

SEX DOLL

Written by

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EXT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - DAY

An old and battered family saloon car pulls slowly up to a stop. Parks badly outside the front of a small two bedroom house, nondescript but it clearly stands out for its neat and beautifully manicured front garden. Sitting in a row of other identical houses on a quiet respectable street, clean and orderly.

MONICA, 55, short and fat with large puffy hair climbs out with DEAN, 16, tall, skinny and dressed in baggy clothes.

They both move around to the back of the car. Monica pops open the trunk, inside it's filled with brand new cleaning products, everything you'd need for a deep clean.

She first removes a pair of rubber gloves and a pair of hospital grade goggles, apron and mask. She attempts to put all this PPE onto Dean, he resists.

MONICA

You have no idea how dirty that house is. Just let me.

He pushes her hands away.

DEAN

Leave me alone.

MONICA

It's filthy in there. It needs a clean from top to bottom before I can hope to sell it on.

DEAN

Then why don't you do it? Why don't you clean it? If you want a job doing right, you do it yourself?

MONICA

(upset)

You know how ill I've been. You want me to have an asthma attack in there?

DEAN

No, not really. I'd be the one who would have to help you if you did.

MONICA

Be nice.

Dean backs down and allows her to dress him up. Goggles and mask first.

MONICA (CONT'D)

My back as well. I couldn't get up and down those stairs, no way.

DEAN

Alright, I'm sorry, just don't give me the speech.

MONICA

I'd help you if I could. I'm on so many painkillers as it is. I've got to go and see a new doctor tomorrow morning.

(scoffs)

Not that this one will know what's going on with me, just like all of the others. They all say they have no idea what's wrong with me.

DEAN

Alright, I'm here. I'll do it. Just don't make me listen to anymore of this.

Monica finishes putting the apron and rubber gloves on him.

MONICA

Good boy.

(smirks)

Mommy's good boy aren't you? Say it.

DEAN

(laughs)

Alright, now you're pushing it.

MONICA

Come on, lets get you in. What time do you want picking up?

DEAN

Picking up, are you high? You want me to clean a whole house on my own. This is going to take days. I have no idea when I'll be done.

MONICA

Call some friends?

DEAN

Oh yeah, I'll ring up the boys. Yo, my dead grandads house is a dump, want to help me clean it.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Fun fact, he was found dead in the bed that still hasn't had the sheets changed. And by the way I'm not paying you anything because my Mom isn't paying me shit either.

MONICA

Stop it. Maybe just try?

DEAN

I don't have any friends, so no. Just set the place on fire. I bet you'd get more from the insurance than from any sale.

MONICA

Don't say things like that.

DEAN

Probably haunted with the old shit anyway. Just my luck. I'll have to deal with some fucking ghost once I'm in there.

MONICA

Dean don't swear. He's still your grandad and he still loved you.

Dean rolls his eyes.

DEAN

I didn't see him for years. And the last time I was in that house I was still in diapers. Maybe I should put a pair of his adult diapers for when I'm walking around in there, you know, for old time sake?

MONICA

(angry)

No more jokes like that. I mean it.

DEAN

(innocent)

What?

MONICA

Your aunties, uncles and even a couple of your cousins have told me, to my face, that they don't even want you at the funeral. They don't want to see you there at all.

DEAN
(smirks)
Why, encase I make them laugh?

MONICA
You shouldn't be laughing at a funeral anyway.

DEAN
What if they drop the coffin?

MONICA
That shouldn't make you laugh.

DEAN
Or someone falls into the grave with him?

MONICA
That's not funny either.

DEAN
Or the priest shits himself, or his teeth fall out or something?

MONICA
(furious)
Enough.

DEAN
(chuckles)
It would make me laugh.

MONICA
You're own family doesn't want you at the funeral, doesn't that bother you?

He shrugs.

DEAN
I don't care. I don't want to go anyway. Shoot him out of a cannon into the sea for all I care.

MONICA
You won't be saying that when you die.

DEAN
I won't be saying anything, because I'll be dead.

MONICA

You'll still want a nice funeral.

DEAN

I couldn't care less. Once I'm dead, cut me up and donate me to the zoo as animal feed. That's how little I care.

She shakes her head, annoyed.

MONICA

I'm not talking to you when you're like this.

Monica, using incredible strength lifts up all the different bottles of bleach and cleaning fluids all on her own. Carries them with ease towards the house.

DEAN

Those must be pretty strong painkillers you're on.

MONICA

Excuse me?

DEAN

Nothing.

Monica dumbs the bottles onto the front door step, takes out the keys for the house and opens the door.

MONICA

I hope you never get a bad back like mine. You don't know what pain is. I suffer in silence everyday.

DEAN

(shocked)
Silence?

Monica then skips back to the car, slams the trunk closed and leaps into the drivers seat.

Dean watches her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(calling out)
If that's what having a bad back is like I can't wait for mine to blowout.

She drives off.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Old fashioned furniture and outdated décor. A couple large bookcases, no television.

Dean walks in. He looks around and his face changes from disgusted to confusion. It's immaculately clean and tidy. Like a show home, not a speck of dust anywhere. Like he was expecting guests.

DEAN

This is what she thinks is dirty?

He takes off all of his given PPE.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Our house is a dump compared to this. That woman doesn't even flush the toilet after taking a shit.

Dean, now with a rag in his hand quickly wipes down a couple of the windows. He looks around the rest of the room.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Alright. Finished. What the hell. A job well done by me.

EXT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

With a large cardboard box opened on the floor, Dean rummages through the cupboards, picking out what food he wants. Dropping what he wants into the box. He's messy and clumsy, no respect.

DEAN

(grinning)

Dinners on Grandad.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Dean heads up the staircase, still with his shoes on he's eating out of a large bag of popcorn. Throwing the individual pieces of popcorn up into the air and trying to catch them into his mouth. Misses nearly all of them.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The bed has been neatly made, double sheets folded over tight like a hotel room.

Dean kicks the door open, still throwing and missing the popcorn pieces.

He casually searches the bedroom, going through the drawers and cupboards. He rips open the wardrobe, inside hanging up is a realistic looking sex doll. Dean bursts out laughing, stunned by the sight of it.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dean lays the sex doll onto the bed. Inspects it, he's clearly blown away by it.

DEAN

I guess Grandad liked big tits.

He reaches down and turns the doll over onto it's stomach.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Wow, big ass too.

He then inspects the realistic vagina.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Gross.

He looks around the bedroom. Finds and grabs onto a bulky television remote. He roughly shoves it inside the rubber vagina. It fits. He laughs. He finds two more remotes, one in its anus and one in its open mouth.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What a good girl. Just like the real thing.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean answers the door to PETER, 17, dirty and greasy. Long black hair and dressed in heavy motorbike leathers.

DEAN

You better come in.

Peter eyes up this new address suspiciously.

PETER

Who's house is this?

Dean rolls his eyes.

DEAN
(impatient)
Just come in.

PETER
I haven't got a nasty surprise
waiting for me in there have I?

Dean grabs a hold of Peter's collar and drags him inside.

DEAN
Hey, son's of anarchy, just get
inside. Jesus.

PETER
Hey, I've got a lot of enemies. And
it's not like I blend in around
here. The way I dress, I'm going to
stick out.

DEAN
Yeah you're right about that,
you're probably the first rent boy
slash stripper that's ever appeared
on this street.

PETER
(offended)
These are real biker leathers. You
couldn't afford these.

DEAN
Then you're a well dressed
prostitute, come on, I haven't got
all day.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dean gestures to the sex doll laid out on the bed. Peter puts
a hand on his chin, studies it.

PETER
You want me to get rid of it? I can
get rid of a dead body.

DEAN
It's not dead, it's rubber.

PETER
(curious)
So...

DEAN

I want to make some money from it.
This doesn't look cheap.

PETER

From first glance, you're talking
\$2000. Easy. Model, looks like a
Love honey, early 2020. Japanese
import. Nice. You've got good
taste.

DEAN

This isn't mine.

PETER

It's OK. You're with someone who
understands.

DEAN

You know sex dolls?

PETER

You could say that. If I sell it
for you, what do I get?

DEAN

What do you want?

Peter sits down on the edge of the bed, picks up the sex doll
and rests her head down onto his lap. Stroking her hair.

PETER

Let me show her one last night of
passion before you get rid of it,
yeah? Only fair.

DEAN

You can't be serious?

PETER

Hey, if she's your girl I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to step over the
mark.

DEAN

It's not mine. She's not real. But
I don't even know if it's clean.
Don't even know the last time it
was used.

Peter mimes oral sex.

PETER

(winks)

I'll give it a taste test before I go in. If you know what I mean.

DEAN

You're gross. The last dick that went into that was my grandad's.

Peter starts to undress.

PETER

(shrugs)

So, just give me five minutes max. I'll be in and out.

(winks)

If you know what I mean.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Peter comes into the front room, just his underpants on. His face bright red and soaked in sweat. At the end of a real heavy workout.

Dean watches him from an armchair, a family photo album open and resting on his lap.

DEAN

Jesus.

PETER

I tell you what, that woman fucks like a demon.

DEAN

The doll?

PETER

Top quality pussy. Are you sure you want to sell it?

DEAN

Weirdly, when the family turns up after the funeral looking for souvenirs I doubt anyone is going to be calling dibs on that thing.

PETER

You don't know what you're missing out on.

Peter sniffs at his fingers and recoils.

PETER (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
I fucking stink. You might want to
power hose that dirty bitch down.

DEAN
Or set fire to it?

PETER
Can I have a shower?

Dean shrugs.

DEAN
(uninterested)
Sure, it's not my house. Do
whatever you like.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The sex doll lays out across the bed, eyes and mouth still open. But tucked in with the fresh sheets covering her. She looks comfortable.

Dean stares at it, leaning against the doorframe. The sound of the running shower echoes out around him.

The shower suddenly cuts off. Dean waits, Peter appears behind him, soaking wet with a thin towel wrapped around his waist.

DEAN
I have a new idea.

PETER
Oh yeah?

Dean pulls out a hand drawn poster, offering sex with the doll for \$20 ago. Roughly drawn, crude.

DEAN
Show this to your friends, or
anyone who might want ago. Keep it
low key. I don't want anyone's
parents finding out what I've got
here.

PETER
Well, if I'm helping you I want a
cut.

DEAN

A cut? No. Stop trying to complicate things. Just show this around to anyone who might want to have sex with a rubber doll. You know, all your friends. The kinds of people I don't have anything to do with.

PETER

I'm taking a risk. If a teacher sees this. It's my ass that gets fucked. Your ass stays clean and tidy. Mine is going to get destroyed. So what are you doing for me?

DEAN

I let you have sex with it didn't I? Look, we're not partners. That's not what this is. You just need to do this for me because you owe me one.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

I live by a code. A code that...

Dean suddenly reaches down and rips the towel free from Peter's waist. Peter lets out an almighty scream, reaches down and covers his modesty with his hands.

DEAN

(annoyed)

Put your clothes on and get out.

EXT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter, back in his biker leathers walks out of the house.

PETER

After this, don't think about coming for me for help again.

DEAN

I let you have a go on it, just pay me back that's all.

Peter nods, reluctantly agrees.

Peter climbs onto a pushbike, he rides away down the quiet empty street.

Making the sounds of an overpowered motorbike himself, aggressively vibrating his lips, mimicking the sound of an engine.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Dean appears in the open doorway, he eyes up several sweaty and nervous young TEENAGE BOYS. The front room has been turned into a waiting room. Some of the boys sitting crossed legged on the floor.

They all turn to face him, nervously grinning at him.

DEAN
(suspicious)
You've all got money? You might as well leave now if you haven't.

At this all these waiting teens pull out cash and show it to Dean. Dean smiles.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Well, alright then.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

One of these teenage boys comes out of the main bedroom, pulling his t-shirt back over him. Red in the face and even more sweaty than before.

Dean is here to meet him, waiting. Counting out a good amount of hard cash.

TEENAGE BOY
That was amazing.

Dean peers into the bedroom, sees the sex doll face down and legs apart.

DEAN
Wait until you have a real girl, they'll even talk to you.

TEENAGE BOY
Yeah, not for me thanks.

DEAN
Well thanks for coming, literally I guess. Don't forget to tell your friends.

TEENAGE BOY

This is my first ever brothel. So cool.

DEAN

Well, it's not actually. It's my grandad's house.

TEENAGE BOY

(stunned)

Your granddad lives in a brothel. Awesome. What a lucky guy.

DEAN

He's dead, so not that lucky. He hasn't even been buried yet.

TEENAGE BOY

(disgusted)

And you turned his house into a brothel? That's pretty gross.

Dean frowns.

DEAN

(annoyed)

You just had sex with a rubber doll, and I didn't even bother cleaning it out from the last guy. So lets not get into a competition for which one of us is gross, alright?

The teenage boy looks like he's going to be sick from this information. He sticks out his tongue, tries to wipe it clean with his fingers as he runs off, racing down the staircase.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean holds onto a carrier bag filled with cash. He opens the front door and is greeted by the sight of yet more young teenage boys. All lined up outside, waiting for their turn.

Dean steps out to meet them. Each one pulls out some cash, showing it to him.

Dean looks down into his plastic shopping bag that's already stuffed with money. Then back up to the line of teenage boys.

DEAN

(up to the heavens)

Awesome. Thanks pervert grandad.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Dean heads upstairs, an OLDER CUSTOMER, 38, in dirty overalls and dirty work boots follows on behind him.

OLDER CUSTOMER

I've always wanted to know what one of these things was like up close.

DEAN

Well, here's your chance.

OLDER CUSTOMER

I want to spend a good amount of hours with her. This isn't going to be a quick visit. That's not how I roll.

DEAN

(annoyed)

I've got a lot of horny teenagers downstairs? And they've all got money just like you.

This older customer takes out his wallet, waves a huge sum of money at Dean.

OLDER CUSTOMER

I would like to spend the day with her. Is this enough?

Dean inspects the cash with greedy eyes.

DEAN

That's a lot of sex.

OLDER CUSTOMER

I'm only going to have sex with her the once. I don't even like masturbating.

DEAN

(confused)

So, like what else is there to do with a sex doll?

OLDER CUSTOMER

That's my business.

Dean reaches over and snatches all the cash right out from the customer's wallet.

DEAN

Whatever. Knock yourself out.

Dean shows this older customer to the main bedroom, opens the door and gesturers for him to go inside.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Dean walks passed the open door to the front room, he glances inside. The front room is yet again filled with horny teenage boys.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Dean sits on an overturned wooden box. Stacks of carboard boxes are all around him. The garage filled from floor to ceiling with 'junk.'

Dean flips slowly through a large photo album, old and tattered. There's lots of pictures of his GRANDAD with a young DEAN. The photo album is filled with these pictures. Just his grandad and Dean when he was younger.

There's a knock against the open garage door, a TEENAGE KID with dark sunglasses on just walks right in.

KID
(curious)
Is this the sex house?

Dean looks up from the photo album.

DEAN
(tired)
You got money?

The kid takes out some cash and coins. Holds them out for Dean.

KID
(winks)
Told my Mom I needed the money for a school project. She'd go mad if she knew the real reason. Don't know why, she's a proper whore herself.

DEAN
Your Mom?

KID
Proper whore dude. On her fourth husband already. You should see how many half brothers and sisters I've got. A total whore.

DEAN

Nice.

The kid peers over at the photos. Inspects them.

KID

(curious)

Who's the old man?

DEAN

My Grandad.

KID

And the nerd sat on his lap?

DEAN

(smiling)

That's me.

Dean shows this kid the photo album, flipping through the pages. Showing him it's only pictures of himself and his grandad.

KID

(impressed)

Looks like he really loved you.

DEAN

(sad)

Yeah.

KID

What was he like?

Dean clears his throat.

DEAN

(guilty)

I don't know. Isn't that a shame?
Just stopped coming by the house
the older he got. My granny died
when I was still just a baby. And
he lived here in this big house all
on his own. He must have been
lonely.

(shakes his head)

I wish I had visited more now. I
should have. I could have. I guess
I'm just a selfish prick.

Dean gets up, inspects more of the boxes, one is filled with old toys. He takes some out for a closer look.

KID
What's that shit?

DEAN
(smiling)
I don't believe it. These are all my old toys. Looks like he kept everything. This is the shit my parents just threw out when I got older. But, he kept them all. What a weirdo. He sure does love toys.

KID
Sounds like a nice guy.

DEAN
(guilty)
Yeah.

Kid loudly claps his hands together.

KID
Right, where's this sex doll of his. I fancy a fuck.

Dean suddenly doesn't feel so good about himself.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean walks into the house, closely followed by the young kid. Dean takes off his shoes and moves deeper inside.

The young kid just walks in behind him.

Dean spins around to face him, slaps a hand across the back of the young kid's head.

DEAN
(clicking his fingers)
Hey, take your shoes off. Show some respect. Do you keep your shoes on in your own house?

YOUNG KID
(confused)
Respect? You mean right before I get naked and bust a load on his bed?

Dean holds up a hand, threatening to hit this kid again.

DEAN
Just take your shoes off.

The young kid rolls his eyes but does as Dean orders.
Removing his shoes and leaving them at the door.

Dean jogs up the staircase.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Go wait with the others. I'll call
for you when I'm ready.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Dean gently knocks on the closed door to the main bedroom.
Waits, no answer.

DEAN
Hey, I've given you enough time.
Wrap it up, OK?

Still no answer. Dean presses his ear to the door, he hears
the sound of a dog barking. He frowns, confused.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(muttering)
What the fuck?

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dean rips open the door to the bedroom. First he sees the sex
doll with its head missing, laying discarded on the floor.

The older customer kneels on the bed, naked. The sex dolls
head has been taped to an oversized stuffed dog doll. He's
having sex with it and making barking sounds.

DEAN
(shocked)
What the fuck!

The older customer looks across at him.

OLDER CUSTOMER
(pleading)
I've had a really rough couple of
weeks at work. Please. Let me have
this.

DEAN
(enraged)
Get the fuck out of my Grandad's
house.

The older customer continues to have sex with his strange creation, continues to bark.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I think I'm going to be sick.

Dean bends over, grabs onto his knees and is indeed sick. The older customer now howls like a wolf as he climax's.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

The older customer back in his clothes is chased down the staircase by Dean.

The older customer hugs his creation to his chest.

DEAN
Get out!

OLDER CUSTOMER
I can pay you more if that's the problem?

DEAN
(louder)
Get out!

Dean opens up the front door, rips the sex dolls head free from the stuffed dogs body and throws the older customer out on his ass.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I don't want to see you back here ever again.

The older customer nods, he understands. He then scurries' away, terrified.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dean stomps into the kitchen, a small group of those waiting teenage boys are in here. Rummaging through the fridge, freezer and cupboards looking for something to eat.

Dean angrily slaps what food they're holding onto out of their hands and sends it all down to the floor.

DEAN
Get out!

The teenage boys look amongst each other, confused. Dean doesn't want to tell them again.

Grabbing onto them he kicks each one out, one after another. A quick hard kick to each of their asses as he forces them out the kitchen.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Dean storms into the front room, grabbing, yanking and shaking the teenage boys first up onto their feet then forcing them out the door.

DEAN

Everyone out. This isn't a fucking brothel. This is my grandad's house. Get the fuck out.

A couple of these teenagers refuse to move, Dean now kicks out at them hard.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Up, up, up. Out, out, out. I'm not fucking around.

He shakes the removed dolls head at them.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Out!

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dean sits on the edge of the bed with the sex doll resting beside him. With a roll of duct tape he reattaches it's head.

EXT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

The sex doll with its head reattached has been positioned in a white plastic chair and seems to be watching Dean.

With a large rust covered shovel in his hands, Dean digs out a shallow grave. It's hard back breaking work, he already looks exhausted but he's not going to stop until it's done.

CUT TO:

Dean, covered in dirt and drenched in sweat picks up the sex doll, and gently places it inside the grave.

DEAN

(emotional)

I hope you made my grandad happy. But I think it's best that no one finds out you were ever here.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
Especially now that you've been
filled with so much cum.
(clears his throat)
Yeah, sorry about that. My bad.

Dean now fills the grave up, covering the sex doll with the removed dirt. Quickly finishing, Dean lays down some plastic flowers on top of the fresh grave.

Dean then does the sign of the cross and obviously not sure on what he should do next, he gives the grave site a thumbs up as he then heads back inside the house.

INT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The front room has been tipped upside down. Shoe prints on the carpet, stains on the chairs and sofa. All those horny teenage boys have really made a mess.

Dean enters with that bucket of cleaning products from his Mom. He scans the room, making a silent mental note of what he needs to do.

Dean pulls on a pair of bright yellow rubber gloves and gets to work, cleaning up, and he's happy to do it.

EXT. GRANDAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Dean sits down on the front step, waiting. He looks exhausted.

In front of him on the grass are two piles of neatly stacked cardboard boxes. One pile has 'charity' written on them, the other has 'mine' written on.

Monica turns up in her car, parks up and gets out.

MONICA
(confused)
What's going on?

He stands up, gestures to the boxes.

DEAN
I'm finished.

Monica comes around and reads the boxes.

MONICA
Charity, mine.

DEAN

Ones for charity and the other boxes I'm keeping. See if you can work out which one is which?

MONICA

No need to be sarcastic.

Monica picks up several of the boxes that have 'mine' written on them. She lifts them up with ease.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Help me get these into the car.

DEAN

Let me guess, your back?

MONICA

It's killing me, so just help me.

Dean opens up the trunk and the back doors. Monica throws the heavy boxes in, in a real hurry, has to get it done quickly.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(to Dean)

Are you ready to go home?

He nods.

DEAN

(solemn)

Yeah.

INT. MONICA'S CAR - DAY

The backseats are filled up with the cardboard boxes that Dean wants for himself.

Monica drives with Dean beside her. Monica uses her rear view mirror to glance back at all those different boxes.

MONICA

What's in them?

DEAN

Stuff of grandad's that I want to keep. He had some pretty cool stuff. Stuff you wouldn't like. Trust me on that.

She rolls her eyes.

MONICA

Well I hope whatever it is you've cleaned it. The last thing I need is you bringing a load of dust and crap into the house making me ill. I'm on my last legs as it is.

Dean rolls his eyes right back at her.

DEAN

And I want to speak at his funeral.

MONICA

(shocked)

No, no, no. Absolutely not. No way. I'm not having you making jokes. Disrespecting his memory.

DEAN

(determined)

I'm doing it.

MONICA

No.

DEAN

You can't stop me.

MONICA

I'm telling you no.

DEAN

What are you going to do, gag me? I'll bring my own microphone if I have to. I'm speaking at the funeral, simple as that.

MONICA

The second I see you standing up I'll jump on you, wrestle you to the ground.

DEAN

With your bad back?

MONICA

Listen here you little shit, I haven't even decided if I'm letting you go. How about that. Good luck making a speech when you're still at home.

DEAN

I'm speaking. If I have to walk to the church I will.

MONICA

You're talking utter shit yet again. You want some toilet paper for your mouth because there's shit literally falling out of it?

DEAN

(shouting)

Grandad deserves for someone he loved and who loved him to speak about his life. Someone should say something.

MONICA

Seriously?

DEAN

Yes.

MONICA

And you think that person is you?

DEAN

(determined)

Yes. People should remember him for the good he did. Remember him for the right reasons. And I want to give those reasons, in a speech, that I'm going to make.

MONICA

Jesus, alright.

DEAN

He loved me Mom.

MONICA

I know. You don't have to tell me.

DEAN

I want to do this.

He turns to face her, close to tears.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(emotional)

I need to do this. I have to.

Monica nods and smiles, impressed.

MONICA

Alright, alright. Good boy.

(a pause)

Just don't mention that awful sex doll.

(shakes her head)

Weirdest birthday present he ever asked me to get him.

He looks to his Mom, stunned. After a beat, both of them burst out laughing together.

DEAN

Wow.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END