

Emit's Assisted Suicide Center

By

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INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

ALVIN MILLS, (19) ginger, sits on a powder-blue chair with a neural reading cap on (shaped like a spaghetti strainer). He exemplifies the typical bored reality everyone in the center exists in.

LOUISE SIMONE (23) is an androgynous personality, the perfect mix of masculine and feminine. She is a little spark of madness on the few occasions when she is not censoring herself. She sits in a blood-orange chair, bored, wearing a name tag that reads LOUISE SIMONE in all caps.

Alvin and Louise are sitting on chairs in the center of the room, facing one another. They both hold corded phones to their ears. From their acting, it becomes clear that there is an invisible barrier between Alvin and Louise; they can't see each other.

Louise's side of the room almost mirrors Alvin's side of the room. Each side has a desk, a chair, a small white portal (shaped like a box), a lamp, and a corded analogue phone.

The only major additions to Louise's side are a screen (looks like a two-tone 1998 iMac G3) and an orange portal (shaped like a waffle maker).

ALVIN

What's your perfect day?

Louise is periodically reading off a laminated script on her desk as she oil paints on a miniature canvas.

LOUISE

I'd watch the sunrise with my father.

The word "Approved" appears on Louise's screen.

LOUISE

You're approved.

Louise mechanically places the red-blue pill into a clear plastic pill box. She drops it into the white portal and returns to painting.

The pill box instantly appears in Alvin's white portal. Alvin pops the red-blue pill into his mouth. 5 seconds later, he disappears.

Louise sends Alvin's identity disk off in the orange portal.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

*Emit's* is Wes Anderson's take on the DMV, a futuristic suicide center grounded by the technology of the 20th century (a future imagined by people in the past).

Every piece of furniture is a tad too close to another. The dominating colors in the room are warm, but are all highlighted by their complementary color.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - DAY

*Emit's* marks the end of a rutted road. It's a wooden shoebox near the edge of the Mols Bjerge National Park. A fresh coat of blood-orange paint and a maize-yellow sign makes it pop against the cool colors of the outdoors. Some say *Emit's* looks like a motel office. HEAR a soft jingle of bells.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

CHARLOTTE SIMONE is a sweater wearing 19-year-old whose fascination with others and lack of any outwardly unique attributes masks an explosively discursive mind (if the mannerisms and looks don't speak for themselves, she's Louise's little sister).

Charlotte carefully pushes the door in.

She takes a paper slip from the take-a-number ticket dispenser. It reads 433. She sits down. Her stare is blank, but innocent.

Bored patients, a bit too large for the furniture, fill the waiting room. Think third-wave-coffee baristas dressed in extravagant colors and patterns, compensating for the lack of emotion on their faces.

ROBIN, (19), memorizes a miniature Swedish to French dictionary. OLIVE, (21), munches on a banana with the peel still on. On the TV there is performance art of a couple endlessly slapping each other.

HUBERT, (23) dressed in a red jumpsuit, stands up from behind the reception desk.

(CONTINUED)

HUBERT

433

Charlotte collects her belongings.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Charlotte takes her seat on a powder-blue chair; the two front legs hold her weight. She pulls on the neural reading cap, securing it with the leather strap under her chin.

She picks up the phone. While waiting for an answer, she rhythmically twirls the phone cord. After a moment, she reaches down to pull out her identity disk. Her phone now away from her ear.

Louise sits in her chair eating a triangle tomato and cheese sandwich. She finishes one-half of her sandwich in her right hand and picks up the phone with her left hand; it is obvious that she is right-handed.

LOUISE

Mmyellow, sorry to keep you waiting.

Short beat.

LOUISE

I can take your identity disk.

CHARLOTTE

Where do I put it?

LOUISE

White box.

Charlotte inserts the identity disk into the white portal. Instantaneously it appears in Louise's white portal. Louise transfers it to the orange portal.

LOUISE

You know the process.

CHARLOTTE

Mostly.

LOUISE

Under the age of 25?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

LOUISE

Any physical illnesses?

CHARLOTTE

No.

LOUISE

Mental illnesses?

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

LOUISE

*Chronic Boredom?*

CHARLOTTE

5 years.

Louise twirls her script in her hand like she works at the McDonald's drive-through.

LOUISE

It's all anonymous; we can't see each other. The phones have implanted voice changers. I'll ask you questions. Remember to ask me every question in return. The headgear records your brain activity and determines if your mind has the capacity to heal or not. To start, what's your favorite color?

CHARLOTTE

Well it used to be purple, but...

Charlotte looks down at her completely orange outfit.

CHARLOTTE

maybe orange. What's your favorite color?

Louise spins in her chair holding her yellow collar.

LOUISE

Mine's yellow.

LOUISE

What is your perfect day?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE  
I haven't had it yet...I'd be maybe  
on the beach? And...

LOUISE  
I'd watch the sunrise with my  
father.

CHARLOTTE  
Is that your real answer?

Louise takes a pause.

LOUISE  
I could go to the zoo... with my  
friends, maybe.

CHARLOTTE  
To see what animal?

LOUISE  
Koala.

CHARLOTTE  
(whisper echo)  
Koalas.

Short beat.  
Hm, I love koala.

LOUISE  
Yeah, me too.  
(beat)  
And at night I'd cuddle with a  
stranger.

Medium beat.

CHARLOTTE  
Big spoon or little?

LOUISE  
On the other side would be my best  
friends, telling me jokes.  
(beat)  
Big.

CHARLOTTE  
Can stranger not tell jokes?

LOUISE  
(telling it straight)  
No they can't.

(CONTINUED)

Charlotte is amused by Louise's answers. They are both smiling; it is as if they are staring at one another. Louise's mannerisms begin to mirror Charlotte's.

LOUISE  
Describe your favorite memory.

Louise brushes the desk with her paint brush, leaving a small trail.

CHARLOTTE  
Can I ask you a question?

Louise places her script to the side. Nodding to herself, as if to convince herself as well.

LOUISE  
Sure.

CHARLOTTE  
What's something you haven't told anyone else?

Long beat.

LOUISE  
I like to eat cornflakes with beer.

They chuckle.

LOUISE  
Have you tried it?

CHARLOTTE  
No, I guess it's a little too late for that now.

Louise and Charlotte share laughter, then quiet.

CHARLOTTE  
Did your dad teach you that?

LOUISE  
No I came up with it myself.

Beat.

LOUISE  
I like you.

CHARLOTTE  
Why?

LOUISE

I'm not reading off a script right now.

(breath in)

What do you like about me?

CHARLOTTE

You dare to eat cornflakes with beer.

The word "Approved" appears on Louise's screen. Louise stares at this message. Her mouth opens as if she is about to speak.

CHARLOTTE

What's your worst memory?

LOUISE

The day my sister and I were separated. You?

Silence.

CHARLOTTE

The day my sister left.

Hubert, stirring yogurt, walks into Louise's side of the room; he leans against the wall. He prepares to tell her a new joke. He points at the computer which reads, approved. Louise is frozen.

HUBERT

Something wrong?

Louise nods no.

LOUISE

You can take the pill wherever you'd like, but once you take it the stretch marks on your mother's belly will vanish. Every photo that has ever been taken of you gone. No one will grieve because you have never existed...The only record that will remain is the erase-proof identity package locked away in some bureaucrat's cabinet. Do you consent to the aftermath of euthanasia?

CHARLOTTE

I do.

(CONTINUED)



Louise hesitantly places the red-blue pill into a clear plastic pill box. She drops it into the white portal.

                    LOUISE  
                    You're approved.

Hubert accidentally spills yogurt on his shirt; he leaves to clean up the mess.

The pill box appears in Charlotte's white portal. Charlotte pinches the pill box between her thumb and index finger. She puts the phone down; a nervous pause. She walks out, alone.

Simultaneously, Louise snatches Charlotte's identity disk out of the orange portal. She rips the privacy patch off of it. It reads Charlotte Simone (Louise realizes she approved her own sister's suicide). She drops everything and runs (to catch her sister).

CUT TO:

INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - DAY

Louise runs through the lobby to the front door. She pushes through the door and runs out. The camera stays inside the lobby focused on the door frame.

20 seconds pass; she peacefully walks back into the lobby. It is as if Charlotte Simone has never existed.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIT'S ASSISTED SUICIDE CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Louise rests on her chair picking up the second half of her sandwich. Hubert, extremely bored and still stirring yogurt, lounges back in chair beside her.

                    HUBERT  
                    How's the shift?

                    LOUISE  
                    Eh, can't complain.

Louise munches; she's religiously bored. We pull back on this image.

THE END.