

The Session  
by  
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LARRY(V.O.)  
I once asked myself whether or not  
I would be happier if I was a  
simple human being. Made out of  
flesh and bone, structured by  
feelings and emotions, controlled  
by fear and anxiety. At least then,  
I thought, I wouldn't have to  
suffer their misery, or their  
happiness. I would be one of them,  
free of eternal information, proud  
of my ignorance. Doesn't look like  
the most lucrative option, I know.  
But you have to remember, I asked  
myself whether or not I would be  
happier as a human being, and I  
only did ask it once...

FADE IN

INT. THE SESSION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Fingers drum on a wooden TABLE.

Two eyes gaze at--

A LARGE BLUE FILE. The contents are out of focus.

LARRY, looks mid 30s, closes the file.

He's a fairly good looking man, wearing a plain buttoned-down  
shirt and brown pants. Proper, but nothing too strict.

The LARGE TABLE Larry's sitting behind is in the middle of  
the room, which is--

White, bright white. It's so big, the edges of the room  
dissolve into eternity. It is impossible to see its actual  
size.

There are no windows.

There are only two doors. One, an entrance door, situated  
right across from Larry. Another, an exit door, right behind  
him. The two doors look identical.

There are no lights. The room is EQUALLY LIT all around by an  
unseen source.

After thinking for a while, Larry clicks his expensive pen  
and writes a short sentence on his little NOTE PAD. What he  
writes is out of focus.

The furniture in the room consists of Larry's table and TWO COMFORTABLE LOOKING CHAIRS. One occupied by Larry, the other remains empty at the other side of the table. In front of the empty chair is a small coffee table.

Larry opens an empty drawer at the right side of the desk and places the blue file inside. He closes the drawer.

Larry opens a drawer in the left side of the desk. There's a single blue file inside the drawer, same size and shape as the previous one.

Larry picks up the file and opens it. The first page reads "THE LIFE OF BRADFORD DERRICK BENSON, CHAPTER 1"

Larry pushes a button on the intercom.

LARRY

Carrie, could you bring in the next one please?

The door to the front of Larry opens. BRADFORD DERRICK BENSON, 25, enters.

He wears casual clothes. Jeans, a plain shirt. He looks tired and disoriented, as if he's been flying coach for the last five days.

He closes the door behind him.

Larry takes some notes on his pad. As if mumbling to himself, he says--

LARRY (CONT'D)

One door closes, another one opens. It's a cute saying, but not really accurate. In fact, both doors are open. It depends on which one you prefer to be closed, and which one you want to be opened.

BRAD

What?

Larry peeks at the file again.

LARRY

You name is... Bradford?

Brad slowly walks in the room. He looks around, a mix of fascination and fear.

BRAD

Brad.

LARRY  
Alright Brad. Take a seat.

Brad looks unsure.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Please.

Brad sits. He keeps looking around the room, trying to get his bearings on its size.

BRAD  
Nice room.

Larry flips through Brad's file.

LARRY  
Thanks.

BRAD  
How big is it?

LARRY  
Very big.

BRAD  
Where are the walls?

LARRY  
You know where we are Brad. What purpose do you think walls would serve us here?

BRAD  
I don't know. You had walls in the waiting room.

LARRY  
That was for your convenience. They have no reason to be there other than to make you feel more comfortable. To make the transition a little... easier to handle.

Brad looks up to maybe see a ceiling. There is no ceiling.

BRAD  
Where's the light coming from?

LARRY  
That, I have no idea.

BRAD

Aren't you supposed to be like, a superior being? An angel, a fairy, God's administrative assistant? How is it possible that you don't know the answer?

LARRY

I don't.

BRAD

Even your secretary, what's her name, Carrie, had some answers about, stuff. Either that or she, you know, speculated.

LARRY

I only work here Brad. So does Carrie. And you will soon find out that the more answers you receive, the more questions will form in your theoretically metaphysical head.

BRAD

Try me.

Larry rolls his eyes and sighs.

LARRY

Out of five billion and seventy-eight human emotions I do not understand and quite frankly, question their purpose, arrogance is the only one I can't stand. That and the involuntary squinting that happens in the corner of your eye every single time you cut a toenail or have an intense orgasm. But that's hardly an emotion, is it?

BRAD

What the hell are you talking about?

LARRY

Exactly.

Brad is even more confused.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Let's face it Brad. You are a being with, well, limited intelligence.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

And I am one with a considerably greater limited intelligence. Which doesn't really put us that much apart as far as everlasting knowledge goes. But it still puts me in a position of authority and wisdom, and it is the voice of that wisdom that lets you know that whatever questions you might ask about where you are at this particular moment in space, time, and spaceless time will not come with an answer that will satisfy you in the least.

BRAD

Yeah but, isn't it better to have the answers than to just be, you know, ignorant? No matter how unsatisfying the answers may be, it's better than being left in the dark. Right?

Larry laughs.

LARRY

That's exactly what Socrates said.

BRAD

Did he?

LARRY

I don't think he ever wrote it down, but yeah. Nice fellow. Had a bit of a problem with indecent exposure, but a good guy nevertheless.

BRAD

So that means you're not gonna tell me about the light?

LARRY

Why do you want to know? What good will that information do for you?

BRAD

I don't know. Just curious I guess.

LARRY

One hundred and fifty-two.

BRAD

Excuse me?

LARRY

Curiosity. Out of all those human emotions I can't understand, it's number hundred and fifty-two.

Larry stops taking notes. He sighs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You really want to know, huh?

Brad nods enthusiastically.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, here it goes. Drum roll...

Larry does a mock drum roll, complete with sound effects.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...I have no idea.

BRAD

What do you mean you have no idea?

LARRY

I have no idea where the light comes from. It was like this long before I started. It will be like this long after I'm gone. I guess I just never thought to ask.

BRAD

That's it? You don't know? That's not very satisfying.

LARRY

Duh.

Brad looks mad.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Look, what have I been telling you during the last thousand years?

BRAD

Thousand years? I've been here for only five minutes.

LARRY

Actually, you've been sitting there, in front of me for a billionth of a second.

Brad is confused.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And, you've also been sitting on that particular chair for five million years.

Brad looks around. There's only one chair around him, and he's sitting on it.

BRAD

It's the same chair.

LARRY

A-ha!

Brad is even more confused.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Time, as you know it, does not exist here, at least not nearly the way you thought it did when you were alive. And even then, well, let's just say that time as you knew it was a fickle concept. Just like the love you thought that hooker felt for you when she kissed you after giving you head for thirteen and a half minutes.

BRAD

You know about that!?

LARRY

We know everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad lays on the bed, naked. A woman's head bobs up and down his crotch. The action is, unfortunately or fortunately depending on your personal interest in graphic sex, covered by the comforter.

Brad pants louder as the woman speeds up.

BRAD

Oh god! I'm coming! Oh god! (Give me a break, you try writing orgasm dialogue without sounding like a dick head)

Brad bites his lip to keep from yelling. His entire body flexes with intensity. And then--



Brad lets out a long sigh of relief. With a goofy smile on his face, he relaxes every single muscle in his body.

His energy is completely depleted. It's as if his soul left his body along with his semen.

The woman, gorgeous even with the completely fucked up hair, which obviously turned this way due to bobbing her head up and down for the last thirteen and a half minutes, gently holds Brad's face and gives him a passionate yet brief kiss on the lips.

Enamoured by the woman's attention, Brad smiles a gentle, unassuming smile, and kisses the woman back. It would take a blind person without feelings not to see the happiness in Brad's face.

Relaxed and worn out, Brad puts his head on the pillow. All of a sudden--

A small gate slides open out of thin air, between the end of the bed and the bedroom door. It's the size of a matchbox at most but it keeps expanding.

Inside the gate, all that can be seen is either a blinding white light, or absolute, pitch black darkness. The light and the dark blink back and forth in one second intervals.

Brad looks intimidated by the gate, which keeps expanding and is now as big as a mailbox.

The inside of the gate still blinks-- BRIGHT, DARK, BRIGHT, DARK, BRIGHT...

Brad looks at the woman next to him. She has fallen asleep.

The gate is now the size of a large box. It stops expanding, but it keeps blinking-- BLACK, WHITE, BLACK, WHITE, DARK, LIGHT...

CLOSE IN on the gate, until all we see is the blinking light and darkness--

LARRY (V.O.)

(During the CLOSE IN on  
the gate)

Why, out of all the moments in your  
life, that's the first one you held  
on to, while you were... You know.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Why did you choose that one to help  
you deal with a situation that's  
extremely confusing and petrifying,  
to say the least?

CUT TO:

INT. THE SESSION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Brad looks at the endless white ceiling, unable to come up  
with an answer. He finally has one--

BRAD  
Because it makes me happy.

LARRY  
That's not what I meant. I know it  
makes you happy. That's why you  
picked it. Rarely does anyone I  
interview pick a sad moment in  
their life to comfort themselves  
against the mere thought of the  
penultimate end of that very life.  
My point is, you had some  
accomplishments in your life. Not a  
whole lot, but a handful  
nevertheless, just like about 99.8  
percent of people I see, day in and  
day out. Why not pick one of those  
mini-successes, instead of a one-off  
encounter with a woman whose name  
you will never know throughout the  
rest of eternity? Call me crazy,  
but the mere act of being able to  
pick up a hooker and paying her  
money to have sex with you is not  
that great of an accomplishment. It  
might be for a 15-year-old boy  
suffering from severe acne, but in  
the grand scheme of things...

BRAD  
I don't know why it was the first  
thought that came into my mind. I  
also don't know why I thought of it  
again when Carrie told me what I  
am, what happened to me, but it  
comforted me. I guess because that  
was the only second in my life I  
acknowledged the existence of a,  
uh, a metaphysical anomaly. You  
see, I've never been much of a  
believer in things I did not see.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Not to say I'm a non-believer, because that in itself would require an inverted form of believing, I guess. But nevertheless, there I was, believing in something beyond my own existence for a fragment of a nanosecond. What lay there on that bed in that particular space and time, were not two people who had a monetary arrangement for emotionally simulated copulance, but two souls who somehow found a way to extend beyond their reality in order to reach a higher ground of, of, I don't know... Love, I guess.

LARRY

Love?

BRAD

Yes. For a brief second in time, I was in love with a hooker. And she was in love with me.

LARRY

No she wasn't.

BRAD

I'm sorry to disagree with you, but I think she was.

LARRY

Nope.

BRAD

Listen, I was there, okay? I think I know what I'm talking about. Apart from the hooker, I was the only one there, and I was the only one who saw what happened.

Larry looks down at his notes in order to avoid eye contact with Brad.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I was the only one there, right? I was alone with her. Right?

Larry awkwardly rearranges the blue file.

LARRY

We'll get to that later. Anyway,  
let's get back to the thin line  
between prostitution and amore.

Larry leans forward on his desk and looks Brad in the eye.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Here's what happened. You were  
chewing a mint-flavored bubble gum  
five minutes before she began going  
down on you. When she was done, she  
remembered what you were chewing,  
but was too embarrassed to ask you  
for a strip of gum, on account of  
the possibility that you might be  
offended if you knew she was  
desperate to get the taste of your  
penis out of her mouth. So she  
kissed you in order to suck out  
whatever mint residue that was left  
on your tongue.

BRAD

Is this true?

LARRY

Why would I lie to you?

Brad looks disappointed but tries not to show it.

BRAD

Doesn't matter. The fact is that I  
believed she had feelings for me.  
Anyway, I think that answers why I  
picked that memory.

LARRY

In a way, but not really.

BRAD

Listen, I'm not really comfortable  
spending this session, interview or  
whatever the hell this is, talking  
about the one and only time I've  
been with a hooker.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

It's repetitive, tedious, and I don't really feel comfortable knowing my entire life was spent, with all its conflicts and confusions, pain and suffering, combing and flossing, bank accounts and checkbooks, opening magazines and closing doors, you know, walking up and down stairs, flossing my teeth...

LARRY

You already mentioned flossing.

BRAD

...scratching my ass and everything in between, just so it can be summarized in its entirety with a single, five-minute encounter involving an able-jawed prostitute with a, a mint fetish.

LARRY

You're just mad you found out she wasn't in love with you.

BRAD

I don't know why I picked that moment. Why do people think of a split second image they saw fifteen years ago of some random asshole scratching his genitals as he passed by them on the other side of the street? Why would that be your first thought after you woke up in some nameless, inconsequential Wednesday morning? Why couldn't that first thought on that morning be like a be-all and end-all solution to all your problems? Or the meaning of life, for that matter? Why does it have to be "A random, faceless, nameless man scratched his dick eight years ago, and I need to remind myself of that"? Do you have an answer for that nifty little, you know, fucking existential dilemma in that tell-all blue file of yours?

LARRY

No, but I can tell you who that man was.

BRAD

What!?

Larry flips through the file.

LARRY

His name was Richard J. Carson. At the time of the incident he was thirty-eight-and-a-half years old. He was on his way to a semi-important business meeting that day he passed by you on the opposite side of the busy street. The meeting was about setting up a game plan for a possible merger between The North Pacific Cable Company, his place of employment, and Groundstone Incorporated, a timber conglomerate. Why a corporation that deals solely with wood has the word stone in its name is beyond even my extensive intellectual capabilities. Two months later, they lost the merger to The Orion Cable & Wire company, so all this exposition is actually rather pointless.

Brad is completely lost, just like the humble reader of this screenplay must be at this point. Don't worry, it gets worse.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Anyway, the itching that started below Richard's stomach and moved down to his crotch was caused by a sudden increase in his blood sugar due to a powder glazed donut he ate that morning. He was planning on using the company bathroom the second he got into work, in order to save himself the embarrassment of having to grab his genitals in public. But the itching got worse as he kept walking and after a while, he just couldn't help it anymore. So he decided to pretend-itch his leg and casually move up to his left testicle.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

That's where you happened to walk by, on your way to meet up with your friends to see "Mission: Impossible II", of which you thought, and I quote, "Sucked ass compared to the original series." I'm guessing that's not the answer you were looking for but it'll have to do for now.

Brad makes a couple of attempts to say something but eventually gives up trying to find meaning in Larry's speech.

Larry opens a small drawer in front of him and pulls out a pack of generic brand cigarettes. If we can find a soulless, mass-murdering, scumbag cigarette company to sponsor this, then he pulls out whatever brand of cigarettes we shamelessly got paid to advertise on screen.

He pulls out a cigarette and puts it in his mouth. He inhales deep, and the cigarette lights up by itself.

BRAD

How did you do that?

Larry exhales.

LARRY

Magic.

Brad is annoyed with the answer but decides not to push it.

BRAD

You smoke in heaven?

LARRY

What makes you think you're in heaven?

BRAD

The blinding white light?

LARRY

Ah, a common misconception.

Larry flicks the cigarette ash directly on the table. An ashtray appears out of thin air and catches the ash before it reaches the polished wood.

LARRY (CONT'D)

A predisposition of your brain wave patterns working to process certain images, sounds and colors in reference to certain people, locations, concepts and beliefs. I guess if I was dressed as Big Bird, you'd presume you were in Sesame Street. Only because a man named James Maury Henson created The Sesame Street which became a part of mass psyche thanks to the use of national television, clever advertising and lots and lots of foam. You know, many people believe he died of bacterial pneumonia.

BRAD

He didn't?

LARRY

No. It was actually textile poisoning. Anyway, getting back to my point, just like the way Mr. Henson created The Sesame Street and permanently implanted the image of a giant yellow bird with an annoying, squeaky voice into your brain, so did another man, flesh and bone, no different than Mr. Henson, created the concept that Heaven is full of white lights. That was because white was a very fashionable color at the time. So after that, we had to use white everywhere to make you, and people like you feel comfortable with their new environment. And because of that asshole, I have to take eight hundred milligrams of Excedrin every day in order to control the migraine that's caused by constant exposure to bright white light.

Larry offers the pack of cigarettes to Brad.

BRAD

No thanks, I don't smoke.

LARRY

I know. I just figured, due to stress caused by a sudden change of location and the planery shift...



BRAD  
I'm fine, thanks. I could use a  
coke, though.

LARRY  
Pepsi okay?

BRAD  
You don't have coke in the  
afterlife?

LARRY  
It's a contractual situation. Very  
delicate.

BRAD  
Pepsi's fine.

Larry pushes a button on the intercom.

LARRY  
Carrie. Could you please bring Mr.  
Benson a Pepsi?

All of a sudden Carrie, 20s, gorgeous brunette, perfect body,  
appears out of nowhere. Standing next to Brad, she holds a  
glass of Pepsi.

Brad is startled upon noticing Carrie.

BRAD  
Where the hell did you come from?

CARRIE  
What do you mean? I was always  
here.

Carrie looks at Larry and laughs at the absurdity of Brad's  
question. Larry wholeheartedly laughs back.

Brad is annoyed.

Carrie turns to Brad and offers the Pepsi.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Here you go.

Brad grabs the Pepsi.

BRAD  
Thanks.

Brad appears to be shy and awkward next to the beautiful Carrie. It's obvious he finds her attractive. What man wouldn't?

All of a sudden Carrie bends down and kisses Brad on the lips. She passionately makes out with Brad, open mouth, maybe a bit of tongue.

Brad is stunned but responds to Carrie's advance. Carrie ruffles Brad's hair while making out with him. Brad thinks for a second and makes a move for Carrie's breast but decides to gently caress her shoulder instead.

This goes on for about 20 seconds. 30, if we can convince the actress who will play Carrie that this hot making out scene has an artistic purpose. It doesn't.

Brad looks at Larry out of the corner of his eye. Larry doesn't react to the unusual situation. He merely scribbles some notes on his pad.

Carrie separates her lips from Brad's. She immediately goes back to her previous standing up position, as if someone hit the rewind button and pressed pause as soon as she stood straight.

As if nothing happened between her and Brad, Carrie turns to Larry. I just realized their names rhyme. And so it goes...

CARRIE

I'll be right here if you need me.

LARRY

Thanks Carrie.

Brad looks at Carrie. She's disappeared.

BRAD

What the hell was that?

LARRY

What?

BRAD

She kissed me.

LARRY

No she didn't. Why would a gorgeous secretary who doesn't really know you make out with you out of the blue?

BRAD

You didn't see that?

Larry thinks for a second about what Brad is really talking about. He figures it out.

LARRY  
What you thought happened, didn't happen.

BRAD  
But... She...

LARRY  
This is a period of adjustment for you. In time, you'll get used to it.

BRAD  
I thought time didn't exist here?

LARRY  
That's what you need to get used to.

Confused, Brad takes a sip off his Pepsi.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
So, shall we begin?

BRAD  
I thought we already have, did.

LARRY  
No. That was just chit-chat. To make you feel more, comfortable.

BRAD  
Well, to be honest, you're not doing a spectacular job there. I can't really say I'm the very definition of comfort right now.

LARRY  
Why is that?

BRAD  
I don't even know where I am. I'm confused, more than a little scared. I don't even know what I'm doing here, with you.

LARRY  
And you never will.

Brad looks disappointed, and very frustrated.

BRAD

Let's just get this over with.

LARRY

Here we go.

Larry snaps his fingers and all of a sudden--

A tiny black microphone drops from the infinite ceiling and hangs in the air, just in between Larry and Brad.

Brad looks up to determine the origin of the mike. The cable that is attached to the mike goes up as far as the eye can see, disappears into the white light.

Larry opens the second page of the file and leans closer to the mike.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This is a session with Bradford  
Derrick Benson. Registry number  
five, three, nine, five, seven,  
five, six, one, one, three, one,  
four, eight, five, six, six, one,  
seven, two, three, zero, zero,  
zero, six, five, three, eight, one,  
two, seven, zero, four, six,  
five...

Brad is overwhelmed at the amount of numbers.

LARRY(CON'D) (CONT'D)

... six, nine, two, eight, four,  
seven, eight, five, seven, three,  
two, three, nine, eight, two, zero,  
five, nine, two, one, seven, four,  
two, three, eight, seven, two,  
three, six, two, one, five, eight,  
two, five, nine, six.

Larry flips to the next page. Just when Brad is about to sigh in relief--

LARRY (CONT'D)

Five, three, eight, nine, one, two,  
five, eight, one, one, two, five,  
eight, one, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero, zero, zero, zero, zero,  
zero...

Larry stops for a second, leading Brad to think it's over.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Seven, two, five, seven, five,  
eight, one, four, four, nine,  
three, one, nine, eight, three,  
four, seven, two, two, eight, five,  
nine, nine, three, zero, five,  
three, four, three, nine, five,  
eight, three, five, three...

Larry looks closer at the bottom of the page.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Five.

There's a long silence. Brad tries not to make a peep,  
fearing that it will result in another onslaught of numbers.

BRAD  
Are you... Done?

LARRY  
No.

Larry looks back at the file and flips to the next page.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Seven, seven, eight, five...

Brad looks horrified.

Larry stops reading numbers and laughs.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm just kidding. We were done.

Brad is not amused.

BRAD  
What happens when you miss a  
number? Do you have to start all  
over?

LARRY  
I never miss a number.

Larry closes the file with a THUD.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Okay, now that we're done with the  
boring procedures, why don't we  
begin?

BRAD

Okay. So, what do you want to know?

LARRY

Well, first of all, I would like to know just exactly what you thought about your life? In five words or less. No I'm just kidding. Just, go ahead.

BRAD

What I thought about my life? In what sense?

LARRY

God, why does everybody respond with the same question? You'd think it's clear enough. Did you think your life was good? Did you think it was fair?

BRAD

Not really.

Larry opens up his note pad, ready to write down what Brad is about to say.

LARRY

Why not?

BRAD

Let me put it this way: If life was fair, I would get to travel to the furthest regions of Antarctica, grow gills and swim with the blue whales. That's what I always wanted to do. And, I would get to have sex with Charlize Theron at least once. The insanely hot super model version from the late nineties. Not the way she looked in "Monster".

LARRY

You mean a temporary swap of bodily fluids with a female human who is a fortunate combination of well-formed pores and intense airbrushing were all you were striving for in life?

BRAD

Well, although that is a big part of it. But not really. I'm kinda trying to make a point.

LARRY

Which is?

BRAD

If an all-powerful supreme being does exist, right? And has the ability to create everything out of thin air without the, the slightest bit of trouble to itself, why couldn't I get what I want? Why couldn't any of us? It's not like it would be that much of a hassle, right?

LARRY

The all-powerful supreme being.  
Huh.

Larry writes a curious sentence on his note pad.

BRAD

You haven't answered my question.

LARRY

Let me ask you this. How do you know for sure this all-powerful supreme being exists in the first place?

BRAD

What do you mean? Isn't all this the absolute proof that God exists? The infinite white light, the self-igniting cigarette, the horny secretary with effortless capabilities of molecular transportation... Not to mention I know for a fact that I just died a couple hours ago, or a million gagillion years ago, however the fuck you want to put it, and I'm, I'm right here talking to you instead of watching my scrotum being eaten inside out by worms. I mean, if you can't believe in God in the afterlife, when can you believe him,.. her,.. It?

LARRY

Why don't you just ask me the question, instead of beating around the burning bush?

BRAD  
What question?

LARRY  
You know, "The Question." Everyone asks "The Question."

BRAD  
Everyone?

LARRY  
Everyone.

BRAD  
Wow. So, does he... She..?

LARRY  
No. At least not in the way you think. Now you're gonna ask me if I can elaborate.

BRAD  
And you're going to say "No", even though you probably can.

LARRY  
Exactly. Let's get back to your life. What were we talking about?

Larry checks his note pad.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah. "Why didn't I get what I want?" That's an original one.

BRAD  
So? Why didn't I?

LARRY  
Why didn't you get everything you want the second you wanted it? Why didn't you receive happiness when you most needed it? Why wasn't there a million dollars in your bank account the closer your balance hit zero? Why didn't you have ten porn stars just pop up in your bedroom, ready to please you at your disposal, every time you masturbated?



BRAD

Why did I have to grow up, study,  
get a job I hate, live a life I  
can't stand, deal with pain,  
depression, heartbreak,  
humiliation, betrayal, broken  
promises, tedium, repetition, head  
cracking migraines, shitty movies,  
shittier music and canker sores?

LARRY

Well, the canker sores happened  
because you just didn't have enough  
B12 in your diet. Everything else,  
though, you had to endure because,  
quite frankly, you deserved to  
suffer them.

Brad looks confused and disappointed.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Not the answer you were looking  
for, is it? It never is.

BRAD

I deserved all that? What did I do  
to deserve a crappy life? What did  
everyone else do to deserve it?  
What did the victims of The  
Holocaust do? The victims of  
genocide, starvation, murder, uh,  
rape?

LARRY

That's a whole other issue. And  
honestly I'm not even touching that  
with a trillion foot pole. But  
let's specifically focus on your  
life for the moment. No matter how  
you would like to look at it, in  
the end, it was your life. You had  
absolute control over it. No one  
could tell you what to do, or where  
to go, not really.

BRAD

I, um, what?

LARRY

Okay. You know how when your girlfriend leaves you, or you lose the well-deserved promotion to the hot secretary just because her fellating skills are better than yours, people always tell you that whatever happens, it happens for a reason?

BRAD

Yeah?

LARRY

That's just the kind of new age superficial bullshit people tell you in order to make you feel better about yourself in less than thirty seconds so they can maybe get out of your depressing presence just in time to go home and catch the "Law and Order" marathon. They knew for a fact that if they told you the truth, that you didn't really have what it takes, that you were not special, that you were merely a loser just like the rest of them and that you would not succeed in life no matter what you did, you would become even more depressed and they would have to stay with you for two more hours just to make sure you didn't empty out your medicine cabinet, which in turn would eat away at their own personal time of feeling alone and miserable about themselves. No, the real answer is nothing happens for a reason. Life doesn't have reason. The reason you are here right now is inherently without reason. And any form of all-encompassing supreme life whose sole reason for existence relies on the fact that it has no reason to exist whatsoever, could not in essence have any real purpose attributed to any of its smaller parts, may it be the existence of a massive solar system, or the untimely death of one of your toenails. Reason is a man-made word, and a four-letter one at that.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

The only reason I ever mention it is because one of you dickheads pulled that word out of his ass to begin with.

BRAD

How do you know it wasn't a woman?

LARRY

Please. Women have no reason. They're much closer to the truth than any of you penis-grabbers.

Larry pulls out another cigarette to calm down. Like the previous one, the cigarette lights up by itself as soon as he puts it in his mouth.

There is a moment of silence as Brad reflects.

BRAD

I gotta tell you, this is very disappointing. I thought this afterlife thing was going to be much simpler.

LARRY

How so?

BRAD

You know, you walk in the pearly gates, high-five whatever saint you believed in in your religion. If you didn't have a religion, maybe be greeted by one of your idols. I'd personally choose Odie. I always admired the fact that he took all that shit from Garfield for years and still retained a positive attitude. Anyway, so you walk in the pearly gates, say "What's up?" to your patron saint, walk in to heaven, which is basically like a combination of magical floating clouds and extremely powerful fog machines.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

You eat however many double bacon cheeseburgers you want without gaining any weight, have sex with like ten insanely hot angels in a row, and wait in line for your photo-op with God, who afterwards welcomes you to heaven and bids you Godspeed to an eternity of eating double bacon cheeseburgers and having sex with hot angels. Do angels have genitalia?

LARRY

They apparently do in your insane fantasy world.

BRAD

Yeah, right, I get you. Not really. But anyway, you know where I'm getting at, right? Instead of all that prime goodness, I'm stuck here, talking to you about the same kind of existentialist, shamelessly idealistic wish-fulfillment crap you talk with your friends at four in the morning. You know, laying on the rooftop, you're all wasted and tired after clubbing all night long and the only reason any of you are there is because none of you were lucky enough to be tapped for a casual blow job. By the way, if that happened every day, no one would even leave their house. Mankind would come to a full stop.

LARRY

You can't believe there wouldn't be any philosophy, art or literature if people went down on each other on an hourly basis?

BRAD

No, of course not. I'm sure there would be some philosophy, art or literature. You'd need something to do in between.

Larry cracks a smile.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know what's really weird?

LARRY

What?

BRAD

It's that even though every time any of us found ourselves on top of that rooftop, although we knew we were disappointed in ourselves and depressed by the fact that none of us were lucky, I think all of us knew. Those little silent moments would eventually turn into comforting memories that would, pop up in our heads at the time of our death. Not the moment Wendy Conrad kissed you for the first time after your junior high prom, or the second you found out you were accepted for that big job you'd been waiting for your whole life. No, It's that microsecond when your buddy passes you a rum and coke while you're playing "Name the movie quote" with your other tired, drunk and high friends.

LARRY

Complete lack of purpose shall set you free.

BRAD

Amen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

FREEZE FRAME-- Brad and his two friends lay on the rooftop, looking at the sky with blank faces. Friend #1 is right in the middle of passing a glass of rum and coke to Brad.

UN-FREEZE FRAME-- Brad grabs the rum and coke and takes a sip. Friend #2 takes a puff off his joint.

FRIEND #1

"Those eyes! Those green eyes!!"

Brad and Friend #2 think for a while. They look at each other and shrug. They both can't come up with the answer. They struggle for a while until--

FRIEND #2

Spider-Man.

FRIEND #1

Yep.

FRIEND #2

Wow, that was an obscure one. I almost didn't get that.

BRAD

Good job man.

Friend #1 gloats.

Brad gently slides his fingertips on the gravelly surface. He slowly, finger by finger, presses his hand down.

Brad caresses the floor as if it's his childhood pet.

Friend #1 giggles--

FRIEND #1

What the hell are you doing?

BRAD

Touching the floor.

FRIEND #2

We're on the roof. Wouldn't that technically be the ceiling?

BRAD

I think the floor is alive.

FRIEND #1

You're fucking baked, man. You're as baked as...

BRAD

Pie?

FRIEND #1

I was going to say "as I am" but that works as well.

Friend #1 turns back to stare at the sky. There's a long silence.

FRIEND #1 (CONT'D)

So... So,...

FRIEND #2

So, so, so,...

FRIEND #1

So... Life.

FRIEND #2

Yep. Life.

More silence. Brad takes little sips off the rum and coke and passes it to Friend #1.

Friend #2 takes the last puff off the joint and throws it away.

More and more silence. The occasional sound of cars passing by the street downstairs.

FRIEND #1

You know, if I could blow myself,  
I'd never leave the house.

BRAD

I wonder how many people said the  
exact same thing today?

FRIEND #2

Probably a lot more than you think.

A loud, booming voice emanates from the sky.

LARRY (V.O.)

I know this is going to sound  
pompous and restrictive, but I  
think we should take a break from  
fellatio-related material. It's  
proving to be crass and frankly,  
kind of annoying.

Brad's friends are startled by the voice.

FRIEND #1

Who the hell was that?

FRIEND #2

You heard it too?

Brad gets up and speaks directly at the sky.

BRAD

Listen, this is my life, right? And  
in my life, between ages twelve and  
twenty-seven, eighty percent of my  
thoughts and conversations were  
focused on some form of sex! Just  
like the way it is with all men!  
And any man who claims otherwise is  
a lying sack of shit!

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Since blowjobs are a very preferred sexual act and fantasy among young men, it should be no surprise to you that it pops up every now and then!

FRIEND #2

Who are you talking to?

LARRY (V.O.)

I understand that. But when it dominates every bit of conversation you and I had for the last ten minutes or so, it does become kind of repetitive.

BRAD

Wait, isn't this whole thing about me!? Aren't you there to listen to me!? To listen to what I have to say and take notes and shit, so you can figure out what level of eternal bliss or hellfire I'm suitable for!? Isn't that what I'm here for!? Sitting in that depressing white room talking to you!?

Brad sits back down, tired.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That's why I'm here... There. Am I..?

Brad looks around. He comes to the realization that he is physically on the rooftop with his friends, yet in a way, he is not.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Am I..?

Brad's friends face him with sober and wise faces, as if they just broke character.

FRIEND #1

You are.

FRIEND #2

It's true.

BRAD

I'm sorry guys. I'm not having the best of times with reality nowadays.



FRIEND #1  
You'll manage.

FRIEND #2  
You'll manage.

BRAD  
Thanks. So, what are you doing  
right now?

FRIEND #1  
I'm in line at Starbucks, trying to  
decide between the apple fritter  
and the lemon poppyseed muffin.

FRIEND #2  
I'm in the bathroom, taking a dump.

Brad laughs. Friend #2 laughs with him.

FRIEND #2 (CONT'D)  
I thought about you two minutes  
ago. Tragic. It really is.

FRIEND #1  
I cried yesterday.

BRAD  
Alone or with your girlfriend?

FRIEND #1  
Alone. But I'm sure she knows. I  
had some teardrop residue on my  
left eye. Can I ask you a question?

BRAD  
The point?

FRIEND #1  
Yeah. The point. What is it?

BRAD  
That's what I'm trying to find out.

FRIEND #2  
You don't have any answers for us?

BRAD  
So far, just one.

Brad turns to Friend #1

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Go with the apple fritter.

Friend #1 smiles.

FRIEND #1

Okay.

Brad kneels down to pick up his glass of rum and coke.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE SESSION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Brad picks up his glass of Pepsi and takes a sip. He looks around to get a bearing on where he is.

BRAD

Wait, how did I..?

LARRY

How did you what? You were here the whole time.

BRAD

Yeah, but I was...

LARRY

You were there as well. There's something you need to understand. You see, time and space are like oil and vinegar. They both taste horrible when drunk by themselves.

BRAD

And the rest of the metaphor?

LARRY

What metaphor? So, your friends, did you like them?

BRAD

Of course. Otherwise, they wouldn't be my friends.

LARRY

Companionship. Do you think they made your life easier?

BRAD

What's the word? Immensely.

For a moment, Brad is alone with his thoughts. He tries to...  
He tries to... 3 4 4 3 7.

BRAD (CONT'D)

When I was in college, I ran into an old friend from high school. He was one of those troubled souls. Hated his life, his family, himself. Even though his family was rich, he was very smart, and he was dating the most beautiful girl in school. Every single one of us envied him more than you could know. To add insult to injury, he was depressed all the time. All the time. Always complaining about how his life is a living hell, how boring everything is. Most of us watched movies, listened to music, played guitar, talked about sex in order to pass the time and make life at least a little bit bearable. The single act he chose to pass the time was to cut himself whenever and wherever he could, just to see if he would bleed. I would think that particular experiment would end once you found out that yes, you really do bleed, but I guess he was somewhat of a perfectionist. He would cut his arms, legs, chest, wherever he could find on his body. One day, a friend of mine was taking a piss next to him and he told me that his penis was full of little slug-like scars. None of us found out why he was so depressed. And none of us ever did.

Larry takes a look somewhere inside the middle of the file.

LARRY

So you bumped into him during your college years?

BRAD

Oh yeah. I bumped into him... Wait, do you know this already?

LARRY

Does it makes a difference?

BRAD

I guess not. So I bumped into him one day, while I was waiting for the bus.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

I distinctly remember I had to go home as soon as I could. It was one of those days your household chores pile up so much, you convince yourself that they will never be done, ever. I mean, I had a pile of laundry so huge, you couldn't even fit it in this room.

Brad tries laughing at his own joke. Larry doesn't react.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So in short, I was anxious for the bus to show up, but I was kind of depressed as well, overwhelmed by the amount of menial crap I needed to get done just to be able to, to go on with my life. You see, it feels to me like whenever you do anything repetitive in order to merely preserve your body or your reputation, you kind of put your life in what I call, the pause mode. Brushing your teeth, taking a shower, washing the dishes, doing the laundry, popping zits, cutting fingernails, getting a haircut... In short, whatever activity that'll make you look better in the eyes of other human beings. Every time you do any of that, it's like, it's like you're pressing the pause button on your life. And after you're done with whatever you need to get done, you press play and voila, you are given permission to go on living as a respectable member of society. It's as if you're borrowing against your life. Does that make any sense?

LARRY

Not really, but please go on.

BRAD

So anyway, I was feeling depressed about having to press the pause button for longer than I would care to, on account of the amount of crap, for, for lack of a better word, I needed to get done. By the way, is there any laundry in the afterlife?

LARRY

That can't be what you want to know. About your friend...

BRAD

Oh yeah. So I was waiting for the bus, and I saw him walk by. He looked exactly the same as he did in high school. People rarely change. So I stopped him and said hi. He asked me how I was doing and I caught him up on how my life was going up till that moment in time. We started reminiscing about high school days. He laughed and said "Do you remember how depressed I was in high school for no reason? How ridiculous was that?" I said "Yeah. It was kind of funny, considering you had a pretty sweet life, what with your rich, friendly, supportive parents and your hot girlfriend." He said "It's funny you should say that because my parents went dead broke before dying in a plane crash and my girlfriend dumped me for my best friend." How his parents could afford plane tickets after being dead broke is beyond me. But anyway, he had this completely nonchalant way of telling me all this stuff. And I said "Don't tell me that you were depressed and suicidal when you had everything in high school, and now that you have absolutely nothing and your life is knee-deep down in the shitter, you appreciate the finer things in life like hummingbirds and daisies, air, water, and life itself?" He said "No. I'm a lot more depressed and suicidal now. In fact, I was on my way to kill myself before you stopped me." Now I'm thinking to myself, no matter what I say or do, this guy's going to off himself, right? And considering his situation, he probably should. So I decided to not say a word about it and let him on his way.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Right when he was about to leave, I remembered I didn't have enough quarters for the washing machine to do my laundry. I mean, I had enough for the washing machine itself, but not for the washing machine and the dryer combined.

LARRY

You didn't have quarters for the dryer.

BRAD

Yeah, I guess that's a simpler way of putting it. I also had to part ways with six quarters for the bus fare alone, since I didn't have the usual one dollar bill to use along with two quarters. Needless to say, that truly depleted my resources. So I asked my depressed, suicidal friend if he had any quarters. He said "Yes" and gave me whatever change he had in his pocket.

LARRY

Was it enough?

BRAD

No. I had to go to the grocery store next door to get some more quarters. I only had a five dollar bill which more than covered what I needed so it turns out I didn't really need to ask my friend for change. Anyway, when I was right in the middle of folding, my phone rang and it was him. To this day I still have no idea how he found my number.

Larry looks into the file.

LARRY

It says here that God gave it to him.

BRAD

You're joking.

LARRY

I am. You gave him your number that day before you parted ways. You just forgot about it.

BRAD

Why would I give my number to a man  
on his way kill himself?

LARRY

Etiquette?

BRAD

I... Yeah. So, the second I heard  
his voice on the phone, the first  
thing I said was, of course,  
"You're alive." He said  
depressingly, "Yeah, I am alive."  
Apparently he was planning this  
elaborate, dramatic way to kill  
himself. He was going to drive his  
car off the biggest, longest bridge  
in the city. There was a  
construction going on those days up  
on the north end of the bridge,  
which left a chunk of the side,  
what do you call it, railing  
exposed. He was planning on driving  
through that gap top speed and fall  
five hundred feet, into the water  
and poof!

Brad mimics the car hitting the water and disintegrate into  
pieces.

BRAD (CONT'D)

He said he hated the idea of  
drowning so he hoped that the fall  
alone would kill him. Anyway, he  
was on his way to the bridge and he  
realized, he doesn't have any money  
for the toll. You see, earlier that  
day, in a moment of weakness and,  
and forgetfulness I guess, he had  
given me all the change in his  
pockets, which non-incidentally was  
the exact amount of money required  
to pass the bridge toll. And if he  
can't pay the toll, he can't get on  
the bridge, he can't drive through  
the gap and fall onto his death,  
right?

LARRY

Right.

BRAD

Apparently, he contemplated for a second to just drive through the toll without paying, but he didn't want to break the law. So he went back home in order to get more money, felt tired and decided to call his death off for that day. And that's when he said he wanted to call me and let me know how his day went. So I asked him whether or not he changed his mind about offing himself. He said "No. I'm too tired, I'm just gonna do it tomorrow." I said "Okay, it's your call." That's when he told me he has a favor to ask me. He said he was looking for money to pay at the toll, and he could only come up with a hundred dollar bill. The absolute last bit of money he had left in the world, right? He said he can't hand out a hundred dollar bill at the toll, it will look suspicious. And there's always a possibility the person at the toll turns out to be an a-hole. He said the last image he wanted in his head before he died is some stranger giving him the stink-eye about having to change a hundred dollar bill. Anyway, he asked me if I could come over to his place. He said if I came over and gave him three dollars, not only would he have the exact change to get on the bridge, he would give me his hundred dollar bill in return. Three dollars for a hundred, that's quite an investment. But however much of a financial no-brainer this situation might be, I wasn't about to be a part of someone's death. Especially a friend's. It's one thing to let someone kill himself, it's another thing to facilitate its success. So I decided to go, but I did not take any money with me. Of course he was mad at first. He threw me around the room a couple of times, punched walls, yelled and screamed. Actually I don't think I've ever seen him more active and outspoken.

(MORE)



BRAD (CONT'D)

Anyway, he calmed down after a while and offered me a drink. After a couple of glasses, he confessed he doesn't want to be alone and asked me if I could hang out with him a little longer. I said "Sure. Why not?" I wasn't about to let down a suicidal man whose knuckles were bleeding like a, a half-active waterfall or something. Besides, I wasn't really looking forward to doing the rest of my laundry. So we hung out for most of the night. We did the most meaningless, menial shit you can think of. We drank cheap beer, watched crappy action movies, played yahtzee all night... And I have to tell you, I've never seen this guy look as happy as he did that night. We had a blast. It was one of the most fun I've had out of any night in my life. At the end of the night, right when both of us were about ready to pass out, I finally gathered up the courage to say "You know, maybe you shouldn't kill yourself."

LARRY

What did he say?

BRAD

Nothing. He looked at me with half-open drunken eyes, kind of nodded and passed out.

LARRY

So you saved this man from wanting to kill himself just by being his friend. That's quite an accomplishment.

BRAD

Not really. You see, since I didn't bring any money with me that night, we had to use his hundred dollar bill in order to pay for the beer and snacks, which left him more than enough change to pay the bridge toll the following day.

LARRY

So he drove off the bridge.

BRAD

Don't you know all this already? He did try. You see, apparently that gap on the side of the bridge, caused by all that construction, it wasn't wide enough for his car to drive through. So he got stuck in the gap, with the front of the car dangling out the side of the bridge. Before he could open the door and jump off, he was caught by construction workers. He eventually got arrested and was sent off to an asylum for suicidal people or something. You know, the kind of place where they smooth out your toenails so you can't kill yourself with your own foot? I never heard from or about him since. I wonder if he ended up killing himself?

LARRY

Would you like to find out?

BRAD

No.

LARRY

What about women?

BRAD

Don't get me started on that.

LARRY

Okay, moving on.

There is a short silence.

BRAD

So..?

LARRY

So...

There is a longer, more awkward silence. Both Larry and Brad look like they are about to say something, but can't think of anything of interest to say.

Brad holds his half empty glass of Pepsi and slowly shakes it, as if it's a delicate glass of expensive bourbon. The small residue of ice produce a faint "clink" sound as it hits the glass from the inside.

Larry looks at the blue file in front of him and looks around the room. He pretends to sweep the cover with his hand.

BRAD  
So, is this it?

LARRY  
No. I don't think so.

BRAD  
Then why don't you ask me something?

LARRY  
I can't seem to think of anything to ask.

BRAD  
So we're done. You asked me whatever you needed to know about me, and now we're finished. Now can I walk through that door behind you and take my first steps into, whatever's behind that door?

LARRY  
No. I don't think so.

Brad is very disappointed.

BRAD  
Okay. Let me try to wrap my head around this. So, the obvious rules about the non-existence of time notwithstanding, according to my experience of time, with the, pragmatic values of minutes and seconds as I perceive them, I believe we've been here for about what, almost an hour?

LARRY  
More or less.

BRAD  
I think we chatted quite enough. Isn't it time for me to walk through that door?

Larry turns around to take a look at that door. He looks like he has never seen it before, although we are sure he has.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Didn't you get what you want from me? Aren't you satisfied with what you wanted to get out of this, thing we're having here?

LARRY

I don't think so, no. I think we're far from being done. And considering why we are really here, I don't think any form and length of time...

Larry's voice is cut off even though we still see him talking. Brad watches Larry go on.

Brad takes a sip off his Pepsi. He looks inside the glass. The small particles of acid fizzles inside the glass. CLOSE ON the glass of Pepsi.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

We are still inside the glass of Pepsi. Actually, this time it's a paper cup of Coke, but who's gonna know the difference? The two shots should match nevertheless.

The fizzling sound inside the glass grows louder and louder and...

BUSBOY (O.S.)

Sir!?

Brad lifts up his head. He is sitting at a distant corner, at the top food court floor of a mall.

Brad looks at the friendly, unassuming BUSBOY, 19, with groggy eyes.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)

Are you done?

Brad looks at his table. He has a half finished burger on his paper plate with the cup of coke next to it.

BRAD

Uh, yeah. Sorry, I must have been daydreaming.

BUSBOY

Don't worry sir. Happens all the time here.

The Busboy throws the plate, the cup and the empty Coke bottle into his portable trash can. He picks up the cap of the coke bottle. He looks inside the cap.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)  
"Long Island is the biggest island  
in The United States"

BRAD  
Excuse me?

The Busboy points at the inside of the cap.

BUSBOY  
That's what it says.

BRAD  
Oh.

BUSBOY  
Couple of minutes ago, I read  
another one that said "An alligator  
is the only animal that cannot  
yawn."

BRAD  
Wow. That's, interesting.

BUSBOY  
Have a good day, sir.

BRAD  
You too.

The Busboy leaves Brad, who sits alone, contemplating what just happened.

LARRY (O.S.)  
That was your last interaction with  
another.

Brad looks at where Larry's voice is coming from. He realizes Larry is sitting next to him.

BRAD  
It was. I got up, walked outside,  
stepped off the sidewalk to cross  
the street, and after that...

LARRY  
And after that...

BRAD

I'm not very comfortable talking about this.

LARRY

You are the one who brought us here. I didn't have anything to do with it.

BRAD

Just because I think of a place doesn't mean I want to visit that place. I'm sure a lot of people think about Detroit every day.

LARRY

Nevertheless, aren't you glad to be back?

BRAD

I'm not back though, am I?

LARRY

You might be. How do you know you are not daydreaming right now? And maybe in a minute or two, that Coke bottle cap trivia hound busboy will show up again to shake you out of that daydream. I maybe a fragment of your over indulgent mind, working at full speed, conjuring baseless ideas of what life would be like if it didn't exist for you anymore. What it would be like, to, you know?

BRAD

That's not true though, is it?

LARRY

No, it's not. What you perceive to be the truth in your thoughts at this second might be the only form of reality left within you that you can latch on to with absolute trust and assurance.

BRAD

So I am? I, I really am..?

Brad looks saddened.

LARRY

You are not ready to walk through that door.

BRAD

I'm not ready. I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready to even face you. But you didn't care...

LARRY

I wish I could tell you we did. But caring about something, anything, that only exists in your dreams. There is no motive to speak of. There is no consistency. I thought you would have begun to understand that now.

BRAD

You can tell what's in my head, can't you?

Larry nods.

LARRY

Sometimes, yeah.

BRAD

So what do you think my answer to that observation is?

LARRY

Come back to where we are. You'll feel safer there.

BRAD

The white room?

Larry nods again.

Brad thinks in deep thought.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I, stay here a while? I won't go anywhere. I just, need a little break.

Larry thinks for a while. He nods again for the third time, if anyone's still counting.

Brad looks at where Larry was sitting. Larry is gone.

Brad looks around the food court. People enjoy their day. There is absolutely nothing specific going on.

Brad gets up and walks outside the food court. We follow him as he takes his time walking among people.

People eat and talk around him. Nothing life affirming happens, like little children playing or couples cuddling and kissing each other in a true expression of their love. No, it's just people eating processed food.

Yet as Brad walks through the food court, he is fascinated with all the life around him. He looks at people as a casual observer, "un-casually" observing people.

Brad walks outside the food court and--

INT. MALL - DAY

--takes the escalator downstairs. He touches the sidebars of the escalators with the tips of his fingers.

Brad gets off the escalator. We are now at the bottom floor of the mall. Brad walks around a crowd of people. All of a sudden, he notices something and stops--

In the middle of the mall's corridor, a small gate expands in mid-air. It's the same one that appeared in Brad's bedroom right after he finished having you know what with the you know who.

Like before, the gate keeps expanding. The inside of the gate blinks between a blinding white light and pitch black darkness. BRIGHT, DARK, BRIGHT, DARK, BRIGHT, DARK...

Needless to say, no one other than Brad notices the gate. The gate is now the size of a big box. It stops expanding.

Brad takes a step toward the gate, which expands a little bit, still blinking WHITE, BLACK, WHITE, BLACK, BRIGHT, DARK....

Brad takes a couple more steps towards the gate. With each step, the gate expands further. It is now the size of a small door, large enough for Brad to walk through.

Brad stops. Not sure of himself, he takes a step back. The gate shrinks a little bit.

Brad takes a couple more steps back. With each step he takes back, the gate becomes smaller.

Brad is scared, intimidated. He feels he is not ready to walk through the gate. He turns around and walks to the exit.



OUT OF FOCUS.

FADE TO WHITE.

BRAD (V.O.)  
What was that gate?

LARRY (V.O.)  
If you were ready to find out, you  
would have walked through it.

INT. THE SESSION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Larry and Brad are back at their position in the session room. Everything looks the same, as if they never left, as if everything we have seen in the mall happened at the blink of an eye.

BRAD  
I can use a drink right about now.

LARRY  
Are you done with your Pepsi?

BRAD  
No, I mean a drink. Booze. Liquid  
with alcohol in it. Will alcohol  
have any effect on me here?

LARRY  
I don't know, let's find out.

Larry looks into the blue file to find out what Brad's favorite drink is.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Lemon, not lime.

BRAD  
Lemon, not lime.

Larry looks at Carrie's schedule, next to the file.

LARRY  
Unfortunately, Carrie is taking a  
fifteen minute break, which could  
take...

BRAD  
Five million years, I know.  
Nevermind the beer. So, you know  
more about the universe than I do,  
right?

LARRY

I try.

BRAD

Do you know why people put lime in Corona and not any other beer?

LARRY

I'm not really well educated in common practices concerning repetitive human inebriation, but I do believe there are other kinds of quote unquote Latin beers people tend to stick a lemon or lime in frequently.

BRAD

I know that. But my point is, why not like "Budweiser", or "Coors"? It all tastes the same to me. They all come in bottles shaped pretty much exactly the same as Corona. Yet I've never seen anyone stick a thin slice of lime through the neck of a bottle of Heineken. Why is that?

LARRY

I don't know. Perhaps a long time ago, someone who knows a lot more about beer than you figured certain beers taste better with a slice of lime.

BRAD

You don't know the specific answer?

LARRY

Nope.

BRAD

I just thought since you are sort of an all-knowing, thing... A... A metaphysical psychotherapist? Am I close?

LARRY

Kind of, maybe.

BRAD

I don't think you're an angel.

LARRY

Angels are as real as The Easter Bunny.

BRAD

There are no angels?

LARRY

What makes you think The Easter Bunny is not real?

BRAD

Fair enough.

LARRY

Moving on...

Larry flips through the blue file, confused about where to stop, about how to continue the session.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hmmm... Why don't we try to put a little bit more structure to these proceedings? So far, it's been kind of all over the map, so to say.

BRAD

Sure, whatever. You're the expert.

LARRY

(curiously flattered)

Thank you.

Larry looks at the first page of the file.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Let's regroup and start from the beginning. Let's talk about the day you were born.

BRAD

That's gonna be a pretty one-sided conversation. How am I supposed to remember the day I was born?

LARRY

But you do.

Brad looks confused for a second. And then, he remembers... He looks enthralled by the sudden flash of memory summoned into his psyche.

BRAD

I do remember. Holy shit, I do remember. It was very uncomfortable. Dark and, I was alone. I was terrified. But for some reason, I felt safe. I never felt safer in my life, and anything that came after that life, which includes whatever this thing is we are in right now. But I remember. I remember how I was in peace with myself, how comfortable I was in my own company. It was like I was living on the bottom of a lost crater in the south pole or something. Just me, alone, with no one around me for thousands of miles. And when there's no one around you for thousands of miles, you might as well be the only living thing in the universe. I remember how peaceful that idea used to make me feel, when I was cooped up in there, all alone. That's when I knew that time could not be measured, or explained, or even categorized in one simple word. Because how can you categorize something that doesn't exist?

LARRY

Like the Easter Bunny.

BRAD

You know, to me, when I was in that dark, damp cocoon, I felt like I was there forever. And now I realize that... I was. I really was there forever. It never began, and it never ended. It just sort of, progressed.

LARRY

If you were in your mother's womb forever, it never ended, and it never began, how do you explain your life? How do you explain being here?

BRAD

Don't you have the answers to that?

Larry nods, then shakes his head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I sense a pattern emerging, with  
your answers.

LARRY

Moving on...

BRAD

Anyway, I remember I somehow knew  
this was never going to end, even  
if it felt like it would. And then  
I remember, I...

Suddenly, Brad's eyes open wide in a flash of revelation.  
(waaay too dramatic, I know, but I couldn't think of anything  
else)

BRAD (CONT'D)

You. You were there, before I got  
in. Before I was in my mother's...

LARRY

Yes, I was there. But that's far  
from unusual. I've been assigned to  
you since the beginning, just like  
I am with many others.

BRAD

I remember you. You stood in front  
of me, and you gently tapped my  
head. We were in an unrecognizable,  
unidentifiable place, where no  
shape, color or light could  
penetrate. You said to me, you said  
"Don't be afraid..."

BRAD/LARRY

... it will be short, and even if  
it's painful at times, that pain is  
merely an illusion."

LARRY

That speech is standard procedure.  
I've said it a million times.

BRAD

I know you now. I always have. I  
don't know who you are, but I've  
always known you. So tell me, was I  
a weird, unusual case, that you had  
to deal with more than any other?  
Was I anything special?

LARRY

No. But neither is anyone else.

BRAD

I remember when life began, when I came out of my mother, what you said to me rang inside my head over and over again. And then my memory of you kind of, disappeared. Your voice inside my head became fainter, and fainter. Until all my memories about that perfect eternity, they, they were all gone. And there I was, a blank slate. A reboot, a, a semblance of an actual beginning. I was this jittery, stupid, moronic little, thing, and there was nothing I could do about it. After all those years, through childhood, youth, and adulthood, not much changed. I might not have been little anymore, but I was just as jittery, stupid and moronic.

LARRY

Stupid and moronic are pretty much the same thing. I just wanted to mention that in case you were going for a more dramatic, articulate delivery.

BRAD

We were talking about the possibility about, talking about women. In love, in general.

LARRY

Yes? Do you want to start doing that now?

BRAD

Not, specifically. But there is one thing that's stuck in the back of my mind.

LARRY

Caroline?

BRAD

Caroline.

LARRY

Having sex with Caroline?

BRAD

Or lack thereof, yeah. I take it you know the story.

LARRY

No, I just saw a little bit on the file.

BRAD

Caroline was a girl I dated when I was a sophomore in college. She was very, average. Average looks, average character. Average taste in music, films... Before I went out with her, I was at a time in my life where I was really, really focused on finally losing my virginity. Caroline was a girl I knew in my circle of friends. She was friends with someone who happened to be friends with someone I was friends with. You know, one of those.

LARRY

I get the idea.

BRAD

I hung out with her many times over the course of an entire year. But whenever we did hang out, we always had mutual friends around us, so it wasn't like we ever hung out together, just me and her. About a year later, I was really depressed about having not had a date in longer than I could remember, and on top of that, I was really mad that I was still a virgin. Not just depressed, mind you, but outright mad.

LARRY

Okay.

BRAD

Anyway, the second year of college kicked in, and all my friends were hooking up left and right, going out with girls, talking about relationship problems.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

How this girl screwed this one guy over, or how this guy's not sure if the casual fling he's in is anything serious or not. You know, generic relationship bull shit. I was pretty desperate at that point. I was even feeling sad about the fact that I couldn't complain about any of the relationships I was in, because I wasn't in any relationships. I really wanted to complain, to be depressed about someone I happened to be sleeping with, not about this big void of, of, no one, nothing. I mean how can you complain about something that doesn't even exist?

LARRY

Are you serious? It seems to me that complaining about things you don't have may well be the only goal and purpose in a human being's life. If you didn't constantly bitch about whatever physical or psychological void that bothers you during your brief existence, you might as well not even breathe.

BRAD

I guess you're right. I guess it was natural for me to complain about something I've never had.

LARRY

Not natural. Just a nuisance.

BRAD

May I continue?

LARRY

Oh yeah.

BRAD

Anyway, I was at that point in my life where I was desperate enough to pretty much go out with anybody. I figured by then that a casual, house party hook-up, bump and grind, one night stand type of deal was not going to happen, because I was, well, I was just never good at that kind of stuff.

(MORE)



BRAD (CONT'D)

So, one day, out of the blue, I asked Caroline if she would like to go out with me on Valentine's day. It was purely a procedural matter. I mean think about it, two people of the opposite sex not having a date on a made-up, superficial holiday that benefits no one but producers of cheap, crimson cardboard hearts, now that was just unheard of. I never got a straight answer from Caroline, since I asked her out when all our friends were around us. Usually, that would be an embarrassing situation, but I asked her out in such a casual, "no big deal" manner that I don't think neither one of us, or anyone around us took it seriously. Anyway, Valentine's day arrives, and needless to say, I don't have a date, mainly because I worried about and obsessed over having a date on Valentine's day. Nothing you obsess over happens when you want it to happen, does it? Either it never happens, or it happens like three years after the fact when you couldn't give two shits about that thing you would give all the shit in the world for. That's something you might wanna talk about with your boss, or whatever you answer to, cause that, that is a real pain in the, you know.

LARRY

We were on Valentine's day...

BRAD

Oh yeah, so I was just hanging out at home and out of the blue, Caroline calls. She said she remembered what I said the other day, about maybe, kind of asking her out, and wanted to see if I was free. So I met up with her at a theater and we watched some crappy cardboard cut-out romantic comedy. We had dinner, walked around...

LARRY

Get to the point, we don't have all the time in the world.

BRAD

Very funny.

LARRY

I have my moments.

BRAD

So anyway, things seemed to be going fine. Although at the end of the night I didn't kiss her or anything, but an unspoken promise was made nevertheless.

LARRY

Funny thing about unspoken promises. In reality, they are not made. But go on.

BRAD

Okay, so no promise was made. I made the shit up to justify what I am about to say. Which is that, I was kind of, sort of sure a relationship had started, which prompted me to believe that a kiss was in order, followed by sex at an unspecified date. And some of that actually happened. We did start a relationship, we did kiss...

Larry peeks at the file.

LARRY

But months go by and you don't, for lack of a better expression, get any.

BRAD

Precisely. And then, her and I, it just, ended. Like that. I never even saw her naked. Have you ever gone out with anyone for over three months and never see them naked? I'm talking about two non-traditional, secular, sexually active or want to be sexually active individuals who are in one word or another, an item. I didn't think that was humanly possible. I gave her a huge chunk of my time, I paid for numerous dinners, snacks, theatre tickets et cetera, and I never, not once, gone beyond first base with her.

LARRY

I know you believe I am a superior being. But at this point, I fail to understand your... Point.

BRAD

Don't you see the question here?

LARRY

The question?

BRAD

Yes. "The" question. The most important question of all: If God is just and fair, and if there is any balance and dignity in the universe, shouldn't I at least have seen Caroline naked? If only just once? Doesn't that prove that God is not just?

LARRY

We're back to that again. War, famine, genocide, disease. Out of all the injustices in the world, you're focused on seeing what Caroline's skin looks like below her neck?

BRAD

Do you have like, some kind of photo in your file you can show me? Or better yet, can you whoosh me to one of those lucid dreams I seem be so prone to inconveniently finding myself in the middle of and, like, let me take a peek while she's taking a shower or something?

There's a long, awkward silence.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yes. I'm focused on seeing what Caroline's skin looks like below her neck.

Larry sighs. He levels with Brad.

LARRY

Let me spare you the shock. It looks the skin above her neck. With the exception of two nipples strategically aligned between said neck and navel.

BRAD

I did see her navel... Once. I got to lick it too.

LARRY

Congratulations.

BRAD

Out of all my disappointments, my failures, that is the one that visits my thoughts the most. Why is that?

LARRY

You said it yourself. It proves that God is, indeed, unjust.

Larry looks at the file.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That night you and Caroline were alone, in your bedroom. You were sure "it" was going to happen. But nothing happened.

BRAD

I licked her navel.

LARRY

Yes, and with the repetition of that gem of a statement, the intellectual evolution of your species have just taken a couple of steps backwards.

BRAD

Yeah, well...

Brad flips Larry the bird. Anyone who makes a Larry Bird reference will be personally bludgeoned to death.

LARRY

Listen, did it ever occur to you that maybe, maybe this was your fault, and that we didn't have anything to do with it?

Brad looks confused. He doesn't know what to say.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We gave you a girl who, initially, was going to be charmed by you, but would never find you attractive enough to let you oogle below her neck for longer than 2 and a half seconds. All you had to do was to realize, after going out with her a couple of times, that she was indeed not really attracted to you, which was going to prompt you to break things off with her before they even started. And eventually you would find a girl that would let you go beyond...

BRAD

Licking her navel.

LARRY

Thank you. It was meant to build character. Not restaurant receipts and frustration. It was your own misjudgment of the situation and your codependent behavior toward Caroline that makes you think about her all the time. It's because you knew the answer was easy, and you chose the hard way. And you suffered because of it.

Brad looks disappointed.

BRAD

I guess you're right. Maybe, I, yeah.

A short silence.

LARRY

You still want to see her naked, huh?

BRAD

She was right there! Right in front of me!! All I had to do was to take off her shirt! Instead I chickened out because she didn't really look like she wanted to, do it. I know, I know, I respected her wishes and it's a good virtue and all that.

Larry appears to agree, but he can't think of anything to say.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
You know what, forget about it.

Brad thinks for a while about the next course of action.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

LARRY  
Shoot.

BRAD  
Coincidences.

LARRY  
Coincidences?

BRAD  
Are they real?

LARRY  
In what sense?

BRAD  
Does everything really happen by  
chance? Are we all scattered dust  
in the universe randomly bouncing  
off each other like a bunch of,  
retarded molecules?

Larry thinks about the answer.

LARRY  
Yeah.

BRAD  
So, nothing is written? Fate,  
doesn't exist?

LARRY  
I wouldn't say that.

BRAD  
So?

LARRY  
It's complicated. We can only track  
the consequences of your choices at  
any given second. But the decisions  
themselves, and how you get to that  
point in your life at that exact  
moment, are all up to you.  
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

There is no fate in the sense that nothing is, for lack of a better expression, "meant to be". But the path you choose with every step, and its consequences are all made up of billions of lifetimes written crystal clear before you.

BRAD

Somehow I imagine you in a room full of strawberry incense, sitting on a yoga mat with a turban on your head when you say shit like that. So, I'm here, right now, because of the choices I've made? And nothing else?

Larry nods.

LARRY

Does that make you feel bad?

BRAD

Not really, I guess. So you can actually trace every decision I've made to where I am right now?

LARRY

Yes, and I don't think I like where this is going.

BRAD

What about the choices I didn't make?

Larry sighs. He pulls the file in front of him.

LARRY

Let me guess. You want to know about all the important choices you didn't make. Did you let the perfect girl, your one and only soulmate, the love of your life slip by because you decided to take a different elevator to your appointment with the chiropractor at 2:31 PM on May 22, 1999?

BRAD

Is that true?

LARRY

No. It was the dentist.

Brad looks disappointed. He looks deep in thought.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Believe me, you don't want to know this stuff. It will only make you...

BRAD

What about the bad things? Humiliation, pain, death? How many times did I dodge death?

LARRY

That's a horrible name for a car. But to answer your question literally...

Larry looks into the file.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Twice. 8:09 PM on September 8, 1992, you were on your way to school. Standing on the south-east corner of Grand and Central, you were about to cross the street, but a falling leaf distracted you for two seconds. If it wasn't for those two seconds, you would have been hit by a car and therefore would have expired.

Larry flips to another page.

LARRY (CONT'D)

10:22 PM on January 12, 2005. You walked out of the theater to go home, which was to your left. An instant, split-second decision convinced you to go to the diner instead and order an Oreo milk shake, so you went the opposite way. If you had turned left to go home like you planned, you would have had a stroke and would have died on the spot.

BRAD

Wow. What about, this time?

LARRY

No.

BRAD

If I hadn't...



LARRY

No.

BRAD

You won't..?

LARRY

No. I'm sorry.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

BRAD

So, all this shit, this room, you  
and I...

LARRY

We're not done, if that's what you  
mean.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brad brushes his teeth with his \$100 electric toothbrush.

He looks at his reflection in the bathroom mirror with a  
monotone expression, like a person who is brushing his teeth.

Brad's mom yells from outside the bathroom.

BRAD'S MOM (O.S.)

Brad!?

Brad is surprised and excited to hear his mother's voice. He  
turns off the toothbrush and spits.

BRAD

Mom?

BRAD'S MOM (O.S.)

Come on honey! We're late! We have  
to be at the airport in less than  
an hour!

BRAD

Mom! I'm...

Brad thinks for a second about what he's about to say.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm dead mom!

BRAD'S MOM (O.S.)

What did you say honey!? I couldn't  
hear!

Brad scoffs at the fact that he has to repeat something that took a considerable amount of courage and energy to say in the first place. He dries his face with a towel.

BRAD  
I died, mom...

Brad turns around to open the door.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I died a, a while ago and...

Brad opens the door and walks out to--

THE CORRIDOR

There is no one outside the bathroom.

BRAD  
Larry? Larry?

No answer.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I don't like.., these anymore. Can you make them stop?

LARRY (O.S.)  
You sound like as if I'm the one to blame.

A light shines in Brad's face. Brad walks through the long corridor and reaches the--

LIVING ROOM

Brad walks into his living room. Larry is sitting on the couch, reading a magazine.

BRAD  
What are you reading?

LARRY  
A generic. You keep jumping back and forth between indiscriminate memories that turn into quite realistic dreams. But even so, we can't expect you to remember every single periodical that once adorned your magazine rack. Anything you can't remember, is replaced with generic looking publications. Like this one.

BRAD  
Anything interesting?

LARRY  
Yes, but nothing specific.

Brad points toward the kitchen.

BRAD  
Do you want something to drink?

Larry puts down the magazine. He looks at the digital clock on top of the TV--

The digits on the clock are unrecognizable and keep changing rapidly, making it impossible to tell the time.

LARRY  
Carrie should be back from her break any minute now. I'm sure she'll get you your beer.

BRAD  
Yeah, but not here, right?

Larry thinks for a second.

LARRY  
Good point.

BRAD  
Does anything exist, right now, apart from this room?

LARRY  
No. Nothing has.

BRAD  
At least I have that going for me.  
Beer?

LARRY  
Yeah. And some pretzels.

BRAD  
You got it.

INT. BRAD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brad picks up TWO BOTTLE OF BEER from the fridge. He closes the fridge door.

All of a sudden, he hears a creaking and a groaning sound coming from the bedroom. He carefully walks into--

## THE BEDROOM

Brad slowly approaches his bed. He looks at--

A human-shaped bump under the comforter. The bump moves, causing the bed to creak again.

Brad pulls the comforter just enough to see the face of the person sleeping on his bed. He steps back in surprise. He's looking at--

Himself, sleeping soundly on his bed.

The awake Brad is confused. He tries to calm down. He carefully sits on the bed, next to the sleeping Brad. He puts one of the beer bottles on the night stand.

He twists open the other beer bottle and takes a sip. He takes a deep breath. He looks calmer now.

All of a sudden, the sleeping Brad slowly whispers under his breath--

## SLEEPING BRAD

I never thought this would happen,  
you know? I thought of everything.  
But where you are, right now. And  
where I am, never in a million  
years.

Awake Brad doesn't reply. He has nothing to add. He takes another sip off his beer.

## SLEEPING BRAD (CONT'D)

I breathe while I sleep, you know.  
Just like you.

## BRAD

The thing about breathing, it's...

## SLEEPING BRAD

Yes. Yes, it is. You are not lucky  
in that sense. But you are not  
unlucky either.

Brad nods. He takes one last sip off his beer.

## BRAD

I gotta go.

## SLEEPING BRAD

Before you do, can I ask you  
something?

BRAD  
Sure. Anything.

SLEEPING BRAD  
Will I wake up?

Brad looks lost. He can't come up with an answer. All of a sudden--

The blinking gate appears right in front of him. It expands while it keeps blinking: LIGHT, DARK, LIGHT, DARK, LIGHT...

Brad is terrified by the gate.

SLEEPING BRAD (CONT'D)  
You didn't answer my question. Will  
I wake up?

The gate keeps expanding, and expanding, until it covers the entire room.

BRAD  
Honestly? I don't think you will.

At first, Sleeping Brad looks very disappointed. He gradually becomes disturbed, scared. He starts whimpering and crying in his sleep.

CLOSE IN on Sleeping Brad as tears stream down his face.

SLEEPING BRAD  
I'm scared. God, I'm scared. I want  
to wake up. Why can't I wake up?

Sleeping Brad opens his eyes. He wakes up, and it's--

EARLY MORNING.

The sunlight shines in from the outside. Brad, now fully awake, looks around in fear.

The Awake Brad who was sitting on the bed, sipping his beer, is gone. The extra bottle of beer he left on the night stand is also gone, so is the blinking gate.

Brad wipes the tears from his eyes. He looks at the tear and sweat soaked pillow.

Brad's cell phone next to his bed rings. He looks at the screen to see who's calling. Brad answers the phone.

BRAD  
Hey... What?... No, I wasn't  
sleeping... Yeah, I'm sure...  
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Yeah, no problem, I should get  
outta bed anyway... Where?... Yeah,  
alright, I'll be there in an hour.

BRAD'S FRIEND (V.O.)  
You were crying in your sleep?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Brad and one of his friends from the rooftop scene, sit  
outside the cafe, having lunch.

BRAD  
Yeah, I don't know why.

BRAD'S FRIEND  
That's weird.

BRAD  
I kept saying "I can't wake up. Why  
can't I wake up?"

BRAD'S FRIEND  
Maybe you dreamed you died. Or that  
you were about to die.

BRAD  
Maybe.

BRAD'S FRIEND  
So, are you coming this Saturday?

BRAD  
What's this Saturday? Oh yeah.  
Yeah, sure, why not? What's today?

BRAD'S FRIEND  
Wednesday. It's in two days.

BRAD  
What's in two days?

BRAD'S FRIEND  
That thing on Saturday.

BRAD  
If this is Wednesday, then  
Saturday's three days away.

BRAD'S FRIEND  
What are you talking about? It's  
two days. Wednesday, Monday,  
Saturday.

Brad comes to the realization that he wasn't dreaming. Or that he's still dreaming. Or that he's still dead.

He thinks of a clever question to ask. He finds it--

BRAD

What are we doing on Saturday?  
What's the plan again?

BRAD'S FRIEND

I don't know. I have no idea. Don't you know?

BRAD

I do. I just, for some reason, I can't say it out loud. I know specifically what it is, and what's going to happen. I just can't tell you. I don't remember what it is.

BRAD'S FRIEND

It ends on Saturday.

BRAD

What ends?

BRAD'S FRIEND

Saturday. Two days from now.

BRAD

So, whatever I do or say, it doesn't matter?

BRAD'S FRIEND

Yes. And it didn't really matter before now either.

Brad smiles and nods. No arguments there.

BRAD

I have to go. My friend's beer is getting cold.

The same bottle of beer Brad's alternate self left on the night stand is now on the table, next to Brad's lunch. Needless to say, it wasn't there before.

Brad picks up the bottle of beer and gets up to leave.

BRAD'S FRIEND

He's not your friend.

Brad turns around to face his friend--

BRAD

Beyond my fading memories, he's the only real thing that exists to me. So by default, he is. Now, I will turn around, and you will disappear. Do you have any problems with that?

BRAD'S FRIEND

Never did.

Brad smiles and taps his friend on the shoulder.

He turns around and immediately, everything around him fades to white. He finds himself sitting on his couch, back in the--

SESSION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

LARRY

Thank you for calling me your friend. That made me feel better.

BRAD

Feel? Here's your beer.

Brad hands Larry his bottle of beer.

LARRY

No pretzels?

BRAD

I forgot.

LARRY

No biggie.

Larry opens the beer bottle and takes a sip. He leans back on his chair, more comfortable than before.

BRAD

Will my memories become more frequent?

LARRY

The longer you hold onto them, the longer they will be.

BRAD

But they are not really...



LARRY

Your memories? I know. That's because you cannot get lost in the illusion long enough before you realize that you are indeed...

BRAD

I know. I feel really...  
Disoriented. Answer me one thing.

LARRY

If I can.

BRAD

Am I gradually... Deteriorating?

LARRY

What do you mean?

BRAD

Am I experiencing the last pieces of my conscious mind? The last couple of seconds of brain activity before everything just... Fades to black?

LARRY

I still don't follow you.

BRAD

Are these the last minutes, seconds, where I get to see anything, hear anything, say and feel anything? Everything is becoming more and more disorienting. Things make less and less sense. Everything feels so, random. I can't connect things in my head anymore. I feel my brain, slip, holding onto whatever fragments of reality to keep going. Refusing to accept the truth.

LARRY

Which is?

BRAD

That this is not the afterlife. There is no afterlife. Where I am right now, what I'm doing, is created by my brain, to ease me into the absolute darkness that follows.

Brad points to the door behind Larry.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That's what's behind that door.  
Darkness, Eternal and never  
changing darkness. Once I walk  
through it, I will not see  
anything, I will not feel anything.  
I won't be able to speak, or hear.  
I will have no more thoughts, no  
more fears, or ideas. I will not  
remember anything about who I was,  
because who I was, will never be,  
it never was. That is why this  
moment, right now, like any moments  
before it, does not mean anything.  
It's just a fragment of images, and  
sounds, that will disappear  
instantly and so easily, so without  
any effort, just like...

CUT TO BLACK.

No sounds, no images. Silent.

Couple of seconds pass. Nothing. Silent.

Couple more seconds pass. Black screen. Silent.

Suddenly, faint human noises are heard. They are very faint,  
and we can't hear distinctly what anybody is saying.

The sounds become a little louder. We can make out the voices  
of a couple of people, arguing intensely. We still can't make  
out what they're saying.

We hear a faint beeping sound in the background. It's fast  
and chaotic, and it doesn't follow a steady beat.

The sounds of people arguing becomes louder. We can make out  
some of the words--

PERSON #1 (V.O.)

Stand back...

PERSON #2 (V.O.)

I need a...

PERSON #1 (V.O.)

Prepare the...

PERSON #3 (V.O.)

One... Two... Three...

A ZAPPING sound is heard. A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT.

The chaotic beeping turns into a steady heartbeat for a couple of seconds, but then resumes its fast and unpredictable pace.

PERSON #1 (V.O.)  
God damn i...

PERSON #2 (V.O.)  
Again. Do it aga...

PERSON #3 (V.O.)  
One... Two... Three...

Another ZAPPING sound. This time we can see a bright fluorescent light on the ceiling.

This time, the chaotic beeping doesn't even change, it resumes its pace.

PERSON #1 (V.O.)  
He's dyi...

PERSON #2 (V.O.)  
What can we...

PERSON #1 (V.O.)  
Nothing. He's gone.

BRAD (V.O.)  
No...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

BRAD  
...oo!!!

Brad springs up on his bed in terror.

The room is dark. Thin streams of light sneak in from the outside, through the closed blinds.

Brad checks his body-- There's an IV attached to his arm. His chest and one of his legs are in a cast.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Did I? Did I...

LARRY (O.S.)  
No.

Brad looks at--

Larry, sitting on a chair across the room. Because of the darkness, we only see his silhouette.

BRAD

I was right. Everything is, deteriorating. Back and forth in time. Dreams of survival. Trying desperately to hold on to... What?

LARRY

Your life.

BRAD

So, that is what's going on. My brain is dying, and you are a figment of my imagination, to do what exactly?

Larry is silent.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Why don't you answer?

LARRY

Why should I? If I am indeed a fictional part of your psyche, therefore you and I are the same person. Whatever answer I'll give you will be exactly the same as the one you will give yourself.

BRAD

Yeah, but it's not the same. There must have been a reason I created you. If I could solve things on my own, I wouldn't need you.

LARRY

There's nothing to solve.

BRAD

What?

LARRY

If you are merely dying, if you are basically just waiting to expire, to be permanently deleted from all existence, there is absolutely nothing for you to solve. There isn't anything to figure out. If you are about to disappear forever, all you have to do is just wait till you do. That's all that's asked of you.

Larry stands up. He prepares to leave.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
So why don't you just lie back down  
in your comfy bed, close your eyes,  
and wait for the moment to come?

BRAD  
Are you upset about something?

LARRY  
No Brad, I do not get upset. I'm  
just telling you the truth. There  
is nothing to figure out. All you  
have to do is lay down, and just  
die.

BRAD  
That's it?

LARRY  
That's it.

BRAD  
It's over.

LARRY  
Over and done.

Brad comes to the realization that his life is, indeed,  
coming to an end. Soon afterward, there will be nothing but  
darkness, and that little nuisance he called consciousness  
will soon cease to bother him on a daily basis.

Brad looks scared, terrified even. Whatever he is looking at,  
whatever he's experiencing, are some of the last images and  
feelings in his deteriorating mind. He looks trapped. He is  
trapped.

Larry walks toward the door to leave the room.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Goodbye Brad.

Just when Larry is about to leave--

BRAD  
Can we...?

Larry stops and turns to Brad.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Can we talk about this a little  
longer? In the other room?  
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

The white room? Our session is not over, is it?

LARRY

What would be the point in doing that? In a couple of hours, you will disappear, and I will disappear with you. The least you can do is end everything with dignity. Nothing you will learn, and no experience you will gather furthermore from this moment will do you any good in that dark, ceaseless void you're heading. Just like nothing you have learned and experienced before this moment did you any good. You see, you might as well have been laying here unconscious your whole life. And in the absolute end, nothing about that life would have been any different. Because where you are going, you have no use for memories.

Brad looks hopeless.

Letting his guard down, Larry sits on the bed next to Brad. He offers his hand in compassion. Brad scoots away in order not to have any contact with Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Are you scared of me?

BRAD

Why are you doing this to me?

LARRY

Why are you doing this to yourself?

BRAD

There is...

LARRY

...nothing else to talk about.  
Close your eyes Brad.

BRAD

What?

LARRY

Close your eyes.

BRAD

W... Why?

Larry puts his hand over Brad's shoulder and looks at him straight in the eyes.

LARRY

Because this is the end.

Powerless, Brad lays back on his bed and closes his eyes.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Brad?

Brad lays motionless on the bed.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Brad?

INT. WAITING ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Brad sleeps sitting on a chair, in front of a white background.

CARRIE (O.S.)

Brad!

Brad suddenly leaps to consciousness.

He looks around in confusion. Everywhere around him is completely empty and covered in white as far as the eye can see. He looks up--

Carrie, Larry's secretary looks down at him. She looks like she was worried a minute ago, but now she looks fine.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about the dramatics. You fell asleep, well, let's just say some time ago, and you just wouldn't wake.

BRAD

Where am I?

CARRIE

You don't remember?

Carrie sits on the chair next to Brad's and puts her hand on her shoulder.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You died.

BRAD  
I thought I did.

CARRIE  
What do you mean?

Brad looks around. He's relieved that at least he's still part of some kind of consciousness.

BRAD  
I mean, of course I died. I remember you telling me I died. I remember, being very disappointed and somewhat angry. I remember waiting here for a long time. And then you led me through a, a door. A door I couldn't see. And once I walked through that door, I was, in an endless room that looks exactly like this one. Except that there was a desk, and a, a man behind it. And behind him, there was another door. A visible one this time.

CARRIE  
The man, as you put it, behind the desk? His name is Lawrence. He's my boss. I'm afraid he's busy right now. But as soon as he's done, he'll see you.

BRAD  
See me for what!?

Carrie is taken back by Brad's frustration.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry but, I've been through all of this already. I walked through that door. I talked to Larry for hours, or minutes, or billions of years, or whatever. I went back and forth in time, revisiting random memories from my life, even creating some from thin air. I even made out with you.

Carrie looks confused, and somewhat creeped out.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I know, I know, it didn't happen. But it did. And I even died, disappeared. At least I thought I did.



CARRIE

You did die. That's why you're here.

BRAD

No, I mean I died. Expired. Ceased to be. No more seeing and hearing things for Brad. No touchy, no feely, no afterlifey. Just, the end.

CARRIE

I don't understand. You just came here. You just died, not a long time ago.

BRAD

I'm telling you, this is some kind of a loop. I've been through all of this. I met you, I met Larry. How else would I know what the session room looks like?

Carrie can not come up with an answer. Not one that'll make sense anyway.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I know what's going on. I'm running out of answers. I mean, look at you, you are supposed to be an executive assistant to a timeless, spaceless, metaphysical, amortal being. Yet you don't know how to respond to a situation you must have witnessed thousands of times before me. No, what's going on is that I still have some brain activity left in me. But it's not enough to be overtly creative anymore. It doesn't have the power to come up with elaborate visions of the afterlife and complex answers and questions about where I am, and what I'm doing. Larry was wrong, this is not the end. But I think it's close. What would he know about what's left of my brain anyway? How could he know more than I do? I created him.

CARRIE

What if you haven't?

BRAD

Not a chance.

CARRIE

No listen, what if he's real? What if I'm real? At least in a sense beyond yourself?

BRAD

You mean, the afterlife?

CARRIE

Yes. What if this is your way of coping with it? This world is not very easy to get used to for a long time. Maybe this is your way of putting together the pieces. Maybe this is your period of adjustment.

BRAD

And when I'm ready, I'll walk through that door? The one behind Larry?

Carrie nods in enthusiasm.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I don't know. This feels like the exact kind of existentialist inner-dialogue I'd conduct with myself on a daily basis. "What's gonna happen to me when I die?" "Where am I gonna go?" "What am I gonna do?" "Am I really gonna go somewhere?" "Am I really gonna do anything?" None of it is tangible. None of it comes with its own set of convenient answers. If this was real, and indeed we are in the afterlife, then you should be able to tell me something I don't know. An answer that's not vague or unspecific, but one that's inarguable and concrete.

CARRIE

Okay. Ask me something.

BRAD

Does God exist?

Carrie answers without even thinking.

CARRIE

Yes.

BRAD

No, wait, that wasn't the right question. People tell themselves that God exists all the time, that doesn't give them the incontestible truth that he does. Maybe I'm doing the same thing. I'm telling myself that God exists, just to be able to protect myself from the fear that will result in knowing that God doesn't exist. I'm trying to make myself believe in something I don't know is real. All my questions and it's answers, I'm depending it all on...

LARRY (O.S.)

Faith?

Brad looks up. Larry approaches Brad, drying his hands with a paper towel.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I had to take a bathroom break.

Larry tosses the towel aside. He looks at Carrie.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'll take it over from here. Thank you Carrie.

Carrie smiles and nods. She walks away.

Brad looks at where Carrie was walking-- She's disappeared.

BRAD

This doesn't seem right.

LARRY

How so?

BRAD

This isn't how we meet. First, Carrie leads me into the room. I walk in and close the door. That's when you look at me. And you say...

LARRY (O.S.)

One door closes, another one opens.

Larry is no longer where he was.

Brad looks at where the voice is coming from. To his left--

Larry sits behind his desk, with the blue file in front of him, just like he was at the beginning. And all of a sudden, Brad is back in--

THE SESSION ROOM

LARRY

It's a cute saying, but not really accurate.

Brad walks toward his seat, repeating Larry in unison.

BRAD/LARRY

In fact, both doors are open. It depends on which one you prefer to be closed, and which one you want to be opened.

Brad sits on his chair, in front of the desk.

Larry opens the file. He smiles at Brad.

LARRY

Shall we begin?

CUT TO BLACK

During the end credits, the blinking gate expands until it covers the entire screen.

THE END