

DEATH GETS HIS

Written by

Robin D. Hohweiler

Script

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BLDG. - LATE NIGHT

High-rise apartment building in an urban setting. All seems quiet. Off camera - a loud knock is heard on a door.

Superimposed title: West Wind Apartments

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A nice, one-bedroom apartment, tastefully furnished. The apartment's occupant, KAITLYN PISMORE, gets up from watching television on the sofa and moves to the door to peer out the peephole.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Who's there? What do you want? You have the wrong apartment.

More knocking. Kaitlyn moves her head back and then resumes looking through the peephole.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

How did you get past the doorman?
Go away or I'll call the manager.

More knocking.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Austin? Is that you? This isn't very funny!

Knocking becomes more insistent. Kaitlyn opens the door, still secured by a chain.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Who are you? What do you want?

DEATH

(voice is deep and other-worldly)

I am DEATH. You cannot turn me away.

Kaitlyn slams the door shut and sets the deadbolt.

KAITLYN PISMORE

I'm calling the police!

Death moves through the door as though it isn't there. Covered from head to toe in a black hooded robe. The sleeves cover Death's arms folded in front.

Kaitlyn steps back.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Okay, so you aren't Austin. You're too tall.

DEATH

I am Death.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Yeah, you mentioned that. Cool trick. What are you, some kind of magician? What do you want?

As Death raises an arm, a bony finger emerges from beneath the sleeve. The finger points at Kaitlyn. Kaitlyn raises a hand to the base of her neck.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Me? What would you want with me?

DEATH

(still pointing)

I have come to harvest your soul.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Okay, look. This has gone far enough. Did Austin send you?

Death lowers his arm.

DEATH

I am Death. I am here to take you away.

KAITLYN PISMORE

(sounding nervous)

Oh really? Any place great? I hear Tahiti is nice this time of year. Always wanted to go there. So, Death, got an ID on you?

Death opens the centerfold of his robe revealing scenes of suffering and death. Death then closes the robe.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Okay, that will just about do it for the bona fides. But why me? I'm not ready to die.

Kaitlyn moves back over to the couch where she sits and starts watching television, ignoring Death.

DEATH

(voice grows louder and more menacing)

It is your time. You must come with me. I compel you!

KAITLYN PISMORE

(defiant)

No! Not happening! Come back in like, 50 years, we'll talk then.

DEATH

(voice booms)

You must come now, Sarah Freesebottom, I compel you! Rise and come with me!

Kaitlyn turns her head, giving Death a confused look.

KAITLYN PISMORE

(pronounces her name as pie-more)

Sarah Freesebottom? Who the hell is that? I'm not Sarah Freesebottom. I'm Kaitlyn Pismore. I'd have to commit suicide with that last name.

Death is stunned, takes a few steps back. Shoulders noticeably slouch.

DEATH

(much softer voice)

Ooh, shit. This will not go well. You are not Sarah Freesebottom?

Kaitlyn reaches for her purse on the coffee table.

KAITLYN PISMORE

No, I am not. What are you, new at this or something?

Kaitlyn fishes out her divers license which she holds up for Death to read. Death studies the license for a time before Kaitlyn drops into her purse.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

See? Kaitlyn Pismore. That's me.

DEATH

(pronounces name as piss-more)

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

What kind of a name is Pismore? Did your ancestors piss off someone at Ellis Island?

KAITLYN PISMORE

(sighs)

Pie-more! I pronounce it pie-more. Do you have any idea how much crap I took in school because of that stupid name?

DEATH

(dripping with sarcasm)

Yes, I'm sure it was very tedious for you.

KAITLYN PISMORE

So there you have it. You have the wrong person, wrong address. Face it, you screwed up. Now go!

DEATH

(sighs)

I am afraid it does not work that way.

KAITLYN PISMORE

(alarmed)

Wait...what?

DEATH

Once I reveal myself, even unintentionally, you have to come with me. It's a rule.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Oh, right. So I'm supposed to suffer just because you can't find the right address?

DEATH

There will be no suffering if you come willingly.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Oh, no. Not me. I have too much going for me. No way. I've got a real job now. I have student loans to pay off. I have John Mayer tickets for next month. There's much more I want to do before I croak. Go find someone old to harvest.

DEATH

I have revealed myself to you. You must come with me.

Kaitlyn makes a sweep of her arm around the apartment.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Great...I land this fabulous apartment with a guaranteed lease rate for the next four years and I'm going to leave it behind?

Kaitlyn points out the window.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

There is unbelievable shopping in this neighborhood.

Kaitlyn picks up her phone and shows it to Death.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Oh, and, I have unlimited talk, text, and data on my phone. And, you want me to drop all of that and go to...ummm, where am I going?

DEATH

You will learn soon enough.

Kaitlyn makes a run for the door, but can't seem to grasp the doorknob to open it. Remaining at the door, she looks back to Death and speaks.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Sooo...what's it like there?

DEATH

All will be revealed soon enough.

KAITLYN PISMORE

So, are you like, Death Death? Or, are you just one of those lame Santa's helpers you see in department stores around Christmas?

DEATH

(back to booming voice)
Enough! Take my sleeve and prepare to depart this mortal plane.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Look, sit down, will you? Relax. Keep your robe on and don't get your bones in a twist. I need to charge my phone.

DEATH

You won't need that where you are going.

KAITLYN PISMORE

(incredulous)

Seriously? No wireless internet? No texting? No Snapchat? No Facebook? Does that mean I'm going to hell? Is that it? I can't go with you if I'm bound for hell. My hair frizzes in heat.

DEATH

(voice is relaxed again)

There's just no signal yet. Besides, it's a dry heat.
(deep laughter)
No, no, just kidding.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Okay, so I guess if I go with you, I'll leave behind my body, as a corpse?

DEATH

Yes, this is the case.

KAITLYN PISMORE

This is all there is to life? You're born, you go to school, you get a job, you score John Mayer tickets from a radio station and then you die? That's it? That's the meaning of life?

DEATH

Yes, pretty much.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Well, that sucks! You know, I have a minor in philosophy. Camus once wrote that the meaning of life is whatever you're doing that keeps you from blowing your brains out.

DEATH

(sarcasm)

Uh huh, how profound...I guess.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Personally, I've always believed the meaning of life is clean smelling sheets. What do you think about that?

DEATH

Uh, well...I...uh.

Kaitlyn gets up from couch and moves toward a hallway.

DEATH (CONT'D)

(sounding impatient)

Where are you going? We must depart now!

Kaitlyn turns to look back at Death.

KAITLYN PISMORE

To put on some makeup and better clothes. I don't want anyone to find my corpse looking like this!

Death lets out a deafening wail of anguish and anger.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

Quiet! You'll wake the neighbors. I'll only be a minute, you'll see.

DEATH

No one else can see or hear me right now. Proceed, but hurry with your preparations.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KP'S LIVING ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

Death is sitting slumped on couch, picking rust from the blade of his scythe.

DEATH

(Calling out)

Are you done in there yet?

KAITLYN PISMORE

(Speaking from bathroom)

Just about!

(MORE)

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

If you're hungry, there's guacamole in the fridge and some bagels in a bag on the counter.

DEATH

Guacamole and bagels? Who eats that?

Death gets up from the couch and moves toward the kitchen.

KAITLYN PISMORE

I do! I take a bagel, smear the guac across one side of the separated pieces, add a slice of American cheese and then a layer of peanut butter, some Nova Scotia lox and three anchovies. I microwave the whole thing and, voila! I call it a steaming pile of NAFTA. All of the ingredients are in the kitchen. You should try it!

Death pauses and then turns back toward the couch.

DEATH

(muttering)

Small wonder I find her alone here.

Kaitlyn enters living room from the bathroom.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Oh, I thought you were going to eat something?

DEATH

Better to travel on an empty stomach.

Kaitlyn sits on the couch.

KAITLYN PISMORE

I've been thinking. There is something of what I learned in those philosophy courses I took that can be applied here.

Death begins waving the blade of the scythe back and forth.

DEATH

Oh, really?

KAITLYN PISMORE

Yeah. Maybe I'm getting too hung up on the whole meaning of life thing.

(MORE)

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

I mean I was always a big fan of existentialism, the basic premise of which is that people try to find meaning in their pathetic lives through religion, artistic expression, or anything that doesn't seem dreary. Am I right?

Death is now spinning the scythe blade on its handle.

DEATH

I wouldn't know.

KAITLYN PISMORE

But, the existentialists believe any of that can provide meaning to one's life, but at the same time none of it can.

Death stops spinning the blade. Death's head turns to look at Kaitlyn.

DEATH

Huh?

KAITLYN PISMORE

I know, right? Then there's Nietzsche and his concept of nihilism which figures there is no meaning to life. That the meaning of life is essentially, pardon the pun, meaningless.

Death slumps lower on the couch.

DEATH

(voice is whiny)
Can we go now?

KAITLYN PISMORE

And, then there was Socrates. He wasn't an existentialist, by the way. He figured there were only one of two things that could happen when we die.

DEATH

(sits up again)
Seriously, it's time to go!

KAITLYN PISMORE

(ignoring Death)

He believed that if there is an afterlife, then he would be able to have long philosophy of life discussions with people he'd never met.

Death falls back into the couch and begins spinning the scythe again.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

And, if there is no afterlife, he believed that death would bring an eternal sleep without dreams. He told his followers that if that were the case, he could use the rest.

DEATH

Well, there is that! Are you listening to what you just said? Either way, death is nothing to fear.

Kaitlyn jumps up from the couch and moves over to where her phone is charging.

KAITLYN PISMORE

I know! Let's take a selfie of you and me. That'll cause a lot of buzz and really freak the police out when they find me.

Kaitlyn moves back over toward the couch, but Death lowers the scythe and presses the end of the handle into her chest to prevent her from getting close.

DEATH

It won't work. Nothing from your mortal life on this plane will work for you.

(pauses)

You really don't understand do you?

KAITLYN PISMORE

So, I guess from the fact that you're here, that there is an afterlife of some sort?

DEATH

All...

KAITLYN PISMORE
 (interrupting Death)
 Yeah, I know...all will be revealed
 to me soon enough.

DEATH
 Thank you. You were severed from
 those things that previously made
 your life endurable when I moved
 through your door.

KAITLYN PISMORE
 So, not even a phone call?

DEATH
 No, it's a rule.

KAITLYN PISMORE
 You know, another premise of
 existentialism is that there is no
 cosmic justice, no fairness, no
 order, and NO rules.

DEATH
 On that, they're wrong. There are
 rules...Universal rules.

KAITLYN PISMORE
 Set by whom? Wait, don't answer. I
 know, all will be blah, blah, blah.

DEATH
 You're getting quick on the uptake.

KAITLYN PISMORE
 Well, if there are rules, then
 rules were made to be broken, or at
 least manipulated.

Death leans forward smacking his skull into his bony hand.

DEATH
 (voice is a groan)
 These rules are inflexible.

KAITLYN PISMORE
 So I guess a quick check of
 Facebook to update my status and
 ask people to pray for me is out of
 the question.

DEATH
 'Fraid so.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Okay. So, I'm curious. If you're like Death almighty and all, you must have superhero powers. Why not just snap your bony-ass fingers or something and spirit me away...literally?

DEATH

It doesn't work that way. It's a rule, you have to willingly come with me.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Ah ha! Now we're getting somewhere. And, supposing I don't agree to come along?

DEATH

Eventually you would be forced and that would be most unpleasant.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Describe unpleasant.

DEATH

All...

KAITLYN PISMORE

(interrupting DEATH)
...will be revealed. You're annoying, you know that?

DEATH

(voice once again deep and other-worldly)
I believe we have covered all of the bases. Take my sleeve and prepare to depart this life. I have more souls to collect.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Slow down, Turbo. I only get to die once. I want to get as much out of it as I can.

DEATH

(an authoritative tone)
You're already dead, Kaitlyn Pismore.
(pronounces it piss-more)
All that's left is the transport.

KAITLYN PISMORE

That's pie-more. You're doing that on purpose.

(brief pause)

Already dead, am I? I was afraid you were going to say that. I guess there's nothing more to say or do?

DEATH

There is not. Take my sleeve.

DEATH extends an arm toward her. Kaitlyn starts to raise her arm, but then drops it.

KAITLYN PISMORE

So, will I see you again after we get wherever?

DEATH

(sighs)

No, I am a transporter of souls.

KAITLYN PISMORE

Ah ha! I knew it! You're just another Santa's helper!

Kaitlyn extends her hand to touch the sleeve of DEATH's robe, which has remained extended.

Bright light pervades the room.

FADE TO BLACK.

KAITLYN PISMORE (CONT'D)

So, does this get me out of my student loans?