

Mister D. Makes a Stand

INT. MISTER D'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A bright and cheerful looking place. Clean modern furniture fills a room that has been decorated in a sunny golden yellow. A vase of multi-colored flowers adorning the large kitchen table.

Mister D. is sat at the table, his arm resting casually on the table with his head tilted slightly and resting on the palm of his hand. A cup of coffee sits on the table next to him.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So now that we are back at your home, and quite a nice place you have to may I add, do you feel like talking about what just happened?

MISTER D.

No, not really.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I'm told that talking about your problems can really help.

MISTER D.

I'm not sure if I really have a problem.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well you...

MISTER D.

(interrupting)

...I mean sure, I almost stopped someone from dying. Almost stopped myself from doing MY job. But in the end I still did my job. That's all that matters.

He grabs the cup and drinks the entire contents in one go.

MISTER D.

But then nobody has ever asked ME to spare someones life. It was really confusing, I just...I don't know.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So you are really taking this hard?

(CONTINUED)

MISTER D.

Of course I am. Look before this whole thing was set up I didn't even have a body.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Really?

MISTER D.

Yes, really. I was just an idea, an abstract thought, a creation of the minds of humans to help partly explain what happens to them when they die. I was an omnipresent force of nature that just did its job no matter the consequences.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well to be honest we were wondering how you managed to take the soul of everybody that died at the same time.

MISTER D.

We?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

The viewing public. Oh, and myself.

MISTER D.

Well, as I just said, I was, and still am, in some form or another, omnipresent. Basically I can be everywhere and everywhen at once. But naturally I can't tell you everything that I am doing right at this moment, I can only tell you what I am doing right where we are now.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Could you elaborate.

A small TABBY KITTEN jumps on the table and sits next to Mister D.

He tickles it gently under the chin.

MISTER D.

It's actually quite simple. Lets just say that there are as many of me as there are things dying in the world. These other versions of me

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISTER D. (cont'd)  
all take my original form. an  
invisible and intangible force. So,  
naturally, no one can see or hear  
any me that is out there. However  
each version of me is only aware of  
what is going on around them and  
remains unaware of what is  
happening with the other me's

Mister D. grabs the cup and walks to the sink. He turns on  
the faucet and proceeds to wash the cup

MISTER D.  
Now the me that is here. The  
me talking to you, that is a  
different story. By taking a...

Mister D. glances down at his own body

MISTER D.  
...somewhat mortal form, I have  
limited myself to many of the  
mortal senses. This means that not  
only can I only see and hear what  
is happening right here, but, also  
people can see and hear me.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Well that sounds... well  
complicated actually.

MISTER D.  
Not really. To put it even more  
simply, there are a lot of us Grim  
Reapers. We all make sure that  
peoples souls go to where they need  
to be and they all happen to be me.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Well I'm still not sure I  
understand the dynamics of what you  
are telling me but I think we  
should leave it there for now.

MISTER D.  
Fine.

Mister D. places the now clean cup on the BENCH.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
So what do you have planned for  
today?

Mister D. reaches in to the SLEEVE of his ROBE and pulls out  
a small BLACK BOOK.

He opens it up and THUMBS quickly through the pages.

MISTER D.  
Lets see.  
(pause)  
Oh right here it is. According to  
this I have to go to work at the  
new bus depot in an hour.

He puts the BOOK back up his sleeve.

MISTER D.  
That doesn't even exist you know.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
What doesn't?

MISTER D.  
That book. Like this body, this  
form that I took, it is simply the  
tangible embodiment of a human  
idea.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
What idea would that be?

MISTER D.  
Death's list of course. While I  
take this form that book exists  
because people expect it to. This  
belief is also why I was able to  
drink that coffee just there.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
I'm not sure I follow.

MISTER D.  
Well if you care to recall the  
interview we had at Mister  
Shelton's house. More specifically,  
when I took a bite of the apple.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Yeah I remember that.

MISTER D.

Well if you recall the piece that I bit of apple simply fell to the floor and rolled a few feet. This was because the apple was real and was thereby governed by the natural laws.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Okay.

MISTER D.

Now being, well, a skeleton, I have no internal organs, muscles or flesh to stop something from literally falling right through me. This is evident by the fact that this is exactly what happened to the apple piece.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Makes sense.

MISTER D.

But the coffee. Well that is different. The coffee, as well as this entire house, is like me. To put it simply, it doesn't really exist. This means that everything in here does not follow conventional rules but instead lets me fake a normal life. This includes being able to drink without spilling it on the floor.

EXT. BUSY HIGH STREET - DAY

It is a bright sunny day. The street is filled with people going about their daily lives. A multitude of vehicles moving swiftly by in both directions.

Whilst it is evident that people have to avoid the interviewer / camera man, Mister D. simply walks through the people as if they are not even there, and vice versa.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So can you tell us what is about to happen?

MISTER D.

Not this time.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
So you don't know.

MISTER D.  
I never said that.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Well then what are you saying?

MISTER D.  
I don't know. Can we just hurry up  
and get it over with.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

The area is alive with police officers and bomb squad technicians.

In the center of the chaos is a school bus filled with children doing the natural actions screaming, crying and praying that go hand in hand with an imminent death situation.

Mister D. stands next to a group of police men in SWAT uniforms. If they see him they do not acknowledge his presence.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
So is it a terrorist attack or just  
a crazed guy with a grudge?

MISTER D.  
No idea.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
I thought it was your job to know.

MISTER D.  
No, it's my job to know what is  
going to happen. It is not my job  
to know why it will happen.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
So I take it that it is not going  
to end well.

MISTER D.  
Considering that I am here. Yes you  
can take it that way.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
So who are you here for.

Mister D. sighs.

MISTER D.  
The people on the bus.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
But they're just children.

Mister D. remains silent. He stares at the bus.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
How long?

Still he remains silent.

A police officer begins to run just in front of Mister D.  
and then he stops.

The whole world seems to be frozen in time. The whole world  
except Mister D. and the camera man.

MISTER D.  
To hell with it.

Mister D. slowly begins to walk towards the bus.

He walks through the side of the bus as if it simply is not  
there.

He disappears out of sight for a while before walking back  
out of the bus the same way he entered.

He is carrying something.

He walks up to the bomb squad and places the item on the  
bonnet of their van.

A closer look reveals it to be A BOMB.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Should you have done that? Isn't it  
against the rules?

Slowly the world begins to move again. It quickly picks up  
speed until it is running normally once more.

Mister D. looks first at the shocked members of the bomb  
squad who have found their little gift, then he glances over  
to the now safe children on the school bus.



MISTER D.

I guess the list was just wrong  
this time. It just wasn't their day  
to die.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

But you never break the rules.

CUT TO BLACK.