

SO, YOU'RE DYING

Written by

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INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

A nice doctor's office exam room with a desk and computer.

KYLE, 40, large, bald, bearded, and needy, sits on the exam table.

He wears all black dress clothes with his black button down shirt unbuttoned to reveal a black tank undershirt.

He waits.

He checks the clock on his phone. 3:17pm.

He waits.

The door opens to reveal DR. SINGH, 50s, seems like he was really fun in college.

DR. SINGH
Hey man. Sorry for the wait.

KYLE
No worries.

KYLE (V.O.)
I'm used to it. Having a chronic unexplained illness will get you used to some things. Waiting is one.

LATER

Kyle now sits in a chair by the desk, watching Dr. Singh scroll attentively through something on the computer.

DR. SINGH
Huh...

KYLE (V.O.)
Hearing that is another.

DR. SINGH
Huh...

KYLE (V.O.)
You don't want to hear "Huh..." from your doctor.

DR. SINGH
Did you lift anything heavy?

KYLE
No. I don't think so?

KYLE (V.O.)
And one thing you definitely get
used to...

DR. SINGH
You've been taking all your
medicine?

KYLE
Yeah.

KYLE (V.O.)
Is answering questions.

Dr. Singh stares at the computer screen.

He leans ever so slightly towards the screen.

He stares.

DR. SINGH
It's subtle...

KYLE (V.O.)
I like this doctor. He's usually
cocky. His cockiness usually helps
to put me at ease.

INT. SAME OFFICE - MONTHS EARLIER. DAY

Dr. Singh stands looking at Kyle seated on the table.

Kyle wears shorts and a T-shirt.

DR. SINGH
Who told you that? That guy's an
idiot.

Kyle seems slightly relieved by that.

INT. SAME OFFICE - MONTHS EARLIER THAN THAT. DAY

Dr. Singh stands looking at a tablet. Kyle sits on the table
in jeans and a t-shirt.

Seated by the computer is JENNA, 35, smart, loving, very
concerned.

DR. SINGH
Dude. You're on a lot of blood
pressure medication. We can dial
that back a bit. That's crazy.

Kyle looks at Jenna, slightly relieved.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - EVEN EARLIER. DAY

Kyle, prepped for surgery, lies on a bed looking up at Dr.
Singh who is all scrubbed up to perform the surgery.

DR. SINGH
Don't google it, it will just scare
the shit out of you, ok?

KYLE
(scared shitless)
Ok.

DR. SINGH
Great. We'll talk after.

Things get fuzzy.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Dr. Singh is staring at the screen.

DR. SINGH
Huh...

Kyle checks the clock on his phone.

3:39pm.

DR. SINGH (CONT'D)
That's not good.

Kyle looks up from his phone, concerned.

KYLE (V.O.)
Not so cocky now.

KYLE
No?

DR. SINGH
No, man...

EXT. COLUMBIA MEDICAL BUILDING. DAY

Kyle, in shock, still in his black dress clothes, shirt unbuttoned, exits the building. He starts walking down the sidewalk like a zombie.

KYLE (V.O.)
I'll spare you the details. It's a lot. But he wrapped it up with the words:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Back at the same conversation.

DR. SINGH
Significantly reduced life-expectancy.

KYLE
Ok.

DR. SINGH
I'm just speaking from the cuff, but... I don't know what else to do here.

KYLE
Well... That sucks.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Kyle continues walking down the street.

Kyle stops and looks at his phone to see a text from Jenna:

"How'd appt go?"

"[kiss emoji]"

Kyle starts to respond: "Really bad baby... He said"...

He stops.

KYLE (V.O.)
It's a weird thing. Being told you're gonna die. Sooner rather than later. Probably. I don't know. I mean, who really knows? You could get hit by a bus tomorrow-

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

DR. SINGH
Significantly reduced life-
expectancy.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Kyle stares at his unfinished text.

KYLE (V.O.)
Fuck. Maybe you need a few more
details.

Kyle deletes what he wrote and sends: "Ok"

Kyle puts the phone away and continues walking down the street. He slowly buttons his black dress shirt as he walks.

As he walks, he passes people living totally ordinary days: CONSTRUCTION WORKERS joking, TEENS play-fighting, a GUY running late to work.

KYLE (V.O.)
So the lining of my arteries keep
tearing. Randomly. In funky little
spirals and dangerous little zags.
It can cause blood clots, and cut
off blood flow, and... And none of
my doctors know what's causing it,
or even how to make it stop. It's
genetic, most likely.

Kyle stops at a crosswalk. He checks his phone time again.
3:51pm.

KYLE (V.O.)
We discovered the issue a year ago.
That's not to say that there
haven't been signs...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - YEARS EARLIER. DAY

Kyle walks down a tunnel towards a subway station, when he stops and puts his hand on his chest. He looks minorly concerned.

KYLE (V.O.)
There was the cardiac event.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - YEARS EARLIER. DAY

Kyle is hooked up to a bunch of machines.

KYLE (V.O.)
Three days in the hospital.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - MORE RECENTLY. DAY

Kyle sits on the couch with Jenna who is resting her head on his shoulder. They are watching TV. Kyle grabs his chest, very concerned.

KYLE (V.O.)
Cardiac event number two.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORE RECENTLY. DAY

Kyle is hooked up to a bunch of machines.

KYLE (V.O.)
Five days in the hospital.

INT. THEATER - 10 YEARS AGO. DAY

Kyle, beardless and with full head of hair, is in the middle of a play performance in a courtroom scene. He sits behind a table wearing a suit.

KYLE (V.O.)
And, of course...

Kyle abruptly stands.

KYLE
Your honor I object!

Kyle starts to wobble side to side and gets a weird look on his face but tries to keep going-

KYLE (CONT'D)
My client...

Kyle loses his balance and goes flying to the ground off screen with a THUD.

KYLE (V.O.)
... The stroke.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 10 YEARS EARLIER. DAY

Kyle is hooked up to God knows how many machines.

KYLE (V.O.)
Ten days in the hospital.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 10 YEARS EARLIER. DAY

Kyle walks unsteadily with a cane towards his lobby mailbox and opens it.

KYLE (V.O.)
Six weeks of occupational therapy.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - 10 YEARS EARLIER. DAY

Kyle wearing the same clothes as the previous scene pulls a letter from an envelope.

LETTER VOICE (V.O.)
"...Would like to offer condolences
for your loss. Since Kyle's death
may have been due to a work related
accident..."

KYLE (V.O.)
And one letter consoling me on my
own death.

A look of confusion comes over Kyle's face.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Kyle, in his black dress clothes, continues the shocked walk.

KYLE (V.O.)
So... there have been signs
something was up. It's chronic.
It's unexplained.

Kyle turns to enter a bodega.

KYLE (V.O.)
And now I have a-

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

DR. SINGH
Significantly reduced life-
expectancy.

We see Kyle's stunned face.

KYLE (V.O.)
Well... That sucks.

INT. BODEGA. DAY

Kyle, waiting for someone at the bodega counter to finish, tightens his tie around his neck.

The person at the counter moves and Kyle steps forward.

KYLE (V.O.)
And, amidst all that bullshit...

Kyle grabs a protein bar and puts it on the counter.

KYLE (V.O.)
You still gotta eat-

EXT. STREET - BUILDING LOADING DOCK. DAY

Kyle, eating the protein bar, jogs across the street to meet a CROWD OF SIMILARLY DRESSED WORKERS outside a high rise.

KYLE (V.O.)
You still gotta work-

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. NIGHT

A pretentious event where Kyle, attempting to seem happy, carries around a tray of hors d'oeuvres to serve to a bunch of SNOOTY MOTHERFUCKERS.

KYLE (V.O.)
You still gotta live as you were
before.

Kyle offers an hors d'oeuvre to a POMPOUS ASSHAT.

KYLE
Vegan lasagna chip?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE BACK ROOM. NIGHT

Kyle enters through swinging doors with a tray of dirty glassware. He puts the tray down and leans against the shelf and stares at the wall.

He's a million miles away.

KYLE (V.O.)

Only now all your dreams that used
to be dying? Now they're just dead.
There's nothing to look forward to.
And infinity to regret.

The swinging doors behind Kyle open to reveal two CO-WORKERS, 20s, over it.

CO-WORKER 1

Who even is this thing for?

CO-WORKER 2

I think they said "Micro-
influencers"?

Kyle snaps back to reality and starts putting the glassware into dish racks.

KYLE (V.O.)

Still, the bills have gotta be
paid. The rent keeps coming due.
The rent will always be due.

Kyle grabs a tray and heads back out to-

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. NIGHT

Kyle bussess the party.

KYLE (V.O.)

Having a chronic unexplained
illness, you don't get used to
other things. But you get better at
some of them. Delivering bad news
to your friends is one of those. It
takes practice. But, over the next
few days and weeks, you'll get your
practice.

INT. FRIEND 1'S LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER. DAY

Kyle sits on the couch watching sports with FRIEND 1, male, late 30s, emotionless.

KYLE (V.O.)
A distraction is nice. It helps
grease the wheels if you're not the
point of focus...

KYLE
...And it's less that I'm dying,
and more that I could die at
anytime and there is nothing I can
do to stop it...

FRIEND 1
Damn.

They watch sports in silence.

KYLE (V.O.)
It gets easier if the person you
are telling has limited emotional
skills to begin with.

FRIEND 1
That's a hell of a tackle.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. NIGHT

The event now over, Kyle lugs a box of wine from a temporary
bar towards the back. He looks miserable.

KYLE (V.O.)
There might even be an element of
fun in it...

INT. FRIEND 2'S LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER. NIGHT

Kyle sits around a table that is covered with a boardgame.
Around the table sit FRIEND 2, FRIEND 3, and FRIEND 4, who
listen intently to what Kyle has to say.

KYLE (V.O.)
For once you'll actually have
something interesting to say.

KYLE
...And basically if one of my
arteries dissects in the wrong
place... I'm done for.

KYLE (V.O.)
But be careful not to become a
point of pity...

Friend 3 and Friend four reach out and grab Kyle's hands.
 Kyle clearly feels awkward.

KYLE (V.O.)
 That's awkward and uncomfortable.
 Try to keep it quick and light.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. NIGHT

Kyle rides the subway. His tie is loosened. His shirt unbuttoned. He stares silently forward.

He looks at his phone to see a text from Jenna:

"How was work?"

KYLE (V.O.)
 Quick and light.

Kyle texts back:

"Ok"

KYLE
 It'll get easier to tell your friends.

EXT. PARK - DAYS LATER. DAY

Kyle walks through the park with FRIEND 5.

KYLE
 And it's behaving like this other disease called vascular Ehlers-Danlos, and that has a median life expectancy of 48-

KYLE (V.O.)
 But don't get bogged down in details. It confuses people.

FRIEND 5
 But you don't have that disease?

KYLE
 No I don't have that gene. But I do have randomly dissecting arteries.

FRIEND 5
 Right.

KYLE (V.O.)
Keep it quick and light. Then
change the subject.

KYLE
So how are you getting to Chris's
wedding next month?

FRIEND 5
Oh, uh... We're renting a car?

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Kyle walks down the street.

KYLE (V.O.)
Telling your friends gets easier.
You get used to it. With practice.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER

Kyle walks up the buildings staircase.

KYLE (V.O.)
But with all the things you get
used to, and all the things that
get easier when you have a chronic
unexplained and deadly disease,
there's one thing that never gets
easier.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER

Kyle enters the front door of his apartment and drops his
keys on a table just inside with a CLACK.

JENNA (O.S.)
(happy)
Baby!

Kyle takes a deep breath then walks into...

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Jenna sits on the couch watching TV.

Kyle sits on the couch next to Jenna and watches TV with her.
She snuggles in and rests her head on his shoulder.

JENNA
(distractedly)
How was your doctor's appointment?

Beat.

Kyle takes a deep breath.

END OF SHORT