

"You can't complain about a movement you helped support."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BEDROOM - SUNSET**

**LIFE POV**

The Sun is going down on the peaceful suburban neighborhood. The soft sound of birds chirping is heard, accommodated with the light sound of the breeze.

A deep inhale and exhale of joy is heard.

LIFE (O.S.)

Billions. Billions of voices are heard around the world. They all have different thoughts and opinions, but they all have one thought in mind. Making the world a better place.

(Happy chuckle)

Everybody is enjoying life staying out of people's way. How can you not enjoy this place?

DEATH (O.S.)

(Laughs)

You don't truly believe the rubbish in your mind you just let spill from your mouth?

LIFE (O.S.)

Your words mean nothing.

DEATH (O.S.)

My words mean everything. Why do you think I'm adorned so much? You on the other hand. You're not respected because you only speak and display illusions. For example, this scenery.

The beautiful scene we saw turns into a nightmare. Heavy rain pours down, and the loud rumble of thunder is heard.

The wind howls as a bolt of lightning strikes a tree.

A gasp of fear is heard.

Hands composed of bone and muscle dripping liquid quickly

closes the window.

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

(Evil laugh)

A person who stands firm on the words you speak shouldn't have fear residing in them. Do you know why you're scared right now?

LIFE (O.S.)

(Nervous tone)

This isn't real. This is all in my head, it is not real.

DEATH (O.S.)

Your existence and the way you think isn't real. What would make you real is accepting what's going on, instead of keeping it locked away. But...you love living in your pretend world.

Life moves over to the computer desk where we see an open laptop with a nice screensaver showing.

Also on the desk is a bottle of Jack Daniels, a half full glass of liquor, a pack of cigarettes, some joints, a lighter, an ashtray and baggies filled with marijuana.

Life picks up the glass and a deep gulp is heard, followed by a harsh exhale from swallowing the liquor.

Life then picks up one of the joints and the lighter.

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

LIFE (O.S.)

(Relaxed tone)

This is what I needed.

DEATH (O.S.)

It figures you'd run to these things. Just like the people who feel the same way you do, needing a drink, some drugs or both. But in my world...the real world. You, and the people like you morph into the true people you really are after you get intoxicated.

Life takes a hard pull from the joint, and then pours another cup, immediately downing it.

LIFE (O.S.)  
 Leave me alone. Leave me alone and  
 return to your misery.

DEATH (O.S.)  
 You are my misery, and I am your truth  
 you love denying just so you can blend  
 in. Am I lying?

LIFE (O.S.)  
 Nothing but lies come from your mouth.  
 Enjoy your moment because in a matter  
 of seconds, I'll block you out as I  
 always do.

DEATH (O.S.)  
 Then let's get to it. Let's take a  
 look at this proclaimed perfect world  
 you believe in.

As Life takes another hit, a sharp cry of pain is released.

**CUT TO:**

**VARIOUS PEOPLE DOING DIFFERENT DRUGS MONTAGE:**

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

...Now we see various people attempting to drive or walk  
 home, and their friends are not attempting to stop them.

...Now we see various wasted people drunk driving causing  
 accidents, hit and runs, crashing through houses and various  
 other destructive outcomes.

...Now we see various people who were walking, starting  
 random fights, trying to steal out of gas stations, harassing  
 people, throwing up on the sidewalk, and so on.

...We see various people in interrogation rooms and behind  
 bars saddened or confused about the crimes they committed.

**END OF MONTAGE:**

**COME BACK TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Life places the glass back on the desk.

DEATH (O.S.)

(Evil laugh)

The truth of what happens when people  
are intoxicated is sickening to you?  
Or is it sickening because you had to  
face the truth?

Life takes one last pull from the joint before placing it out  
in the ashtray.

LIFE (O.S.)

This isn't true about everybody. Some  
can handle the alternative reserves  
they use, and others shouldn't tamper  
with such elements.

DEATH (O.S.)

That's a very delicate excuse you just  
used, but what does it matter, right?

Life looks on the bed for the television remote control, and  
finds it lying on the blue blanket on the Queen sized bed  
beside a cellphone.

The sound of the thunderstorm can be heard in the background.

Before taking a seat on the bed, Life pours another glass.

Life picks up the remote, and then takes a seat on the bed,  
turning to look at the flat screen mounted on the wall.

LIFE (O.S.)

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

DEATH (O.S.)

Look at you. It's all starting to kick  
in. Do you still have the same  
illusions or are you realizing I'm  
right?

Life tries turning the television on, but nothing happens.

Attempting to turn it on a few more times getting the same  
response, Life gets frustrated, placing the remote down.

LIFE (O.S.)

I'll never say you're right because I  
don't believe in illusions or lies.

DEATH (O.S.)

Right. What's wrong with the television?

LIFE (O.S.)

I have no idea. Maybe it's for the best, so I won't see the negativity that's consistently shown barricading the truth.

DEATH (O.S.)

Wait, wait, wait. Barricading the truth?

LIFE (O.S.)

That's what I said. Everything on television consists of violence, sex and money. Nothing of true substance deserving attention.

DEATH (O.S.)

Ironic you would say such things, and all of the things you just named you support.

LIFE (O.S.)

I support life and people who appreciate life. The things I named off in my opinion is the reason why life is the way it is now.

DEATH (O.S.)

That's not why. It's because you support these very things, and as usual, you're still in denial in this world of illusions.

Life takes a sip from the glass.

LIFE (O.S.)

Believe what you want as usual.

The television starts flickering on and off.

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

What's going on?

Life picks up the remote trying to figure out what's going on.

DEATH (O.S.)

Don't try solving the problem. Just watch why I said you support what's going on. This is the real reason why the world is in chaos.

The television comes on, and we see old racial clips from movies and actual interviews, before it goes to various old mafia clips.

Now it goes to the various current racial events that's happened in the world, interviews with serial killers, and other clips depicting drugs and violence.

Life picks up the remote trying to turn the television off, but it's not working.

Finally, Life downs the glass, places it on the floor and then gets up as the clips continue being shown.

Life walks up to the television grabbing it by both sides, and then snatches it down from the wall, smashing it on the floor.

DEATH (O.S.)

Oh, my. What's this all about? Something about when you see or hear the truth, you get mad.

LIFE (O.S.)

No truth has been said or shown! I'm frustrated because of the nonsense you're trying to place in my head. I know what you're trying to do, and you know...

(Chuckles)

Why am I letting you get to me? Why am I not controlling this situation?

Life's vision is somewhat distorted, while walking over to the computer desk, picking 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 with this again. No matter how much you drink and smoke it won't remove the truth.

Life continues smoking while taking a seat on the bed, picking up the phone.

LIFE (O.S.)

Yap, yap, yap. Keep on talking because you're the only one listening.

DEATH (O.S.)

Ah, another resource you people run to when things don't go as planned. Not to speak about yourself, but to talk about other people, and complain about people not agreeing with what you feel is right. But above all that...you don't speak on both angles about things that's foul going on, and why certain things haven't been resolved.

Life tries turning on the phone, getting no response.

LIFE (O.S.)

Just like the television, you're doing something with my phone, right?

DEATH (O.S.)

Maybe---

LIFE (O.S.)

I wasn't asking you literally because I knew you'd start speaking foolishly. I was just saying aloud..

Life stares at the phone, and now it's on.

DEATH (O.S.)

Ready to blame somebody else for your own actions instead of---

LIFE (O.S.)

Can you be quiet, I'm trying to make a call?

Life looks at the phone confused because the call hasn't gone through yet.

DEATH (O.S.)

All this gossip you wanna spread about something or someone else is probably why your call isn't going through.

LIFE (O.S.)

Or how about because of the weather,  
the signal is bad?

DEATH (O.S.)

The weather? What's wrong with the  
weather?

Life looks out the window, and instead of the storm we saw  
and heard, it's a clear peaceful night.

Life takes a pull from the joint, and then looks at the phone  
and sees the battery blinking indicating it's dead.

LIFE (O.S.)

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

DEATH (O.S.)

What game would that be?

Life drops the phone on the bed, and then gets up taking a  
seat at the computer desk.

After getting settled, Life picks up the bottle taking a nice  
swig, and then turns the laptop on.

There's a cool 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.

LIFE (O.S.)

The internet is a source of  
information and connecting with people  
you haven't seen in years. This is the  
most beautiful thing that ever graced  
the world.

DEATH (O.S.)

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



LIFE (O.S.)

You can think what you want. I know what I do on the internet.

DEATH (O.S.)

I do too. Look at what you do.

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

Then it goes to various blogs about different hate filled 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.

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

Life slams the laptop close, and keeps the hands placed down on it, breathing heavy.

DEATH (O.S.)

(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? You do and say all of these hateful things, and then turn around portraying you're this great person. Who believes that image? People who are just like you.

Life snatches the drawer open on the computer desk, and then reaches inside receiving a shock.

Life reaches back inside, and receives another shock.

### **LIFE POV**

We see the Holy bible resting inside.

DEATH (O.S.)

(Evil laugh)

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

LIFE (O.S.)

I can touch it. I don't know what you're doing right now preventing me from touching it, but I know I can read from the good book.

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 you feel things are too tough, the bible is the first thing you reach out for, and this goes for any religion. You pick the sections fitting what you're going through at the time and run with it. You don't stand on the book with faith, but in search of a scapegoat. Since there's so many like you, it's hard weeding out the real from the fake. Well...not in my case.

LIFE (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, needing help dealing with you. Reading the bible is good for relaxation, but the words are already implanted in us, giving us the will to keep going and triumph over you.

DEATH (O.S.)

Triumph over me?

(Laughs)

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

Life picks up the bottle taking a deep swig, and when trying to place it back, it falls on the floor.

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

That's my fault, too?

LIFE (O.S.)

Of course it's your fault.

You...you're---

(Retching)

You're the---

Life quickly gets up running for the bathroom.

The disgusting retching sound is continuously heard, and a few drops can be seen hitting the floor.

Finally reaching the toilet, the vomit comes forth with force. Eww, it's a disgusting sight and sound.

After a few more seconds, Life finally stops hurling, and then flushes the toilet.

The heavy breathing is heard as Life 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, Life then turns to spit in the toilet.

LIFE (O.S.)

I'll be just fine. I'm about to take this shower. Make me something to eat, and then get some rest. I'll be refreshed in the morning.

DEATH (O.S.)

Oh, I do believe you're far from being refreshed or saved.

LIFE (O.S.)

I'm already over what you think and what you have to share. Once I get into this shower, you'll no longer exist. These are the last few minutes of your moment.

Life's vision is more distorted than it was when we first saw, reaching in the shower to test the temperature.

Judging from the steam and how quickly the hand pulls back, the water is perfect.

Attempting to move into the shower, Life staggers back, almost falling on the floor.

Finally getting somewhat of a balance together, Life turns towards the sink, placing the hands down.

Heavy breathing can be heard as Life looks up at the black wall mirror seeing no reflection.

As the steam continues filling the room, the sound of the breathing intensifies.

DEATH (O.S.)

(Evil laugh)

My moment doesn't end until I collect what's due. You should've posed that statement on yourself because there's no doubt...these are your last moments.

LIFE (O.S.)

(Scared tone)

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

DEATH (O.S.)

This is the part where we look at the topics people like you bypass. So since these are your final moments...I figured we'd speak on some things that matter.

LIFE (O.S.)

Things that matter? What...

Life reaches out touching the mirror, and when the palm lies flat, ripples begin forming in the mirror.

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

(Deep gasp)

What the hell is going on?

As the ripples expand, blood starts slowly dripping down from the bottom of the mirror.

Life quickly pulls back, and a hard gasp is heard.

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

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?

## LIFE (O.S.)

...No. ...There's no excuse for taking a child's life or taking advantage of them. Sometimes---

## DEATH (O.S.)

So a man or woman can take advantage of a child, and the only consequence should be time in jail? And what about the parent who allowed it because they were paying more attention to a sex life instead of their child? Should they just get a slap on the wrist, and be able to carry on with life portraying a fake grievance, mad at the person who did it instead of themselves?

## LIFE (O.S.)

That's nowhere near what I'm saying or would agree with. Murder will never be acceptable, nor a parent placing their child in a position where something as foul as molestation or worse can happen.

## DEATH (O.S.)

This might sound cruel, but the things that happen to these children...it's because of people like you letting them act and dress as if they're grown, and then get all tight when these things happen. It's kinda poetic wouldn't you think?

## LIFE (O.S.)

That's nowhere near poetic, and 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 behavior that shouldn't be viewed as if they're adults. No adult should ever take how a child looks and behaves on that level seriously.

## DEATH (O.S.)

...So in other words...this is acceptable, and there's no one to blame but the child?

(Laughs)  
It'll all make sense in the end.

**CUT TO:**

**VARIOUS ABDUCTIONS, MOLESTATION AND BEHAVIORS MONTAGE:**

...We see various men and women in different areas attempting to lure children into their grasp on playgrounds while their parents are not looking.

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

...Now we see various drunk men and women in bedrooms in different locations leaving the person who they're dating sleeping on the bed, while leaving to go molest that person's child.

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

**END OF MONTAGE**

**COME BACK TO:**

**INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The room looks horrifying. Blood is still spilling from the mirror, and the skulls and bones are still scattered about, while the steam continues filling the room.

Added to the room are used condoms, empty birth control boxes, pills, handcuffs, and dirty used syringes scattered on the floor and sink.

On the toilet we see there's latex gloves and different lubricants.

Turning towards the shower, we see dead male and female bodies cuffed to the shower rod, and in the blood filled tub.

LIFE (O.S.)  
...What--what's happening to me?

DEATH (O.S.)  
The thoughts you try so hard locking  
away are spilling into your reality.  
The new things you're seeing now is  
what people like you view other people

as. Drugs and what you call "kinky sex". All of which a rapist or a woman who's been abused can use as the perfect alibi.

LIFE (O.S.)

No. No, no, no! You can't combine pleasure with the rape of an unsuspecting victim. A rapist or a man who verbally and physically abuses a woman has no respect for them, 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 say who is and isn't willing these days? Women today love being talked to any type of way and treated with no respect, especially during sex, and the men are happy to oblige. Now, the women who feel they should murder the man who treated them this way...

(Evil laugh)

How can you be mad at what you subjected yourself to, not just with one man, but even if you move on you let others repeat the process?

LIFE (O.S.)

Stop. Make this stop! This is not what life is about. Stop trying to make me believe what you're saying or you've shown me.

DEATH (O.S.)

Oh, you believe. How else would I be able to speak on these topics, or show you these images if you didn't believe?

LIFE (O.S.)

Because you're a master of deceiving 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.

LIFE (O.S.)

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

DEATH (O.S.)

For once, you can finally say you're awake. Blocking the truth out like you do everyday is when you're sleeping.

Life moves up to the sink moving the bones out the way, placing hands on the bloody sink. Heavy breathing is heard.

LIFE (O.S.)

Focus. Regain your focus, and wake up.

Life begins saying a prayer.

DEATH (O.S.)

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

Life looks up at the black mirror, while continuing to pray.

As the ripples expand, the barrel of a snub nose .38 slowly comes from the mirror.

When it's fully shown, we see it's being held by a hand identical to Life's.

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

DEATH (O.S.)

This place or paradise only dwells in the minds of those in denial, such as yourself. You want peace and for everyone to get along, 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 more time to change.

The gun is cocked.

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

At one point there was an equal balance of leaders and followers. As we speak today, it's ninety-eight percent of followers, and the two



percent trying to be positive leaders are looked down upon because they're not following the rest of the pack. Those are the people who appreciate life, but the followers of negativity feel they have to either kill them or make sure their words are never heard.

LIFE (O.S.)

...That's...that's not true. The leaders of this world---

DEATH (O.S.)

Are the biggest walking contradictions on the planet, and are highly praised by people they do nothing for, but give them an image 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.

LIFE (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 remaining burning in it. Racism, murder, sexual abuse, subjecting yourself to degradation, child molestation and so on, all revolves around money, and wanting some form of fame. People will do anything for these things believing with money they can do anything they want because people know and respect them for their money. But...when the followers or the leader of the

followers get caught, and they know jail is in their future, but haven't been punished, what do they do? It turns into depression. 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 standing in the clean steamy bathroom holding the same 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 in hopes the pain will end, not knowing this is just the beginning.

"A solution can never be produced if you constantly add to the problem."

Bernard Mersier

**END CREDITS**