

Immortal Love

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST WAITING ROOM - DAY

Fairly small and clearly designed to relax the patients, lined with rich wood panels and expensive paintings.

JAMES, a young average-looking guy, just past 20, sits, waiting quietly. A strange, detached look on his face, his eyes distant, observing, watching --

MISS HOFFMAN, the buttoned-up wench of a secretary, sorting through scheduling. Suddenly, she coughs into a napkin violently, looks back at the napkin with thinly disguised horror before she quickly puts it away.

She's clearly very sick. A flicker of a smile on James' face.

The door opens, another PATIENT exits, wiping tears off his face. The therapist, JANE SILVA, stands in the doorway. Young, in her late 20s, glasses, in a professionally conservative suit to offset her good looks.

JANE

James is it? I'm Jane. Come in.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

A sleek post-modern but warm-looking office, a few plaques on the wall, tastefully placed.

Jane leads James in to sit on an expensive looking armchair. She sits down opposite him, placing her smartphone on the table between them.

JANE

You don't mind if I record this? I find it easier than keeping notes.

JAMES

Not at all.

JANE

So, James... Why are you here?

JAMES

I don't know really, I guess I've always been... curious. I've never, uh, consulted a "mental health professional" before.

JANE

People come here to talk about things they can't talk about anywhere else. For various reasons. Tell me a little bit about yourself. What do you do for a living, James?

JAMES

I'm an assistant at the county morgue. Pathologist Assistant.

JANE

Oh. Really?

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

James wheels a body in, an OLDER WHITE MAN, pale and blueish to his boss, Chief Pathologist DR. CRANE, early 40s, working on ANOTHER BODY.

DR. CRANE

The coronary? Put him over there.

James complies and stops to look at Dr. Crane at work.

JAMES (V.O.)

Yeah, it's...different. You get used to it eventually. That sterile smell of the cold room. The quiet. The blood.

DR. CRANE

Hey Jimbo, check this out.

Dr. Crane uses a bonesaw to cut open the other body's sternum, then a scalpel to dissect the lungs. James winces.

DR. CRANE

I was on a pack a day habit. First day on the job, I get a COPD just like the Marlboro Man right here. Quit the same day.

Dr. Crane grins devil-may-care. James looks sick to his stomach, bends over coughing, tries to throw up.

JAMES (V.O.)

I hate the dead though. My mom passed away when I was twelve.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG JAMES, stands over the open coffin of his late mother in the crowded funeral home. He looks clearly horrified on the sight of his MOTHER's body, pale and still. Surreal.

JAMES (V.O.)

I remember looking at her at the wake, thinking... "that's how I'm going to end up one day". Everyone. Whatever we were, whatever we were going to be, all gone in an instant.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Jane listens curiously, wondering where the conversation is going.

JAMES

I'm a necrophiliac. I've slept with twelve people, nine of which were no longer with us.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

James is alone with a FEMALE BODY on the slab. Looking at her. She's very pretty. Nails done, make up on still. James is breathing rapidly.

JAMES (V.O.)

I can't really help it much. I just get a feeling sometimes. Like they're taunting me to do it. I don't want to do it anymore, that's why I'm here. But sometimes I can't help it.

James moves closer to the body, out of view.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Jane looks perplexed, trying to make sense of what James is saying.

JANE

What about having a girlfriend?

JAMES

It's not about the sex.

JANE  
What is it then?

JAMES  
The bodies frighten me. When I do  
it, I'm in control again. Don't  
you ever get that? Losing control?

JANE  
(suddenly distant)  
Yeah, I do.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DAY

James is preparing breakfast in the morning, alone in a dingy looking small flat. Cheap cereal and milk. Various shots of the empty apartment.

JAMES (V.O.)  
I never had any friends. I can't  
even remember the last time I told  
anyone I liked them. The only time  
I'm at home is to sleep between  
double shifts.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A crowded, ugly street, James walking against the flow, head bowed down. Alone.

JANE (V.O.)  
You must be pretty lonely.

JAMES (V.O.)  
It's crazy because I find myself  
missing something I never  
had. Companionship, you know?

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Jane looks fascinated by James.

JANE  
Everyone needs companionship.

James eyes suddenly wander up her smooth shapely legs discreetly.

JAMES  
Even someone like you?

JANE  
I used to...

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane arrives, rushed, overloaded with papers and files, dropping a few when she notices the dinner table up ahead --

Two burnt out candles. Two plates of cold dinner, one half-eaten, the other untouched.

JANE (V.O.)  
Just sometimes it's hard to find  
the time.

She checks her watch, worried. 10:15 pm.

JANE  
Shit.

The door upstairs slams shut. She sighs, frustrated.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DAY

James has shifted, his interest clearly Jane.

JAMES  
Wouldn't you like to get back to  
that some day?

JANE  
Of course, but it might be too  
little too late for me.

JAMES  
That's what I said too, before  
coming here. You're very  
attractive, I can't see why you  
couldn't find someone else.

Jane takes a deep breath, noticing James' looks.

JANE  
I have trust issues. Let's leave  
it at that.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Issues can be solved. People can  
change. You have to believe that.

INT. JANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane is driving alone, crying, clearly upset, on the phone.

JANE

Come on you sonuvabitch, pick up! I swear, if you're at that fucking whore's place again --

JANE (V.O.)

I'm not so sure I can help you James. It's a bit out of my field.

She hangs up and suddenly the phone rings --

INSERT PHONE:

PATIENT JAMES

JAMES (V.O.)

If you can't even help yourself, then why are you here?

She hesitates for a second when suddenly a pair of headlights hit her face, tires screech --

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

James staring at Jane's dead body. Quietly. Tempted.

JANE (V.O.)

I never said I couldn't. I'm just not sure I really want to.

He touches her face gently. Then steps away from her.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane's smartphone is on his table, playing --

JAMES (ON TAPE)

Well, I believe people can change. I know I can change. I want to change, if you'd help me.

JANE (ON TAPE)

We'll see during next meeting, okay?

A note on the table - "I DIDN'T DO IT". James is tying a noose up to the ceiling, putting his head through it.

FADE OUT

THE END