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.