

TOAST SCENES

by  
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NOTE: Our goal is to get you a good piece for your reel.  
Therefore, do NOT worry about being word perfect. You may also  
delete or change any profanity if that is an issue for you.

## **AFTER THE FUNERAL MONOLOGUES**

### **THE CHARACTERS:**

**DAVEY** - Smart-ass grandson of the deceased. (Late teens/20's)

**JERRY** - Blue-collar crass worker who crashes the party. (30-60)

**AUNT MYRTLE** - The alcoholic, eccentric sister of the deceased. (60-80)

**LEANNA** - Rebellious, edgy granddaughter of the deceased. (Late teens/20's)

**ROXY** - The black sheep, overtly sexual granddaughter of the deceased. (20's - 30's)

**LIZZIE** - The sweet innocent, pure granddaughter of the deceased. (Teen)

**LOU** - The racist yet oddly sweet older sister of the deceased. (60-80)

**MARIE** - Daughter of the deceased. Hates her mother, embarrassed by her daughter Roxy. (40's, 50's)

**SHARYN** - The half-black "hidden" granddaughter of the deceased. Smart and hurt. (20's - 30's)

**HARRY** - The older, together lawyer son of the deceased. Executor of the estate. (35-55)

**KLAUDIOS** - A foreigner the deceased was having an affair with. Met on the internet. (30-50)

**TAYLOR** - The beautiful stuck-up granddaughter of the deceased. (Teen)

**ANGELA** - The African-American daughter of the deceased housekeeper. She's pissed and is about to get even. (Late 20's-45)

**KASSANDRA** - The "homely" granddaughter of the deceased who is also a compulsive liar. (Late teens/20's)

**WILLIAM** - The screw-up, drunk son of the deceased. (35-55)

**CYNTHIA** - The oncologist of the deceased. Hispanic. (30-45)

**NEELY** - The half-black granddaughter of the deceased. Sharyn's baby sister, who has a mouth! (Late teens - 30)

**ROZENE** - The much married daughter of the deceased. Didn't get along with her mother.

**JULIE** - Daughter of the deceased hair dresser. Sweet, innocent, insecure. (Teen)

**JAMES** - African-American. Profession. Articulate. Sharyn and Neely's dad. Son-in-law of the deceased. (50-70)

**NOTE: The ages are suggestions. Some of the characters could be played younger or older. Or perhaps even sexes can be flipped.**

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAVEY, the smart-ass grandson, lifts his glass to the crowd.

DAVEY

Man, dude, people! Talk about a downer. Funerals are real downers huh? All that crying and boo-hooing and tears and shit -- and snot! I mean, ewww! But you know, since grandmother... Nana, was such a tight-ass, I think it's up to me to lighten up this downer of a day. So, how about a joke? Like, okay, I've got one. Let's see -- a woman got struck by lightning and fried up her insides and shit. BUT she had this big ol' smile on her face in the casket. And someone said, why did she die smiling? And some asshole said, "Guess she thought she was getting her picture taken."

(laughs, then stops; off  
silence)

Tough crowd.

(lifts glass)

Cheers.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JERRY clinks his glass and addresses the audience. He is wearing a wrinkled shirt and a too-short tie, dirty pants and has obviously had too many drinks.

JERRY

Okay, shut up, everybody because I have something I gotta say here and it's important so listen the hell up!

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to a woman nearby)

What the hell are you lookin' at?  
You look like you just found a turd  
in the punch bowl.

(laughs)

You people need to get a sense of  
humor. All look like you have  
sticks up your asses. I came here  
today because the corpse... I mean,  
the deceased... owes me money. I  
dug that damn fish pond in the back  
yard and then the damn bitch  
wouldn't pay me. Died owing me  
five hundred dollars... said I dug  
it in the wrong shape! I don't give  
a shit if she did have cancer, I  
WANT MY MONEY, GODDAMNIT!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

AUNT MYRTLE, who has been drinking, decides to make a toast.

AUNT MYRTLE

(a little drunk)

I'd like to make a toast to my dead  
sister who is very, very dead.  
Dead as a black toe nail. Dead as  
the dead sea where all those  
Israelites crossed.

(thinks)

Or was that the dead sea? No, that  
was the red sea. Maybe the Sea of  
Galilee, who the hell knows.

(then)

Dead as a squashed armadillo out on  
highway 16. Armadillos are not  
bright animals, I hope you realize  
that. So, here's to Victoria LeRoy  
Rollins. My dead, dead sister. I  
hated that goddamn bitch!

(big smile)

Cheers!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LEEANNA clinks her glass and looks around the room.

LEEANNA

Hey, relatives and all you other  
people that I don't know.

(MORE)

LEEANNA (CONT'D)

My name is Leeanna Rollins, my Dad is Harry Rollins and he said I had to say something nice about my dead grandmother --

(very pretentious voice)

Victoria LeRoy Rollins.

(pause)

I'm thinking, I'm thinking. You all know it's hard to say anything nice about that old bag. She was freakin' mean! Oh, okay, I thought of something. She always had really great painted toenails. And by the way, funerals suck! So boring! I mean, when I die, please have, like, you know a good band or something. DO NOT hire Justin Bieber, what douche. Ughhh! I'm thinking Fall Out Boy. So dad, when I off myself, which is what I'm about to do if we can't leave this miserable, what the hell is this, anyway? A funeral party. Just hire Fall Out Boy. And I'd appreciate it if most of you did NOT come because I really can't stand any of you -- except drunk Aunt Myrtle. She's cool.

(toasts)

Cheers.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROXANNE (ROXY) walks in, wearing a sequined mini. Everybody stares, then she looks around and speaks.

ROXY

I guess my invitation was lost in the mail. Well, guess what -- the wayward granddaughter, the Prodigal's daughter, the slut, the tramp, the "two-bit whore"...

(to an Aunt)

Isn't that what you called me Aunt Rozene?

(back to everybody)

Well, let me tell you something -- Nana isn't the only one who is dead -- not by a long shot -- the rest of you are the LIVING DEAD! But not me! I live, baby. I live. And the rest of you... Aunt Rozene... Aunt Myrtle... Mama!

(MORE)

ROXY (CONT'D)

All of you LeRoy and Rollins women  
with your pinched-up faces that  
look like you're trying to pass a  
peach pit through your tight  
Republican asses, well you can kiss  
mine as all your husbands watch it  
while I walk out that door.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LIZZIE, is talking to her mother, MAXINE.

MAXINE

I need you to calm down, young  
lady!

LIZZIE

(crying, hysterical)

Don't tell me to calm down, Mother!  
I told you I didn't want to see a  
dead corpse and you made me look  
at a very dead Nana and now I'm  
going to have nightmares for the  
rest of my life! Thank you,  
Mother! Thank you so so much!

(softer)

I just wanted to remember her not  
in a coffin, reading to me...  
teaching me to bake cupcakes, to  
love Jesus... not dead in a coffin!  
But you never listen to me! EVER!

She storms off!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOU stands in front of her sister's family and speaks.

LOU

Yesterday I was at the grocery  
store, by myself, and I couldn't  
find... well, I couldn't find the  
section where the laxatives were.  
And I was embarrassed to ask  
because... I don't know why, old  
people get bunched up... but I  
finally gave up and grabbed some  
prunes and there was this young  
lady there, she worked there, and I  
whispered, "Honey, could you just  
tell me where the laxatives are."  
Quietly. I said it quietly because  
I was embarrassed.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

And that girl rolled her eyes, because obviously, her job was something she did not like, and she yelled at this fella way down the aisle, "Hey, Jacob, take this old lady to the laxatives!" And they both busted out laughing. This is what I've become. An old woman who gets laughed at because I'm constipated.

(then)

I'm not sure why I'm telling you this. I should be making a toast to my dear, sweet sister.

(toasts)

I miss you, sis. Sleep soundly.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARIE, an upscale woman, who is sweet, but HATES her deceased sister, clinks her glass to make a toast.

MARIE

Hello, yes, thank you. I would like to say a little something. I was watching Johnny Carson many years ago -- oh, I miss Johnny so much -- and he had on Bette Davis. She was old and just looked awful but she still had that wicked mind and that sharp tongue and could scare the dickens out of just about anybody. Well, Johnny asked Miz Davis about Joan Crawford -- Joan Crawford had died recently -- and Bette stared at him for the longest time, then said --

(in her best Bette Davis imitation)

"I was taught only to speak good of the dead. Joan Crawford is dead. Good."

(looks around)

My sister-in-law Victoria and I never got along, but I was raised to be a lady.

(toasts)

Good!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SHARYN, a beautiful mixed-raced woman looks nervously around the room, then gathers her courage and speaks.

SHARYN

Hello everybody, I'd... well, um, I'd like to say something.

(pause, verge of emotion)

Victoria LeRoy Rollins was... she was my grandmother.

Gasps all around.

SHARYN (CONT'D)

Yeah, some of you knew, that my Mama... Judith... according to my grandmother, "married one of them" and we were never invited to this house, never... not even today.

(chokes up)

I'm sorry... But... okay, I'm not begging, but... well, your blood runs through this half-black woman's veins... and I'd like to be a part... I mean, my Mama was not welcome at her own Mama's funeral because... because of love, and that is not right... My sweet daddy and my baby sister, Neely are waiting in the car. Mama wouldn't come... but, I'm a dreamer and my dream was... now that Victoria... now that she's gone, that there is hope for... us... to be a complete family? That a wrong could start on a path to be... right?

No response, everybody just stares at Sharyn.

SHARYN (CONT'D)

Alright then, I guess the racist apple doesn't fall too far from racist tree.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILLIAM is drunk and he clinks his glass, lifting a toast.

WILLIAM

I want to make a damn toast, goddamnit! To all of you asshole shit-ass assholes! I hate all of your fuckin guts! Harry, my brother! FUCK YOU! To my aunt Mrytle over there. You're the only one I like because you are BAT SHIT CRAZY.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 (sweetly to picture of  
 mother)  
 And to my dearly departed mother --  
 (stamps like a child)  
 I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!  
 AND I'M GLAD YOU ARE DEAD AND DO  
 NOT, I REPEAT, DO NOT REST IN  
 PEACE!  
 (then calmly)  
 Okay, that's all.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

KLAUDIOS tapes his glass and the funeral guests turn to him.

KLAUDIOS  
 Hello, good looking people here.  
 Oh, look at your silly confused  
 faces.  
 (laughs)  
 I am Klaudios and I was very, very  
 close to the dead woman Victoria.  
 We met on the internet and we were -  
 -  
 (starts to cry)  
 -- we were making fuck so much.  
 Yes, it is true, I must confess and  
 admit this to the family. I made  
 her happy because I am very good  
 with my making fuck abilities and  
 she was a wild woman in the bedroom  
 and made me so so happy with her  
 making fuck abilities. So thank  
 you very much for letting me tell  
 you how much... I cared and wish  
 that we could just make fuck one  
 more time.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGELA, tentative, clicks her glass.

ANGELA  
 Many of you don't recognize me,  
 because you only knew me when I was  
 a girl hiding behind my Mama's  
 dress. I spent many hours in this  
 house, helping my Mama clean it.  
 Yes, I'm Delores's daughter.  
 (looks at Aunt Myrtle)  
 My name is Angela, Aunt Myrtle, or  
 Angie...  
 (MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

not "that cute little pickaninny"! And I came back here today to call you out on your ignorance and your stupidity and your ridiculous air of white entitlement. And, I came to thank you. Because you showed me what my Mama told me, "You can be as successful as any of these white people, baby girl."

(refers to picture of corpse)

So thank you Victoria Leroy Rollins who underpaid my Mama... not even minimum wage.. every day of her life... and thanks to you...

(points)

... and you, and you and you -- I saw what I wanted and I became a lawyer who will now be suing this estate on behalf of my Mama for back wages plus interest and damages!

(toasts)

Cheers!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

TAYLOR, the spoiled granddaughter, clinks her glass to get everybody's attention.

TAYLOR

Okay, well, hey... Umm, my mother told me that I shouldn't say anything because kids should be seen and not heard. Stupid rule if you ask me. Wow, and I've heard so much today... and, well, I just wanted to say that... a bunch of you are really weird and mean and yeah, kinda ugly. And sure, well, I'm mean too, but wow, I kinda look nice compared to like, all of you! And okay, maybe some of you didn't like Nana, and yeah, she loved me the most because I'm the prettiest, but that's not my fault. Can't help it, okay? But...

(emotional)

I'm gonna miss my Nana so much. That's all.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JULIE, cute and sweet, is crying, talking to her mother.

JULIE

(upset, some tears)

Taylor... She said... she's just mean... I hate her! And she said that I wasn't popular enough... and too poor to be... cheerleader! I mean, she didn't say I was too poor, but that's what she meant! Do you know how much I want this? How much I... I need this, Mom. And I'm really good, but... Why do you keep telling me I can be anything I want in life? I can't even be a cheerleader. I mean, did you really want to just do other people's hair your whole life? Is that what you wanted?

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rozene, 40's, 50's, hard to tell, VERY put together clicks her glass and lifts it.

ROZENE

(already in tears)

My mother and I were not speaking when she died. We had had the silliest argument about how I had decorated my living room. You know that Mother was, well, a little more than opinionated. And controlling. Well, I paid a small fortune to Miguel Aleman -- I know you've heard of him -- to decorate my new high-rise apartment and he had chosen this obscure artist that I simply adored. Lots of male nudes. I thought it would be fun to have seven of them placed around my living room and Miguel, a homosexual, of course, simply loved all of those --

(whispers)

Penises. So, okay, yes, it was a silly thing to do. I felt they represented all my worthless ex-husbands who left me very wealthy! So mother came over, took one look at them and said they were classless. Called them trash!

(MORE)

ROZENE (CONT'D)

I'm not even going to say how much I paid for those paintings, not to mention Miguel's fee. So we fought. Hard. Ugly.

(sad)

Like we did our entire lives.

(starts crying)

And we died not speaking to each other. Oh, the regrets I have in my life -- and now there's one more.

(toasts)

Life is precious. And I'm so so sorry, Mother.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

KASSANDRA clinks her glass, looks around the room.

KASSANDRA

I was Victoria LeRoy Rollins' least favorite granddaughter. She was ashamed of me. Why? Because I was "homely". That's what she called me. Not to my face. But I heard her talking to you, Aunt Lou, once on the phone, and she said, "What are we going to do about Cassandra? She's so... homely. I'm embarrassed to take her out in public and she's too young for plastic surgery."

(pause)

Yeah, wow. So, that's my memory of Nana. The perfect grandmother who was ashamed of her imperfect granddaughter. So, no, I am NOT here to mourn her death.

(toasts)

I'm here to celebrate it!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAMES, a bit nervous looks around the room, then speaks.

JAMES

I just came... well, I was sitting in my car because my girl... your niece, your cousin... my daughter wanted to come here today. I told her, "Baby girl, you won't win them over. Times are changing but not with the LeRoys or the Rollins.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

If they had their way, we'd still be in the back of the bus." I don't know how my sweet wife Judy... Judith... shares your blood, but she does and I suppose, well, I suppose that Judith embraced and lived that great quote of Gandhi. "Be the change you want to see in the world." Judy and I raised our daughters that way. My girls read that quote every day of their lives because Judith taped it to our refrigerator. She was also always quotin' Miss Eleanor Roosevelt to the girls, "Nobody can make you feel inferior without your consent." Well, today you tried... and probably succeeded... by making my girl... my beautiful, sweet, daughter Sharyn feel "less than". But then she looked around this room and remembered another quote that I taught her, "Consider the source." There's a part of me that feels sorry for all of you because you will never know my family -- your family --  
 (chokes up)  
 And you no longer know my beautiful, intelligent, sweet wife, that you just tossed out like yesterday's garbage. God help you all.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CYNTHIA clinks her glass to make a toast.

CYNTHIA

Hola familia de Victoria LeRoy Rollins.  
 (smiles)  
 I'm seeing some strange looks around... I guess some of you think I'm the maid, but some of you know I was Mrs. Rollins oncologist.  
 (looks over to Aunt Myrtle)  
 So please don't ask me to refill your glass again.  
 (slight emotion)  
 I wish I could have saved her, but, pancreatic cancer... well, you know, it's ruthless.  
 (MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(pause)

Mrs. Rollins... Victoria... and I got very close during the eight months I treated her and at the end... and maybe it was drugs, she asked me to give her family a message. In Spanish.

(reads)

Mi family. Eres idiotas. Todos. Ningun excepcion.

(then)

She told me it was up to me to translate or not. And after meeting most of you today, I really don't feel I have a choice.

(looks around)

My family. You're idiots. All of you. Not one exception.

(toasts)

Cheers!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

HARRY, a lawyer, the favorite son, who has an edge, lifts his glass and toasts to the room of guests.

HARRY

To my mother, Victoria LeRoy Rollins, who I think everybody would consider, well, a complicated, loving, self-centered, controlling bitch. Did I say loving?

(off laughter, emotional)

And I loved her. Dearly. But I'd appreciate it if everybody would stop asking me, "Am I in the will?" This is not the time or the --

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Hey, am I in the will?

HARRY

(snaps)

Shut up! Just shut the fuck up, William! And NO, you are not in the will! I mean, just what the hell did you expect?!!!

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

NEELY, Sharyn's sister, James's youngest daughter clinks her glass.

NEELY  
Hey white kinfolks of mine!

Everybody looks up and AD-LIBS.

NEELY (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
Shit, I bet there hasn't been this many black folks in this house since Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves!  
(stares around)  
So, y'all are my blood, huh?  
(shakes her head)  
What a bunch of pathetic, unhappy bitches and assholes.

Gasps all around.

NEELY (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, that's what I said. See, my sister has the class. My Dad has class, but I take after my Mama's side of the family. You all! I can be a bitch too just like all of you Rollins in this room.  
(raises her glass)  
So here's to all my white uptight, ridiculous relatives. May you rot in hell! Oh yeah, that's what I said!  
(to James)  
Sorry, Daddy.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DANIELLE, a former Miss Texas, taps her glass.

DANIELLE  
Hello, I'm Danielle Jacobson, used to be Williams, and many of you know me as Miss Texas (fill in year). Oh, I love the pageantry system -- it's misunderstood by so many. But, it was not misunderstood by Victoria Rollins. A former Miss Texas herself, she mentored me and tried to take me all the way. Tried. But, an unfortunate incident caused me to loose the crown. It's funny now, it was not funny back then.  
(laughs)  
(MORE)

## DANIELLE (CONT'D)

See, Miss Tennessee my year was Jovina Armstrong. Yes, that was her name and that is NOT a good name. That poor ol' gal wore a low-cut homemade gown that her mama made -- that was when that was acceptable -- and during the talent portion she played piano and sang that gospel song "He". Well, she got all worked up and right as she got to "Though it makes him sad to see the way we live" she started pounding those keys harder and her right breast fell out! I kid you not! And without missing a note, Jovina flipped that boobie back in that homemade gown and brought it on home, with "He'll always say, I forgive." And she won! I do believe that the mixture of religion and sexuality was just too much for those good ol' Southern boy judges to dismiss. I came in second runner-up.

(toasts)

Ah, memories! Thank you Victoria!

**DIVORCE PARTY MONOLOGUES****DIVORCE PARTY CHARACTERS:**

**MAGGIE.** Successful author. Strong. Attractive. Recently divorce. (35-55)

**LUKE.** The hot, cocky pool boy. (18-28)

**DANIEL.** A gay hairdresser on coke. (35-55)

**JAMIE.** Maggie's oldest daughter. Troubled. Angry. (Teen)

**JENNY.** Maggie's youngest daughter. Perky, sweet. (Teen)

**SHEENA.** A hot stripper. Rough, uneducated. Any ethnicity. (20-35)

**HILDA (OR HAL).** Maggie's NY literary agent. Could be Jewish. Could be male or female. (40-70).

**ASHLEY.** Scattered, frazzled. A hot mess. Fast talker. Has a confession to make. (20's -30's).

**OLIVIA.** Maggie's neice. A little nervous. Cute, but angry at alcoholic mom. (Teen/20s)

**MISTY.** Stripper/accountant. HOT. The other woman. (20's - 40's)

**JACKIE.** Maggie's former intern. Preacher's kid, rebellious. 20's.

**LORNA.** Another scorned woman. Loves to give stupid advice. Not loving men these days. (Late 20's - 40's)

**CYNTHIA.** Man hater. On a constant diet. Bitter. One affair after another. (Late 20's - 40's)

**REENA** - Maggie's sister. Olivia's mom. Alcoholic, just off the wagon. Also recently single and not happy with eHarmony! (35 - 55).

**NOTE:** The ages are suggestions. Some of the characters could be played younger or older. Or perhaps even sexes can be flipped.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

MAGGIE, the divorcee, stands and taps her glass.

MAGGIE

Thank you all for coming tonight!  
My dear sweet literary agent, Hilda  
Rosenblatt -- okay, let's just tell  
the truth, Hilda's a bitch on  
wheels and I love you!

HILDA (O.S.)

It's mutual!

MAGGIE

Well, Hilda gave me this card.  
(reads)

"There are two sides to every  
divorce."

(opens card)

"Your's and the shithead's."

(off laughter)

Oh my god, Walter was such an ass!  
And I gave him my best, I did.  
Yeah, I got down on my knees and  
worshipped that man -- and I did  
things for him that I just do not  
do! Like --

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (takes a gulp of wine,  
 swallows)  
 Hope that went over the kids'  
 heads. But he left me anyway for a  
 stripper that he tried to pass off  
 as an accountant! Not the sharpest  
 tool in the shed.  
 (toasts, mood change)  
 So here's to friends -- and family --  
 - who get you through the darkness.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

LUKE, the cocky and smart-ass pool boy who has crashed the party, taps his glass.

LUKE  
 Okay, everybody's starin' at me  
 like I'm like a booger dangling  
 from somebody's nose.  
 (off their looks)  
 Okay, not the best analogy for a  
 dinner party. Mrs. Rogers, you may  
 remember me as the pool boy. I'm  
 sorry, but I overheard you on the  
 phone and kinda crashed your party  
 because I think you are hot as  
 shit! And you know us pool boys,  
 well, the stereotype is right on  
 and I'm just saying, well, okay,  
 maybe I'm like young enough to be  
 your son or grandson - hard to tell  
 because you're rich and probably  
 lots of work done, but like, okay,  
 well, anyway, I'm available for  
 sex, like well, every time I  
 service your pool, I could service  
 you. And any other time you need  
 some servicing.  
 (big grin, then off dinner  
 guests looks)  
 What?! Too soon?

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

DANIEL, Maggie's best friend and hairdresser, stands to make a toast.

DANIEL  
 Okay, okay, time for the token  
 homosexual to make a toast.  
 (MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

First of all, Maggie, my dear, you are so lucky I'm here. My tribe does not come to divorce parties full of straight people -- because we can't get laid at these functions! It's all about getting laid, sister!

(off laughter)

But we're witty. We make you laugh and that is a gift unto itself.

(sincere)

My dear, Walter was an asshole. You are fabulous, you are fierce and you have great hair! And, my gift to you is I'm going to set you up! Uh-huh, that's right. There are five clients of mine that are straight -- well, three for sure, the jury's still out on the other two -- BUT I cannot wait to get you laid! Yes, we gays do great hair and we get our friends laid!

(toasts)

And baby, there is nothing better than new... um, rhymes with brick.

(smiles)

Thinking of the kids.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

JAMIE, the divorcee's oldest daughter, rises. She's been sneaking wine all night long, which causes mixed emotions.

JAMIE

(too loud)

Hello, hello! I'd like to make a toast to my parents' stupid divorce!

(pause, looks around)

Okay, mom said I could have a glass of wine tonight and I've had three, so, sorry, but...

(starts laughing)

... I think I'm drunk!

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Jamie --

JAMIE

Shh, shh, shh, Mom. I need to say this and it's good I'm drunk because nobody is saying it, okay? You were really mean to Dad! Everybody is acting like it was his fault for leaving you for Misty, that stripper who he said was an accountant, but he met her over at The Lodge because you drove him out of the house with all your constant nagging. Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah! I'd leave you too if I could!

(now upset, maybe tears)

And I'm going to miss my Daddy and...

(then yelling)

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

She sinks to her chair and toasts.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's all. Cheers.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

JENNY, the divorcee's daughter, stands and gives a toast.

JENNY

(way to happy)

Hey everybody, I have a toast too!

(toasts)

To my parents divorce! Isn't it cool? Wow, everybody said, "Oh you're going to need therapy. You're going to be so sad. Divorce is so hard on teens." No way! It's the best! First my stupid dad is so guilt-ridden because he cheated on my Mom with a stripper, who he claimed was an accountant! Like, really? That slut thought she could pull that off! She couldn't even add up the dollar bills guys stuff in her G-string. And Mom just shops when she gets stressed, so all we do is shop and I got so much new crap! Thanks Mom!

(toasts)

To strippers, shopping and your parents divorce!

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

SHEENA, a stripper, waltzes in and disrupts the dinner party.

SHEENA

Hey! I have something to say about all this shit, so listen up.

GUEST (O.S.)

Who is that?

SHEENA

(with attitude)

I'm Sheena. Sheena Dubois! I work with Misty Waters, who happens to be my best friend and my other BFF, Randi, works with us too and she texted me cause she's catering this little soiree and told me y'all been talkin' trash about my friend. So yeah, Misty's been smushing with your husband and yeah, she is a stripper, but she also happens to be an accountant. Did my taxes last year and I got a refund. Just 'cause somebody has big breasts does NOT mean they are stupid! Misty is good with numbers and lady, if you had been keeping your man happy at home, he would have not had to go looking for fun and games elsewhere. I'm just sayin'! So, back up and regroup and take some own damn responsibility for your life, lady.

(picks up some food)

Now I'm gonna take some of this food because my friend Randi catered it and I want to support.

(takes a bite)

Ooh baby, Randi you outdid yourself! Bye y'all.

And she struts off!

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

HILDA (or HAL) ROSENBLATT, the divorcee's book agent, taps her glass.

HILDA (OR HAL)

I'd like to make a toast to my client, the amazing writer Maggie Roma. I love ya, Maggie. I love you so much that I flew nine fuckin' hours from New York City to get here! Why the hell did you follow a man to Houston fuckin' Texas will remain a mystery to me.

(suddenly yells)

Excuse me! Waiter! I'm empty here!

(drops the anger, back to the toast)

I told you not to move to this God forsaken city! If God had to give the world an enema, it'd be in Houston! So, listen to me and listen to me good, Maggie, we are going to turn this tragedy into gold! Write, my friend! Write!

She toasts!

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

ASHLEY, a pretty young thing, stands up, hysterical. She never pauses, just spews!

ASHLEY

Okay, I can't keep this up anymore. I did something really awful and I need to confess and be forgiven if you can forgive me, Maggie, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I think this will help you because you are in pain and hurting and Walter did you so awful by cheating on you with the stripper who he tried to pass off as an accountant, I mean, really, what accountant has breasts that big, but I need to get this off my chest, oh damn, not the right words, too ironic, you know, the stripper with the breasts and getting this off your chest, but okay, I did something with Walter at your Christmas party and I'm sorry, but he came on to me and I kissed him, then I screwed him in your closet.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I was wrong, but, it just shows you  
this divorce is the right thing.

(pause, sighs)

Whew! So glad I got that off my...  
I mean, I feel better!

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

OLIVIA, the divorcee's niece, stands and taps her glass.

OLIVIA

I didn't know I was supposed to  
give a toast, so I've been on my  
iPhone, you know, like googling  
"divorce", so, okay, anyway, here's  
my toast. Since Aunt Maggie has  
been so upset, I thought some  
divorce jokes would be funny,  
right? You know, lighten this  
kinda weird, sad dinner up.

(reads from her iPhone)

"Love is like a bird. When you  
least expect it, it craps in your  
face."

(pause, off the silent  
response)

Um, I had that happen once. At the  
beach.

(then)

Okay, how about this?

(reads from iPhone)

Love thy neighbor but make sure her  
husband's away first."

(pause, off the silence,  
realizes)

Oh, right, Uncle Walter left you  
for that stripper. My bad.

(toasts)

Um, well, cheers.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

MISTY, the other woman, a stripper slash accountant walks up,  
picks up a wine glass and taps it. Gasps all around.

MISTY

Yeah, nobody thought I'd show up,  
did you? Okay, stand there, judge  
me, call me a home-wrecker...  
trash... cheap... slut, whore...  
call me whatever you damn well  
please, but --

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(stares at Maggie)

Let me tell you something, sister. If you had been keeping Walter happy, he would have needed me to scratch his itch. And I'm good at scratching itches. Very very good. But hey, I'm also a very good accountant. Everybody needs a back up plan okay? And I know that all this is not going to last forever! So -- hey, that's all. Words of wisdom from a stripper. Get a back up plan.

(then very serious)

And women, give your man what he wants -- otherwise, he'll looking for me.

(toasts)

Cheers.

And she struts off.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

JACKIE, cute and young, a bit of a rebel, raises her glass.

JACKIE

Okay, well, hi, a little toast on the wicked side because you know I'm a P.K. Preacher's kid and I was raised with all these bullshit scriptures. Hey, wouldn't it be funny if we really obeyed the scriptures like all those assholes on facebook say they do. Oh yeah, right, "I believe ALL of the Bible." So, really? Cause if that was true, okay, well, we'd be stoning a lot of people here, like all the strippers and the adulterers and that's like, what, most everybody here -- including me. And then there's the gay guy over there. Stone him!

(stares at Hilda (or Hal))

And you have to be a Jew, right, and I don't think we're supposed to stone you but you sure as hell are going to hell. You know, if you believe ALL of the Bible.

(pause)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You know, I don't know where I'm going with this. So... happy divorce, Maggie.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

LORNA clinks her glass, makes a toast.

LORNA

So, I was thinking of what the hell I could say that hasn't already been said, so I just decided to pass on the best excuse for getting out of anything. Best excuse ever! I mean, because, Maggie, let's face it, you're going to go on a lot of blind dates and with a buncha losers, yeah, like Reena said from eHarmony or Match.com and sometimes you want to just bolt and go home before you even order! So, are you ready? Explosive diarrhea! That's right, just look up in pain and say, "Oh my God, I just got explosive diarrhea!" Then run! I'm telling you, nobody questions that shit... no pun intended... because, I mean, who the hell would admit that in the first place unless it's true and nobody wants you around if you've got it! Okay, I'll demonstrate.

(sudden pain look)

On no! I have to go! I'm sorry!  
I have explosive diarrhea!

And she rushes off as everybody LAUGHS.

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

CYNTHIA, bitter, cynical and hungry makes a toast.

CYNTHIA

Oh my God, I hate men. Hate them, hate them, hate them. I mean, you stay hungry ALL the time, you get a Brazilian wax -- which hurts like hell, goddamn Brazilians - and there's the upkeep. Ooh, don't get me started on Brazilian wax jobs.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Then they fuckin' leave you for some piece of trash or their younger secretary or oh, their daughter's friend! Oh yeah, I'm bitter. So, here's my advice, Maggie. Don't EVER get married again. Just have affairs. Lots of them. Yeah, that's right, become a dickless man! Love them... no don't even love them... just screw them then leave them and move on to the next one. God, I hate men! It's be so much easier to be a lesbian, right, but hey, I tried that once and not for me! Cheers, Maggie. And truth. It does NOT get better!

INT. DINING ROOM - UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

REENA, sister of the divorcee, taps her glass and rises.

REENA

I'd like to make a toast, sis, now that you are now rid of that arrogant ass, and I hate to be a downer, but getting back in the saddle of the dating game... well, IT IS NOT PRETTY. I read this article about a woman who sat on her toilet for two years because she had agoraphobia. Ultimately, her hinny fused to the toilet seat and they had to take her to the ER with the toilet seat attached to her backside! Talk about humiliating! But you know what the kicker was? She a boyfriend! A boyfriend who would bring her food so she could stay holed up in her bathroom with a toilet seat stuck to her ass! And thanks to your brilliant suggestions, I have now had five dates on eHarmony and I'm obviously so pathetic, the only men interested in me have more hair in their ears than on their head - and order Rose wine! Who the hell orders Rose wine anymore? Cheap dates you find on eHarmony, that's who! Yet, Commode Lady has a boyfriend. Go figure.

(sweetly)

(MORE)

REENA (CONT'D)

Don't join eHarmony, Maggie.  
That's my gift to you today!