

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

The Fate of The Worm
or The place between Death and Exim

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A teenage boy, Vitas, is sleeping peacefully. His room is washed in faint blue moonlight. Alongside a lamp, his bedside table is littered with empty plastic water bottles, a pot of lotion, a charging phone, a picture of his girlfriend, and an alarm clock that reads 02:55 in red digital numerals. The wall above his bed is lined with various movie posters: *The seventh seal*, *Destiny* (1921), *The Masque of the Red Death*, *Orheus*, *A Dog's Will* and, *The Meaning of Life*. A poster for *the Fate of the worm or The place between Death and Exim* is hung beside them. Suddenly a bright yellow beam of light shines on Vitas, the shape of a humanoid figure can be seen in the beams. A figure, DEATH towers over Vitas next to his bed. Death wears all black and lots of gold jewelry, he has a golden halo stemming from the back of his head, he appears youthful. Death holds a small garden sickle. Vitas takes a moment to a wake up.

DEATH

Be not afraid Vitas. I do not mean to harm you.

Vitas shouts in horror. He scurries upright. He holds his hands in front of his face to protect himself.

DEATH (cont'd)

(Sighs)

Jip, its never easy. I'll give you a moment.

Death pulls a chair closer and makes himself comfortable.

VITAS

(Still absolutely terrified)

This. Is. Not. Real. Just leave. I don't need this dream right now. I'm writing math tomorrow, I need rest.

Vitas tightly closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. After a moment he opens his eyes. Death is staring at him with a black expression.

VITAS (cont'd)

(Shouting)

Moooooooooom

Frustrated, Death rubs his face with both hands.

DEATH

I promise she can't hear you. Listen, just a sec... Please.

(MORE)

DEATH (cont'd)

I get paid per hour so I can do this all day, but I'd prefer not to. So just give me a moment of your time.

(to camera)

Not that he has choice.

VITAS

(frustrated)

Please. Just go away. Make this dream end. I can't do this. I'm begging you, just take what you want and leave. Please.

Death once again blankly stares at Vitas

VITAS (cont'd)

What do you want? My phone? My money? Just take it.

Vitas stretches his phone out to Death. His lock screen is a photo of Death from *The Seventh Seal*. Death throws his head back and sighs as he brings it back.

DEATH

Believe me, your money is no good here kid. That's just the thing. I'm here for you Vitas. Maybe we've gotten ahead of ourselves. Allow me to introduce myself... I'm Death.

The words wash the room in silence. Death stretches his skeletal hand out to Vitas. Vitas looks at the hand with hesitance. After a brief moment he slowly extends his hand and shakes Death's hand. Vitas looks skeptical.

VITAS

(hesitant)

Vitas

DEATH

There you go. Wasn't that bad was it. Now, Let's get the formalities out of the way.

A document materializes in Death's hands. He rolls it open. He then pulls out a pair of glasses and tries to read the document.

DEATH (cont'd)

Let's just get some light in here.

Death awkwardly leans over and turns on the Bedside lamp. He focuses his attentions back to the document.

DEATH (cont'd)
Much better.

He clears his throat.

DEATH (cont'd)
(monotone and
uninterested)
Dear Mr. Vitas. We regret to inform
you that you have died. You died on
the 18th Day, of the first month of
the 13 billion 865 million 465
thousand 201st year. You died in your
sleep due to Type 1 Diabetes at the
age of 17. You will now be escorted
into Exim by an embodiment of death
best suited to you.

Death gestures towards himself

DEATH (cont'd)
That's me. Mortality blablabla.
virtuous life yadayadayada, hmmmm.
The rest is boring. Ah, here we go.
By signing this contract you agree
that you understand these terms as
they have been read to you and accept
the conditions of your death.
Formally, The Department of
Postmortem Transport.

Death extends the document, along with a fountain pen to
Vitas.

DEATH (cont'd)
So if you'll just sign that for me.

VITAS
No.

DEATH
What now?

VITAS
I'm not signing it.

Death gives a slight chuckle.

DEATH
I'm afraid you don't have a choice.

He turns the contract around to reveal that the hand written
document has already been signed.

DEATH (cont'd)

(to camera)

The illusion of choice usually makes
the process a bit easier.

Vitas contemplatively looks around the room for a moment. He suddenly runs off. Death sighs and snaps his fingers. Vitas is suddenly in bed again. He looks shocked. He feels at his body. Death shrugs

DEATH (cont'd)

Sorry man. No escaping me.

Vitas sits for a moment. He suddenly picks up an empty water bottle from his bedside table. He throws it at Death and runs off again. Death snaps and Vitas is back in bed. Vitas punches towards Death but completely misses. He runs off but is immediately snapped back by Death. Vitas suddenly points at something behind Death to distract him. Death stares at him with a blank expression. Vitas sighs defeated.

VITAS

You want some coffee?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Death sits across from Vitas at a kitchen table, he sit very comfortably as if in his own home. Vitas is across from him, in the kitchen making coffee. The kitchen table is filled with dirty dishes from the night before. There is a single plate neatly set that is untouched.

VITAS

So there's nothing I can do? I'm dead
end of story.

DEATH

Jip. No chess games against death. No cleverly out smarting me. Certainly no falling in love with Death. The deed is done. The contract is, and has been signed since the first sunrise and it will remain that way for eternity.

VITAS

And my mom?

DEATH

She found you the next morning and cried for a week. Absolutely devastated. It took her 4 hours to decide who to call first. Also she held your funeral in that ghastly old church that you knew told her you hated. On top of that it was officiated by that creepy priest that always smelled like cigarettes.

VITAS

Poor thing.

Vitas sighs. He looks disappointed as he contemplates for a moment.

VITAS (cont'd)

Milk, Sugar?

DEATH

Just black.

Vitas walk to Death with a cup in each hand .

VITAS

It sucks you know. What was the point of it all. When I was alive there was a point. Meaning. Now, Now it's all gone. All for nothing.

DEATH

Is it not enough knowing that you did good. You shared love. You created joy and happiness, positivity in the world. Is that not the ultimately the meaning you're looking for?

VITAS

Maybe.

Vitas furrows his brow as he contemplates Death's wisdom. As he does this an orange spotlight shines on him getting progressively brighter, almost as though it had been divinely sent. The light suddenly turns off.

DEATH

I'm kidding. Don't take life advice from Death kid. I thought you were supposed to be smart.

Vitas groans. Still unsatisfied with the meaning of life.

VITAS

So what now? What happens next?

Death takes the final sip of his coffee, gets up and gestures to Vitas to follow him. Vitas follows Death off camera.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Death and Vitas arrive at a closed door in a hallway. The door is surrounded by abstract black and gold paintings on cloth murals crudely hung around the door. Death gestures to the door.

DEATH

That's it.

VITAS

What's through there?

DEATH

The next thing I guess. I've never checked. This.

He gestures to nothing in particular.

DEATH (cont'd)

This is just Death. Just the place between life and Exim. That thing terrifies me. You better discover it for yourself.

VITAS

(sarcastic)

That's comforting. Just. Just give me a moment.

Vitas sits down, hopelessly. Death sits down across from him. They are both illuminated by bright orange spotlights. The rest of the hall, except for the door which seems to be glowing, is dark.

VITAS (cont'd)

The one thing I can't understand is why? Why did I die? I was young. I tried to live virtuously, I never hurt anyone. I had dreams, aspirations, a future. I even went to church every Sunday. All those things I tried. For nothing.

A book materializes in Deaths hands. He reads from it.

DEATH

Maybe this will help.

"A worm does nothing
To deserve the wrath
Of the crow.
Yet it is caught.
Still the worm
does not fear the crow.
The wise little worm knows only this:
Obsessing over the inescapable
Offers no escape.
Asking why the crow chooses to eat him
Will not satisfy the crow's appetite
Nothing will ever satisfy the crow's appetite.
That is the fate of the worm."

VITAS

More life advice from Death?

DEATH

Its not life advice. Its Death
advice.

Vitas gives a slight chuckle and gets up.

VITAS

Well. That's just about it then.

Vitas sighs. He salutes death with two fingers and opens the door. Beams of light and smoke pour out of the door. He walks through the door leaving it slightly open behind him. Light and smoke continue to pour out of the door Death leans against the wall. He remains leaning as the credits roll, fidgeting with his outfit.

Chyron: The Fate of the worm or The place between Death and Exim.

The credits appear on the door to Exim. After the credits are done Death checks his non-existent watch. 3 Other embodiments of Death, a traditional grim-reaper, a female death and a death wrapped in white cloth then join him and they walk off together.

FADE TO BLACK

