked outside our front entrance. Please proceed as your name is called. (*a beat*) Mr. and Mrs. John Lerner.

JULIA and THERESA follow the  
Lerners with their eyes as they "pass"  
from right and go to kneelers. They exit  
left.

JULIA Did

you catch her fake boobs?

THERESA

Didn't move at all, not even a jiggle. Those implants must be made of cement.

DIRECTOR (*offstage*) Mike

Clancy.

JULIA and THERESA follow "Clancy" with  
their eyes as he passes from right, goes to  
kneeler.

JULIA

No wedding ring.

JULIA and THERESA sit up taller, fix their  
hair, push up their breasts.

"Clancy" gets up from kneeler as JULIA



and THERESA smilingly follow him. JULIA gives “Clancy” a small hello wave.

THERESA (*almost inaudible calls to “Clancy”*)

I’ll see you later.

DIRECTOR (*offstage*) Michelle

Baxter and Katlyn MacNamara.

JULIA and THERESA follow them with their eyes as they “pass” from right, go to kneelers and then exit left.

JULIA

No shame. Look how the mothers send their daughters out.

THERESA’

You think they’re bad. Imagine the kind of puttanas (*pooh-ta-nas*) they got for mothers.

DIRECTOR (*offstage*)

At this time, the family may proceed and offer their last respects.

JULIA

Family? Theresa, what about us? Who did you say we were?

THERESA

I told the guy when we walked in we were the sisters of Carmichael’s wife’s sister-in-law.

JULIA His

wife?

THERESA

Yeah, what’s the problem?

JULIA

The problem, Theresa, Carmichael was an only child and gay.

THERESA

I read he was married and had a brother. Wait a minute.

THERESA goes into her pocketbook and gets obituaries. She noisily opens paper.

Baxter...Callahan...Carmichael, here it is. (*she reads it*) An avid birdwatcher. Dress designer with Flare Fashions for 31 years before he retired...Loved to travel with his companion (*she looks at JULIA and slowly speaks name*), Frederick Swenson.

JULIA How  
could you be so stupid, Theresa?

THERESA  
I wasn't thinking.

JULIA  
No, you weren't. Now, for the first time, we're screwed.

THERESA  
Sorry.

JULIA  
The family's right in front of us. What do we do?

THERESA  
Simple. Come we'll stand in back of them. You wail. We leave.

THERESA and JULIA stand a distance from the kneelers as though Carmichael's family in front of them. After a few beats, JULIA starts to cry loudly.

THERESA (*to family*)  
She'll be all right once she gets some air...Thanks for the offer but I can handle her.

THERESA and JULIA start to exit. JULIA's sobbing.

JULIA (*quietly to THERESA*)  
Damn it. I was in such a rush to get here on time, I forgot a bag for the leftovers.

THERESA pulls out a trash can sized plastic bag out of her pocketbook.

THERESA  
Don't worry. I got extra. Like I said, I'm always prepared.

JULIA  
Thank, God. Gay guys know how to put out quite a spread after these things.

JULIA starts wailing again as they exit.

**END OF PLAY**

