

THERE'S SOME HORUS IN THIS HOUSE

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INT. GARAGE - DAY

We open on two turntables and the sound of club music. A hand reaches down and adjusts them.

Next, a professional music set-up with multiple songs queued and spliced together.

As the music continues to build, we finally see the master behind the hype sound: JD (mid 20s, skinny, passionate). He dances to the music as he mixes the sounds, swaying, bouncing, all around vibing. He wears a Chainsmokers shirt.

JD picks up a microphone and speaks into it.

JD

How we feelin out there tonight?
Ready to party?

JD turns the microphone on the audience and the rest of the garage is revealed.

Instead of a crowd of drunk college students or even a few cars, the garage is pitifully empty. The garage door opens to a driveway and sidewalk in a typical suburban neighborhood.

An old man, JEFF (80, stick up his ass) passes by with a small white dog on leash.

JEFF

Hey! Are you finished? I can't
focus on my AARP at night with all
that hip hop you got goin on.

Unphased, JD continues to vibe.

JD

Nice to see you too, Jeff.
(to camera)
He's such a pain in my ass. I'm
just trying to practice. Ya see,
I've been having a hard time
getting booked, so I thought I'd
try branching out to other kinds of
music for hire. I've got a backyard
party tomorrow and I want to get
the set just right. No screw ups
this time. I can't and I won't.

A vulgar trap song plays.

JD (CONT'D)

(to camera)
Oh yeah.

(MORE)

JD (CONT'D)
 This time they're gonna be
 impressed. This time I'm gonna get
 it right.

EXT. BENTLEY HOUSE - NEXT DAY

A large Spanish-style house towers above JD. He wears a t-shirt and jeans.

He stands staring up at the monstrosity with his DJ gear in a big black bag, headphones around his neck. JD lets out an impressed whistle.

JD sets his shoulders and puts on his game face.

JD
 (to camera)
 Let's do this.

EXT. BENTLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

JD emerges through the side gate, giddy with nervous energy. He dances and pumps his fist in the air, trying to hype up the crowd.

JD
 Alright, let's do this! Who's ready
 to par... tay?

REVEAL: A small backyard memorial service. FAMILY and FRIENDS dressed in all black. They gather around a framed picture of HORUS BENTLEY propped on an easel.

Someone bursts into loud sobbing tears.

JD's jaw drops and he promptly shuts it. He is most certainly not dressed for the occasion.

JD (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 So... someone should've told me the
 party was actually a memorial
 service. I did not queue enough
 Adele for this.

A young man, ROGER BENTLEY (18, kiss ass, conceited) emerges from the crowd and approaches JD.

ROGER
 Hey look everyone! The musical
 accompaniment is here!
 (through his teeth to JD)
 (MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
 I'm on thin ice here, dude. Gotta
 stay in my pop's will. You mess
 this up and it's over for you.

He and JD awkwardly chuckle together.

Roger's mother, DARLENE BENTLEY (50s, sincere, still in love
 with her late husband) is the next to separate from the
 crowd. She stands by Roger and puts a hand on his shoulder.

DARLENE
 Roger, when I said you're in charge
 of arranging the music, I meant *you*
 compose it. You know how your
 father loved-

Darlene weeps. She pulls a handkerchief from her cleavage.
 Noisily, she blows her nose.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
 (to JD)
 I'm sorry. There must have been
 some miscommunication. I was
 expecting... something else for my
 husband's memorial.

JD
 No, no, it's quite all right,
 ma'am. I can make it work.

DARLENE
 That's very kind. Thank you, but
 unfortunately, your services aren't
 needed here, dear.

JD
 Just allow me to get set up and
 I'll have the proper set so you
 can, uh, grieve properly.

Darlene snuffles. Roger takes his mother by the shoulders and
 leads her away. He glares at JD over his shoulder.

ROGER
 Come on, Mom. How about some of
 Aunt Bertha's lemon cake?

DARLENE
 (wailing)
 Horus loved lemon cake!

LATER

Next to a picture of wrinkly old Horus is JD's DJ set-up.

He taps his trusty microphone and the speakers whine in response. The mourning crowd is gathered around him. They wait quietly. Most are teary eyed. JD stands out like a sore thumb.

JD

Well, um, thank you for being here today. I'm JD ... your DJ. I appreciate the Bentley family having me and I offer you my condolences.

A beat.

Awkward silence. Someone coughs.

JD (CONT'D)

I've prepared something very special for our guy Horus.

JD directs our attention to the photo of Horus.

JD (CONT'D)

He was a great guy, I'm sure. Very handsome rockin that porn stache.

Darlene cries loudly again.

DARLENE

I always thought Horus looked like Freddy Mercury.

JD

And he did! I'm sure - in his prime. I've got just the song for your husband, Mrs. Bentley!

JD shifts his weight from foot to foot and licks his lips, eyes darting across the crowd.

JD (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Here goes nothing...

JD puts down the microphone and places the headphones over his ears. Making a few final adjustments, JD finds the perfect song after a moment.

A slow, sad piano ballad plays over the crowd. It seems it might work for the mood until-

Everyone starts crying. Roger crosses his arms and scowls at JD. He performs a mock yawn.

ROGER
Booooringgg. Next!

JD
No worries folks! I got another one
just for you!

The song abruptly changes to a love song. A young girl's voice floats over them in high, lilting notes.

The wailing grows louder.

JD grimaces at the camera, then frantically searches for another song.

Roger comes up to JD's set-up and tries to fiddle with it. JD waves him away.

JD (CONT'D)
Get outta here man. I got this.

Loud club music blares from the speakers. The lyrics are (once again) vulgar. Entirely inappropriate for the moment.

Looks of confusion spread through the onlooking crowd. A few turn to ask each other questions.

JD scrambles to turn it off.

ROGER
Oh, now you've done it.

Silence falls over the group once more. JD addresses the crowd via the microphone.

JD
Sorry, about that. Wrong-

Darlene Bentley's sobbing cuts him off. Loud, breathy gasps.

But she isn't crying, she's laughing!

Darlene stands and AUNT BERTHA (60s) supports her weight.

AUNT BERTHA
Darlene-

JD's mouth tries to form words but nothing comes out.

DARLENE
This was Horus' favorite song. How did you know?!

Caught off guard, JD laughs awkwardly. The sound is caught by the microphone and projected throughout the backyard.

Gradually, the group joins in laughing along with Darlene. Now the tears that collect in their eyes are tears of laughter and joy.

ROGER

Well, it's a good thing I didn't
write the music.

Darlene laughs harder than the rest and Roger stops to watch her, insulted.

JD

Let's keep it up! Who's ready for
some more jams?

The crowd of mostly older people cheers loudly.

AUNT BERTHA

(whisper to Darlene)
What are *jams*?

JD grins proudly. The song continues to play.

The dancing that ensues is jerky and uncoordinated. While the guests lack technique, their enjoyment is clear.

Bertha grabs Roger and pulls him into a dance much to Roger's chagrin. They salsa dance, not bothering to follow the tempo of the music. Darlene shimmies.

DARLENE

If only Horus was here to see me
now!

The widow continues to dance, moving her hips in time to the music as though she is a teenager once again.

Strutting to Horus' photo, Darlene plucks it off his stand.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

This one's for you, sexy!

Darlene dances with her late husband's portrait as though it is her partner, twirling, dipping, and somehow managing to grind on him.

JD looks away as he mixes the music.

Darlene soon approaches the DJ set-up, Horus tucked under her arm. She shouts to be heard over the roaring club remix.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
Thank you for this! It's exactly
what I needed!

JD
You're wel-

Before he can finish, Darlene shoves a piece of lemon cake in his mouth. She plants a sloppy kiss on his cheek and saunters away, looking to the still of her husband for approval.

Stunned and his mouth full, JD watches her go. He returns to dancing to the music, vibing with the crowd.

JD (CONT'D)
(to camera, mouth full)
So, my first real gig didn't go
exactly as I had planned.

Aunt Bertha screams and dances excitedly to the song. She trips and falls over the chairs.

JD (CONT'D)
(to camera)
But all in all I'd say it was
pretty successful.

Darlene is making out with her portrait of her deceased husband. It's all tongue.

JD (CONT'D)
(to camera)
The crowd is... vivacious. Who's to
say I won't work this kind of event
again? Maybe a kid's birthday party
is next on my list. You never know.
Think they know who the
Chainsmokers are? Anyways, the
moral of the story is I got paid
and I got free food. Just you wait.
I'm gonna be big in the backyard
funeral service.

FADE TO BLACK.