

Allison

Mistaken identity in a coffee shop leads twenty-seven
year old Elise on the party planning ride of her life.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

ELISE (27) and MICHELLE (31) sit in a coffee shop, Michelle is wearing blue dress pants and a white blouse, while Elise is dressed in blue jeans and a plain black t-shirt. They are both drinking coffee.

MICHELLE

You need to stop moping around. Things aren't just going to fall into your lap.

Elise sits back in her chair, frustrated.

ELISE

Why not?

Michelle shakes her head.

MICHELLE

You lost your job two months ago, you moved back in with Mom and Dad almost a year ago.

ELISE

Thank you for the reminder that I am Benjamin Buttoning.

MICHELLE

I'm just saying, its time to get your shit together and get a job, get a life.

ELISE

I love these little chats of ours.

Beat.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe you could get me a job?

MICHELLE

You hate lawyers.

ELISE

I like you.

MICHELLE

I'm your sister, you don't have a choice.

Elise gives Michelle a snarky smile.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And I think we both know you're just
here for the free coffee.

Elise looks down at her empty mug.

ELISE

Speaking of which.

Elise walks over to the counter and hands her cup to the
BARISTA (22).

ELISE

Another cappuccino, please.

BARISTA

You got it. And your name for the
order?

ELISE

Elise.

Elise leans against the counter waiting for her coffee as a
very attractive GEORGE (29) walks in. George is dressed in
black slacks and a light blue dress shirt. George spots
Elise, while Elise is looking in the other direction. He
walks over to her.

GEORGE

You wouldn't happen to be Allison,
would you?

ELISE

(still looking away)
I'm sorry?

GEORGE

Are you Allison?

Elise turns and looks at George, as they lock eyes romantic
music begins to play in the background. Elise gleams as she
stares into George's eyes.

ELISE

I... am.

Elise smiles and twirls a piece of her hair through her
finger.

GEORGE

Oh, good! For a second I thought I had
the wrong person. How awkward would
that have been?

Elise lets out a snort as she tries to laugh. She awkwardly
covers her mouth with her hand. The Barista walks over to
where Elise and George stand with a cappuccino.

BARISTA

Elise?

Elise turns her head to the Barista, wide-eyed.

ELISE

(to Barista)

I said, Allison, not Elise.

Elise takes her coffee and turns to George.

ELISE

It happens all the time.

George smiles and turns to the Barista.

GEORGE

Can I get a small black coffee? And
I'll get hers too.

George's hands the Barista some change. Elise smiles.

BARISTA

And the name?

GEORGE

George.

The Barista smiles and walks away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm going to run to the washroom,
could you grab my coffee when it comes
up?

ELISE

(flirty)

Sure thing, George.

Elise walks back over to Michelle.

ELISE

Well, it looks like my luck is turning around.

MICHELLE

What just happened?

ELISE

I think that guy thinks I'm his blind date.

MICHELLE

Oh my god. What did you tell him?

ELISE

Told him my name was Allison.

Michelle looks at her watch and stands up.

MICHELLE

I have to go, but, you know, you can't keep this up, right?

ELISE

We'll see about that.

Michelle walks out, the Barista walks up with George's coffee.

BARISTA

George?

Elise jumps around with excitement, she walks over to the Barista.

ELISE

I got it.

Elise takes the coffee and sits down at an empty table. George comes out of the bathroom and sits down across from Elise. She hands him the coffee.

GEORGE

Thanks.

ELISE

So, George, how are ya?

GEORGE

I'm okay, you know, all things considered.

ELISE

Right.

Elise nods her head as if she knows what he is talking about.

GEORGE

Thanks so much for doing this.

Elise laughs.

ELISE

You really don't have to thank me.

GEORGE

I know, it's your job.

Elise sits back in her chair, confused and flustered. Her expression suggests she is worried George thinks she is a prostitute. As she starts to speak George cuts her off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It was just so sudden, you know? No one was prepared for it. My little brother is distraught, and I haven't spoken to my dad in years. It all fell on me.

Elise stares at George in confusion.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I can't plan a funeral, let alone my own mother's funeral. So, it just made sense to hire an event planner.

George gestures to Elise as he says 'event planner'. Elise looks relieved for a moment, and then her expression returns to stressed.

ELISE

(under her breath)

Oh god.

GEORGE

So, your website said that I can just give everything to you, the guest list, budget, yadda yadda, and you just take care of it.

Elise is deep in thought.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I can email it to you if that works?

Elise does not respond.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Allison?

Elise is still sitting silently.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hello?

ELISE
Text... is better. Let's go with text.
I'll give you my number.

George hands Elise his phone, she puts her number in and gives it back.

GEORGE
Okay, so we're hoping to have this ready by Saturday. The website said you only need two days, I don't know how you get this all done so fast.

Elise lets out a stressed squeak.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And again, thank you so much. I really could not do this without you.

George reaches out and grabs Elise's hand. He looks into her eyes and Elise smiles. George smiles back at Elise, he gets up and leaves.

ELISE
(to herself)
Fuck.

Elise throws back her cappuccino and leaves as well.

Sitting at the table behind them is a WOMAN (35), dressed in a black pantsuit looking at her watch. She picks up her phone.

WOMAN
(on the phone)
Cassie, my two o'clock never showed. We really need to start vetting these people. What a waste of time.

The woman hangs up the phone and leaves the coffee shop.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Elise sits on the floor of the library digging through a shelf of books in the 'event-planning' section. Michelle comes rushing in.

MICHELLE

I came as fast as I could, what's the big emergency?

ELISE

I need to plan an entire funeral in two days.

MICHELLE

Who'd you kill?

Elise grabs Michelle's arm and pulls her to the ground.

ELISE

George thinks I'm an event planner.

MICHELLE

And why would he think that?

ELISE

Allison is an event planner, and he wanted to hire her to plan his mother's funeral.

MICHELLE

Kind of a weird first date conversation.

ELISE

It wasn't a date, Michelle! My signals got crossed. He was just standing there looking so good and he was asking for Allison, I got confused.

Elise continues to flip through all the books.

MICHELLE

You certainly did. What are you doing now?

ELISE

I'm trying to find some kind of book that will tell me what to do.

MICHELLE
(sarcastic)
Funeral planning for dummies?

ELISE
I don't appreciate that tone... but,
if you find it, please let me know.

MICHELLE
You know you can find all this stuff
on the internet, right?

Elise looks up at Michelle, frustrated.

ELISE
I am obviously not thinking clearly!

Elise pulls out her phone and starts to look up funeral planning. Elise puts her phone down.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Oh my god! What was the name of that
girl, you went to her wedding a few
years back, she planned it in like a
week, remember.

MICHELLE
Yeah, Angela Stevens. I think she
hired this team that does flowers,
catering and decor all in one.

ELISE
Could you get me their number?

MICHELLE
I can try.

Michelle picks up her phone and makes a call.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Angie, hi! It's been too long. Yes, we
have to go get a drink some time.
How's Brian doing?

Elise hits Michelle on the arm. Michelle mouths 'ow'.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
So, listen. I was wondering if you had
the number of the company that did
your wedding? God no, need a boyfriend
first, am I right? It's for Elise,

she's an event planner now.

Michelle winks at Elise.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Thanks so much Angie! I'd love to see some photos from the wedding, it really was a beautiful day. Bye now.

Michelle hangs up the phone.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She's texting me the number.

Elise frantically grabs Michelle's phone and dials the number from the text message.

ELISE

Hi there, I was looking to hire your services for a funeral on Saturday?

Elise's expression brightens.

ELISE (CONT'D)

You can do it? Amazing! Um, which package do I want?

Elise looks at Michelle, Michelle shrugs.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Um, whatever Angela Stevens got for her wedding a few years ago, but for a funeral, of course. Great. I will send you all the details. Thanks so much.

Elise hangs up the phone and looks at Michelle, she squeaks with excitement.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I think I might actually pull this off. You know, I could maybe do this for a living - 'Elise Events', has a nice ring to it don't you think?

MICHELLE

Don't you mean 'Allison Events'?

Elise glares at Michelle.

ELISE

Very funny. So, was her wedding really

beautiful?

Michelle shrugs.

MICHELLE
Hell if I remember.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF A FUNERAL HOME. DAY

Michelle and Elise stand anxiously outside of the funeral dressed in all black. They walk inside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

Inside the funeral home is wildly decorated with different coloured flowers and multicoloured bead necklaces. There are bottles of champagne everywhere and a live jazz band. The casket is bright purple and bedazzled.

MICHELLE
Now I remember.

ELISE
(frantic)
What the hell is this?

MICHELLE
Angie may have had a Mardi Gras themed wedding.

ELISE
How do you forget something like that!
I'm throwing George's mother a New Orleans funeral.

George enters the funeral home.

GEORGE
Oh my god.

George looks bewildered. Elise runs up to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's... It's perfect. How did you know?

ELISE
What?

GEORGE
Mom would have loved it. Thank you.

Elise stands in disbelief, George turns to Elise and smiles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You really are amazing.

George starts to lean in for a kiss, Elise stops him.

ELISE

George, there is something I have to tell you.

GEORGE

What?

ELISE

I'm not an event planner.

GEORGE

What are you saying, Allison?

ELISE

My name's not Allison. When I met you I thought you were going on a blind date and I know stealing someone else's blind date is wrong and pretending to be someone's event planner to plan their mother's funeral is even more wrong you were just so cute and... I... screwed up.

George laughs.

ELISE

You're not mad?

GEORGE

I don't know... I think it's kind of cute.

ELISE

Seriously?

GEORGE

I guess I would be madder if... my mom were really dead.

ELISE

(shocked)

What do you mean you're mom's not dead?

GEORGE

Shhhhh!

George looks around and leans in towards Elise.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

It's for the insurance.

ELISE

(confused)

But... you spent tens of thousands of dollars on the funeral?

GEORGE

It's a three million dollar policy.

ELISE

You're completely insane!

GEORGE

We're both frauds, baby.

ELISE

I'm not a criminal!

GEORGE

Hey, lay-off. I'm at my mother's funeral for godsakes.

ELISE

Your mothers not dead!

George shrugs, unapologetically.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I... can't believe this.

Elise storms out and Michelle follows quickly behind.

GEORGE

(shouting to Elise)

You aren't going to tell, are you?

Elise looks back at George is disgust before walking out. The bedazzled casquet flys open and GEORGE'S MOTHER (62) sits up from inside it.

GEORGE'S MOTHER

Woman, right?