

THE LIVING DEATH

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL FIELD - MORNING

The first rays of the sun light some trees from behind creating beautiful irregular silhouettes but yet colourless.

EXT. DREADFUL CITY - SAME TIME

The trees are now big buildings and they create a dreadful symmetric outline.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE -- AFTERNOON

A MAN - 30s, short-haired with sad looks and dressed in a grey office suit - looks through the window. Suddenly the SUPERVISOR appears at the cubicle's door. He looks at the Man.

SUPERVISOR
What are you doing?

The Man turns to the Supervisor.

MAN
Finishing the report.

SUPERVISOR
Really? Through the window?

MAN
No... I--

SUPERVISOR
Look, I don't want you here. I'd fire you and all the fucking workers in this floor if I could. And I will, someday... So, try to keep that in your ignorant mind.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

The screensaver of the Man's computer shows beautiful landscapes. He's talking by the phone.

MAN

(by phone)

No... I... Yeah, finishing a report.
No, you don't have to tell your
dad. 'Cos I know how to handle
that, darling. Yeah... All right, all
right... I will. No... Yeah, me too.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

There's a framed certificate on the wall and while the Man looks at it and talks by phone, the printer jams. He turns to it.

MAN

(by phone)

Mom, I gotta call you later... The
printer has just- Who?

The Man stands up and tries to fix the printer.

MAN (CONT'D)

I don't know him. No... When?
Saturday? We can't make it, we have
that party with... I'll tell her but
I don't think she'll be glad. Of
course she loves you. Yeah... Mom,
don't start... Yeah... All right, all
right... I will. No... Yeah, you too.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

The Man waits until the phone rings. He picks it up.

MAN

(by phone)

Hey, what is it? No... I don't like green with brown. It's too earthy. Yeah, darling, but... Yeah... No, you should. I mean it. What? We are talking about bed sheets, not renaissance paintings... The what? I already told you, my mom wants to. What does that have to do with sheets?... I know... I told her you couldn't miss the party, but she wouldn't listen, darling. Yeah... All right, all right... I will. No... Yeah, me too.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

The Man is not in it. Shortly after, he appears with a plastic glass filled with warm coffee. The Supervisor comes after him.

SUPERVISOR

Coffee? That means you are done with the report, aren't you?

MAN

No... I...

SUPERVISOR

"No... I...". Look, I want it right now. If you don't finish it in working hours, you'll have to do extra hours. But don't think you'll be paid for them.

He goes away.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

The Man seems really stressed.

MAN

(by phone)

I don't know when, I have to finish it... I'll eat something on my way back. Yeah... All right, all right... I will. No... Yeah, me too.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - BIG FLOOR - EVENING

The view from the big crystal windows is of huge cold buildings and pale highways. The noise of this common city is hardly audible, because we are on the 42nd floor.

On a window, there's the silhouette of the Man. He breaths with difficulty because through the open window, the wind blows strongly. The Man trembles and looks down repeatedly.

As he's too scarred he goes back to the floor and crouches to throw up.

Besides him, in the quiet big floor there's nobody else but ABADDON -20s, long-haired with a goatee and dark sunglasses -. He is looking at the Man.

The Man cleans his mouth and breaths. Then looks up and his eyes meet Abaddon.

He is standing there with his arms crossed. The Man stands up.

ABADDON

Are you done?

MAN

(gasping)

Leave me alone, I'm having a bad day...

Abaddon smiles.

ABADDON

That's great.

MAN

No, it's not...

ABADDON

Why?

MAN

Fuck off, I'm gonna kill myself...

ABADDON

Really? Can I buy a ticket for the show?

The Man holds his back on the window and his hands, on his knees.

MAN

Oh, you are a motherfucker...!

ABADDON

No, you fuck moms...

MAN

You're fucking crazy or what...?

ABADDON

Yeah, I am... But I'm not the one who lives surrounded by shit... I'm not the one who did whatever his parents told him to... And nodded when his wife asked him to shut up and listen to her problems. And I'm not the one who accepted a fucking job because his father-in-law had a vacant in his business... And I'm not the one who used to hurt himself to prove the fault was his own, not other people's. And now he's realizing he should've listened to

himself and should've moved away from his family and his closest friends... Because he knew staying close to them, would kill him...

(beat)

I'm not that one... Are you?

The Man takes a deep breath.

MAN

How do you know that much about me?
Are you following me?

ABADDON

I don't know you... But all you people are just replications. Copies of a standardized prototype of human being...

(beat)

So, you want to jump? Go ahead... But I think you don't have the needed determination to do so...

MAN

I do have *that*!

ABADDON

Don't make me laugh... I've seen lots of people trying to commit suicide and giving up right after they realized their fears wouldn't let them kill themselves... They just thought the idea itself would be enough and they tried to go back to their miserable and frustrated lives. But I couldn't allow that to happen. So I decided to help them... And now I'm gonna help you...

MAN

What are you? A shrink?

ABADDON

No, I'm not a shrink... Shrinks tell people their suffering is common... But I tell people they shouldn't suffer. And I help them to stop suffering.

MAN

And how do you do that?

ABADDON

I kill them.

MAN

You can't be serious...

ABADDON

Oh, you bet I am. And I'm about to kill you.

The Man takes a couple of seconds to think. He looks angry now.

MAN

You can't kill people! You can't play God!

ABADDON

I'm not playing God... Who's God anyway?...

Abaddon smiles sarcastically at his rhetorical question. Then he goes back to the topic...

ABADDON (CONT'D)

Do you think I chose to be here? No, I had to be here. I was just delivering an envelope for your father-in-law who was talking by phone with your wife about you... And then I saw you: Standing alone, looking down all the time... And I thought "I have to help this guy".

And what do I find when I come back later? You are about to do my fucking job! "Great", I think. But you just move back and throw up like a coward... What a shame. You really need my help.

MAN

Don't touch me, you twisted fuck!

ABADDON

What with the sudden change of thought? Now you don't want to die?

MAN

I don't wanna get killed!

ABADDON

What's the difference? Your pain will be gone, either if you kill yourself, or if I help you.

The Man moves slowly towards a desk, to have an obstacle between Abaddon and himself.

MAN

Back off! Or I'll call the fucking police!

ABADDON

It's been a long time since I don't kill a cop... But they are all frustrated...

(beat)

In fact, we all live in frustration or bitterness. Unless we realize it or we die... So, why not? Bring them here, we'll have a little redemption orgy...

The Man turns his back to Abaddon and starts walking away from him, with firm steps.

ABADDON (CONT'D)

Face the truth, my dear friend!

MAN

No fucking way! I'm going back home...

ABADDON

You hate your home! Why do you persist in living a life you can't stand? Why living in a world where you cannot be yourself? I'm sick of you unconscious people...

From a certain distance, the Man turns back and shouts at Abaddon.

MAN

Why don't you aid people, instead of killing them?!

ABADDON

I tried... But they wouldn't listen. And I got tired. One day, I killed one of them.

MAN

Fuck you!

The Man starts running away, taking his cell phone out of his jacket.

ABADDON

Too obvious...

Abaddon starts running behind him. The Man, feeling Abaddon coming after him, runs faster.

The Man avoids desks and other obstacles but Abaddon jumps over the furniture like mad.

The Man dials 911 and puts his cell phone on his ear. He goes straight into an office. He gets into it and locks the door from inside.

Abaddon arrives and stops crashing onto the door with his fists. Then he looks through the little window. The Man speaks by the phone but we can't hear him. Abaddon calms down a little bit and holds the door with one hand. He shouts, but we can't hear him either. Suddenly the Man opens the door from the office next door and starts running towards the staircase. Abaddon sees him sideways and he starts running towards him.

INT. PARKING - LATER

Cars parked and a greyish big door defines this place. After a while the Man's head hits the big door and opens it. Abaddon comes in dragging him. The Man's head is bleeding and he's unconscious.

Abaddon heads for his car. He opens the Man's door and leaves him seated. Then he shuts it and walks around the car. As he opens his door, he comes in and starts the engine.

He drives to the way out.

EXT. PARKING - CONT

The car moves away and gets into the chaotic traffic.

I/E. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Various SHOTS of the car and its occupants as they drive

away from urban streets to the main highway.

INT. CAR - LATER

Abaddon drives his car as fast as the highway speed limit allows him to. Next to him, the Man, still unconscious, is not bleeding anymore. Although, his face is blood red and so is his nice office suit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The car passes across, but it just looks like a flash of light moving fast.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Abaddon parks his car in the darker side of the place. The outside fluorescent light the place frantically. Abaddon gets out and heads for the automatic doors of the gas station mart. He comes into it and grabs some products. Then he pays and gets out with a plastic bag in his hand.

INT. CAR - LATER

Abaddon stares at the road. He is drinking a beer and eating a veggie sandwich.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COTTAGE - DAWN

Surrounded by a forest there's a clearing which leads to a wooden cottage. Abaddon's car follows the path and parks in front of a garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONT

It's dark and just a thin line of light comes in between the garage gate and the floor. Abaddon opens his door and walks towards the gate. He lifts it. His silhouette goes back to

the car and proceeds to park it within the garage walls.

Then he gets out and goes around the car. As he pulls the gate down, he turns the light on. It's a little bulb hung on the ceiling.

After that, he proceeds to take the Man out of the car and drag him upstairs.

They climb the stairs and then, from upstairs, Abaddon turns the garage light off.

INT. COTTAGE - SECONDS LATER

It's a cosy big room: There is a table, some chairs, shelves with books, the kitchen on one corner and a single bed on the other side. Also, there's a door which leads to the bathroom and another one which leads to the garage.

The Man lays down next to the garage door. Abaddon shuts that door and then he heads to the bathroom. But before he comes in, he turns to the Man. He approaches to him and drags him to the centre of the cottage. Then he takes a chair and sits him on it. He goes to the kitchen and opens a few drawers until he finds some laces.

After tying the Man to the chair, he goes into the bathroom, at last. The water starts falling down.

INT. COTTAGE - LATER

The Man, tied to the chair, is still unconscious.

Abaddon comes in from the bathroom. He's just had a shower so his hair is wet. He goes straight to bed and slumps onto it.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Birds are singing. Abaddon approaches to the Man and slaps him in the head.

INT. COTTAGE - MIDDAY

The Man is waking up and looks a little bit dizzy. He can't hold his head so it keeps falling down. Abaddon heads for the kitchen and cooks some lunch.

The Man tries to open his eyes widely to see what's going on but he can't get them open too much. As he starts realizing where he is and what happened last night, he tries to recover himself to think clearly. He hopes that moving fast his body will help.

MAN

What's...! Whoa-

His words won't come out so Abaddon interrupts him.

ABADDON

You should stop moving like mad,
you could break yourself a bone or
something..

MAN

But... who the fuck are you?

ABADDON

"What's in a name? That which we
call a rose by any other word would
smell as sweet."

As they talk, Abaddon eats what he cooks.

ABADDON (CONT'D)

Now I want you to listen carefully.
You are here for a reason. So I am.

(beat)

You have to die, and I have to kill
you. That's what is all about..

Killing and getting killed. Surely, you can die by degrees... Like when you are old and each day your heart beats more slowly and one day it suddenly stops. But it's oxygen what really killed you. Killed by the main source that kept you alive.

He makes a "tst" sound with his mouth.

ABADDON (CONT'D)

So it's all about killing. A car crash kills you, a stupid fall kills you, smoking kills you, stress kills you, being shot by people kills you... But you know why people get killed? It's not about randomness. It's because they can't keep living. They are not helping this world anymore. And that's why we all die, in the end.

(beat)

I look at people and I always feel like crying. I laugh instead but it's a sad feeling what's inside of me. Because their fears are controlling their lives. And it's not their fault. It's the so-called civilization which has turned human beings into series products.

MAN

And you are gonna kill me 'cos I'm a series product?

ABADDON

Yeah, why not? What's the difference? You? Another one? It's all the same...

(beat)

Look, if I saw in you a little bit of self-confidence and if I saw in you a tiny desire to keep breathing and going on with a real life, I'd

help you... But you were gonna kill yourself. Life and death were the same to you. What's more sad than that? Nothing.

MAN

I was having a bad day..

ABADDON

No, you are lying to yourself. You are having a bad life. It's not about one day... Everyday in your life is fucked up.

MAN

How do you know, huh? How do you fucking know!? You don't know me! You just pretend to be the good one here and you are just a fucking serial killer! You take lives from people with family and... and...

ABADDON

Finished?

(beat)

I'm just doing what they are not spiritually prepared to do... And that's enough... I don't want to keep discussing whether is right or not. And besides, you can't convince me. I got the gun.

He takes a revolver out of his back pocket and shows it to the Man.

ABADDON (CONT'D)

Put a smile on your face, you are gonna die.

Then he leaves the gun on the kitchen's marble. The Man whines.

MAN

Don't... Don't... I didn't know what I was doing... I was alone and stressed and I just had a momentary slump. Don't judge me so hard. Give me a chance...

ABADDON

What the fuck are you doing? Begging for your miserable life?

(beat)

You don't really get what's all about, do you? I'm doing you a favour. That's all. Let's just be friends. Let me eat and then I'll help you with your problem. Let's have a nice conversation. It's going to be your last one, what would you like to talk about? I don't fucking care because it's your life. It's all about your life. So what do you really want to do?! That's all that matters...

The Man stares at him. And he keeps doing it for a long time. The silence fills the room, as if the scene had frozen for a while. Then the Man smiles for the first time since he met Abaddon. His smile is cynical. Somehow, his true self is beginning to take part into the situation.

MAN

Yeah! Do it! You know what? Do it now!

(beat)

You were right... Yeah... I hate my wife! I hate my parents! My parents... And I hate that fucking office! And I hate myself! I hate getting up early, having a morning fight with my wife, getting into a small cubicle for 8 hours, going back home and having another fight

with my wife, getting a call from my mother and arguing about what should I do with my life! And I hate going to bed wishing I could bring this fucking life to an end! And I can't cry all night because I hate when my wife asks me if everything's OK "darling"! So yeah, my life's a shit! And yeah, I don't even care if I live or if I die.

(beat)

You know what? I think nobody cares about it... Nobody give a shit 'cos they are all fucked up. Yeah, we should love ourselves... We all know that! We don't need a fucking killer to realize that!

(beat)

But you think we can choose? Do you think it's easy to leave everything and start over? No, it's not. Not if you are thirty seven and all you've got in your damn life is a fake personality and fake people all around you.

(beat)

So yeah! All right! Shoot me! Kill me! C'mon motherfucker! Kill me right now! I can't fucking stand this shit no more! I don't wanna live! What's the fucking difference?! I'm a living dead! Shoot me! Shoot! Shoot motherfucker! I don't care! So who cares?!

Abaddon grabs the gun points at him.

ABADDON

I care...

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

A GUNSHOT fills the silence.

FADE TO:

INT. COTTAGE - HOURS LATER

The Man's body lays down, no longer tied to the chair. His eyes are closed. No hole in his head, no blood on the ground. Actually, the bullet hit the wall.

EXT. COTTAGE - LATER

The door is opened and the Man gets out. As he stands on the porch looking around, the wind blows softly. On the porch's table there's a car key and an envelope. He grabs the key and looks up.

He finds a car parked in the middle of the clearing. He looks at the envelope. Then he looks at the key, then up to the car again and then he leaves the key on the table and grabs the envelope.

He comes into the cottage.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The view is of huge cold buildings and pale highways. A WOMAN - 40s, in casual clothes and a rope tied around her neck - comes in by a door and runs to the edge of the roof. Then she stops and looks down.

Suddenly the door is opened again. Abaddon comes out.

ABADDON

You thought you could escape? From
me? You should have asked around...

Abaddon walks towards her and he leaves a blurred city
landscape behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END