

DEATH & HUMANITY

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BEDROOM - SUNSET

Staring through the open bedroom window, a beautiful sunset embraces the peaceful suburban neighborhood as the soft chirping of birds meshes perfectly with the light breeze.

A deep inhale, and a slow release of satisfaction is heard.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Look how the warm, beautiful sunset spreads love.

(Sigh of joy)

Nobody is worried about other people's affairs. This is beautiful.

DEATH (O.S.)

Do you really believe those lies?

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Your words mean nothing.

DEATH (O.S.)

My words are your life. You people love displaying illusions, but can't accept the consequences behind your actions. Here's an example.

The beautiful sunset turns chaotic. Heavy rain begins pouring down, mixing with the thunder. A bolt of lightning strikes a tree in front of the house, and a deep gasp of fear is heard from ?.

Mutilated hands dripping blood quickly slams the window.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Evil laugh)

Fear shouldn't budge your beliefs.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

...This isn't real.

DEATH (O.S.)

Your existence and the way you think is the facade. Your life would have a meaning if you accepted what goes on in the world, instead of keeping it locked away. But...you love living in a fantasy.

Moving over towards the computer desk, we see a laptop displaying a nice screensaver. On the desk there's a bottle of whiskey that's almost gone, a pack of cigarettes, some joints, a lighter, ashtray and a glass filled with liquor.

Humanity picks up the glass downing the liquor. A harsh exhale is heard as Humanity places the glass down before picking up one of the joints and the lighter.

The sound of the lighter being flicked is heard, followed by a cool exhale.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

This is what I needed.

DEATH (O.S.)

You people swear you need those things to relax and focus. But in my world...the real world. Once you people become intoxicated, you morph into your true character.

Humanity pours another glass, and then immediately downs it.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Leave me alone, and return to your misery.

DEATH (O.S.)

You are my misery, and I'm the truth you deny just so you can blend in.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Continue speaking your lies. In a matter of seconds, I'll block you out like I always do.

DEATH (O.S.)

Hm. Well, let's take a look at this proclaimed perfect world you live in.

A sharp shriek of pain is heard from Humanity.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

...Different races in various locations are getting wasted, enjoying themselves.

...Now we see various people attempting to drive or walk

home, while their friends stand back watching and laughing.

...Now we see various wasted people drunk driving causing accidents, and hit and runs.

...Various people are starting random fights, trying to steal out of gas stations, harassing people, throwing up on the sidewalk, and so on.

...Various people are in interrogation rooms or behind bars saddened or confused about the crimes they committed.

END OF MONTAGE:

COME BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DEATH (O.S.)

(Evil laugh)

Does the truth sicken you? Or is it sickening facing the truth?

Humanity takes one last pull from the joint before placing it out.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Everybody doesn't behave that way. Some people can handle being intoxicated, and others shouldn't tamper with those types of elements.

DEATH (O.S.)

That's a delicate excuse. But what does it matter, right?

Moving towards the bed, Humanity grabs the remote controller for the television resting beside a cellphone.

Humanity takes a seat on the bed, and then turns towards the flat screen mounted on the wall with a little distorted vision.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

It doesn't matter. You...you'll be gone---

DEATH (O.S.)

Reality is starting to set in. Do you still have the same illusions or do you realize I'm right?

Humanity tries to turn on the television, but nothing happens. Frustrated, still attempting to turn the television on getting the same response, Humanity places the remote down.

HUMANITY (O.S.)
Your illusions are lies. I'll never believe what you display.

DEATH (O.S.)
Right. So, what's wrong with the television?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
Maybe it's for the best. I don't need to see the negativity you want me to see.

DEATH (O.S.)
Wait, wait, wait. Negativity?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
YES! Television displays sex, violence and money, just to turn around and advertise what they depict as wrong.

DEATH (O.S.)
That's ironic. All of the things you named, you support.

HUMANITY (O.S.)
I support the people who love and appreciate life. The things I named in my opinion is why life is chaotic.

DEATH (O.S.)
Why can't you admit you support what you claim to hate?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
Believe what you want.

The television begins flickering on and off.

HUMANITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's going on?

Humanity picks up the remote trying to turn the television off.

DEATH (O.S.)

You can't solve the problem, so look at the things you support. This is why the world is in chaos.

The television comes on.

MONTAGE:

...Old racial clips from movies and actual interviews are shown.

...Now it shows current racial events happening in the world, interviews with serial killers, and other clips depicting drugs and violence.

END OF MONTAGE:

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hard breaths of disgust are heard from Humanity.

DEATH (O.S.)

What is it about the truth that gets you aggravated?

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Show me some truth! I'm aggravated because you're speaking nonsense. I know what you're trying to do. You know I...

(Chuckles)

Why am I letting you get to me? Why am I not in control of this situation?

Humanity walks back over to the computer desk and picks up one of the joints and the lighter. The flicker of the lighter is heard, followed by a calm exhale.

DEATH (O.S.)

Here we go again. No matter how much you drink and smoke...it won't remove the truth.

Humanity moves back over to the bed, taking a seat, picking up the phone.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Yap, yap, yap. You're the only one listening, so keep talking.

DEATH (O.S.)

Ah, another resource you people run to. You can't speak about yourselves, but you'll talk about other people. You people are quick to complain about people who don't agree with what you feel. How is it people like you complain about issues that haven't been resolved, without putting a foot forward for change?

Humanity tries to turn the phone on and the screen remains black.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

You're doing something with my phone, now?

DEATH (O.S.)

Maybe---

HUMANITY (O.S.)

I wasn't asking, I was speaking aloud.

Humanity looks down at the phone seeing it's on. A delightful laugh is heard as the fingers begin dialing a number.

DEATH (O.S.)

Look at you. You're ready to blame somebody else for your own actions, instead of---

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Can you be quiet?

DEATH (O.S.)

Did you know gossiping is a sin? That's probably why the call isn't going through.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

I've never heard about gossip being a sin. And the call isn't going through because of the weather interfering with the signal.

DEATH (O.S.)

The weather? What's wrong with the weather?

Humanity glances at the window, and it's a peaceful night.

Looking down at the phone, we see the battery is empty.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Nope. Nope, I'm not about to play this game with you.

DEATH (O.S.)

What game would that be?

Humanity drops the phone on the bed, and then moves over to the computer desk taking a seat.

After getting settled, Humanity picks up the bottle taking a nice swig, turning the laptop on. There's a peaceful background showing.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The very core of life. The one thing that makes people like you feel as if you're better than any and everybody. The internet.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

The internet is a source of information and to connect with people you haven't seen in years. This is the most beautiful thing to grace the world.

DEATH (O.S.)

For once, you actually said something that's true. Yes, the internet is a beautiful source of information and to connect with family and friends. But...that's not what people like you use it for. You were starting to be honest, so let's keep that rolling.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Think what you want. I know what I do on the internet.

DEATH (O.S.)

I do too.

The screen starts showing various hate messages from different people on various sites.

Then it goes to various blogs about different hate topics and body shaming.

Now we see racist people talking live from every race posting violent hate pics, memes and videos. All of them are laughing and agreeing this is what should be done.

Humanity is desperately trying to turn the laptop off, but the various hateful things on different sites continue popping up.

Humanity slams the laptop close, breathing heavy.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

The internet. I love what you people do and say on the internet, and then get mad when people question your ignorance. How do people know it's ignorance? Because you do and say all of these hateful things, and then portray you're this great person. Who believes that image? People just like you.

Humanity snatches the drawer open, reaching inside receiving a shock.

Humanity reaches back inside, and receives another shock.

HUMANITY POV

We see the Holy bible.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Evil laugh)

You know we can't touch that. What made you think we could?

HUMANITY (O.S.)

I can touch it. I don't know what you're doing to prevent me from touching it, but I know I can read the scriptures to get me back on track.

DEATH (O.S.)

How can I prevent you from anything if my words mean nothing, and I don't exist?

(Laughs)

You people kill me. When things don't go your way or times are tough, the bible is the first thing you reach for. You pick the sections that fit

what you're going through and run with it. You don't stand on the book with faith, but in the search for a scapegoat. Since there's so many like you, it's hard weeding out the real from the fake. Well...not in my case.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

You're a sadistic bastard in desperate need of help. The bible is salvation for those who can't do it on their own, helping to deal with you. Reading the bible is good for relaxation, but the words are already implanted in us so we can triumph over you.

DEATH (O.S.)

Triumph over me?

(Laughs)

I'm the reason why you people behave the way you do? I guess accountability is a non-existent word.

Humanity picks up the bottle taking a deep swig. Attempting to place it back, it falls on the floor.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's my fault, too?

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Of course it's your fault.

You...you're---

(Retching)

You're the---

Humanity quickly gets up, running to the bathroom as the disgusting retching is heard.

Finally reaching the toilet, the vomit comes forth with force.

After a few more seconds, Humanity finally stops hurling, flushing the toilet.

Heavy breathing is heard as Humanity moves to the shower turning the hot water on full blast.

DEATH (O.S.)

You don't look so hot.

With a quick clearing of the throat, Humanity turns and spits

in the toilet.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

I'll be fine after my shower, make myself something to eat and get some rest. I'll be refreshed in the morning.

DEATH (O.S.)

Oh, you'll be far from refreshed or saved.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

I don't care what you think. Once I get into this shower, you'll no longer exist.

Humanity vision is fully distorted, reaching in the shower testing the temperature, quickly pulling back.

Humanity attempts to move into the shower and staggers back, almost falling on the floor.

Finally getting somewhat of a balance, Humanity turns towards the sink, head down, placing hands down.

Humanity is breathing heavily looking into the all black mirror as the steam fills the room.

DEATH (O.S.)

(Evil laugh)

My moment doesn't end until I collect what's due.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

(Scared tone)

What---what's going on? Why is the mirror black?

DEATH (O.S.)

This is the part where we look at topics that matter, but people like you bypass.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Things that matter? What...

When Humanity fingertips touch the mirror, ripples begin forming.

HUMANITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Deep gasp)
 What the hell is going on?

As the ripples expand, blood slowly drips from the bottom.

Humanity quickly pulls back.

While the blood continues spilling, skulls from infants, children and preteens start falling out.

DEATH (O.S.)
 Death is death, no matter how you cut it, right? Is there really an excuse for people who molest and kill children?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
 ...No. ...There's no excuse for taking the life of a child or taking advantage of them. Sometimes---

DEATH (O.S.)
 Are you implying the only consequence should be time in jail? And what about the parents who focus mainly on sex and other things instead of their children? They should only get a slap on the wrist?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
 That's nowhere near what I'm saying. Murder will never be acceptable, nor will a parent who places their child in a position where something foul can happen.

DEATH (O.S.)
 This might sound cruel, but what happens to the children in the world...it's because of people like you. You let them act and dress as if they're grown, and then you get tight when these things happen. It's kinda poetic wouldn't you think?

HUMANITY (O.S.)
 No, it's not poetic. People have the right to dress their children in what makes them comfortable and stand out. The way children behave, if they're imitating their parents or whoever,

it's harmless and shouldn't be viewed as if they're adults. No adult should take a child's looks and behavior on that level seriously.

DEATH (O.S.)

...So in other words...this is acceptable, and the child is the one to blame?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

...We see various men and women on different playgrounds attempting to lure children into their grasp, while their parents are paying attention to something else.

...Now we see various preteen males dressed and acting as if they're drug dealers, along with preteen females dressed in skimpy or fitted attire, acting as if they're easy.

...Now we see various drunk men and women in bedrooms leaving the person who they're dating asleep, to go molest that person's child.

...Now we see those same preteens on missing flyers, on television and social media.

END OF MONTAGE

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the room as blood continues spilling from the mirror, and the skulls and bones are scattered about.

We also see used condoms, empty birth control boxes, pills, handcuffs, syringes, latex gloves and different lubricants scattered on the floor and sink.

Turning towards the shower, we see dead male and female bodies, and the tub is filled with blood.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

...What--what's happening to me?

DEATH (O.S.)

The thoughts you try to lock away are spilling into your

reality. All of the things a rapist or a woman who's been abused can use as the perfect alibi.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

No. No, no, no! You can't combine pleasure with rape. A rapist or a man who verbally and physically abuses a woman has no respect and should be locked away. Yes, if something traumatizing happens to a woman she's deserves justice, but not by committing murder.

DEATH (O.S.)

Who can point out a liar these days? Women today love being degraded, especially during sex, just to keep a man they believe is the one, and the men are happy to oblige. Now, as far as the women who feel they should murder a man who treated them badly..

(Evil laugh)

How can you be mad at what you allowed? Maybe it started with one man, but when you moved on, you let other men repeat the same process.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Stop! Make this stop! This is not life! Stop trying to make me believe what you're saying and showing.

DEATH (O.S.)

You don't believe everything I'm showing and telling? How else would I be able to speak on these topics, or show you these images if you didn't believe?

HUMANITY (O.S.)

Because you're a master of deception, praying on the weak. I'm not weak! All I have to do is wake up from this nightmare.

The sound of a hand being slapped upside the head is heard.

HUMANITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up, wake up, wake up!

DEATH (O.S.)

For once, you can finally say you're awake. Blocking the truth everyday is when you're asleep, believing you're woke.

Humanity moves the bones on the sink out the way, and then places its hands down.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

(Heavy breathing)

Focus. Regain your focus, and wake up.

Humanity begins saying a prayer.

DEATH (O.S.)

Why are you praying? You're about to meet whoever your maker is.

Humanity continues praying.

The barrel of a snub nose .38 slowly comes from the mirror, and when it's fully shown, we see it's being held by a hand identical to Humanity.

The prayer comes to a stop, and a deep gasp of fear is heard.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Paradise dwells in the minds of those in denial, such as yourself. You people swear you want peace, but behind closed eyes...you support and have your fair share of contributing to what you believe is destroying the world. At least the people you speak down on are honest with their character. Well...until they get caught or killed unexpectedly, thinking they had time to change.

The gun is cocked.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

At one point in life there was balance. Now, you have ninety-eight percent of people who look and act the same, but hate each other. And the two percent that's not afraid of being themselves are looked down upon because they're not following the pack. Those are the people who

appreciate life, but the followers of negativity feel they have to either kill them or make sure no one pays them attention.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

...That's...that's not true. The people of today are---

DEATH (O.S.)

Walking contradictions, highly praised by people they don't support, giving them images and false words to worship. Morals and the fear of being yourself is what's breaking this world down. The things you should worry about are overlooked because everybody has to keep up with the next person. The irony of people keeping up with people is they end up fighting each other over who does what the best. Who looks the best, and so on. Meanwhile, the real threats continue on their destructive path without being noticed until it affects certain people. But by that time, it's too late.

HUMANITY (O.S.)

(Trembling tone)

The world will change. In time, the world---

DEATH (O.S.)

Will end in the chaos people like you created because you'll continue fueling the fire, and the followers will love burning in it. Racism, murder, sexual abuse, subjecting yourself to degradation, child molestation and so on. It all revolves around money, and wanting some form of fame. People will do anything for these things because they believe with money they can do anything they want and people will respect and fear them. But...when the leader of the gets caught knowing jail is in their future, but hasn't been punished, what happens? They become depressed. Not because of what they did, but as an excuse seeking some leniency. And if

that doesn't work...

The lights begin flickering for a few seconds, and then it goes black.

When the lights come back on, we see a man wearing boxers standing in the clean steamy bathroom holding the snub nose to his head.

But it doesn't remain the same man. The character begins flipping between men and women of different races, ages and sizes.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Instead of accepting the pain they
inflicted on others...

The screen goes black, and then a gunshot is heard.

DEATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They come running to me hoping the
pain will end, not knowing this is
just the beginning.

"Solutions can't get produced if you constantly add to the
problem."

Bernard Mersier

END CREDITS