

[공모전]

16

불어불문학과.

YOU ONLY DIE ONCE

Pilot episode

TEASER

Blurry images of a middle-aged woman, man and a teenage boy are moving frantically from side to side. They are all bloody, agitated, and very obviously in both physical and mental pain..

Mom: Why did you stay there? Why?

Mom's agonized image zooms in closer and closer. There are signs of shattered glasses that splashed onto her face. She cries out.

Mom: Why did you let us go? Why? WHY?

Her cry gets louder and somewhat inaudible..

BEDROOM

Eve wakes up, startled. Her dark, curly hair is all messy and the grey shirt she is wearing is soaked in sweats. Her sudden movement has made the framed picture on her bedside table fall to the floor; underneath the shattered glasses of the frame is a picture of her family; the same people that were in her dreams. Pieces of glasses are all over their widely smiling faces. There was another little polaroid photo that was squeezed in between the gap of the frame; Eve has her arms around a slightly smaller, round faced girl with tattoos of bushes on her right neck. Eve has a broad smile on her lips whereas the girl is slightly glaring at the camera; however, she has a visible happiness on her face. Eve gets up, looks at the clock. It's 4am. And it's the funeral day.

DOWNTOWN STREET, NIGHT

A big man in his 30s dressed in workwear- cargo pants and filthy windbreaker- approaches another man, dressed in fine, fancy black suit. The man in black suit, Mr.Facter, is a 44 year old man, tall and good looking with a friendly, humorous smile on his face; however, his eyes do not reveal any sign of warmth.

Gun: How you doin', Mr.Facter?

Facter: Very good, what about you, Gun? Any new deaths you collected that you want to share with me?

Gun: It's been a hectic week, sir. Honestly, deaths here and there, all over the street. Over 100 new cases, just on the streets. Man, these humans gotta learn how to drive, or to whom they should be giving those goddamn licenses to.

Facter: You know what I mean, Gun. Anyone that you think I could approach to?

Gun: Well...

Upon the hesitation that Mr. Facter notices on Gun's face, he hands Gun some dollar bills from his wallet.

Gun: (Putting them quickly in his pocket and looking around to check if anyone else in the street,) Well, I could tell you about this one family. I just collected them down that street last night. Had a crazy accident. Total junkie driving this enormous truck, just boom into a car with a family. You know, basic shit. But... they just moved here recently you know. From their country.

Facter: What am I supposed to be catching here?

Gun: Got a daughter who wasn't in the car. She settled here in the States several years ago without them. You know, came here to make a living and she planned to bring her family when she's stable. She ain't got that many friends here or anything, recently broke up with her partner. But she has some money. That she was going to use on her family. Maybe you got a chance with her.

Facter: Give me her name and address.

Gun: Eve Povrine, street number...

ACT 1

FUNERAL

Eve gets some "I'm sorry for your loss" that she cannot pay attention to. Words just slip around her vaguely. This all feels surreal, empty. She does not even have the energy to show tears. Everything is fading around her, everyone, every sound... Then she notices a stranger standing amongst her few acquaintances. He is tall and fit, his rat blonde hair styled in the neatest fashion. He is ostentatiously dressed; everything from his suit to his watch is showing off his wealth. Upon noticing her gaze, he approaches her promptly.

Facter: My condolences, Miss Povrine.

Eve: (On guard) Thank you.

(She fades off for a while. Then she notices that she wasn't giving him attention and adds,) Excuse me but have we met before?

Facter: Oh we haven't.

Mr.Facter reaches out his hand and demands a hand shake. Eve unwillingly shakes his hand.

Facter: I'm Alvid Facter. I run this company that manages funerals, wills, etc. I will also be taking care of your family.

Eve: (confused) I'm sorry, but I don't think I requested for...

Facter: Oh, we are also very clearly aware of that. We like to offer free help to people who cannot exactly... well... "handle" their losses. When it is all so sudden, and you need to deal with not just one member but several members, we understand how stressful it could be and we are here to manage everything. Of course, you don't need to accept it, but we would gladly do it for you. I lost my family in a similar way several years ago; I really do understand what you must be going through.

Eve: (surprised) Ok, well, I wasn't aware of something like that... and I most definitely didn't expect such help. But thank you. Honestly.

She looks at him in the eye. Eve's bright, brown eyes show the smallest sign of tear that disappears almost immediately.

Facter: No problem, Miss Povrine.

Eve: Please, just Eve.

Facter: Eve, we'll take care of all the administrative part that I'm sure you don't want to think about at the moment. Just pay us a visit here in our office, anytime you feel like you can.

Facter gives her a card.

Facter: Now if you'll excuse me, I need to...

Eve: Yeah, of course.

Facter walks away, as hastily as he did before; Eve looks down at the name card.

D.O MANAGEMENT

YOU ONLY DIE ONCE

Get yourself the perfect death

XXX-XXXX-XXXX

ACT 4

BUILDING, INT

Eve walks into the company. Everything inside the office is white, the walls, the desks, the chairs... They show a clear comparison with her dark, curly hair, her dark, tanned skin and her black hoodie and black jeans. Five people are busily working, some of them on the phone, some of them walking towards somewhere... While Eve is looking around, Facter comes out of his office room to greet her. Facter: Hello, Eve, thank you for coming...

Eve shows him the card.

Eve: You only die once? What is this supposed to mean?

Facter: (smiling) Well, I'm first very happy to tell you that we were able to manage everything regarding your family, we'll give you the file later. But I need to tell you something more. Would you come inside?

Facter brings Eve into his office. They sit down, facing each other with a huge, white desk separating them.

Eve: Are you really a company that "offers free help"?

Facter: We normally don't. As I've mentioned before, I get to hear about recent deaths in the town and I like to offer help when I feel like it's needed. But, we do more than that. Yes, our company's slogan is written there; you only die once. Do you really want to die in a car crash? From cancer? From hypertension? We recently saw someone died, sitting on the toilet and he died of blood pressure rising too high when he was trying to...

Facter clears his throat. Eve looks at him with a suspicious, angry look.

Facter: We like to offer the "perfect death". As the client wants. Everything customized, every single detail. If we get to choose how we live, isn't it fair to think that we should get to choose how we die? That's what we like to offer. Perfect, painless, happy death.

Eve: So you kill people.

Facter: Upon their request, Eve. Okay, let's look at this client we had last week. Let me tell you about his request. He wanted to die, in Hawaii, on the beach, looking at the sunset, with one grapefruit cocktail in his hand, without pain... We book everything for him, we choose the perfect date with the perfect weather for the sunset, we get the best bartender to make his cocktail. After giving him this painless, untraceable last shot...

Eve: You mean euthanasia.

Facter: We invented our own. We dealt with moving his body back to his hometown, his funeral, he even decided he wanted his ashes to be scattered on this one, specific tree in Ghana which we did. Do you really think it's a bad thing? I truly believe it's what everyone wants. They just couldn't say it aloud, but this is what humans needed.

Eve: (sharply) And how do people know that you will do everything that they requested after their deaths? I mean, what if you just dumped his body on the beach and never dealt with it?

Facter: (laughing) Believe it or not, Eve, I can get the clients' reviews. That's why I'm perfect for this

job, the clients literally stick around me to see if I finish! I get five star review every single time, Eve, oh I just wish we could be on TripAdvisor.

Eve: So why did you come to me? Why did you find me? How?

Facter: (Pulling his chair in closer to the desk, with a more serious look) I'll be totally honest with you, Eve. I thought you could be one of our clients. You lost everything, it was likely you would lose your goals, you had money to pay for this death, we were advertising ourselves.

Eve: (shocked) You...

Facter: No, listen until the end. We did think you would request. That's who I try to talk to. But I saw how you were living for the couple of days after the funeral. I changed my mind. I called you in to suggest a job offer.

Eve: A what?

Facter: We know you recently started working as a doctor. We have two doctors on the team, of course for the actual, physical death part, but one of them recently died through us. Oh, yes, that's one of the things that comes along if you take the job- you get a chance to request the perfect death too. So we gave him that two weeks ago and we need a new one on the team.

Eve: So you're asking me to-

Facter: Yes. You can think about it, of course. But it's a great opportunity for you. Whatever you are making at that new, small hospital- we are going to give you 10 times more. Maybe even 20 times. We make good money. People usually like to spend all their money left for their deaths; I mean, if you don't have any kids or if you specifically don't want to give it to anyone.

Eve is wordless. She sits there, thinking. In a way, Facter saw through her- she did lose her goals. She has been studying and working hard to become a doctor, and her main goal has always been to bring her family to her city- to give them a chance to live here-

Eve: Is it possible to... cancel? After submitting a request?

Facter: No. Even if they say they can pay double, no. See, again, believe it or not, it's not just the matter of what's happening among the livings, I had to manage and have deals with death collectors too. Once you request, there will be going back. Or, going alive.

There is a knock on the door. One of the workers open the door.

Ryan: Sir, I think you need to handle this. Our guy is asking for his sister to be present at his funeral, but she's been missing since-

Facter: Excuse me for a second.

Facter walks out. Eve sits there, considering. She looks at the piles of folders on Facter's desk. She touches them, speculates them in a fairly indifferent manner. Suddenly, she notices a name...

Ruth Han

Eve freezes. She takes a deep breath and pulls out the file, looking outside the window to check that other workers are still occupied. She opens the file. A picture flies out, lands on the desk. She picks it up with trembling fingers. A girl with tattoos of bushes on her neck is staring at her back. She hurriedly puts it back. Facter walks back in.

Facter: So, where we left off-

Eve: I'll do it. I'll join you.