

OF DEATH

By

This Guy Right Here

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INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The pale body of MARCUS, not the most attractive man, lies in the bathtub, dead.

His lifeless eyes stare down at his feet. He wears a nice button-up white collared shirt, a loosened red tie, and nice pants.

An arm hangs over the edge of the tub and drips with blood. His wrist cuffs are rolled up, exposing sliced forearms.

The floor is littered with a trail of his shoes and socks, a blazer, red roses, a red box of chocolates, the candy scattered about the bathroom floor.

MARCUS (V.O.)

How much longer is this going to take?

TRACY (V.O.)

A couple nerves are probably still firing.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Can we please just talk?

TRACY (V.O.)

About?

MARCUS (V.O.)

Something. Anything.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

TRACY (20s), black hair, in a black dress or formal outfit, black make up...just, black everything, sits at one end of a small, square table.

TRACY

Do you masturbate?

Marcus (dressed in a tidied up version of the previous shot's attire) sits at the opposite end of the table.

MARCUS

What?!

Plates of food and a candelabra, adorned with burning tapers, separate the two on top of the table. Tracy digs in while Marcus doesn't touch his food.

TRACY

You said you wanted to talk about anything.

MARCUS

I don't think something like that will make things better.

TRACY

I masturbate.

MARCUS

Jesus.

TRACY

Not for myself, though. For someone else.

MARCUS

This isn't helping.

TRACY

There's this guy...he likes to watch me masturbate...while he chokes himself.

MARCUS

That's not how that works--

TRACY

I know. But he likes it. So I do it. The food's great, by the way.

MARCUS

So, you have a boyfriend?

TRACY

No. He's not a boyfriend. He's just...a friend. Besides, if I did then we wouldn't be on this date right now.

MARCUS

Honestly, that would've been a better excuse to hear.

TRACY

Instead of?

MARCUS

"Oh God, no."

TRACY
Uh, sorry for being honest?

MARCUS
You literally ran away.

TRACY
Okay, first of all, it was more of a brisk walk. And besides, I came back and said I was sorry.

MARCUS
After I killed myself!

TRACY
Well I had to come back for something...someone.

MARCUS
I should've just picked up a whore. Though I guess I wasn't too far off.

TRACY
Wow. For your information, I'm an angel.

MARCUS
What great morals you have.

TRACY
Yeah, well not all angels wear halos, okay?

MARCUS
And what kind of angel are you?

TRACY
I'm an angel of death.

MARCUS
So, what, you fuck a guy and then take his soul?

TRACY
Is that how we got here?

Marcus looks down in shame.

MARCUS
You're right. Nobody would ever want to do anything with me.

TRACY

I'm tellin' ya, you should've just masturbated.

MARCUS

Gee, thanks. Did you not notice that my right hand has more calluses than my left hand?

TRACY

I'm sorry. But look on the bright side. You're dead now. You've got something amazing to look forward to.

MARCUS

I'm going to Hell. How glamorous can that be?

TRACY

Oh God, no. Hell doesn't exist.

MARCUS

Then where am I going?

TRACY

I'm not sure. They don't share that kind of information with me.

MARCUS

Then what are you doing here?

TRACY

I'm here to guide you. To take you away from your series of unfortunate events.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

I love those books.

Tracy smiles back.

TRACY

Me too.

MARCUS

You're very beautiful.

TRACY

I know.

MARCUS

Will you actually go on a date with me?

TRACY

You're dead, honey.

MARCUS

Then can you fulfill a dead man's last wish, and go for a walk in the park with me?

TRACY

That's your last wish?
(snorts/laughs)
Kinda lame...

Marcus doesn't say anything. Tracy quickly stops laughing.

TRACY (cont'd)

Oh, you're being serious. Sorry.

MARCUS

I've always wanted to take a pretty woman on a walk with me. Just for once in my life. In Sterne Park down the street. Around the pond.
(beat)

But nobody would give me the time of day. No matches. No messages. Nothing.

(beat)

I'm nothing.

TRACY

You're somebody.

MARCUS

Tell that to the guy in the bathroom.

Tracy stands and walks into the bathroom

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

She kneels next to Dead Marcus and rubs his chin.

TRACY

You're somebody.

She grabs the roses and box of chocolates, half-asses picking up the spilled candy.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

She sits back at the table, holds up the roses and box of chocolates.

TRACY

Every girl thinks this is cheesy,
just so you know.

She tosses the bouquet of roses into a nearby trash can.
Marcus looks defeated.

MARCUS

Forgive me for never having dated
anyone.

TRACY

Hey, it could be worse. You could
have a cat.

MARCUS

Why does that matter?

TRACY

I hate cats. Plus, they'll eat your
face if you're dead long enough.

MARCUS

Jesus. What's gonna happen to me?

TRACY

Well, depends on how long it takes
for someone to notice that you're
dead. Then there's the clean-up
crew--

MARCUS

No, I mean, what's gonna happen to
me?

TRACY

You'll find out soon enough.

She eats a chocolate and almost immediately spits it out.

TRACY (cont'd)

Gross, coconut.

She tosses the box of chocolates into the trash.

Marcus stands up.

MARCUS

Let's go for a walk in the park.

He holds out his hand. Tracy looks at it, then back into Marcus' eyes. She smiles, takes his hand.

TRACY

Why not? That's the most generous request I've ever received.

MARCUS

I'm not like the other guys.

TRACY

I know.

(beat)

You would've found somebody one day, Marcus. Just know that.

MARCUS

If it means anything, I immediately regretted my decision the moment I did it.

TRACY

Everyone does.

(beat)

You're not alone.

Marcus smiles.

TRACY (cont'd)

You're somebody.

MARCUS

Let's go before the nerves fire for a last time.

TRACY

Okay, but make it quick. The meter's running.

Tracy opens the door. The two walk out of the apartment, hand in hand.

FADE OUT.