

FAMOUS LAST WORDS  
by  
John C. Ardussi

Contact: John C. Ardussi  
5537 Cambridge Club #211  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103  
734-741-8402  
john@apprenticefilms.com

FADE IN:

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM

There are two reclining chairs, a coffee table and a large bag. GRANDMA, a woman in her seventies, is sitting in one chair. She is holding a clipboard and pen, going over the list on the clipboard.

GRANDSON, a young man, enters and sits in the other chair.

GRANDSON

Hey Grandma. How's it hangin'?

GRANDMA

I have no idea.

Grandma reads from the clipboard.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

The leading cause of death is birth.

Grandma goes limp as if dead.

GRANDSON

Why do you do that?

Grandma comes back to life.

GRANDMA

Do what?

Grandma reads again from the clipboard.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Cremation is your last chance to get fired up.

Grandma goes limp again.

GRANDSON

That. You say something grandiose, then act like you died.

Grandma awakes.

GRANDMA

I'm practicing. No, scratch that. I'm in training for the most important event left in my life - death.

(pause)

Not bad.

Grandma starts writing.

GRANDSON

Even if you do death well, it's not like you get to hear the applause.

GRANDMA

That's good. Mind if I use it?

Grandma continues writing.

GRANDSON

Use it for what?

GRANDMA

It's my list of things to say just before I die. You know, famous last words. I created a list and I'm trying them out to find the best one. Since I'm one of the few people to go into training for death, I will definitely be remembered for a long time.

GRANDSON

Does it really matter?

GRANDMA

Can you imagine if your last words were something embarrassing?

Grandma resets herself back into her ritual.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

I think my undies are riding up.

Grandma goes limp.

GRANDSON

You're dead afterwards. Who cares?

Grandma wakes up and looks at the clipboard.

GRANDMA

Death is nature's way of saying "Game over."

Grandma goes limp.

GRANDSON

This is stupid.

Grandma wakes up and crosses it off the clipboard.

GRANDMA

I know, I hate that one too.

Grandson gets up out of his chair.

GRANDSON

Dad said you were dead to us  
already. I guess he was right.

Grandson starts to walk out.

GRANDMA

You don't know...

Grandson stops.

GRANDSON

I don't know what?

GRANDMA

Get me my purse.

Grandson gets the large bag and puts it on the table near her.  
Grandma opens it, pulls out many odd objects and sets them  
aside. She takes a picture out and gives it to Grandson.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

That's my parents.

GRANDSON

I don't remember them. I do  
remember Great Grandpa's funeral.

GRANDMA

That's how it always is. As time  
goes on you forget most of what  
they did, but you always remember  
them dying. You know what their  
last words were?

Grandson sits back down.

GRANDSON

No.

GRANDMA

Me either. And that's what I'm  
left with. I'm not doing that to  
anyone. I'm gonna give people  
something to remember me by.

Grandma picks up her clipboard and looks at it.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

It's better to look good than to  
feel good.

Grandma goes limp.

GRANDSON

That's Billy Crystal.

Grandma wakes up and looks at her clipboard.

GRANDMA

What?

GRANDSON

Billy Crystal said that.

GRANDMA

Are you sure? I don't think he's  
good looking.

GRANDSON

Yeah, I'm sure.

GRANDMA

My last words can't be something  
someone else already said. Would  
you go over the list and look for  
any more?

GRANDSON

Sure.

Grandma hands the list to Grandson.

GRANDMA

So why are you here? Shouldn't  
you be off chasing some young  
girl?

Grandma starts to grow anxious. She attempts to peek at the  
list. Grandson, seeing her struggle, shows her the list and  
points out a line.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Mediocrity is overrated.

Grandma goes limp.

GRANDSON

I have a hard time approaching  
girls.

Grandma wakes up.

GRANDMA

I used to send your Grandpa little gifts to get his attention. He was shy also. God rest his soul.

GRANDSON

He's not dead you know.

GRANDMA

He is to me. Trading me in for that school girl. He should be arrested.

GRANDSON

She's only a year younger than you.

GRANDMA

Don't rub it in.

Grandma starts leaning over to peek at the list. Grandson points out another entry.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

You get out of life what you put into it. Minus fees.

Grandma goes limp, but comes right back out of it.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

I never liked that one. Give me another.

Grandson thinks to himself.

GRANDSON

How about this? You don't have to be stupid. It's a choice.

Imitating his Grandma, Grandson goes limp.

GRANDMA

Not bad for your first try.

Grandson pops up.

GRANDSON

This is great. I'll come over and we can do this all the time. Think of how prepared I'll be when I die.

Grandma sees the potential for Grandson to waste his life away doing this and it stops her.

GRANDMA  
Yeah. Think of it.

Grandma refills her bag with her stuff.

GRANDSON  
What are you doing?

GRANDMA  
We're going out for ice cream.  
There are some young girls at the  
ice cream parlor who need to meet  
my grandson.

Grandma gets up and starts leaving.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)  
You can bring my purse.

GRANDSON  
What about the list?

GRANDMA  
Leave it. I think we've trained  
enough.

Grandson puts down the list.

GRANDSON  
Welcome back.

Grandson gets up and walks over to her. Grandma realizes she's  
been manipulated.

GRANDMA  
I see. You're a pretty smart guy.

GRANDSON  
I take after my Grandma.

Grandson takes the large bag and they start walking out.

GRANDSON (CONT'D)  
What's your favorite ice cream?

GRANDMA  
Actually, ice cream gives me the  
runs.

Just as Grandma disappears through the door, there is the sound  
of something hitting the floor and the Grandson looks concerned.

GRANDSON  
Grandma?

FADE OUT