

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

BETTE

I said, is anyone here?

JOE

Quiet down.

BETTE

Where are you?

JOE

I'm here.

BETTE

What is this, a joke, right?
Some kind of elaborate practical
joke? At my 20th reunion, we
delivered a casket...to the class
president's hotel room and, uh...

JOE

Quiet. Where are you going, Bette?

BETTE

I, uh...

JOE

The great Bette Parrish at a loss
for words? The woman from whose
lips fall "rapture" and "passion"
and "obsession"? All those
admonitions about being
"deliriously happy, that there is
no sense living your life without."
All the sparks and energy you give
off, the rosy advice you dispense
in round, pear-shaped tones.

BETTE

What the hell is this? Who are
you?

JOE

Just think of millenniums
multiplied by eons...
compounded by time without end.
I've been around that long.
But it's only recently that your
affairs here have piqued my
interest. Call it boredom.
The natural curiosity of me, the
most lasting... and significant
element in existence, has come to
see you.

BETTE

About what?

JOE

I want to have a look around before
I take you.

BETTE

Take me where?

JOE

It requires competence, wisdom and
experience. All those things they
say about you in testimonials.
And you're the one.

BETTE

The one to do what?

JOE

Show me around, be my guide.
And in return, you get...

BETTE

I get what?

JOE

Time: Minutes, days, weeks.
Let's not get encumbered by detail.
What matters is that I stay
interested. ...Yes.

BETTE

"Yes" what?

JOE

Yes is the answer to your question.

BETTE

What question?

JOE

Oh, bette. Come on. The question.
The question you've been asking
yourself with increased regularity,
at odd moments, panting through the
extra game of handball, when you
ran for the plane in Delhi, when
you sat up in bed last night and
hit the floor in the office this
morning.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

The question that is in the back of your throat, choking the blood to your brain, ringing in your ears over and over as you put it to yourself.

BETTE

"The question."

JOE

Yes, bette. "The question."

BETTE

The question. Am I going to die?

JOE

Yes.

BETTE

Am I dreaming this? Are you a dream?

JOE

I'm not a dream.

BETTE

You're coming to take me? What is that? And who the hell are you? You are...

JOE

Yes? Who am I? Death.

BETTE

You're Death?

JOE

Yes.

BETTE

Death.

JOE

That's me.

BETTE

You're not Death. You're just a kid in a suit.

JOE

The suit came with the body I took. Let me ask your opinion. Do I blend in?

BETTE
You want me to be your guide?

JOE
You fill the shoes, bette.

BETTE
I do?

JOE
Mmm.

BETTE
Will you be staying long?

JOE
We should hope quite a while.

BETTE
And then?

JOE
It's over.

BETTE
It's over.