

FINAL INTERVIEW

by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE GRIM REAPER'S LAIR - DAY OR NIGHT

The GRIM REAPER walks through a glowing doorway and sits erect on a tall, narrow, wooden chair in the center of a dimly lit room.

The room is decorated with African and Asian art. Antique shelves contain many books of African and African-American literature, fictional novels, and textbooks; items reflective of a life once lived.

There are tables with colorful lamps and framed pictures of women, men, and children, mostly African-American. On one wall is a painting of an old African-American man wearing a farmer's hat and a weary smile.

A tall scythe stands nearby and a portal spins in the distance. A transparent black veil covers the Reaper's face.

GLEND A BECK, 42, enters the room through the same doorway. She is wearing a buttoned blouse and an open blazer with slightly worn jeans and high heels. She sits in a large, wide chair across from the Reaper.

GLEND A

Thank you for granting me this interview. It's not every reporter that gets to interview the Reaper. Unless they die, I guess.

GRIM REAPER

Not a problem, Ms. Beck. What would you like to know?

GLEND A

Please, call me Glenda. Wow, this is some place. I never imagined a female Grim Reaper, but you obviously are from the sound of your voice. How did you achieve your status?

GRIM REAPER

Every deceased person that has led a good life serves as the Reaper for 100 years then returns to the Valley of Light. I am serving my 52nd year and I have the lair decor of my choosing.

GLEENDA

Valley of Light?

GRIM REAPER

Where all humans transition to after they die. An infinitely bright and welcoming place where the post-human race interacts much as they did in life. They dance and sing, eat, drink, kiss, sleep and make love. There are no bad deeds and there is no suffering.

Sounds of laughter and conversation are faintly heard in the background as the Reaper speaks.

GLEENDA

All humans go there? Good and bad?

GRIM REAPER

Yes. There is no heaven or hell. Only an altered state for those who behaved a certain way in life.

Glenda stares, pondering what the Reaper has just said.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSIONAL RECORDING STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Glenda stares straight ahead as though she is pondering something then scribbles words onto a notepad and takes a drag from a cigarette placed in a nearby ashtray.

She is seated across from JASON BIEDLER, a handsome young man about 16 years of age with a slick swept hairdo. He has a troubled look on his face.

Several posters of Jason Biedler's albums are taped to the walls. The studio is vacant except for Glenda and Jason. Glenda is wearing her trademark blazer with jeans ensemble.

GLEENDA

So, you have entertained sexual fantasies about other young men in the biz like yourself. Who are we talking about, Justin Timberlake, Lance Bass...Usher?

JASON

Those guys are way older than I am, plus I'd really rather not say. Please keep this between us Miss Beck. I'm begging you, this can't get out.

GLENDA

Call me Glenda. Absolutely, I won't tell a soul, I promise. We wouldn't want all those hot young girls to stop buying your music or coming to your concerts would we?

Jason forces a smile.

GLENDA

That was quite a set you just completed for your latest album, Jason. Thanks for letting me sit in.

EXT. VINTAGE STUDIOS LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Glenda exits the building puffing on her cigarette as she hoists her leather case strap onto her shoulder. She adjusts her bra slightly and shimmies a little as if to put things back in place.

She removes a wireless microphone from her bra and tucks it into her bag as several FANS on the street run up to her.

FAN 1

Ms. Beck, I love your broadcasts!

FAN 2

Are you friends with Sarah Palin?

FAN 3

What're you working on now? Can I get your autograph?!

GLENDA

Stay tuned.

Glenda obliges them with autographs then tosses her cigarette and moves on to her car, a gold Mercedes. She slides inside and rests her head against the seat, a satisfied smile across her face.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRIM REAPER'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Glenda is leaning back against the chair across from the Grim Reaper with a smile on her face. She suddenly snaps out of her daydream and continues with the interview.

GLEENDA

What do you mean by altered state?

GRIM REAPER

Persons who committed evil acts in life must sacrifice the part of their bodies used most in committing those acts before passing on to the Valley of Light.

GLEENDA

Can you elaborate?

GRIM REAPER

I'm sure you can imagine which part of the body a rapist would have to sacrifice. That is how he would spend his eternity in the Valley. Three days ago, a woman went on to the Valley with no legs. She'd stomped her crying child to death. Now she can only get around using her arms, or by wheelchair once a week.

Glenda winces and squeezes her hands together.

GLEENDA

Wow, once a week? That's me, always asking the tough questions.

GRIM REAPER

Unfortunately, the kind of reporting you have done is questionable.

GLEENDA

To some. But it's important to reveal the truth no matter what, and ratings are very important in my line of work.

Glenda stands and casually walks about the room studying the lair as she continues speaking.

GLEENDA

I'd have to bring the truth to the surface, whatever it took.

(CONT'D)

As a result, I informed the public, made a ton of money, and led a fabulous life.

GRIM REAPER

I am aware.

Glenda suddenly stops browsing and walks back toward her chair. She slowly sits.

GLENDA

Will you tell me how my next life is going to turn out?

GRIM REAPER

I'd rather not.

GLENDA

Why not? I'm sure I can handle it.

Glenda's facial expression takes on a more serious look.

GRIM REAPER

What happened with the Jason Biedler interview?

GLENDA

I reported it in my news segment. Why?

GRIM REAPER

I think you know why.

Glenda suddenly appears somewhat irritated.

GLENDA

I can't apologize for doing my job.

GRIM REAPER

It was not your job to reveal to the world what you had promised him would stay a secret.

GLENDA

Well then he should have known better than to blab all his gay shit to a reporter!

GRIM REAPER

Perhaps. Though his mistake in trusting you does not make you any less culpable.

GLEND A

Culpable for what, for telling the truth?! At least now he'll be able to live honestly so all these stupid young hotties can stop shedding their brain cells over him.

GRIM REAPER

Unfortunately, he will not live honestly, for he is no longer alive.

Glenda looks almost frozen as her entire body stiffens while her eyes are transfixed on the dark figure sitting before her.

GLEND A

What?

GRIM REAPER

The young man purposely crashed his car into a large brick structure this afternoon, killing himself instantly. Not long before you slipped on your stairs and broke your neck while rushing to cover the next big scandal. The crash caused the structure to crumble and several persons were struck and killed by heavy, falling debris.

GLEND A

Oh my god. Oh no.

A sad, fearful expression fills Glenda's face as she covers it with both hands, lightly sobbing.

GLEND A

No, please...

GRIM REAPER

The horribly corrupt and remorseless actions of your mind; the demeaning words spewed from your lips--they have ultimately destroyed the lives of decent people.

Glenda begins to sob uncontrollably. The Reaper stands, taking up her scythe.

GRIM REAPER

I am sorry. And just so you are  
aware...

Glenda looks up.

GRIM REAPER

...our President is not a racist.

The Reaper swings the scythe sharply through the air. The  
thud of a heavy object is heard hitting the floor.

FADE OUT.

THE END