

It's Only Life and Death

By

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INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bright room. Round table. Lots of humans sit around the table. It's meeting time. Business.

Name cards on the table in front of all members.

PAN FROM:

LIFE, 30-year-old walking motivational poster with a lisp, folds his hands on the table.

THRILL, 30-year-old boho businessman in an energy storing choker, squeezes a stress ball. Grits teeth.

LOVE, 50-year-old large man in wings, throws a CANDY at LOGIC, 10-year old baseball-capped kid in a blazer. The candy misses Logic. Lands on the floor. Logic doesn't bat an eye, folds hands on table.

DEATH, 30-year-old man in a Hawaiian shirt, leans back in his chair. Feet on table. Receding hairline.

Life sits across from Death. He stares at him and without breaking gaze smiles and blinks.

PAN TO:

TEMPTATION, 30-year-old man in a suit from the night before, unkempt hair, and sunglasses stumbles into the room. Plops down next to Logic.

Death sighs, lowers his feet, and stands. He goes to the front of the room, lowers a projector screen. It gets caught halfway.

OPTIMISM, 80-year-old cookie baker and PESSIMISM, Optimism's twin in JORTS and SUSPENDERS chime in.

OPTIMISM
Keep going! You're halfway there!

PESSIMISM
Ugh, just stop.

Death struggles with the screen. It pulls down.

Optimism has a solo celebration.

OPTIMISM
Yesssss.

Death clears his throat. Love stops throwing candy and tosses a PIECE OF CANDY into his own mouth. Death claps with each punctuated word.

DEATH

One. More. Week. Until. Vacation.

Death raises the air-roof.

DEATH

This season has been a doozy. If we can just get through the rest of this week, that would be *SWELL*.

(beat)

Alright, let's take a look at the assignment board, shall we?

Optimism nods excitedly, Pessimism rolls eyes, Love licks lips, Logic flips his baseball hat around, Temptation tightens his tie, Thrill squeezes the stress ball with crazy eyes.

Death clicks a CLICKER to turn on the PROJECTOR. Various GRAPHICS appear with each person's name and a number.

Life: 1, Death: 1, Temptation: 0, Logic: 2, Optimism: 12, Pessimism: 0, Love: 2, Thrill: 4

Temptation looks up at screen and high fives himself.

Death punches the wall. He hugs the wall and hums a high-pitched note. Death turns around to the room and punches the air.

Reactions from everyone, confused, unamused, indifferent, concerned.

DEATH

Alright. Apparently we have some work to do this week. Please. Everyone finish your assignments by the deadline. Friday at 5:00 PM. SHARP.

OPTIMISM

I appreciate your manners, Death.

Pessimism rolls her eyes.

DEATH

Thank you. Thank you. I really, really need to soak in the Cabo rays. So please, for the...

Death punches the air with each word:

DEATH

Love. Of. GOD. Everyone. Finish.
Your. Assignments.

Life stands up and clears his throat. Lisp.

LIFE

Guys, I think if we all just work together, this is totally doable. I'd like to swim with the fishes as much as the next person, but we have a duty to perform. Let's not be hasty now.

DEATH

Thanks, Life. Thank you. Always a pleasure.

Life smiles and sits down, folds his hands on the table again.

Death clicks the clicker and the screen changes to a calendar with a RED DOT on Monday and a PALM TREE ICON on Saturday.

DEATH

Okay. Today is Monday. That gives us all until...

Death points the LASER clicker at the screen from Monday to Friday.

DEATH

...Friday to finish all the assignments. NONE of us can go on vacation if just ONE of us fuckers drops the ball.

Love shrugs and sucks on CANDY. Logic calculates inside his head and nods.

DEATH

Do NOT be the reason why I have to miss my hot stone massage. You do NOT want to be that person.

Optimism jumps up quickly for an 80-year-old and shouts.

OPTIMISM

WE GOT THIS!!! I will have cookies ready for all of you when we get back from break.

Pessimism shakes her head.

PESSIMISM
Thrill is allergic to sugar.

OPTIMISM
Fine, Vienna sausages!

PESSIMISM
Love is a vegan.

Love nods and shrugs. Pops another candy.

OPTIMISM
Okay, Sunny-D.

PESSIMISM
I hate Sunny D.

OPTIMISM
Fine. We'll figure something out!

Death zooms in to the palm tree icon on the calendar.

DEATH
Four Days. That's it. Meeting
adjourned.

People pack up and exit.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMANITY ROOM - DAY

Life sits at a LARGE DESK with his hands folded neatly over an OPEN BINDER. He looks over the pages with a smile on his face.

Death walks in and silently throws his hands up in the air upon seeing Life.

He walks to the desk. Life looks up at Death.

LIFE
Oh hey. Crazy turn of events,
right?

DEATH
Yeah. I thought I was done until
vacation. Probably just a clerical
error.

LIFE

Yeah I feel that. But we have each other to help each other through this. Just one more from each. It can't be that hard. People need to be saved all the time. And unfortunately for them, but fortunately for you, they die all the time, too.

DEATH

Is the Off List in there?

Life leafs through sheets in the binder, pulls out a SHEET TITLED "TO DIE", and hands it to Death.

Death looks it over and scrolls down the list of names with his finger.

DEATH

Dead. Dead. Killed him. Gone. Bye. He's gone. Dead. Anddddd. Gone.

Death flips over the To Die list once. Twice. Thrice.

LIFE

I'm having the same problem. I've already saved all the ones on my "To Live" sheet.

DEATH

Okay, I guess we check out the in-betweeners then.

LIFE

Ooh, it never gets to the in-betweeners. This is a moment.

Life holds out his hands and stares into Death's eyes.

DEATH

What are you doing?

LIFE

Hold me. Share this moment with me. For in a moment, it will be gone.

Death leans over Life and flips through the binder. He finds a SHEET TITLED "EITHER WAY" and pulls it out.

DEATH

Ah! Yes!

Life gets up and leans in over Death's shoulder.

LIFE

Perfect! There's two people
available! One for you one for me.
Who are they?

Death reads the sheet.

DEATH

Jerry Lungo. 78-year-old man.
Accountant. Single, never married.
Desire to Live: 50%. And Felicia
Patrick. Sixteen years old.
Student. Single. Desire to live:
10%

Death nods and puts the sheet back in the binder.

DEATH

Alright, I'll see you Saturday.

Death starts walking out of the room.

LIFE

Wait, wait!

Death stops in his tracks.

LIFE

We didn't talk about who is getting
who.

DEATH

Really?

LIFE

Yeah, we need to talk about it.

DEATH

I'm taking the girl. You see her
desire to live percentage? She's
practically dead. Easy kill.

LIFE

She's only sixteen, though.

Death shrugs. Life shrugs back.

DEATH

Kids die. Kids die all the time.
You know what doesn't happen all
the time?

Life stares straight into Death.

DEATH

Vacation. This is our only opportunity for a break. Ever. Like ever.

Life shrugs.

DEATH

You don't understand how badly I need this break.

LIFE

Don't play that "Hi, I'm Death. Everything is hard and dark and no one understands" card. Life isn't a walk in the park either.

Death sighs and punches the air, again.

LIFE

Felicia still has a 10% desire to live. That's something!

Death points to Jerry's name on the sheet.

DEATH

Jerry, here, wants to live, clearly.

LIFE

No. Fuck Jerry.

DEATH

Felicia is so close to the edge which means I'm so close to the Cabo sand. Let's just do our jobs, shall we?

Death grabs FELICIA'S SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK from the binder and dances away with the sheet in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Death pulls out Felicia's schedule and "Shop for Antiques, 5600 Sloth Street, 4:03 PM" is circled under Tuesday.

Death wears LOOSE KHAKIS and a POLO with a CRAB'S ANTIQUE'S LOGO on it. He looks at the clock. 4:02 PM. He fiddles with BINGO TRINKETS.

FELICIA, 16-year-old girl dressed in overalls and an ironic "Disobey" T-shirt, strolls in at 4:03 PM.

Door Chimes. Death folds schedule and places in pocket.

DEATH

Hello! And welcome to Crab's!! What
can I do you for?!

Felicia just looks at Death and walks into the next aisle.

Death follows Felicia. He carries a SWORD and KNIFE in each hand.

DEATH

We are having a sale today! All
knives, swords and anything sharp
is 75% off!

Death holds up the knife and sword in display. Felicia giggles uncomfortably and continues down the aisle.

DEATH

It is your lucky day! Our
Destructive Blowout Sales Event
only happens once every two years.

Felicia turns around abruptly.

FELICIA

That's it?!

The door chimes. In walks Life, dressed as Renaissance man with a bagpipe.

LIFE

(British-ish)

Good Day! I hear you are having a
sale, ay?

DEATH

What?

Felicia looks at Death and then at Life and cocks her head. Death looks at Felicia and then to Life.

DEATH

Oh, yes. Yes. A Sale.

LIFE

Perfect, I would like to take all
that you have for sale.

DEATH

All of it? Really?

LIFE

Yes. I am having a Medieval Party
and need the finest of party
favors.

Felicia smiles and turns back to shop.

DEATH

Right away, Sir. Yes, of course.

Life and Death walk towards the cash register. They talk
softly through smiles.

DEATH

What are you doing here?

Life pulls out a COPY OF FELICIA'S SCHEDULE to show Death.
Death is taken aback.

DEATH

How did you??

LIFE

Everything is backed up on the
cloud these days.

Death wraps up VARIOUS SWORDS and KNIVES.

DEATH

Back off. Felicia's mine.

Life raises eyebrows and hands over his CREDIT CARD.

DEATH

Also, why you look like Peter Pan?

LIFE

I couldn't find chain mail.

Death hands Life a bag of the knives and swords.

LIFE

(audible)

Cheerio! Thank you, kind sir, thank
you.

Life plays a little bagpipe jingle on his way out. Door
chimes. Death smiles at Felicia.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETTING ZOO - DAY

Life, dressed in FACIAL HAIR and a YELLOW STRIPED TEE approaches Felicia in the miniature horse stalls.

LIFE

Hello, I am the new poop scooper boy, Charles.

FELICIA

Welcome to the rest of your life.

LIFE

I'm so excited for this job. I know this is hard work now, but I know that it will pay off. Hard work always does!

Life picks up a shovel and begins to scoop HORSE MANURE.

A GROUP OF SIXTH GRADERS led by DEATH, dressed in a PARK RANGER OUTFIT and EXPLORER HAT walk by the Goat Pin, right across the path from the horse stalls. Life drops the shovel and stares at Death.

DEATH

What do we call the goat babies, kids?

SIXTH GRADERS

Kids!

DEATH

What was that? Kids?

SIXTH GRADERS

Kids!!

DEATH

Keep saying it, because before too long, none of you will be kids any more. Embrace your youth. Look at the goats.

The goats are spazzing like crazy little goats do.

DEATH

The goats know how to embrace their youth, their kid-dom, shall we say? But kids, seriously, adulthood sucks. There's nothing to look forward to. You live thinking that the future will always be brighter.

DEATH

That you will work really hard now so that your future self will be comfortable. But, soon your future self becomes your current self and then you create a baby self and then you never stop working and there is never a break and then the baby self of you becomes a real life human version of you and now you are old, you are your old future-self, now current self. And you never took a break. You lived your whole present preparing for the future until your present was just the future of your past and you are no longer your young self. But, you are your old self and you never took the time to take a fucking break.

Death looks over towards the balloon stand. Felicia wipes away a tear. Life stares in shock at Death.

Sixth graders stand, stunned, at the park ranger.

DEATH

Who wants to see some equinus minimus? Or more commonly known as the miniature horse?

Sixth graders cheer and death walks away.

LIFE

Let's embrace this moment.

Felicia holds back tears.

LIFE

This moment in the present. In the now.

Felicia speeds away towards the farm latrine.

LIFE

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - DAY

"HAPPY 10TH BIRTHDAY PATTY PATRICK!" BANNER hangs on the wall of a party room with a ballpit in the middle.

Felicia sits in the middle of the ball pit and juggles three balls.

Life and Death stumble, slo-mo, into the room wearing CHUCK E. CHEESE UNIFORMS. Life holds a BIRTHDAY CAKE, plastered smile on his face. Death holds a LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE in the vein of American Psycho.

Life trips on a ball, trips Death and falls in to the ball pit with the cake. The knife falls out of his hand and in to Felicia's as he falls in to the ball pit, too.

Felicia juggles the knife and two balls. She stops juggling and holds the knife in one hand and the two balls in the other.

DEATH

Jesus!

Life emerges from the ball pit covered in icing and cake. A plastic ball sticks to his face.

LIFE

WOAH WOAH.

Life and Death hold out hands defensively towards Felicia. Felicia points the knife towards Life and Death

DEATH

What are you doing with that knife?

FELICIA

What have you two been doing following me everywhere this week?

Life and Death look at each other.

LIFE

I don't know what you're talking about.

FELICIA

The Antique Store, the "Mideviel" man in tights, the Poo Scoop, the Tour Guide? Yeah, I think you do.

Felicia thrusts the knife forward.

DEATH
 Woah woah! Easy!

Life and Death face each other and whisper to each other.

DEATH
 The only reason she knows is
 because you shorted on the
 mustache.

LIFE
 I thought it looked convincing...

DEATH
 The only quality mustaches are the
 glue ons, not the stick ons. You
 KNOW that.

LIFE
 I wasn't the one who brought a
 kitchen knife to a kid's birthday
 party!

DEATH
 I wasn't the one who TRIPPED and
 got us in to this situation.

Life raises his volume with every word.

LIFE
 I wasn't the one who let go of the
 KNIFE!

Death glares at Life.

DEATH
 WHAT TIME IS IT?

Felicia checks the CHUCK E. CHEESE CLOCK on the wall.

FELICIA
 Uh, 4:58.

Life jumps in the ball pit towards Felicia.

DEATH
 Here! Take These!

Death shoves a PILL BOTTLE in to Felicia's face.

FELICIA
 What?!

Felicia tries to jump out of the ball pit.

DEATH

It's what you want! Here, have
this!

Death throws her a SYRINGE. Life jumps in front of Felicia.

FELICIA

What do you want from me?!

Death stops to observe Felicia for a moment. She has knife in one hand and pills in the other, a syringe by her feet and a POSTER-SIZED PHOTO OF HER SISTER behind her on the wall.

Life's head pokes out of the ball pit and stares at Death. Death drops a BELT from his hand and he collapses in the ball pit. He is nothing, but a floating head in a sea of plastic balls.

Life relaxes in the ball pit.

The clock strikes 5:00 PM.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Same set up from the first scene. Death wears the same HAWAIIAN SHIRT and SWIM TROUSERS in a BEACH CHAIR below a SUNLAMP. He wears a BUCKET HAT and holds a REFLECTIVE SURFACE on his chest.

Life, dressed in swim trousers and floaties, and Felicia, dressed in a "LIFE IS GOOD" T-SHIRT, play cards under another SUNLAMP.

Thrill, Love, Logic, Temptation, Optimism, and Pessimism play in a ball pit.

FADE TO BLACK.