

**LOVE LIFE**

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Script 7.4

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"Our worst fears lay in  
our own expectations."

Unknown

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**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Wind and rain pounds down outside as LIV, the cutest baby ever, dreams a nightmare while she sleeps between her PARENTS.

LIV (12 YEARS OLD) V.O.

I have a memory of Death, of dying,  
when I was a baby.

She whimpers. Her legs and arms jerk with her dream as the air in the bedroom turns cold with her nightmare, the family's breaths visible. The bedroom ominously darkens as the sounds from the weather and city outside muffles out. All we hear is the little family breathing (the sound of Life) when Liv's breath stops.

Lighting flashes, illuminating the little family in stark contrast and casting a long, dark shadow of a tombstone across the king sized bed.

CUT ON THE THUNDER CLAP

The TOMBSTONE's dark silhouette turns out to be an unfortunate crib design as a second lighting flashes outside, the thunder rolling closer. The lighting illuminates the crib's headboard name: LIV (Swedish for Life). The plants in the window slowly twist and rot horridly as a gruesome, toxic fume tornado of black and indigo particles gathers, materializing DEATH.

The lighting stops and all is quiet again. Still even.

Like nothing happened. Everyone is asleep peacefully. Even Liv looks to be asleep peaceful. Except she isn't, as we see no breath on her tiny, sweet lips...

Behind the tombstone shaped crib a ghastly Death, in all It's cranial glory, rises slowly. Back aching, It hovers over the crib, excited and expecting to find It's young victim.

But the crib is empty.

Surprised and annoyed Death looks around the dark, cold bedroom which is full of life affirming things: the crib, a surf board in one corner, a bohemian couch, a full length gilded mirror with family polaroids, etc.

Death inspects their happy life, picking up their wedding photo. Stroking it Death dreams of being Loved like they love each other. The one desire that Death can never have.

Death's menacing scythe begins pulsating, reminding Death of It's morbid mission: someone has to die.

Death hardens Itself, drops the wedding photo as It maliciously looms over to the little family. The parents' hair turns grey as Death draws closer. Their breaths becomes colder and more visible in the pale of the moonlight from the window.

Death gently picks up baby Liv without waking her guardians, cradling her its boney, tormented arms and hands.

The parents sleep on, mom peacefully snoring (sfx) not noticing the Life disappearing between them.

Sadly Death studies the little Life when Liv wakes up from her nightmare, crying in Death's arms (no visible breath).

DEATH

(whispering)

Shhhh, there, there.

Nothing to be afraid of..

Death brings Liv away from the bed as to not wake up the parents, comforting her, rocking her lovingly. Liv whimpers as she stops crying, looking up at Death with adorable eyes.

LIV

Daaadoododa...

DEATH

(whispering)

Well hello to you too, little Life.

She laughs the cutest baby laugh ever, stretching out her arms to be hugged. To be loved and comforted.

DEATH

Shhhh. (Looking back at the parents) We shouldn't wake your parents now, should we?

Liv reaches for Death's face.

LIV

Dada...

DEATH

Hehehe. No, I'm not your dada. I am

*Death.* (Bergman homage)

Liv looks confused.

Holding out Liv in one clawy hand, Liv sits in the palm of Death's hand. Like Hamlet holding the skull, Liv being the skull.

DEATH

You know, to be or not to be and all that?

LIV

Dadadodabbbddada.

DEATH

Really? It is nothing personal, you

see. Death, it just is. Like life...

Death gets sentimental, reflecting on It's desire for Life.

DEATH

...and Love.

Liv grabs Death's finger and starts chewing on it, Death sadly watching her. Death snaps out of It's sentimentality, more angry at It's mission than anything else.

DEATH

(Threateningly)

Time to die.

Liv surprises Death by grabbing It's cheeks lovingly, a little hand on each side of Death's decaying face.

LIV

Dada!

Caught off-guard, Death hesitates. They look intensively at each other. A stare down. Finally Death gives in.

DEATH

Don't look at me like that.

I can't help it.

Can't you see? Your time has come.

Just like for everyone.

And *everything*.

You all get the same - a life time.

Liv hugs Death, comforting It.

Death enjoys her affection, accepting It's own desire to be Loved. Death savior's the moment. Then hoists the little baby high in the air.

DEATH

Ah, I LOVE life!

Catching her, Death hugs Liv again, long and hard when It sees the parents and gets an idea.

Death pulls Life out of the hug, taking a long good look at her - baby eyes and innocent face and all. Death considers the parents again as Liv wants to cuddle, reaching for Death, Life all too sweet.

Death shows her the scythe's ankh hourglass with its magical sand running out.

DEATH

Someone has to die little Life.

If nothing dies, nothing can be born

Its the circle of Life.

Death goes quiet, sad, while Liv eats her own hand (Life's self fulfillment).

DEATH

(whispering eerily)

But I confess, little Life.

I'd desire nothing more than to be loved.

LIV

Dada do dada.

DEATH

(Sad, sentimental - reflecting)

But I am so feared... So hated for

causing such suffering.

Death is almost moved to tears and would cry if it could, in catharsis.

DEATH

But thank you, sweet little Life.

Even if I'm not your dada.

Liv smiles compassionately at Death, as if she understands  
It, her hand still in her mouth. Death smiles meekly at her.

DEATH

What it would be to taste Life...

Baby reaches out, Death chewing playfully on her finger.  
Death comes to a decision. Laying Liv gently into her crib,  
It lovingly tucks her in.

DEATH

Enjoy life as long as it lasts  
little one? Here you go.

(It gives her a teddy toy,  
patting her. Looking long,  
enjoying the moment)

See you in the future cutie.

LIV (12 YEARS OLD)

In a strange way we have Death to  
thank for Life, I guess.

Death turns to the parents, looming over them. Death's scythe  
magically glows, pulsating, demanding, a life as Death  
contemplates what It is about to do. Death feels bad for the  
little family.

They have everything Death desires and now Death is going to that away from them, changing their lives forever.

Glancing back at the baby, playing with her toy and talking to herself, Death compassionately covers mom's bare foot with her blanket. It inhales courage, rising It's mortal scythe and swings down swiftly killing the mom, mom's snoring stopping (sfx), hating It's job. It's mission.

CUT TO BLACK  
CUT TO SILENCE

THE END

#### **CREDITS**

LOVE LIFE

In memory of the dead. And the Loved.

Music: Sympathy for the devil (Death) by Rolling Stones.

The credits end with Life and Death laughing together.