

Finite Love(Working Title) v.3

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EXT. PARK, DAY

The film starts with a static wide shot of a bench in a park, populated by little old men, little old women, and a fat middle aged man in office work attire. He's center frame. The in credits are flashing on the screen. Eventually, the fat man hesitates, stands up, then grabs his chest. He's having a heart attack. He collapses to the ground, and people begin to rush towards him. As the chaos is ensuing, the camera begins to spin, until it goes 180 degrees, and shows more people sitting on benches- with Aubrey, a male in his 30's, the protagonist, center frame. He's watching the event with a mortified look on his face, and while he watches, the camera pans into a box, no bigger than a shoebox, placed on his lap. It's white and covered in writing, a word from every language- all saying "immortality". The camera cuts as it shows Aubrey lift the lid of the box, and on the inside of the lid it reads, in large black letters, "DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?" The only other thing present in the box is a single black pill placed in foam packaging. Aubrey lifts the pill from the package... And simply looks at the pill. It's obvious he's uncertain if he should take it. Just then, his cell-phone begins to ring.

AUBREY

Hey Addy. Oh, nothing. Just at the park. Not much. Kids are screaming you know... Usual... Park... Stuff. It's tonight? I didn't forget! Of course I'll be there.

EXT. BUSY BAR, OUTSIDE

Cut to the outside of a bar, a crowd is gathered outside, and Aubrey works his way inside and finds a spot at the counter. He orders a drink, turns to face the stage, and then the lights turn off. The curtains open to reveal Adelaide, a woman in her 30's, and her band.

ANNOUNCER

Please welcome *The Flailing Fucks*.

ADELAIDE

Hi everyone. Thanks for coming to our very first live show! For those of you who don't know us, we are *The Flailing Fucks*, a techno-eccentrica band. I don't know what that fucking means. Just go easy on us, alright? We're going

(MORE)

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

to put on a great show tonight, but just... Applaud loudly. We paid the man in the back to stab anyone who doesn't clap. Just kidding... It's the bald man though, if you were wondering.

A cut to a time later in the show, to when they're playing their actual music. Throughout the performance, Adelaide and Aubrey keep making eye contact from across the room. 2

INT. BACKSTAGE

Now cutting to backstage, with *The Flailing Fucks*, and a few others all covering the flabby old couches backstage to the show. Also included in the couches is Aubrey, sitting near Adelaide. Only one person sits between them.

Everyone is telling individual stories, all quite loudly. 3

Aubrey is quiet, seemingly cut off from all conversations. Something seems to be bothering him.

ADELAIDE

You alright Aubrey?

AUBREY

I'm fine.

ADELAIDE

You haven't said shit in the last... Hour or so.

AUBREY

I'm just mentally having a conversation by myself is all.

ADELAIDE

How's that going?

AUBREY

Pretty terrible, he just keeps going on and on about how he hates the idea of getting run over by a car.

ADELAIDE

Well quit talking to him and start talking with me.

AUBREY
He just won't shut up.

From the other side of the couch, continuing on from their own conversation:

RYLEY
Adelaide!

ADELAIDE
Yeah Ryley.

RYLEY
How old are you?

ADELAIDE
Just because I have black hair
doesn't mean I'm immortal-

RYLEY
That's not what I asked!

ADELAIDE
Yeah right.

RYLEY
All I'm saying is that someone who
can play as well as you has to have
at least... 90 years of practice
under their belt.

AUBREY
Are you saying her style is
outdated?!

RYLEY
... Nah!

ADELAIDE
Do you think I sound like a 90 year
old woman!?

RYLEY
... (long pause) You're messing with
me.

ADELAIDE
Well I'm not.

RYLEY
... .. Really?

ADELAIDE
(light-heartedly) Fuck off, Ryley.

Now cut to later in the night, and now the only people left on the couch are Aubrey, Adelaide, and a passed out Fred.

ADELAIDE
... Well there was Roger, then Micheal, then... I think it was John, then another Jon, Jon with only an N, and then Jeromie...

AUBREY
Jesus Christ! How many relationships did you have!?

ADELAIDE
Not that much. They were spaced out, you know? Come on, what about you?

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AUBREY
... Uh... One.

ADELAIDE
What?

AUBREY
One, just one. Her name was Margaret.

ADELAIDE
How old were you?

AUBREY
Like... Seven, or something. I don't know. Hey come on now, let's not talk about how lonely *I* am, you're the one with 200 boyfriends.

ADELAIDE
Not even.

AUBREY
300?

ADELAIDE
Farther.

AUBREY
100?

ADELAIDE
No.

AUBREY
42.

ADELAIDE
Spot on.

AUBREY
So am I... 42 or 43?

ADELAIDE
What makes you think you deserve to
be either?

AUBREY
My hairline. There's a whole lot of
personality in this hairline. It
could count for 42 all on it's own.

ADELAIDE
Then the rest of you can be 43.

AUBREY
Exactly. And living together three
years has to count just a little
bit too.

Cut again. The camera is getting closer.

AUBREY
Would you learn the saxophone?

ADELAIDE
That's a boring question.

AUBREY
Why?

ADELAIDE
Because I don't want to learn the
saxophone.

AUBREY
Okay, why is it a boring question?

ADELAIDE
What's the point of it?

AUBREY
To see if you would play the
saxophone.

ADELAIDE

But... I either say *yes* or *no*. Then what? What else could you say about it?

AUBREY

I'd say that my uncle plays the saxophone, and he can teach you if you'd like.

ADELAIDE

But I said no.

AUBREY

I had not prepared for that. Do you want my uncles number?

ADELAIDE

No!

AUBREY

Well here's my uncles number... His name is Gregson. He's a diabetic, so there's some small talk ammunition for you.

Another cut.

Then begins the cut in between the two of them- the shot I mentioned in the little yellow note to the side.

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INT. AUBREY'S HOME

Aubrey and Adelaide wake up, and are sitting at home, hungover. Aubrey is making coffee.

AUBREY

Would you like some coffee?

ADELAIDE

Yes please.

AUBREY

So, how'd it go? I know I was there the entire time, most of it with you, but still, I have no clue what happened.

ADELAIDE

It went well! It went very well. I mean, no one was going crazy applauding, but no one had to die either. So it went well.

AUBREY

And there's another show tomorrow?

ADELAIDE

No- two nights from now. Charsese's gallery show is on tonight though.

AUBREY

Who?

ADELAIDE

You know. Charsese. *Charsese...*

AUBREY

Oh, right right right. I never liked him.

ADELAIDE

Why not? Everyone likes Charsese.

AUBREY

No one likes Charsese.

ADELAIDE

Yeah, that's true.

AUBREY

And I don't like Charsese because he never remembers who I am. Every time I meet him it's like it's the first time we've ever met.

ADELAIDE

Well he's met a lot of people in his life. He's literally 500 years old.

AUBREY

How many times do I have to meet him before the name Aubrey Blue is ingrained into his head?

ADELAIDE

A hundred times.

AUBREY

Well, at least I know I'm getting close.

ADELAIDE

So you're going to come with me to his show?

AUBREY
Of course I'm going to come.

ADELAIDE
Aubrey?

AUBREY
Yeah?

ADELAIDE
This coffee tastes like shit.
Literal shit.

AUBREY
Well what did you expect? I'm
terrible at making good coffee.

ADELAIDE
Let's just take 7 dollars out of
the college fund and go get coffee.

AUBREY
Aubrey takes one last sip of coffee, then pours the rest
down the drain.
Sounds good.

They head out the front door.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY

Aubrey and Adelaide are outside of a coffee shop, sitting on
the terrace.

AUBREY
So you heard Graham Allen died
yesterday?

ADELAIDE
Who?

AUBREY
Graham Allen? *Graham Allen*? You
don't know who Graham Allen is?

ADELAIDE
I don't know. I don't *remember* who
Graham Allen is.

AUBREY
He is-was- a late night show host.

ADELAIDE

Yeah, well...

AUBREY

For thirty years!

ADELAIDE

Yeah but, was he really that great?

AUBREY

He's dead, Adelaide.

ADELAIDE

Does dying mean we have to all of a sudden respect him more?

AUBREY

I just mean... He deserves a bit of respect. He's been on the air for 30 years.

ADELAIDE

Did you ever watch his show?

AUBREY

... Occasionally. I'd see it on every now and then.

ADELAIDE

Why does it matter then? If you didn't even watch the show, why does it matter that he's dead now?

AUBREY

Jesus- all I'm trying to say is that an iconic TV figure is dead and it's something to talk about that I find worth mentioning... ..
... You know that his show and me share a birthday? I came into this world the same moment that a little red "on-air" bulb went off in Hollywood.

ADELAIDE

So is that why're so concerned about him dying? Because you know, he wasn't born when the show started.

AUBREY

But he was 34. Which is what I am

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

right now.

ADELAIDE

Good! Now you have nothing to worry about. For another 30 years.

AUBREY

... Do you ever get jealous of immortals? Like Charsese.

ADELAIDE

You do know what his art collection is about tonight, right? It's about how he's been alive for 500 years, and how it's made him so miserable.

AUBREY

Yeah, but who knows. Maybe at the end he's going to say how it's not so bad. He's not going to be bitter for an eternity, probably.

ADELAIDE

An eternity is a very long time.

AUBREY

You know what isn't a long time- 30 years.

ADELAIDE

There's some trees that live a thousand years- do you think they had a better life than a show, that, I don't know, was watched by millions of people while it was on?

AUBREY

... Which trees?

ADELAIDE

That's not the point.

AUBREY

Like in Africa?

ADELAIDE

The Amazon; I'm guessing.

AUBREY

Huh.

ADELAIDE

But that's not the point! That show
(MORE)

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

has a much better legacy than a
very old tree.

AUBREY

Yeah, but that tree has outlived
the show already. It's still here.
It's going to outlive NBC.

INT. ART GALLERY

Inside an art gallery is a large auditorium; a crowd sitting
in fold out chairs. At the front of the crowd, talking in
front of a pedestal, is Charsese, a man in his forties (by
the looks of it) with a well defined face. Aubrey and
Adelaide are sitting at the show.

AUBREY

(Whispering) How'd you meet this
guy?

ADELAIDE

(Whispering too) Who?

AUBREY

Shhh... Uh...

ADELAIDE

Charsese?

AUBREY

Yeah.

ADELAIDE

We go way back.

AUBREY

Yeah, but how did you meet him?

ADELAIDE

I don't know. Sometimes you
remember exactly when you meet a
person; sometimes you don't. It was
awhile ago. A friend of a friend I
think.

AUBREY

Why are you friends with him?

ADELAIDE

Why?

AUBREY

I just mean... He's nothing like you. Look at him. He looks like a puppy whose puppy just died.

ADELAIDE

Are you listening to what he's saying?

AUBREY

I'm picking up things here and there.

ADELAIDE

He's horribly depressed. Everyone he's ever known has died. 500 years worth of family and friends... Dead. You would look like a puppy-less puppy too.

AUBREY

... Did you date him?

ADELAIDE

What?

AUBREY

43 boyfriends. How could you not date this lonely black haired beauty?

ADELAIDE

Quite easily I guess. He's just a friend. Besides, he has issues.

AUBREY

What kind of issues?

ADELAIDE

Can you just pay attention right now? He can probably hear us whispering.

AUBREY

Well I would listen but I need a bit of a synopsis on the guy first.

ADELAIDE

I don't know Aubrey! He's depressing. He's an immortal-hating everything in life and being miserable seems to go hand in hand

(MORE)

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

with it.

AUBREY

Eh, who knows.

The two start to actually listen to Charsese's show. The speech that's coming up overlaps the conversation Aubrey and Adelaide just had.

CHARSESE

Immortality- a question humanity has been asking themselves for centuries. No longer is it about "is it possible", but now the question simply is, "Would you do it?" It seems simple enough. Life's too short. You can't watch every movie in a single life span, nor read every book. You couldn't eat all there is to eat; or see all there is to see. It's a simple choice. It's an irreversible choice. You become an anomaly to the universe- something that cannot decay. Something immune to entropy. In reality, the pill is not a cure to death, it's a punishment to those who are afraid of it. That's the irony of it all- the fear of death is what dooms anyone who takes the pill to live a never-ending cycle of watching those you love deteriorate. Death is the cure to life. This gallery has taken 10 years to complete... But in reality, my reality, that's nothing. 500 years, 500 paintings.

INT. ART GALLERY, ELSEWHERE

The show is now over, and Aubrey and Adelaide go to meet Charsese after the show.

ADELAIDE

Charsese!

CHARSESE

Ah, Adelaide! It's good to see you again.

ADELAIDE

You too, you too.

Aubrey is still standing to the side, waiting for a time to enter the conversation.

AUBREY

Hi Charsese.

(Aubrey extends his hand
and shakes Charsese's)

CHARSESE

Hi there... Uh...

AUBREY

It's Aubrey.

CHARSESE

Ah yes, Aubrey, it's so good to see
you again.

ADELAIDE

He's with me, Charsese.

CHARSESE

Oh! Oh. What happened to the...
Uh... Guy that was good with
computers?

ADELAIDE

Still this guy.

AUBREY

I'm still good if computers, if
that's what you were asking.

CHARSESE

Right, right.

ADELAIDE

There's a lot of people here!

CHARSESE

Yes, yes! The turn-out was rather
excellent.

ADELAIDE

Are the paintings for sale?

CHARSESE

Most of them, yeah.

AUBREY

Which ones aren't you selling?

CHARSESE

A few, here and there. Why do you ask?

AUBREY

So I can look at them and make you an offer you can't refuse.

The joke goes rather poorly with everyone who isn't Aubrey.

CHARSESE

Right.

... ..

ADELAIDE

Well it was good to see you again, Charsese.

CHARSESE

Is it true that you're putting on a show tomorrow?

ADELAIDE

Yes, yeah! There was one yesterday too at The Owl, but another one there tomorrow.

CHARSESE

I'm sorry to have missed it! I'll come tomorrow, I promise.

INT. ART GALLERY, MISC

Aubrey and Adelaide have now left Charsese for his lonesome, and are now wandering around the gallery taking a look at the paintings.

AUBREY

Would you be immortal?

ADELAIDE

No fucking way.

AUBREY

I mean... Why not?

ADELAIDE

There's a million reasons why not. It's a terrible idea.

AUBREY

What if you had cancer?

ADELAIDE

Then I'd die from having cancer.

AUBREY

What if it was slow and painful,
the cancer eating at you for a
decade before you succumb.

ADELAIDE

Then I'd just shoot myself in the
head.

AUBREY

You really don't like living, do
you?

ADELAIDE

I'm just saying, nothing is worth
having to live an eternity. Life is
precious; we have to hold on and
cherish what we got. Not make it
stretch for a million years.

AUBREY

... What if I did it? And you did
it too.

ADELAIDE

Are you thinking about becoming
immortal, Aubrey?

AUBREY

Of course not! I'm just saying.
Imagine all the things we could do
together if we were immortal.

ADELAIDE

That's a really fucking stupid
thought, Aubrey. Nothing lasts
forever, not even relationships.
Let's just die an old couple and be
happy with just that, alright?

AUBREY

Okay.

ADELAIDE

Just... It's not that easy. If you
went immortal, I'd leave your ass.
No way I'm staying with someone
who'll look better than me every
year that passes.

AUBREY

Aubrey is now distracted by one of the paintings.
It looks like Charsese was pretty
fucked up in 1922, huh? I mean it
was The Roaring Twenties.

ADELAIDE

Yeah... Lot's of drugs it looks
like.

AUBREY

They pass by 1970.
There's his gay phase.

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They're now passing by 1780-1803.

AUBREY

Why doesn't he want to sell these?
Honestly, I don't understand art
these days. It looks like all the
others to me.

ADELAIDE

... Awhh.

AUBREY

What?

ADELAIDE

I get it.

AUBREY

What?

ADELAIDE

Look at all the ones that come
after these...

AUBREY

Yeah, they all look like messy
blobs.

ADELAIDE

Ugh, Aubrey... It was the last time
he was in love.

The meaning is now apparent to Aubrey... Now it's not.

AUBREY
I just don't see it.

Adelaide slaps Aubrey in the chest.

EXT. ART GALLERY, OUTSIDE PATIO

Aubrey heads outside to have a smoke away from Adelaide, and meets Charsese who's also having a smoke. They're alone outside.

AUBREY
(pointing to Charsese's cigarette)
You know that stuff will kill you,
right?

CHARSESE
Very funny.

AUBREY
I try... Let me ask you- do you
really regret taking the pill?
Honestly.

CHARSESE
Are you kidding me?

AUBREY
I mean, do you *really* regret it?
Truly?

CHARSESE
It's the worst decision of my
entire life.

AUBREY
But what about all the good things
that've happened? 500 years, you
must have had a lot of experiences.
Ones that aren't all bad. Come on-
was it really all that great living
in pissy medieval times? Things
have gotten better, you can admit
that.

CHARSESE
The 1500's were awful. So was every
century that followed.

AUBREY
This time period isn't that bad.

CHARSESE
No, it's all the same.

AUBREY
I like it.

CHARSESE
What are you comparing it to?

AUBREY
... The 90's, man.

CHARSESE
Just because the walkman is
invented doesn't mean the world is
fixed. It's not about the material
worlds changes- it's the people.
People die all the same.

AUBREY
Why not just get your friends to
take the pill too?

CHARSESE
Because I wouldn't wish it on my
worst enemy.

AUBREY
What about your friends?

CHARSESE
It fucking sucks, alright? I don't
know how to convince you.

AUBREY
But what if things get better?

CHARSESE
Do you know the story about Jim
Holger?

AUBREY
Little bit. I think. The astronaut?

CHARSESE
He was an immortal sent out on a
space ship, used so that a manned
mission wouldn't require any need
for food water, or storage. Just
him and a ship, looking for new
planets. It all sounds good, until
his main engine fails- a million
miles away from home. Unless we

(MORE)

CHARSESE (CONT'D)

somehow find him, he's going to be sitting in that spaceship, with nothing but his mind, going insane for a million years. It could take a billion years before a star eats him, and even then, he won't die. He'll just be burning for an eternity. Forever. Does that sound appetizing to you?

AUBREY

A little bit.

CHARSESE

It's not *just* him either. We'll all do the same, once the Earth dies. Space debris for a quadrillion years.

AUBREY

Alright- how about this- Graham Allen.

CHARSESE

Who?

AUBREY

The late night host.

CHARSESE

Okay.

AUBREY

He's dead.

CHARSESE

Good for him.

AUBREY

His show was only on the air for 30 years. It could have been on for... At least another decade. He was only 64. You know Steve Martin is 70?

CHARSESE

You're not getting it- nothing would matter anyways if his show got cancelled inevitably in the next decade or two. Larry King is immortal and his show got cancelled. The same would

(MORE)

CHARSESE (CONT'D)

eventually happen to Graham Allen too.

AUBREY

Maybe.

CHARSESE

Yes! It would! Christ!

AUBREY

Ehh... Maybe. Did you watch Graham Allen?

CHARSESE

I've been alive for 500 years.

AUBREY

Well you missed the opportunity of a lifetime. He could have gone on forever.

CHARSESE

You're dating Adelaide?

AUBREY

Yeah.

CHARSESE

Poor girl.

AUBREY

I think she's lucky.

CHARSESE

Can I tell you something?
Immortality is not worth it. Go Google it or some shit, I'm not going to explain it to you. But just... Enjoy your time with her. There's no need to rush, nor drag it on forever. Just be fucking happy where you are, you stupid shit.

AUBREY

Great advice, Charsese.

INT. ART GALLERY, MISC

Now it's Aubrey by himself, as he's wandering through Charsese's art gallery. He's not really paying attention to the unified message of sadness and depression, but is much more focused on the images of loved ones dying. It's also

obvious that it's the deaths themselves that's bothering him- he's just too far worried about his own death.

INT. PARK, DAY

Aubrey is sitting by himself, once again at the park shown in the first scene. He's sitting at exactly the same place as he was before, and across from him sits the exact same elderly people, and there's a spot open in the bench- where the man who had a heart attack once sat. For comedic effect, perhaps there's a vase of flowers sitting in the spot. Just then, another office-worker man, dressed similarly to the first, sits down and takes the spot on the bench. He's eating chicken for lunch. Aubrey sighs. He looks to his left. There's a flower. The head of the flower pllops off.

INT. AUBREY'S HOME

A cut to a chicken being ripped in half, by Adelaide. Aubrey is still in a very disturbed state.

AUBREY

I think I'm going to become a vegetarian.

ADELAIDE

That's a fucking stupid idea.

AUBREY

How come?

ADELAIDE

Vegetarians are miserable to be around. May as well tell me you're going to be a nazi; our conversations will suffer in the exact same way.

Cameron, the writer, is getting exorbitantly drunker. The story suffers with the state of mind he's in.

AUBREY

What's so bad about not wanting to kill chickens?

ADELAIDE

If you told me you didn't want to kill, I don't know, horses, or Jews, that'd be different. Who gives a shit about chickens?

AUBREY

I do, apparently!

ADELAIDE

I didn't know I was dating a pussy.

AUBREY

You're dating someone who's...
Empathetic, at least. What about
this chicken here, huh? Maybe his
name is Frank, and he had a good
life, with a good chick, who laid a
dozen eggs. Now Frank is dead,
she's dead, and those dozen eggs
are over at Mcdonalds making use to
become dozen sandwiches.

Meanwhile, Adelaide has been seductively eating bits of
chicken whilst Aubrey was speaking.

AUBREY

Ahh, just screw off!

ADELAIDE

(laughing)What's up with you today?

AUBREY

Nothing. I just care about things
now, that's all.

A few hours later, Cameron is considerably more sober and is
willing to give this a second shot with a cup of chamomile
tea.

ADELAIDE

It's more than that. Or something
else entirely, cause I don't
believe you.

AUBREY

Am I the only one who thinks
death... Sucks!?

ADELAIDE

No... You're just the only one who
cares about chickens.

AUBREY

You know what happened to me today?
I was sitting at a bench in the
park a few days ago, and a guy
sitting across from me had a heart
attack. He's probably dead! And you
know what happened today? Someone
took his spot!

ADELAIDE

It's a public bench Aubrey.

AUBREY

That's not the point! Or at least not the point I was getting at! Anyways, as I was saying-

ADELAIDE

Is this all about Graham Allen dying yesterday? Is that still bothering you?

AUBREY

It's not *just* about Graham Allen dying! He died, the guy on the bench died, and tomorrow?! Who knows! Maybe a nuclear bomb will wipe us all out tomorrow. Who knows what North Korea's up to right now!

ADELAIDE

Are you finished?

Cut to a later moment in the house, Adelaide is packing up to go do her show later that night, and Aubrey is standing by her, still rattling on.

AUBREY

- Graham Allen was an old man, but at least he died how he wanted.

ADELAIDE

Do you know how he died?

AUBREY

Uhh, well, no.

ADELAIDE

You keep going on and on about *Graham fucking Allen* and you don't even know how he died?

AUBREY

I never realized I never even knew. I just assumed he slipped in the bathtub. He was old.

ADELAIDE

He killed himself, Aubrey!

AUBREY

Really?

ADELAIDE

Yeah!

AUBREY

Huh.

ADELAIDE

He hung himself. Actually, the rumors is it was a sexual thing. Auto-erotic asphyxiation.

AUBREY

... .. Well at least he died how he wanted to go! On top of late night, and doing something sexual! I'm taking a wild guess that fat man on the bench didn't take any pleasure from having his heart explode.

ADELAIDE

Aubrey... Just show up to my show later alright? Or else I'll kill another fat man on stage. I can't argue with you anymore.

AUBREY

Well I'd agree with you, but then we'd both be wrong.

EXT. BUSY BAR, INSIDE

Aubrey shows up to Adelaide's show, but he's not in a good mood about it. Sitting at the bar, Aubrey drinks heavily, and plays with the pill in his pocket as if it's the one ring. Eventually, Adelaide is on stage and her show begins. Aubrey goes out for a smoke.

EXT. BUSY BAR, OUTSIDE

As Aubrey stands outside for a smoke, he notices that Charsese is standing right beside him.

CHARSESE

You know that stuff will kill you, right?

AUBREY

Ha-ha. Very funny.

CHARSESE

You're not watching Adelaide while she's performing?

AUBREY

You're not either wise-guy.

CHARSESE

Well I'm not fucking her. You're a bit more entitled to be in there with her.

AUBREY

Well I also happen to have a lot on my mind right now...

The smoke break continues silently for a moment. Charsese begins to leave.

CHARSESE

Always a pleasure...

AUBREY

Hey, wait a second...

CHARSESE

... .. Yeah?

AUBREY

... I got something I want to tell you.

CHARSESE

... Are you going to tell me soon, or is this just some sort of warning?

AUBREY

I... I have the black pill.

CHARSESE

That's fucking stupid, Aubrey. Does Adelaide know this?

AUBREY

She doesn't.

CHARSESE

You know she doesn't date immortals. Believe me.

AUBREY

She might come around.

CHARSESE

She won't.

AUBREY

Well...

CHARSESE

She won't.

AUBREY

Believe me when I said I've thought long and hard as to whether or not I would take it. Took me months just to order it.

CHARSESE

What's stopping you.

AUBREY

... I'm afraid... No, that's not it. Well I'm not afraid of the pill itself, it's death and... It's Adelaide. I've never been this head over heels with a woman before, and the last two years of my life have been the best so far... But she doesn't want to live forever. She's terribly against it. We are two peas in a pod, except I don't want to die. It's a strange pea. I love her death, but you know, minus the death part.

CHARSESE

Bullshit.

AUBREY

Huh?

CHARSESE

I said *bullshit*. Adelaide isn't really what's bothering you. That's just you grasping at straws to pretend you're not a narcissistic prick.

AUBREY

You don't know me! I truly care about Addy.

CHARSESE

I don't doubt you care for her. I

(MORE)

CHARSESE (CONT'D)

just think you're lying to yourself that this is a problem for your love of others and not a love for yourself.

AUBREY

... It's complicated. Either I take the pill and lose her or I don't take the pill and eventually die, which is an idea I'm not totally sold on at the moment.

CHARSESE

It looks like you have a conundrum on your hands. Look, apparently my opinion and word is shit. I put on an art-show to convince people like you not to become immortal. The only other opinion you have to ask is yourself. What you need to ask is: who's more important? You or Adelaide?

Aubrey stares in through the window and sees Adelaide on stage.

AUBREY

... I am...

CHARSESE

Well now you have your answer. Do her a favor and leave her before you take the pill. She might talk some sense into you. See you in a hundred years, Aubrey.

Aubrey stands and continues to watch from outside.

EXT. STREET, NIGHT

Aubrey and Adelaide are now walking outside, after the show, side by side down a street.

ADELAIDE

The only reason we're still playing in that shitty bar is because Wyatt, you know Wyatt, is terrified of doing anything larger than a crowd of 56 people. It's weirdly precise, isn't it? Those were his exact words.

AUBREY

Listen, Adelaide... I don't want to see you anymore.

ADELAIDE

Is this because of the chicken? So help me God if *another* guy breaks up with me over a chicken...

AUBREY

It's just that chicken...

ADELAIDE

Holy fuck!

AUBREY

Haha I'm kidding about the chicken. But I'm serious about us splitting up, Addy.

ADELAIDE

But why, though? This makes no sense. Give me one good reason and I'll tell you that you're wrong.

AUBREY

I have no doubt that you'll tell me that I'm wrong, but I can't say. The best we can do is just accept it... And move on.

ADELAIDE

Bullshit, Aubrey! I'm way too drunk to take no answer as an answer. Hit me with it, you bitch!

AUBREY

I, uh, I'm cheating on you.

ADELAIDE

You're what?

AUBREY

That's right. I'm cheating on you.

ADELAIDE

Bullshit.

AUBREY

That's encouraging.

ADELAIDE

You've only been with one other
(MORE)

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

woman in your life, Aubrey, you don't have it in you to cheat.

AUBREY

Her name is Marie, she's 26 years old. She's becoming a dentist.

ADELAIDE

Are you being serious? Really?

AUBREY

I am... Yeah.

ADELAIDE

... You mother-fucker. You're a piece of shit, Aubrey.

AUBREY

Yeah, well, yeah I am.

ADELAIDE

I didn't know you could be such a huge, fucking flabby asshole, all this time you've just hid all the shitty parts of yourself in your asshole.

AUBREY

Very mature, very mature! You know you aren't so picture perfect yourself. You have a dirty mouth. And you're rude! It's funny sometimes, but it's too much sometimes too!

ADELAIDE

Next you're going to say I have bad taste in shoes! What the fuck? Why does it matter, you're the cheating asshole. I can't believe you.

A homeless man enters the scene. He's standing between them, and he can be heard mumbling "Give me your money.", but their shouting is going over him.

AUBREY

Sometimes you just drive me up the wall, you know? Showing off your cool band, your cool friends, and you know what, sometimes I just want you to ask me "How was your day Aubrey? You fix a lot of

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)
computers today?"

ADELAIDE
I knew I was dating a pussy! What,
is this Marie gonna hear out all
your bitching?

HOMELESSMAN
Give me your money.

The homelessman pulls out a knife.

AUBREY
There is it again! You can such a
bitch yourself, Adelaide!

ADELAIDE
How could you be so suddenly an
asshole, Aubrey? Whining is one
thing-

HOMELESSMAN
Give me your money.

ADELAIDE
Oh just fuck off for a moment!-

Just then, Adelaide goes to shove the homelessman aside. By
jerk reaction, the homelessman stabs the knife into
Adelaide's chest. Adelaide falls down, Aubrey starts to
scream, and the homelessman freaks out and bolts.

AUBREY
Oh my God! Oh my God! Adelaide,
please hold on!

ADELAIDE
Take the knife out...

AUBREY
Seriously? That seems like a bad
idea- aren't you supposed to leave
it in?

ADELAIDE
Take it out...

Aubrey pulls out the knife.

ADELAIDE
It's gonna be all right, just call
an ambulance...

Aubrey struggles to call an ambulance.

AUBREY
Stay with me, Adelaide!

ADELAIDE
I am...

AUBREY
Please don't die on me!

ADELAIDE
I'll make it...

AUBREY
You don't know that! Jesus!

Aubrey is cradling Adelaide in his arms. He's more hysterical than she is.

AUBREY
Adelaide, you need to take this!

ADELAIDE
Take what?

Aubrey pulls the black pill from his pocket, and tries to shove it down Adelaide's throat.

ADELAIDE
What the fuck was that?

AUBREY
It's the black pill, it'll make you immortal, but I'm not giving you a choice Adelaide you're not dying on me-

ADELAIDE
What the fuck, Aubrey?!

Adelaides flinches and panics, pushing aside Aubrey and standing up.

ADELAIDE
Why the hell didn't you tell me you took an immortality pill?!

AUBREY
... You're alright?

ADELAIDE
I... Uh...

AUBREY

Oh Jesus... Really? Goddammit
Adelaide, you're immortal already?

ADELAIDE

Well, yeah...

AUBREY

For how long? How old are you
really, Adelaide? If that's your
real name.

ADELAIDE

Does it matter?

AUBREY

Yeah, to me it does! How could you
not tell me you were immortal?

ADELAIDE

How could you not tell me you were
thinking of becoming one?

AUBREY

Because I didn't know how you'd
react! I didn't want to lose you.

ADELAIDE

You were just breaking up with me.

AUBREY

Well I was just about ready to lose
you there. I was going to take the
pill. I didn't want you to protest.

ADELAIDE

Well I am now! Jesus Aubrey, do you
know how big of a commitment it is?

AUBREY

A big one! But I was ready for it,
I knew the consequences.

ADELAIDE

No, you don't know the consequences
until you've lived through it.

AUBREY

... Well.

INT. DINER, NIGHT

Cutting the conversation over to a different location, to

get a change of scenery, and a lowering of their once angry tone to something more civil.

AUBREY

So why bother to call the ambulance then?

ADELAIDE

Well that was mostly for you, so you wouldn't figure I'm... You know.

AUBREY

Wasting valuable tax-payers money to fool me.

ADELAIDE

I know. I'll have to repent later... So was there a Marie?

AUBREY

No. I wouldn't cheat on you, Adelaide.

ADELAIDE

I thought so! You can understand me laughing at you, it would just be so out of character for you to do that. And I'm sorry for exploding on you like that. It was out of character for me too.

AUBREY

Eh...

ADELAIDE

Fuck off.

AUBREY

... Now what do we do?

ADELAIDE

Now I'm going to tell you to not become immortal, Aubrey! It's a horrible decision.

AUBREY

But is it? Maybe it's different for everyone. It's all a matter of opinion.

ADELAIDE

... I took the pill when I was 28

(MORE)

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

years old. Over 200 years ago now. And at first... It was okay. I felt good knowing I could take my time through life, and that I could be as carefree as I wanted to. But that wore away. What hurt about living forever wasn't the effect it had on me. It was the effect it had on no one else. I was in love and... It wasn't enough. He died. And so did the next guy, but... That was the point. I didn't feel there any point to my life anymore, and I focused on being with them while I could, to just enjoy the now... With you.

AUBREY

So I'm not the last guy you'd be with?

ADELAIDE

Of course not- I'd have to move on. I'm not like Charsese, I want to enjoy life while it's here. Because there will come a point where nothing exists, and I'll never be able to go back.

AUBREY

Why can't I take the pill too? Then you won't have to put up with me dying, and we could just keep going on forever...

ADELAIDE

Because nothing lasts forever. Not even love. Please, Aubrey, can you trust me? Just give it more time, enjoy life... Can you just enjoy it with me while you're here?

Cristo Redentor is playing. The camera pans out and starts to fade to black.

The screen shows "34 YEARS LATER" as it starts to fade in to the next scene.

EXT. CEMETARY

The camera cuts to a funeral taking place, with many people gathered around, dressed in black. Beside an old woman is

sitting Adelaide, in full mourning regalia. People are passing through, wishing well to her and the family. She then goes to the tombstone and places some flowers, and she's crying. The tombstone is read: "CHRIS WOOD 1995- 2049"

INT. SUBWAY

A cut over to Aubrey, who is very well still alive, and is riding the subway. He gets off, and it's revealed that he's in a tropical area. The camera pans in close to his face, and it's unsure if he looks sad- upset- regretting his decision. A woman comes up to him, someone much older, in appearance, to him. He kisses her on the cheek. The screen cuts to black.

Another cut to years passing- this time: HUNDREDS OF YEARS LATER

In a 2001-esque shot, a space-ship is floating through outer-space, obviously more advanced machinery than what we have today. The ship floats on and reaches a planet- one that is obviously not Earth. It lands, and Adelaide steps out, dressed in a funkadelic future way.

As she walks through the strange futuristic streets, she bumps into Aubrey.

AUBREY

... Adelaide?

ADELAIDE

Shit... I know you... Your name...
Is...

AUBREY

Aubrey.

ADELAIDE

Shit yeah, sorry, can you blame me?
It's been...

AUBREY

Hundreds of years, I know. It's
been a long time. You look good. I
mean, you have no other option...

ADELAIDE

Hah, yeah. So what've you been up
to?

AUBREY

Ah you know, taking it easy. I'm
spacing out all my life goals so I

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

don't do any of them soon.
Surprisingly enough procrastination
is eternally bound to us.

ADELAIDE

Right, right.

AUBREY

So are you seeing anyone?

ADELAIDE

Very forward.

AUBREY

Just curious.

ADELAIDE

No, I'm not. My last guinea pig
just died in a solar storm.

AUBREY

You know, that's not the first time
I've heard an immortal call mortals
guinea pigs. It's kind of like
talking behind fat people's backs.
Like a secret club.

ADELAIDE

Well, I didn't actually lose anyone
in a solar storm. I was kidding.
Actually I just got out of a
relationship with an alien.

AUBREY

Really? How was that?

ADELAIDE

It was... Weird. Three tongues is
only fun for a little while, then
it's just a lot of upkeep.

AUBREY

Is that... True?

ADELAIDE

Of course not. But it was weird. We
broke it off with good intentions
though.

AUBREY

Well that's good to know... You
want to get a coffee, or something?

ADELAIDE

I have seen you in centuries
Aubrey. And you know I don't date
immortals.

AUBREY

Still? You know it's fun to have
variety in life- it passes the
time. What's wrong with coffee?
Come on, just one, intergalactic
coffee. On me.

ADELAIDE

... Okay, alright alright. Just
one.

Aubrey and Adelaide begin to walk off together in the
distance. The camera cuts out to a shot of the planet, then
begins the credits over a shot of the planet.

8

THE END

1 ... We are introduced to her in very much the same way as Aubrey, if just a bit more show-ier. This is something new I've thought of- something that I'll have to keep in mind throughout writing the script.

Cameron Crane Aug 18, 2015 2:13 PM

2 For this scene, I'd really like to have strong vibrant blue lights. That's just an aesthetic choice; something that I have in mind.

Cameron Crane Sept 7, 2015 8:01 PM

3 I'm picturing the shot is similar to Clockwork Orange, where they're at the Korova Milk Bar.

Cameron Crane Aug 18, 2015 2:13 PM

4 Similar to the "You think I'm funny?" scene from Goodfellas.

Cameron Crane Sept 8, 2015 6:56 PM

5 I'm picturing something sort of hard to explain with how I'd like this shot to be shot. First off, I said it's similar to the scene in Clockwork Orange, the milk bar scene. The room is elongated, trashy, and the walls are black. So the camera is slowly dollying forward, getting closer and closer to the subjects. Though, it's moving very slowly, only a noticeable amount, and whenever the scene does a cut, a cut to skip a little further into the conversation, the dolly is accounted for. Meaning, every cut leads to a jump closer to the subjects. Just to show that time is moving forward. It continues to do this, up until the point where the two of them aren't even in the frame anymore; both of them have disappeared on the left and right side, on the couch. Then, when the frame is empty with no one in it, Aubrey and Adelaide leap at each other and begin to make out. Then begins the second shot that needs describing. They're making out, and then Aubrey falls over, laying on the couch, with Adelaide on top of him. They keep kissing for a beat, and then they stand up. The camera moves from being horizontal with them on the couch, to having the camera literally flip on its side to have them in a portrait mode. While standing up, the scene cuts to the next, where they're in Adelaide's bedroom, and then camera, still vertical, turns horizontal again as they plop into the bed. Then the camera pans to the side, showing a shot of Adelaide in a framed photograph, with a mans arm around her. Then, it cuts to day, and the camera again pulls out a little further, showing that the arm around her was Aubrey's. So really, an elaborate build-up to a psych-out.

Cameron Crane Aug 18, 2015 2:14 PM

6 MAKE OUT SESH

Cameron Crane Sept 8, 2015 7:19 PM

7 I'm picturing that most of Charsese's paintings are slightly abstract. They're conveying more of an emotion than an actual literal.

Cameron Crane Aug 18, 2015 4:08 PM

8 Honestly I think that's because panning out over a digital city would be a lot more work.H

Cameron Crane Aug 22, 2015 3:34 PM