

THE LIFE & GO DEPT. CLINIC

INT. ROOM - DAY

10AM. THE PROTAGONIST wakes up, dazed and confused, and sees two figures standing at the foot of his bed: JIM and CRICKET.

THE PROTAGONIST

Wua- uh?

JIM

Drink some water, old sport, you're probably feeling a tad dizzy
right now.

THE PROTAGONIST does not. He soon comes to his senses. His eyes
widen as he stares at the two men.

JIM

It's understandable if you're frightened. I'm Jim, and this is
Cricket

CRICKET slightly points at THE PROTAGONIST's eye patch.

JIM

Cricket, don't point at people's physical differences. We've
been over this dude.

CRICKET

Sorry.

CRICKET takes out a business card, on it is written "LIFE & GO
DEPT. CLINIC" with the motto "THE MEANING OF LIFE IS THE VERB"

JIM

We are with the Life & Go Department Clinic and you are a
client, we call you protagonists. What we do is help you seize
each day and live life to its fullest after you've been doing
the opposite of that. How we do it is simple.

CRICKET

You got a list of stuff to do in a specific time frame, and if
you don't you die. Simple!

THE PROTAGONIST continues to just stare.

CRICKET

We won't storm in here and shoot ya or anything. We replaced
your heart with a timer that's basically a pseudo-artificial
heart. You don't do the list, it stops, you die.

JIM

The time limit for you is five hours because, to be blunt, you
are a tragic fucking case, old sport. Watching you has been...
well gruesome.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JIM and CRICKET watch THE PROTAGONIST on a phone showing a
camera feed of THE PROTAGONIST'S room. Brief montage of THE
PROTAGONIST rotting in his room as an apple literally rots on
his desk. He eats junk food, spends time crouched over at his
computer, scrolling on his phone.

JIM (V.O.)

Jesus Christ.

CRICKET

Worst one in a while. Barely even leaves to use the bathroom,
it's bleak.

CUT TO

INT. ROOM - DAY

THE PROTAGONIST continues to just stare, before letting out:

THE PROTAGONIST

It's infected.

A brief silence.

JIM

What's that?

THE PROTAGONIST

Eye's infected. That's why I wear the eye patch.

A brief silence.

CRICKET

Oh.

A brief silence.

JIM

Well. Here's your list. Do all these tasks in the five hour time
limit and you'll get your actual heart back. We believe in you,
old sport.

CRICKET takes out his heart.

CRICKET

Good luck!

They leave. THE PROTAGONIST sits alone, silent in his room, not fully processing what just happened. The silence is broken by a ticking noise coming from his chest- it sets in.

THE PROTAGONIST

(short of breath)

WHAT? WHAT? WAIT WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT? WHAT?

He scampers around his room, checks outside, the two suits are gone. The ticking persists, almost getting louder with each second that sounds. THE PROTAGONIST grabs the list, skimming it as quickly as he can. It wasn't a very long list, only 6 items. They are: 1. Call your grandma. 2. Apply for a gym membership. 3. Make your bed. 4. Ask to hang out with your friends (NOTE: only applicable if you have any). 5. Have some self-confidence 6. Take opportunities, take chances, live. THE PROTAGONIST scrambles trying to form some sort of plan. In a brief montage He goes to call his grandma, but doesn't. He goes to apply for a gym membership, but doesn't. Et cetera. 2:58PM, THE PROTAGONIST ends up lying in his bed, some sort of lousy justification for his inaction has already blinded his conscience.

CRICKET (V.O.)

What the fuck is he doing?

INT. CAR - DAY

CRICKET and JIM watch THE PROTAGONIST through the camera.

JIM

He's just lying there now.

CRICKET

We're never getting that promotion when all we get assigned is
protagonists THIS pathetic. Shit's rigged, plain and simple.

When's he dying anyway?

JIM

Right about-

CUT TO

INT. ROOM - DAY

In his final seconds, THE PROTAGONIST sits up, as if he had only
been a viewer of reality until this very moment. The timer ticks
for the last time and he keels over, dead, no ticking. CRICKET
and JIM enter.

JIM

Damn shame, old sport. Let's call the cleaners- oh god damn it.

Forgot they fuckin' unionized.

CRICKET

Woah buddy, they're just trying to get paid? Leave the union out
of this.

JIM

Yeah, yeah whatever. Grab his legs.

They lift him up, struggling to do so.

CRICKET

Use your legs!

JIM

I am!

THE PROTAGONIST stands over his body. A ghost? A hallucination?
Doesn't matter. As he looms over his corpse, he thinks of his
life, most of it spent doing nothing. He thinks of his
childhood, he thinks of his mother. He notices a business card
on the ground, on it is written "LIFE & GO DEPT. CLINIC. WHERE

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS THE VERB." Staring at the slogan, it suddenly clicks, everything. It took a visceral reminder of his own mortality for him to let the slogan engulf his heart completely. In a brief moment, THE PROTAGONIST was filled with a fountain of dedication to live. His muscles and his pores and his heart and his stomach and his hairs called for it, his mind was silent, he reached out to his corpse's face. CRICKET drops his body.

CRICKET

What the fuck!?

THE PROTAGONIST gasps for air.

JIM

Oh shit he's alive!

CRICKET

How is he alive?

JIM

Heart! Where's his heart?

CRICKET

(Stressed, checking pockets)

It's not on me? It was on me!

JIM & CRICKET

Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit.

CRICKET and JIM look for the heart as THE PROTAGONIST gasps for air. He looks across the floorboard, the heart has somehow ended up in the room across from his own. THE PROTAGONIST looks at the two suits rummaging through his room and decides to do something, for once, he decides to do something and he will do it himself. THE PROTAGONIST crawls to his heart, each push against the floor followed with an excruciatingly exasperated breath. During the crawl, he pulls out his phone and texts his grandma that he misses her. During his crawl, he applies for a gym membership. During his crawl, he looks back and sees JIM and CRICKET plowing through his bed. During his crawl, he briefly smiles. Finally, he reaches his heart, holding it up victoriously.

CRICKET

Oh shit he's got it!

CRICKET and JIM rush over.

JIM

Christ, why didn't you just say you saw it? What's wrong with
you?

CRICKET and JIM put on their gloves and masks and take out the
scalpel.

THE PROTAGONIST

(weakly)

I'm gonna live.

CRICKET

Sure are champ. Be quiet now, shut up. Incision in three, two,
one-

THE PROTAGONIST

I'm gonna live.

The shot holds on his proud face, cut to black. End.