

INTERIOR OF A FUNERAL PARLOR. AT NIGHT.

Mrs Fung enters, carrying a picnic basket. Behind her are Franklin and Gwen.

MRS. FUNG:
Franklin! Did you bring the CD player?

FRANKLIN:
Yes, Ma.

MRS. FUNG:
And the music?!? You didn't forget the music??

FRANKLIN:
It's right here, in my pocket.

Takes it out and reads.
Music for an Autumn Moon. Festival songs for you and your family.

Looks around.
Although I doubt they meant it for a funeral when they made it.

MRS. FUNG:
Never mind that. Just get it started, okay? Gwen dear, put down those lanterns and help me with this blanket.

GWEN:
All right.

Takes one end of the blanket and starts unfolding.
Where do you want it?

MRS. FUNG:
On the coffin.

GWEN:
(Aghast)
On the --

MRS. FUNG:
Well, don't just stand there with your mouth open like that! You trying to catch a fly?

GWEN:
But Ma, that's so gauche!

MRS. FUNG:
No. Disobeying your mother when she makes a request, now that's gauche. Well...?? I'm waiting!

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Gwen hesitantly spreads the blanket over the coffin. Meanwhile Franklin hooks up the player and inserts the CD. Sounds of traditional Chinese music float through the air.

Good. And now the **food**.

Hands her the **basket** to unpack and arrange on top of the blanket and coffin. Scrutinizing the parlour for what must be the twentieth time, suddenly Mrs. Fung spots Franklin furtively reading a **brochure**.

Franklin!!

He whirls around.

FRANKLIN:

Ma?!?

MRS. FUNG:

What are you looking at?

FRANKLIN:

Nothing.

MRS. FUNG:

Let me see it.

Reluctantly he hands her the brochure. She glances at it, then rips it up and throws it in the **garbage**.

You are too young.

FRANKLIN:

I'm eighteen! Lots of people join at my age --

MRS. FUNG:

Then let them go. You I want here with me.

FRANKLIN:

But Ma --

MRS. FUNG:

No, Franklin.

FRANKLIN:

But--

MRS. FUNG:

I said no. And that's final.

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FRANKLIN:

But the Peace Corps, Ma! It's not like I'm going to war, or anything.

(Falters)

I... i just want to see the world.

MRS. FUNG:

So subscribe to National Geographic.

FRANKLIN:

(Shocked)

Don't you want me to help people? To make the world a better place?

MRS. FUNG:

Of course! And you can start by helping your mother.

(Stonily)

Franklin, the lanterns. Now.



He grabs them angrily and starts setting them up around the parlor. Mrs. Fung Xs to Gwen, who is still arranging the food. Takes out a candle and starts to light it.

Gwen dear, how many times do I have to tell you?? You put the preserved pineapple in this tray, next to the dried coconut. The watermelon seeds you put in the bowl.

GWEN:

Ma, nobody eats roasted watermelon seeds here.

MRS. FUNG:

Your father does. Those are his favorite.

FRANKLIN:

But that was okay in China.

MRS. FUNG:

Don't people eat pumpkin seeds here?

FRANKLIN:

Yes, but --

MRS. FUNG:

Then what's the difference as long as there's meat inside?

GWEN:

The difference is, it's just not done here.

FRANKLIN:

They make fun of us because they think we're different --

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