

A CURE FOR IMMORTALITY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A MAN, 30s, sits on a bench at a bus stop in an urban area. At his feet, a medium sized dog.

With tired eyes, the man surveys vacated buildings and a jumble of empty cars parked in the street.

MAN
Well, Old Sport...

The man leans forwards, studies the dog.

MAN
That is your name, right?

The man waits for a reply from the dog and gets none.

MAN
As we've never been properly
introduced, I'll just call you Old
Sport -- If you don't mind?

With no response from the animal, the man gives a thin, self-contented smile.

MAN
Good, that's settled...

The man turns his head left, then right. He does not see a living soul in any direction.

MAN
Looks like the cure for immortality
worked.

The dog looks up at the man, wags his tail. The man nods his head in agreement.

MAN
Me too. Glad as I can be. It was
getting pretty crowded around here.

The man leans forward, strokes the dog's neck.

MAN
Funny you should ask that...How did
all this immortality, the beginning
of the end, get started?

The man closes his eyes and tries to remember.

MAN

No one really knows for sure. Some of those rag mags at the checkout lane in the grocery stores...You know the type...

The man waits for a response, gets none and continues.

MAN

Sure you do, 'Dingos Ate My Baby' and such. All the latest gossip about if the Kardashians are wearing underwear or not.

He looks at the dog, gives a thin smile.

MAN

Some say it was terrorists. Others claim it was the government, but no one really knows for sure.

The dog lays down, puts its head on his front paws.

MAN

At first everyone thought immortality was a great idea. I mean, who didn't want to live forever?

The man chuckles, then frowns.

MAN

That didn't last long.

He closes his eyes and shakes his head.

MAN

Your father, mother, children, grandmother, grandfather, great grandfather, family pets...Even weird old uncle Fred...Everybody alive and likely as not, all of them living with you!

The man looks up and down the empty street, sighs.

MAN

It was only a matter of time before the world's resources just couldn't keep up with so many people living forever.

He looks at his hands.

MAN

Living conditions soon became
pretty darn miserable. Like too
many bunnies in one small cage.

The man pauses, then continues.

MAN

There were economic consequences
too. Jobs were lost.
(small beat)
Doctors and gravediggers were put
outta business almost immediately.

The man looks at the dog.

MAN

OK, in all fairness, new
occupations were created. Murder
for hire was trending -- But
getting a hit on yourself was
expensive and it had to be done
right.

Man looks disgusted, shakes his head.

MAN

You had to be careful, check YELP
or get a personal recommendation.
You could get yourself maimed and
live forever in excruciating pain.

Man wiggles in his seat.

MAN

And besides, who had the money to
hire a hitman? And you had to pay
him in advance. Every penny went
towards groceries to feed ever
larger families extending for
generations.

The dog wags its tail.

MAN

Times were tough, toilet paper was
scarce and groceries expensive.

The man scratches his head.

MAN

Never cared for it too much myself,
but recycling suicides became an up
and coming profession.

Man spits on the ground, makes an ugly face.

MAN

Just imagine, 'Hey there Mrs.
Smith. How 'bout some nice, young
and tender suicide meat? Clean Tox
Scan? Why of course, we don't sell
tainted products in this shop!'

Man smiles pats the dog.

MAN

Sorry Old Sport, I was rattling on.
So how did immortality happen?

Man snorts.

MAN

Nobody ever really knew and now
there seems to be a cure.

Man spreads his arms, looks around.

MAN

See for yourself. Everyone is gone.

The dog doesn't seem to be too interested, but the man
continues.

MAN

Again, another great mystery. The
government, tree huggers in
California, fluoride in the water?

A sad and lonely man shakes his head.

I sure don't know who created a
cure, but gawd bless'em and the
horse they rode in on.

The dog looks up as the man disappears with a loud POP.
Seconds later, the dog goes POP and is gone too.

FADE OUT.