

Simulated Dead People Spec Script
Hayden Hamilton

Kenny: late 20's, Younger Brother
Jean: middle 30's, Older Brother

INT. SIMULATOR - 2:37 AM

Screen Reads:

SIMULATION SYSTEM

Simulation Name: Jean Bradshaw

Visit No.: 19

Visitor Name: Kenny Bradshaw

Time Since Last Visit: 1 year, 6 days

Kenny sits across from the deceased Jean.

Kenny sighs and looks off to the left, staring at nothing.

JEAN

I wish we had our speakers here, we could jam out like we used to.

KENNY (passingly)

Yeah, that would be cool. I guess they can program an entire consciousness of a person, but Polk Audio was too much of a stretch...

JEAN (clearly upset over Kenny's indifference)

What's-a matter, dude?

KENNY

Nothing, nothing, just the same old shit, ya know? Let's try to talk about something else.

JEAN

Ok, well any good music out?

KENNY

Not really, well, James Hetfield passed, so that sucks.

JEAN

What?! Damn it. What happened?

KENNY

He... relapsed and... overdosed. The doctor said he had just become too old for his body to handle it...

JEAN

Oh... Man that... just sucks.

KENNY

Yeah... really unfortunate... I guess it happens to the best of 'em'.

JEAN

(Sighs) I guess.

If you are going to be like this the whole time, you might as well just leave.

KENNY

How can I, man? I'm here talking to a hologram looking for some kind of twisted version of closure for the only problem in life I couldn't fix through my own work and determination.

JEAN

See, why do we have to do this every time?

Yes, I died an alcoholic.

What can I do about it now?

KENNY

If you had any idea the torment you put on our household. The anger, the tears, the moments of pure helplessness. Momma cries all the time. You were her baby boy and she never wanted to give up on you, she refused, she just wanted to believe so badly that you would change. We all did. Constantly living in denial when you would lie straight to our faces.

JEAN

Don't tell me that. I don't want to know that. You know I never wanted to hurt momma.

KENNY

Well, it doesn't matter what you "wanted" to do, what matters is what you did. Our father is crushed. He blames himself because he thought you blamed him for your situation, because at times, you did.

JEAN

Well, if he would have, just one time...

Kenny interrupts Jean, yelling.

KENNY

One time, what? Was he too hard on us? Sure. He is the most difficult man I have ever met, but that doesn't mean he didn't love us. He just sits at home looking at a black television screen and thinks about what he did wrong and what he thinks he maybe could have done to save you.

JEAN

I never asked him to save me! He should have just left me in Texas!

KENNY

How could he?! You would have died down there! I spent all of my college savings to try and bring you back and you refused, and what could I have done? You were a grown ass man and I wasn't even legally an adult. I just hoped and prayed that maybe I would be the person to reach you, the person to get you to stop.

JEAN

I didn't ask you to do any of that. You should have just left me there and saved for scho...

Jean is once again interrupted by Kenny.

KENNY

But it was so much worse than I ever could have dreamed. Beer cans and liquor bottles lined every square inch of the counter top, tables, and floor. Then chew everywhere, some in bottles, some just on the ground. Clearly hadn't eaten in days. I purposely didn't tell you I was coming so I could see the full reality of the situation, but never in a million years could I prepare myself for the saddest image I would ever see. I never could get that image out of my head.

JEAN (looking hopefully, trying to find some happy component to stop his overwhelming guilt).

But we had some good times when you came down, too.

KENNY

Oh yeah, for sure. Like when you would wake up at 9:45 to go to Applebees, because at 10:00 it was the earliest bar to open, then drink there for 2 hours, then DRIVE to the VFW for two hours, then over to the Cowboy to hit their happy hour, where they can't even let me in so I wait in the truck, then back to Applebees for "dinner" where you wouldn't eat more than 2 or 3 bites, to finally the gas station or liquor store for more chew and a bottle or 6 of something to get you through the night. Then I would sit up at night cleaning, applying for schools, and having to call our parents and explain the gravity of the situation, where our father was in so much denial he yelled at me for being dramatic and didn't believe me... so yeah, we had some great fucking times.

JEAN (Crying)

Don't you have any good memories of me?

KENNY

I don't know...

An awkwardly long beat goes by in silence.

KENNY

I have great memories of the man you used to be. The person I grew up wanting to be, the person I looked up to, got my taste in music from, got my sense of humor from... But not you, not the person you became. Not the person you let yourself die as... I have nothing but memories of the greatest pain I have ever known, bar none. And somehow, even with you gone, all my memories are bad, of yesterday, today, last month, even the thought of tomorrow. I can't get this sense of grief off of me.

JEAN

I am so sorry. I wish I could take it all back.

KENNY

I don't need to hear "I'm Sorry"'s! I heard them the last decade you were alive. I heard "I'm sorry," "I promise," and "Tomorrow is day one"'s while you were actually here, and I fooled myself into believing every one of them... I just wanted to so bad... but deep down I knew. I never once heard it in your voice that you really wanted to quit... not even once. I would hear the words, but I wanted to hear the actual desire behind them.

JEAN (voice trembling)

I did want to quit... I just.. Couldn't help myself.

KENNY

You just loved the bottle too much. You loved it more than momma, you loved it more than Dad, and you loved it more than me. Because if any one of us could have done something to save you, we would have. Anything in this world. We all love you...
... I just don't know how to keep going with all of this hurt...

JEAN

I'm just so sorry...

Jean tries to reach out to touch Kenny, but his hand digitalizes, so Jean quickly pulls it back in.

KENNY

Nothing solves it... I just keep trying to find a way to move on, a way to just be happy again. I go out to parties and can't enjoy it because they are drinking and I think of you. I go see a movie and it has an alcoholic character. Or, shit, I walk down the street and PBR is advertised on the side of the fucking building. I can't run away from it.

JEAN

That's how I felt... It was just so easy to get, I knew I could get it anywhere and afford it no matter how bad things got...

KENNY

Welp, you nailed it. You died with \$7.14 in your account, but you scrounged up enough to die with a bottle of vodka in your hand... I

do love the irony... technically wasn't a suicide. You drunkenly fell and split your head open while trying to hang the noose you planned on using later that night... I guess that's poetic justice or something twisted like that...

JEAN

You never told me that part... My last saved state didn't have any memories of me tying the noose.

KENNY

No, no. The memories are there. I've seen the footage. You were just so drunk that you forgot about it, but your previous saved states didn't... Momma of course didn't see. I told Dad not to watch, but he of course had to... I think that it is the thing he thinks about the most... a brand on his memory.

JEAN

Please... just stop this...

KENNY

I intend to... but I won't go out like you... no, I choose my method, I already left a letter on the Table at Mom and Dad's.

JEAN

Wait, what do you mean? What are you doing?!

KENNY pulls out a pistol and begins to shed a few tears.

KENNY

I always loved you and never gave up on you, Jeany... I just wish you would have done the same for me...

Kenny shoots the hologram, it passes through causing minor pixelation, then turned the gun on himself and pulls the trigger. All within the same moment Jean screams and falls to his knees

JEAN

Kenny, no! I do love you... no...Fuck!

The room turns red and Jean begins to pixelate.

JEAN

No, no , no Kenn...

Before he can finish his sentence the hologram disappears and the camera pans to a floor shot of paramedics and programmers running in through the door.

END