

MISTER D.

By

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

It is a very spacious room , neat and clean and with all the modern conveniences.

The only thing that can be considered out of place is the six foot tall SKELETON dressed in a LONG BLACK ROBE. A SCYTHE is propped up against the kitchen bench. He is staring at a small bowl of fruit.

This is MISTER D. aka the Grim Reaper

MISTER D.

Oh hey there. Sorry about meeting you like this, but, it is normally more customary for me to come to you. Oh and I will. Eventually. But for now I'm afraid you caught me in the middle of a job.

He absently rubs his finger over the fruit.

MISTER D.

You know something, this is the part of the job that I really hate. The waiting.

Mister D. grabs an apple from the bowl and takes a bite.

The piece of apple rolls out from the bottom of his robe.

MISTER D.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that I have the best job in the world. But why can't people ever be where they are supposed to?

He looks down at the piece of apple and sighs.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Just one second. If you don't mind, would you like to introduce yourself to our viewing audience?

MISTER D.

Oh, yeah, sorry. Did I forget to introduce myself? The name is Death. But you can call me Mister D.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Do you not worry people will see this show and consider you a bit cliché?

MISTER D.

In what way?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Oh the whole black robed skeleton thing.

MISTER D.

True I have gone for the classic look, but this is television so I thought I would go for something dramatic.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well it is that.

MISTER D.

Besides it's actually not as common a look as you would expect. You know that a lot of shows and movies these days seem to depict me as a normal looking person, heck even by a group of people who are assigned people to reap via sticky notes in a cafe.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You mean like Brad Pitt and that Mandy fellow?

MISTER D.

Exactly.

Mister D. grabs his scythe and walks toward the DOOR

MISTER D.

Anyway. No rest for the wicked.

INT. HALL - DAY

The hall is just as neat and tidy as the kitchen. An antique table sits to one side, a grandfather clock positioned just next to it.

On the table there is a phone and several photographs of a smiling man. He looks about 50 and has gray hair.

Mister D. stops and picks up one of the photographs.

MISTER D.

Now take this guy. According to my list he is supposed to die in five

(MORE)

MISTER D. (cont'd)
 minutes, in his own bedroom. Heart
 attack. But is he here? No! At the
 last moment he decides to go out
 and get milk.

He puts the photograph down.

MISTER D.
 I mean, have you seen the traffic
 today? I will be lucky if he gets
 back in the next five hours.
 (sighs)
 let alone the next five minutes.

He walks further down the hall and stops next to a DOOR. He
 begins to open it but then STOPS and turns to camera

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 Can't you just go to him instead?

MISTER D.
 No. I can't just go to wherever he
 is and take his soul. That is
 totally against protocol.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 Well all the movies tell us that
 you basically show up where people
 have died and---

MISTER D.
 (interrupting)
 ---Forget what the movies say. I
 have rules to follow. Rules that I
 have never broken...ever. Quite
 impressive when you consider how
 long I've been working.

Mister D. glances quickly at the grandfather clock.

MISTER D.
 Three minutes to go.

He turns to face the door. He opens it and walks through

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mister D. stands in the middle of a huge room. There is a
 huge flat screen television stuck on the wall overlooking
 luxurious leather furniture.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So you're saying you've have never
broken the rules? Ever?

MISTER D.
Never. Look you do know I have been
doing my job since life formed on
this planet right? In all that time
I have never broken any of my
rules. The number one rule being
"right time, right place."

Mister D sighs heavily and shakes his head

MISTER D.
You know it's just a shame the rest
of creation as such a flagrant
disregard for the rules. You know
just the other day I saw Fate
changing the numbers on a guys
lott... well never mind what she
was up to.

Mister D. picks up the television remote from a table and
switches it on. It goes straight on to a classical concert.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Such a long time on one job. Do you
never get bored with it and feel
like. You know, not doing it
anymore?

MISTER D.
What? No, it's not all bad. Yeah
like I already said most people
don't want to go with me when their
time comes.

He begins to flick through the different channels.

MISTER D.
But hey, look at it from my point
of view. Do you really think I
enjoy my job that much?

He turns off the television and throws the remote on the
couch

MISTER D.
Have you ever tried to take a soul
out of an animal while it is being
eaten?

Mister D. moves toward the window and peers out.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well no.

He turns to the camera

MISTER D.

No! Well let me tell you, it's not pleasant for either party. You think you've seen messy? You haven't seen messy until you see a protoplasmic soul covered in blood.

He peers quickly out of the window again.

MISTER D.

If he doesn't hurry up he will be late for his becoming late.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A king-sized bed dominates the room. There is also a large ornate desk with a heap of RINGS and several NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS piled on top.

Mister D. is sat on the edge of the bed.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So do you like your job or do you not like your job?

MISTER D.

A bit of both really. I admit that I enjoy meeting new people. Hell, in my line of work you eventually get to meet all the interesting characters.

He stands and moves to the desk.

He runs his skeletal hand through the collection of rings.

MISTER D.

This guy for example. Now why would Mister Shelton have so many women's rings when he has never had a girlfriend for years?

He picks up one of the rings and looks at it a bit more closely

MISTER D.
Strange thing is that every body
that knows about this ring
collection of his, calls it his
trophy collection.

He throws the ring back on the heap and picks up one of the
NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

It reads

SEVENTH VICTIM DISCOVERED

MISTER D.
Still, with him gone at least my
nights will be a bit less busy
around here.

He drops the clipping on the floor.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
You make it sound as if we are in
the house of a serial...

A quick glance at a small CLOCK by the bed tells him what he
needs to know.

MISTER D.
Forty seconds.

He moves next to the CLOSED bedroom door and leans against
the wall.

He pulls a SMALL BLACK BOOK out of his robe SLEEVE and opens
it up.

He runs a finger down the page.

MISTER D.
Lets see. Yeah here it is. Right
after Mister Shelton I have an
appointment in France with a Madame
Lambert.

He pops the book in his sleeve.

The sound of a door opening and closing is heard from
downstairs.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Just another quick question.

MISTER D.

What?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Do you know what the actual cause of the heart attack will be?

MISTER D.

Why does he have a heart attack you mean?

(laughs)

Well bumping into a six foot skeleton in your own bedroom normally does the trick.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

But I thought you only took souls. You never actually killed people.

MISTER D.

Who said that?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well its just the way it is.

MISTER D.

Look if my list says he dies of a heart attack due to meeting me then that is how he is going to die.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS walking up the stairs.

MISTER D.

Well here is my five o'clock.

The door begins to OPEN

The man from the photograph walks. This is MISTER SHELTON.

He has hold of a YOUNG WOMAN by the arm.

MISTER SHELTON

Hey what is this? Why are you in my bedroom. Get that damn camera out of my face

MISTER D.

She's not on my list. I guess that makes this her lucky night.

MISTER SHELTON

What the hell? Who said that.

Mister D. taps him gently on the shoulder.

Mister Shelton turns, a look of horror spreads across his face as he sees the large skeletal figure of Mister D.

His face goes white, his hand reaches to his chest.

The woman screams before running out of the room.

Mister D turns his head toward the DOOR

MISTER D.
(shouting after woman)
See you in a few weeks.

Mister Shelton collapses to the floor.

Mister D looks straight towards CAMERA

MISTER D.
Well it's been very nice chatting
to you and I guess I'll see you
soon.

FADE TO BLACK