

THE LAST CIGARETTE

A Screenplay

by

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EXT – SKYLINE AND CITYSCAPE WITH BILLBOARD SIGN

The billboard ticks over with the number of deaths attributed to smoking, adding another.

CUT TO:

INT – BOARDROOM – DAY

Late afternoon. A large boardroom table, around which are a number of largely faceless tobacco company executives, who represent attitudes rather than are distinguishable as people.

On the table, a large laptop shows a video of a 40-ish woman near death from lung cancer, very emaciated by the illness, in a hospital bed, gasping for breath, with tubes in her body.

1st EXECUTIVE

It's sad.

He switches the video off.

2nd EXECUTIVE

How old was she ?

1st EXECUTIVE

Forty...maybe, forty-two.

3rd EXECUTIVE

She chose to smoke. She knew what she was doing. It says on the packet, "Smoking kills".

A beat.

You don't think we should feel guilty, do you ?

1st EXECUTIVE

No.

3rd EXECUTIVE

It's not about personal guilt. It's about profit. A profit and loss account. We profit -

2nd EXECUTIVE

- She loses. She lost.

4th EXECUTIVE

Are you saying smokers are losers ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

She was. She lost.

2nd EXECUTIVE

When someone dies, anyone...that is an individual tragedy...but the company lives on...the corporation lives on...it outlives its customers.

3rd EXECUTIVE

There's always another smoker...

1st EXECUTIVE

Okay. You know our problem is market share. We're not one of the big boys. We gotta find a way...to increase our market share.

2nd EXECUTIVE

The answer has to be science.

1st EXECUTIVE

Science has proved smoking kills. We accept that now.

4th EXECUTIVE

We didn't used to.

3rd EXECUTIVE

That's all in the past. We accept smoking kills...but people still choose to smoke... they make a conscious decision to smoke.

2nd EXECUTIVE

They're addicted.

3rd EXECUTIVE

They become addicted. But they chose to smoke in the first place.

1st EXECUTIVE

How can we increase market share, with all the restrictions on advertising ?

2nd EXECUTIVE

Word of mouth. We put the word out on the street, there's something special about our new cigarette.

3rd EXECUTIVE

We call it, "The Special".

2nd EXECUTIVE

What makes it special ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

It will be specially addictive.

1st EXECUTIVE

How do we achieve that ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

We get our scientists to tweak the formula.
We're gonna manufacture a cigarette so
addictive, even the dead can't give it up.

4th EXECUTIVE

That's a joke, huh ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

Definitely. It's just a joke.

CUT TO:

INT – LABORATORY – DAY

The 3rd EXECUTIVE is talking to BILL DICKS, a scientist working for the company.

3rd EXECUTIVE

Bill, you know we had legal problems with
manufacturing a safer cigarette...the lawyers
pointed that out...so, what we want to do is,
tweak the ingredients used in the manufacturing
process...to...

DICKS

To do what ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

To make the cigarette more addictive. Is that
possible ?

DICK

Sure – but is it moral ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

Moral ! Fuck moral ! Can it be done, that is
the question.

DICK

Certainly – it can be done.

3rd EXECUTIVE

Good. Excellent.

DICK

You just hafta adjust the ammonia levels, more ammonia the brain absorbs more nicotine, the cigarette is...even more addictive.

3rd EXECUTIVE

Do it.

CUT TO:

INT – LABORATORY – NIGHT

Dick is working hard on his formula for the cigarette, with his laptop showing predictions for its addictiveness.

Time passes as he tweaks it.

Then, later, he picks up a phone.

DICK (into phone)

We got it.

CUT TO:

INT – CIGARETTE FACTORY – DAY

Thousands of the new Special cigarettes are rolling off the machines.

CUT TO:

INT – CIGARETTE FACTORY SMOKING TEST ROOM – DAY

A number of testers (tasters) are smoking the new Special cigarettes, supervised by the 3rd Executive.

1st TESTER

I like it. I want another...

He lights another and smokes.

Then, later, another.

Then, another.

The 3rd Executive smiles.

CUT TO:

INT – BOARDROOM – DAY

The 3rd EXECUTIVE proudly shows a video of the testing process to the others, who note the testers light up cigarette after cigarette.

3rd EXECUTIVE

Chain-smokers, here we come ! Just like he said.

1st EXECUTIVE

It will kill our smokers sooner.

3rd EXECUTIVE

It's the only way we can compete with the big boys. - Once they're hooked, does it matter how many we kill ? There's always another smoker, some high-school kid who's dumb enough to start. They choose to smoke – once they do that, it's simply a matter of who supplies the nicotine, and that's gonna be us.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

An average street with an average number of smokers. A SALES REPRESENTATIVE from the cigarette company is approaching some of the smokers, offering them free cigarettes.

SALES REPRESENTATIVE

Here. Try one of these.

A guy takes one, looks at it, puts it in his mouth and lights.

He smokes.

GUY

Umm. Nice.

He nods to the others.

The sales representative goes to the others and they take his cigarettes and try them. They all smoke contentedly.

A woman, smoking, addresses the sales representative.

WOMAN

This a promotion ?

SALES REPRESENTATIVE

Yep.

WOMAN

It's good.

SALES REPRESENTATIVE

It's on sale, at all good tobacconists and
retailers.

CUT TO:

INT – STORE – DAY

A line of people, smokers, all wanting the Special cigarettes, one after another, buying
them. The assistant serving has to go into the back to take out another box full of
cigarette packs.

CUT TO:

EXT – DAY

Various locations showing people smoking the Special cigarettes.

CUT TO:

INT – STORE – DAY

The assistant sells the last pack of Special cigarettes, but a MAN wants them.

MAN

Gimme the fucking cigarettes !

ASSISTANT

We're out of them.

The SHOP-OWNER comes into the front of the shop.

SHOP-OWNER

I'm gettin' some more delivered at
three o'clock. You'll hafta wait till
then.

MAN

I can't wait.

He kicks the bottom of the counter.

FUCK !

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

The man goes down the street, muttering...

MAN

Fuck, fuck...

He smells some of the Special's aroma, and sees a WOMAN smoking.

He approaches her.

MAN

You smoke Specials - ?

WOMAN

Yes. Everyone smokes Specials.

MAN

They're out at the local store till
three this afternoon.

She smokes, not taking much notice of him.

Please. I gotta have a Special. I'll
die without one.

WOMAN

Sorry. Gotta keep all my Specials to
myself.

MAN

Gimme the fucking cigarette !

WOMAN

Fuck off !

She smokes.

He circles her and punches her in the face. The cigarette flies out of her mouth onto the sidewalk. She cries. He bends down and picks up the cigarette, which is still burning. He sucks in and then blows out the smoke.

He bends over the woman.

MAN

Sorry.

She cries.

He walks away, smoking his cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT – BOARDROOM – DAY

The 3rd EXECUTIVE is looking at a laptop screen showing the Special cigarettes have an increased market share for the company. He swivels the screen around to show the others.

3rd EXECUTIVE

That is some cigarette. Our profits will pay for us to have a private jet.

2nd EXECUTIVE

Each ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

Maybe. One day. Or we can share.

1st EXECUTIVE

The downside is, our smokers will die sooner, 'cause they are SO addicted.

3rd EXECUTIVE

Look at it this way – at least we won't have no quitters, so we hook 'em all the way 'til they drop dead -

4th EXECUTIVE

From lung cancer - ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

From lung cancer, heart attacks, strokes, the whole caboodle.

1st EXECUTIVE

And that's okay.

3rd EXECUTIVE

It's the nature of the business. We are just maximising our profit potential.

1st EXECUTIVE

Do you ever calculate the personal cost ?

3rd EXECUTIVE

No. I don't smoke. None of my children smoke.

1st EXECUTIVE

Maybe we should study what happens to one family of smokers, where everyone smokes our cigarettes.

3rd EXECUTIVE

That's your project. Mine is to make money for the company. That is my only duty and care.

The 1st executive at his own laptop goes through information on people who have placed bulk orders of Special cigarettes. He stops at one family.

1st EXECUTIVE

Maybe, this one. The Cardins. Bert, the father. Mary-Lou, the wife. Louise, their daughter.

2nd EXECUTIVE

How'd you know they're all smokers ?

1st EXECUTIVE

Intelligent algorithms and a survey they filled in.

3rd EXECUTIVE

How'd you know they're tellin' the truth ?

1st EXECUTIVE

It's a strange side effect of our Special tobacco. It kinda makes people a bit... honest and truthful, like the truth drug.

4th EXECUTIVE

It has a psychotropic effect ?

1st EXECUTIVE

From our research -

2nd EXECUTIVE

Are we turnin' our smokers into morons ?

1st EXECUTIVE

It's well known that tobacco causes...can cause...some mental impairment...

3rd EXECUTIVE

Look – all our smokers want to do is smoke OUR cigarettes... You do your research, if you have to.

1st EXECUTIVE

Okay. But it is a long-term project. It will a while for them to develop uh lung cancer, uh emphysema, heart attacks...Let's see what

1st EXECUTIVE (cont'd)

happens.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

The CARDIN family. BERT, the father. MARY-LOU, the mother, and their daughter, LOUISE, who is seventeen.

Bert smokes.

BERT (to Louise)

You should not smoke.

LOUISE

I know.

She takes out a cigarette and lights it. She looks at the pack.

These are Special.

She smokes.

Louise looks at the back of the pack which shows a woman with lung cancer, in a hospital bed, with tubes in her, looking at death's door. The caption says, "Smoking kills. Don't die like me, from lung cancer".

It's sad.

BERT

Uh ?

LOUISE

That poor woman. She got lung cancer from smoking, and died.

BERT

Sad when that happens.

LOUISE

Yep.

They smoke.

BERT

You don't think that might happen to you - ?

LOUISE

I certainly hope not.

BERT

Fuck. You're seventeen. You shouldn't be smoking at your age.

LOUISE

Dad, I was pre-conditioned into smoking by you and Mom smoking all the time...I was pre-addicted by you.

BERT

Don't you dare blame me for you starting smoking, or your mother – don't you dare !

LOUISE

Then, who then ? Who got me into smoking ?

BERT

School. Kids start smoking in school, to look cool. Surely, there must've been a classmate of yours got you into smoking.

LOUISE

There was one.

BERT

There you are then. It wasn't me. It wasn't us.

LOUISE

There was this girl, she was kinda hot, the boys thought so, and the lesbians...she was into smoking, 'cause it made her look cool. She would take out a cigarette and light it like a movie-star, and then smoke.

BERT

She will die one day, for that.

LOUISE

For smoking ?

BERT

For making you a smoker.

LOUISE

It's not that simple. If you come from a smoking household, you're more likely to become a smoker.

BERT

It was that girl – what was her name ?

LOUISE

Alyssa.

BERT

She killed my daughter. She'll pay for that one day.

They smoke.

CUT TO:

INT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

MARY-LOU, reclined on the bed, smoking a cigarette, a pack of Specials nearby on the duvet.

LOUISE comes in

LOUISE

Mother !

MARY-LOU

What ?!

LOUISE

You're smoking.

MARY-LOU

So ?

LOUISE

Smoking kills.

MARY-LOU

I know that.

LOUISE

Then, why do you smoke ?

MARY-LOU

You've got to, haven't you ?

Louise shrugs. She goes to the bed, takes out a cigarette from the pack, puts the pack down on the bed, stands apart and then lights her cigarette. She takes a few puffs, then goes to sit down.

LOUISE

Umm. These Specials really are special.
I can't get enough of them.

She takes a few more puffs, then holds the cigarette in her hand and looks at it.

LOUISE

Ma, I'm worried about you – smoking.
You might die -

MARY-LOU

Before you - ?

LOUISE

I guess so.

MARY-LOU

It's alright if you die from lung cancer,
or emphysema, or whatever the fuck
else, but you are concerned about me,
that I might die before you...

LOUISE

Yes.

MARY-LOU

If you're so worried about smoking, then
quit, quit.

LOUISE

Quit yourself.

MARY-LOU

Fuck off !

Louise smokes.

A beat.

LOUISE

Mom !

MARY-LOU

What ?

LOUISE

Why do you smoke ?

MARY-LOU

Why does anyone smoke ? 'Cause they're
addicted.

LOUISE

How'd you become addicted ?

MARY-LOU

Other people were smoking – so, it used to be considered normal. But then there was that lung cancer scare, then they put on those filters, then everyone thought it was okay again, then they started smoking – again. But the truth is, the filters did jack shit. They still died of lung cancer.

LOUISE

Did anyone in particular get you into smoking ?

MARY-LOU

Not that I can remember. I tried to quit, and I cut down when I was carrying you -

LOUISE

You mean you still smoked when you were pregnant, when you were having me ?

MARY-LOU

I'm sorry. I did cut down.

LOUISE

But you didn't quit ?

MARY-LOU

No.

LOUISE

Fuck ! I was pre-addicted in the womb.
Fuck !

MARY-LOU

Don't blame me – don't you dare blame me for you being a smoker ! You CHOSE to smoke.

LOUISE

Did I ?

MARY-LOU

Yes, you did.

LOUISE

I was influenced -

MARY-LOU

Fuck that ! You CHOSE to smoke.
Simple as that. You chose to smoke.
I chose to smoke. We all did.

LOUISE

Guess so.

A beat.

MARY-LOU

These Specials. No way I could quit 'em.
They're just super addictive, somehow.

LOUISE

Yep. Sure are.

They smoke.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

A few years later. The Cardins are still smoking their Specials.

BERT smokes at his laptop, then starts to cough. He continues coughing, but continues smoking, then a cough makes him spit out his cigarette. He picks it up from the floor and tries to smoke, but his coughing fit makes this impossible.

BERT

Ah – fuck !

He takes out his handkerchief and coughs up blood into it.

Shit !

CUT TO:

INT- HOSPITAL – DAY

A waiting room, near the consulting room. Bert reading a magazine, not smoking for once.

The CONSULTANT puts his face around the corner.

CONSULTANT

Please.

Bert gets up and goes into the consulting room.

INT – CONSULTING ROOM – DAY

On the table, a laptop with X-rays showing shadows on Bert's lungs.

CONSULTANT

I'm sorry.

He sits.

Lung cancer – both lungs – and
emphysema.

BERT

Can I still smoke ?

CONSULTANT

Your prognosis is...your lung cancer
is inoperable, incurable – if you like,
you can smoke. Giving up now will
not save your life...

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert and Mary-Lou.

BERT

Inoperable incurable lung cancer.
Both lungs. What am I gonna do ?

He sighs.

I'm dying.

MARY-LOU

Would quitting help ?

BERT

It's too late.

CUT TO:

A few weeks later.

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert in a chair, looking haggard and with weight loss due to cancer, with tubes in his nose leading to an oxygen cylinder, takes out a Special cigarette from a pack and lights it, He smokes.

Louise comes in, smoking. She is distraught when she sees Bert smoking.

She takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

Bert looks pissed off.

BERT
Gimme that cigarette.

LOUISE
Dad, you know you can't smoke whilst
you're on oxygen.

BERT
Gimme that fucking cigarette.

LOUISE
Not whilst you're on oxygen. It's not
safe. You could set fire to yourself.
It could cause an explosion.

BERT
GIMME !

Bert rips out the tubes to his oxygen cylinder. He pushes the cylinder away from him.

Fuck my oxygen ! Gimme back my
cigarette.

LOUISE
Okay, Okay.

She puts it back in his mouth. He smokes.

Don't do that again. You know it's not
safe.

BERT
Sorry.

Louise tidies things up, then goes out. Bert smokes.

CUT TO:

INT – HOSPITAL BED – DAY

Bert in bed, propped up by cushions, with tubes in his body and face, at death's door, hardly able to breathe at all, he eyes only just about open. Louise and Mary-Lou, seated, look over him as he gasps for breath.

LOUISE
Ah – fuck.

(to Mary-Lou)

Sorry.

Later, Bert breathes his last, his heart monitor goes flat-line. His eyes close. He is dead.

Louise cries over his body. Mary-Lou holds her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT – HOSPITAL – DAY

Late afternoon.

Louise and Mary-Lou walk out the hospital gate and then light up the Special cigarettes. They smoke.

LOUISE

Fuck ! Fuck !

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

The day of Bert's funeral, Louise and Mary-Lou dressed for the occasion in black.

MARY-LOU

Your father wanted to be buried. That's final.

LOUISE

I want to be cremated when I go.

MARY-LOU

Goin' up in smoke ?

LOUISE

Yep.

MARY-LOU

Way for a smoker to go, huh ?

LOUISE

All that tar makes us burn better.

Mary-Lou lights a cigarette and smokes.

CUT TO:

EXT – GRAVEYARD – DAY

Bert's funeral. Bert's coffin is put in the ground, looked over by Louise, Mary-Lou and the priest.

PRIEST

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Amen.

LOUISE and MARY-LOU

Amen.

Later.

The priest says some words of comfort to the widow, Mary-Lou, then he goes.

Louise and Mary-Lou walk away from the grave and then out of the graveyard.

EXT – PAVEMENT – DAY

Louise and Mary-Lou light up and smoke.

CUT TO:

Some time later.

INT – THERAPIST’S ROOM – DAY

Louise on the couch, the THERAPIST speaking.

THERAPIST

Whatever you do, don’t regret it. Don’t
regret it. Whatever happens to you, don’t
let it get to you.

LOUISE

Uh-huh ?

THERAPIST

Whatever was done to you, whatever people
did to you, whatever happened to you, you
always gotta come to terms with it.

Later:

Louise gets up from the couch.

She moves towards the door.

LOUISE

Thanks.

She goes out.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Louise has just entered the hall. Mary-Lou comes through from the kitchen.

MARY-LOU

Did it help ?

LOUISE

Did it fuck. Useless, fuckin' useless.

MARY-LOU

Bereavement counselling -

LOUISE

- Is fuckin' useless – at least this guy was.

Louise sits. Mary-Lou sits on the sofa near her.

MARY-LOU

Well, what can I say ?

LOUISE

It's just sad – the whole thing is sad.

MARY-LOU

Cigarettes kill. Smoking kills.

LOUISE

I know.

MARY-LOU

Smoking just killed your father, my husband.

LOUISE

I know.

MARY-LOU

So, what're we gonna do ?

LOUISE

Quit smoking.

MARY-LOU

We can try.

LOUISE

Yeah. Let's give it a go.

CUT TO:

EXT – IN FRONT OF THE GARAGE.

Louise goes round the side to the back of the garage to sneak a cigarette. She lights up and

smokes.

Mary-Lou comes out the front door. She looks around furtively, then goes to the side of the garage, looks around again, then lights her cigarette. She smokes.

Louise detects another whiff of smoke. She comes round to the side of the garage and sees Mary-Lou smoking.

MARY-LOU

Fuck !

LOUISE

Fuck !

MARY-LOU

Let's face it – we can't quit. We saw what smoking did to your father – it killed him - but we still can't quit.

LOUISE

Fuck.

They stand together and smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT – GRAVEYARD – NIGHT

Some sounds are coming from Bert's grave, his tombstone saying, "Bert Cardin, beloved husband and father, died aged 48."

A skeletal hand, almost bereft of flesh, but with some remnants clinging on, emerges from the gravel, then a cadaverous hand, then a skull on a skeletal spine. Bert as a zombie with a few bits of flesh dangling from his corpse, rises from his grave.

BERT

Damn. I need a cigarette.

He climbs out of his plot, and starts to walk gingerly.

He walks out of the graveyard.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – NIGHT

Near a bus station.

A woman smoking a Special cigarette, waiting for a bus, seated on a bench.

Bert, as a skeletal corpse, sneaks up on her.

The woman becomes a bit uncomfortable as she smells something behind her.

Bert's fingers move onto her shoulder.

She turns to see his skull-like face.

She stares at him, amazed.

BERT
Gimme that cigarette.

She obeys.

Bert puts the cigarette in his mouth, and tries to smoke, but he has no breath as his lungs have rotted away. He cannot draw on the cigarette.

Fuck. I ain't got no lungs.

The woman is unable to move out of fear.

Bert thinks, and works it out.

Gimme your lungs ! I need your lungs.

Bert grabs her by the shoulders and sucks the lungs out of her by a type of psychic power. The lungs are sucked into his frame and fill out his ribcage. The woman screams as her lungs are removed, then flops down dead.

Bert smokes using the woman's lungs inside him.

Umm. Just love that taste.

He looks at the woman's body.

Bitch ! Your lungs are fucked. They'd
only last me a few years.

Indeed, as he looks at the lungs he has sucked into his body, he sees that they are mostly blackened with only some area of inflamed red tissue, instead of normal pink for a non-smoker. Also, there are some small areas of white, indicating the start of lung cancer.

Bert smokes.

CUT TO:

EXT – CITYSCAPE WITH BILLBOARD – DAY

The billboard at the start of the film ticks over with another death due to smoking.

Then, another.

And another.

CUT TO:

EXT – GRAVEYARD – NIGHT

In graveyards around the city, skeletal hands are emerging from grave plots as the dead smokers, all addicted to Special cigarettes, are becoming the undead and rising up from their graves, walking towards the smell of the cigarette smoke, being lured towards any living smoker who is smoking Specials.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – NIGHT

Smokers, smoking their Special cigarettes, are accosted by the undead smokers, the corpses, with little flesh, their insides rotted, who grab the cigarettes and then suck out the lungs of the living, who then drop dead, in order to smoke.

CUT TO:

INT - HOUSE – NIGHT

In the living room, Mary-Lou and Louise, smoking, watching a news report about the undead smokers assaulted the living smokers and sucking their lungs out in order to smoke the Special cigarettes.

NEWSREADER (on screen)

What could be causing this epidemic of the
undead killing the living ?

Knocking at the front.

Mary-Lou looks to Louise, who gets up, goes into the hall and opens the front door a little. She is aghast when she sees the undead Bert, just able to make out who he is.

LOUISE

Dad...?

BERT (outside)

Lemme in.

She opens the door wider, and Bert goes inside.

Mary-Lou shouts.

MARY-LOU (O.S.)

Who is it ?

Louise shows Bert into the living room

LOUISE

It's dad.

MARY-LOU

What !?

LOUISE

Dad, risen from the dead.

MARY-LOU

How is this even possible ?

BERT

Lots of things are possible.

MARY-LOU

What happened ?

BERT

I need a cigarette.

Louise takes one out of a packet of Specials and gives it to Bert, who puts it into his mouth. Louise lights it for him.

Bert smokes.

Thanks.

MARY-LOU

What happened, Bert ? You should be dead.

Bert sits down on the sofa.

BERT

I am dead. I was. But now I'm one of the undead.

LOUISE

Dad, you died from lung cancer. Smoking kills, it says so on the packet.

BERT

I guess, this addiction, to Specials cigarettes, is so strong, it is even stronger than death itself.

MARY-LOU

This is just crazy !

BERT

I know. It was a surprise to me when it happened.

A beat.

You know, when you actually die, it all ends there. You actually stop to think. Your consciousness ends. But, about two months later, when I had already decomposed a little, suddenly, something happened. I became aware again. Somehow, my brain started my consciousness again, and all I could think of, before I could reason it out, all I could think of was, I needed a cigarette. I needed one of them Specials.

He smokes and looks at his cigarette.

That desire, that need to smoke, that need to have a Specials cigarette, it was all I could think of. Then, I saw I had decomposed. I had no lung left. No heart. I was thinking, I gotta have a cigarette, I gotta have a Specials. I got up outta my grave, and I could smell a Special. I got out the graveyard and I could see a woman smoking. I asked her for her cigarette, but I needed her lungs as well. So, I kinda sucked them out, so I could smoke. She died, but I could smoke.

LOUISE

That's just gross. That's murder.

BERT

How d'you think I feel about it ? I am not a murderer. I just needed her lungs to smoke.

LOUISE

Oh God !

BERT

It sorta makes sense. You know, forty percent of all donated lungs for transplants come from dead smokers – their lungs are viable, no obvious signs of lung cancer or emphysema, or whatever - then, forty percent of all people need lung transplants are smokers fucked their lungs up – so, it's from smoker to smoker – let the smokers have all the lungs from the dead smokers.

MARY-LOU

How could you ?

BERT

I had no choice. I had to smoke.

LOUISE

You had choice. You chose to smoke.

BERT

In the beginning. But not now. Not since I started smoking Specials. It is SO addictive.

MARY-LOU

Bert, you're a disgrace to humanity.

BERT

I ain't human no more. I am one of the undead. You can't expect normal human moral standards from one of the undead.

LOUISE

What do you expect us to do ?

BERT

These lungs, they might last me about five years, maybe. 'Til then, just gimme my Specials. That woman I took them from, her lungs were pretty shot anyway – she woulda got lung cancer anyway a few years – so, -

LOUISE

What !

BERT

Okay – I didn't do her a favour – I killed her, but the Specials made me do it.

MARY-LOU

Diminished responsibility, huh ?

BERT

Sorta. Don't judge me too harshly.

LOUISE

I would rather be dead than do what you did.

BERT

It's not like that. You smoke Specials, you die, you become one of the undead, to come back, to smoke Specials.

Bert takes a puff on his cigarette.

Look. I don't want this to happen to you,
but it will.

LOUISE
I'd kill myself first.

BERT
Louise, the best you can hope for is revenge.

LOUISE
Revenge ?

BERT
Revenge on whoever got you addicted. There's
no closure, only the possibility of revenge.

MARY-LOU
This is just unreal.

BERT
Of course it is. Do you think I thought this
was happening when I came back from the
dead ? When I hadta get some lungs, so's
I could smoke. I tell ya, if all you exist for,
is to smoke, you have no purpose in death.

MARY-LOU
Oh Bert -

She goes over to give him a hug but he keeps the cigarette in his mouth as she does so.

LOUISE
Don't sympathize with him.

MARY-LOU
I got to. No-one coulda expected this
to happen.

LOUISE
I guess not.

MARY-LOU
Bert, we'll get you, make sure you're
always supplied with your cigarettes.

BERT
Thanks.

He smokes.

CUT TO:

LOUISE
You promise me you'd never take a
non-smoker's lungs ?

BERT
I promise you.

They smoke.

CUT TO:

Five years later.

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

Louise and Bert smoking. Bert is once again on oxygen as his last set of lungs are beginning to fail.

LOUISE
Dad, you remember you once said..
something about revenge ?

BERT
Yep.

LOUISE
Revenge for turning you into a
smoker.

BERT (shrugs)
Well...for me, I don't remember anyone
specifically persuaded me to smoke, but
you said something about someone you
knew persuaded you, encouraged you to
start smoking.

LOUISE
Alyssa.

BERT
What was her surname ?

LOUISE
I try to remember...Phillips.

BERT
There must be lotsa them.

Bert takes his tubes out of his nose.

gets out and then helps Bert out.

CUT TO:

INT – APARTMENT – DAY

Alyssa looking at her laptop. The doorbell rings.

Alyssa gets up and goes to the door, looks through the spyhole and recognises Louise.

She opens the door.

ALYSSA

Louise !

LOUISE

You let us in ?

Alyssa spots Bert with his mobile oxygen cylinder.

My dad, he's got emphysema. He needs his oxygen.

ALYSSA

Come on in.

Alyssa lets them in.

Bert goes to sit down on the settee.

Alyssa watches but Louise does not help him sit down, which he manages on his own.

Haven't seen you for...how long ?

LOUISE

Years, seven, eight years, now.

ALYSSA

So, how'd you find me.

LOUISE

The internet.

ALYSSA

Of course.

Alyssa and Louise sit down.

LOUISE

You remember, you introduced me to smoking.

ALYSSA

Guess I did.

LOUISE

Do you still smoke ?

ALYSSA

No. I quit.

LOUISE

I still smoke.

She takes out a cigarette from a packet of Specials. She lights it and smokes.

BERT

Gimme one.

LOUISE

Okay.

Louise gives a cigarette to Bert and lights it for him. He smokes.

ALYSSA

Uh – should he be smoking in his
condition – with emphysema ?

BERT

Of course not, but I am, so fuck off !

Louise and Bert smoke.

ALYSSA

You tried to quit ?

LOUISE

Yeah.

BERT

You can't quit smoking Specials. It's an
addiction.

ALYSSA (to Louise)

So, what decided you to look me up ?

BERT

You introduced her to smoking.

ALYSSA

I guess I did. It was the cool thing to
do, in high-school. Everyone of the

ALYSSA (cont'd)
of the cool dudes was into smoking.
It was the culture of the time. We
ignored the health risks.

LOUISE
But you managed to quit ?

ALYSSA
After I left high-school to go to college.

LOUISE
So, how many years you smoked for ?

ALYSSA
Five.

LOUISE
How many packs a day.

ALYSSA
Just one. I was not a particularly
heavy smoker.

LOUISE
You got me into smoking and I still
smoke.

ALYSSA
You gotta have the willpower to quit.
You gotta say to yourself, your life is
more important to you than an addiction.

LOUISE
'S not that simple.

ALYSSA
Louise, I'm so sorry I influenced you,
and was a factor in your decision to
start to smoke, but -

BERT
But what ?

ALYSSA
I do not consider myself responsible for
your current addiction.

LOUISE
What the fuck ! This is bullshit !

ALYSSA

I'm sorry you feel that way.

Bert rises from the settee.

BERT

You bitch ! You made her smoke ! It's all your fault she became a smoker. It's all your fault if she gets lung cancer and dies.

ALYSSA

Calm down.

BERT

Don't tell me to calm down. - If it wasn't for you, this would never have happened.. to her.

Bert turns to Louise.

I don't want you to end up like me. I don't want this to happen to you.

ALYSSA

I honestly don't see why this is such a problem. She's still alive – she has not got a smoking illness -

BERT

- Yet !

ALYSSA

Yes – yet.

BERT

You're to blame.

ALYSSA

She mighta started smoking anyhow,
Someone else mighta started her smoking.
Why do you blame me ? Why don'tcha
blame the tobacco companies for promoting
the stuff ? They created the culture of
smoking, not me. I'm as much a victim
of their advertising, their sales' technique,
as you are. Don't blame me ! Blame them.

BERT

You're to blame, you bitch !

ALYSSA

Lotsa kids started smoking in school.
Not just me -

LOUISE

You were the cool girl everyone looked
up to. If you smoked, we would follow.

ALYSSA

Look, we all did stupid things when we
were young – like taking up smoking.
When we got a bit older, wiser, more
sensible, some of us got the good sense
to fucking quit. That's what you shoulda
done. I can't help it if you can't quit.

BERT

Shut up ! Shut up !

Bert grabs her by the throat with strange unnatural strength, his motion so fast and strong that the tubes fall out of his nose.

ALYSSA (gasping)

Fuck ! Fuck !

BERT

I need your lungs.

LOUISE

Dad, you promised never to take the
lungs of a non-smoker, you promised.

BERT

She usedta be a smoker. It's not like she
never smoked. Her lungs are polluted by
tar. She deserves to die for making you
a smoker.

ALYSSA

What're you gonna do ?

BERT

I'm gonna rip your lungs out, you bitch,
and swallow them.

ALYSSA

Ha !

Bert's hands burst through Alyssa's blouse into and through her skin and ribs until they close around her lungs. He rips her lungs out with psychic power and sucks them through his mouth

until they are absorbed into his chest.

He then rips out her heart and holds it until it stops beating.

BERT

You never had a heart anyway, you
bitch !

Bert takes a few deep breaths, then turns to Louise.

That's better. I can breathe more easily
now. Gimme a cigarette.

Louise hands him a cigarette. He disentangles himself from his oxygen cylinder and light the cigarette. He smokes.

Don't feel sorry for her. She deserved
to die.

Alyssa's lifeless corpse, with heart and lungs ripped out, lies on the floor in a pool of blood.
CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

Bert and Louise.

Bert puts his oxygen cylinder away.

BERT

Don't need that no more.

He takes a few deep breaths.

Umm – these are a pretty decent pair
of lungs. Might last me a good few years.

He lights a cigarette and smokes.

LOUISE

Dad, don't you think there's something in
what she said, y'know, about the tobacco
companies, that they're really the ones to
blame.

BERT

So what ? This is the case generally, to get
the blame, but in your case, we had someone
specifically to blame. Fancy that, leaving you
with a lifetime addiction to smoking, and she
quits ! That is just, irresponsible.

LOUISE

I guess it was.

Louise lights a cigarette and smokes

How can we find out ?

BERT

What ?

LOUISE

Who it was made these cigarettes so addictive even the dead can give 'em up.

BERT

There's always the internet to find things like that out.

LOUISE

I guess so.

BERT

The information must be there somewhere, on the internet. You only need to go search for it. - What we need, we, the undead, lots of us, we need an organisation to protect our rights and campaign for us – a sorta undead smokers support group.

LOUISE

They got the Smokers Alliance.

BERT

That's for the living, not the undead. We need a group help us campaign our rights.

He turns on a laptop and looks online.

We need to connect together the undead smokers of Special cigarettes.

CUT TO:

INT – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Ribbons and placards amid balloons at a conference of the UNDEAD ASSOCIATION FOR SMOKING SPECIAL CIGARETTES, with a large banner at the front of the stage. Bert is there, along with many other delegates, the undead smokers.

BERT

What do we want ?

CROWD
Special cigarettes !

BERT
When do we want them ?

CROWD
Now !

Later:

Bert at a table talking to an executive from the company that makes Special cigarettes.

BERT
We need you to step up your cigarette
production.

EXECUTIVE
We would need to open new factories.

BERT
Do it !

EXECUTIVE
Yessir.

CUT TO:

INT – CIGARETTE FACTORY – DAY

More and more Specials cigarettes are rolling off the machines to be put into packets, with
“Smoking Kills” on the front.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Louise and Bert, smoking.

LOUISE
One thing I don't get, why'd they not
put you on trial for murder, double
murder – you confessed it ?

BERT
What's the point you find one of the
undead guilty of murder, you sentence
them to death, but they're already dead -
so what's the point ?

LOUISE
I guess that makes sense.

BERT

The undead demand the right to... appropriate any lungs they consider necessary to...accommodate their need...their addiction. The undead have rights.

LOUISE

More than the living ?

BERT

We came to an accommodation with the powers that be we can appropriate lungs of smokers, provided we don't touch the non-smokers – that was the deal.

LOUISE

I don't really get it.

BERT

You will, when you become one of the undead.

LOUISE

I will never, never, do what you do. I will never get like you.

BERT

You will, when you become the undead.

LOUISE

I would rather be dead than live like that.

BERT

People don't live like me – I'm the undead.

LOUISE

Don't you ever yearn to die, to be dead ?

BERT

Sometimes, but then the compulsion is just too strong, to smoke these Specials.

LOUISE

Your whole existence is...just to smoke ?

BERT

Yep. You think you rest in peace. RIP Bert Cardin, that's what they said. But

BERT (cont'd)
you never rest in peace. I am not at peace.

LOUISE
Why don't you fight it ?

BERT
I try sometimes. It's just too hard. One day, one day, when you're dead, when you become undead, you'll understand what it's like to be so addicted, even death is no barrier. - Where's your mother ?

LOUISE
At the doctor's.

BERT
Fuck ! What's up ?

LOUISE
A persistent cough.

BERT
Shit. Bet she's got lung cancer, or emphysema, maybe throat cancer, maybe the lot. Fuck.

LOUISE
Sorry, dad.

BERT
I never wanted this for her. I never wanted this for you.

LOUISE
I know.

BERT
Shit, shit, shit !

CUT TO:

INT – DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM – DAY

DOCTOR and Mary-Lou.

DOCTOR
We need to do more tests, at the hospital.

MARY-LOU
What do you think it might be ?

DOCTOR
That's what we need the tests for.

CUT TO:

INT – HOSPITAL – DAY

Waiting room.

Mary-Lou is agitated because she is not allowed to smoke whilst in the hospital grounds. She looks at the clock and smiles at other people waiting.

Ten minutes later.

The consultant comes down the corridor from his consulting room with a file in his hands and speaks to Mary-Lou.

CONSULTANT
Mrs. Cardin, please.

She gets up and follows him into his consulting room. He closes the door.

He looks at her X-rays and other test results on his laptop.

MARY-LOU
What is it ?

CONSULTANT
Lung cancer. - But, you musta known that already, perhaps, or guessed. I'm sorry to have to say, that is what you'd expect with a life-long history of smoking. Your own husband died from lung cancer a few years back – why didn't you quit then ?

MARY-LOU
I couldn't. You don't know what it's like ?
Is it terminal ?

CONSULTANT
Yes. I'm afraid it is. I don't get smokers.

MARY-LOU
You never will.

Mary-Lou gets up and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT – HOSPITAL GROUNDS – DAY

Mary-Lou gets outside the precincts of the hospital, and takes out a Specials cigarette, lights up

and smokes.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

Mary-Lou has just come into the hall.

Bert gets up to speak to her.

BERT
So ?

MARY-LOU
What ?

BERT
Louise told me.

MARY-LOU
Shit.

Mary-Lou slumps down on the settee.

I'm fucked.

BERT
Lung cancer ?

MARY-LOU
Yep.

BERT
Both lungs ?

MARY-LOU
Yes.

BERT
Inoperable ?

MARY-LOU
Inoperable incurable lung cancer.

BERT
Shit.

MARY-LOU
Exactly.

BERT

You know what this means ?

MARY-LOU

I'm gonna die.

BERT

But after that ?

MARY-LOU

I'm gonna rise again, as one of the
undead, like you.

BERT

You want that ?

MARY-LOU

It's something I guess I'll just hafta
deal with when it happens.

He holds on the shoulders.

BERT

Look at me. Look at me.

MARY-LOU

What do you want from me ?

BERT

It's no fairground ride. It's a...it's a...
never-ending continuum of...hell.

MARY-LOU

I'm sorry you hafta go through this -

BERT

Each day, every day.

MARY-LOU

Would you rather be dead ?

BERT

I was never given that choice.

MARY-LOU

But you chose to smoke - ?

BERT

Initially, in the beginning, yes, I guess
I did.

MARY-LOU

Then it's your fault, then. You can't blame anyone else.

BERT

Sometimes, I hate my existence.

MARY-LOU

But you wouldn't end it ?

BERT

I can't. I exist merely to smoke Specials.
It's not a life – I'm dead – I'm undead -
it's an...existence.

She takes out a cigarette, lights and smokes.

He moves away from her, takes out a cigarette and smokes.

CUT TO:

INT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Louise, on her bed, smoking.

Mary-Lou comes in and sits down next to her.

MARY-LOU

I'm sorry.

LOUISE

Lung cancer ?

MARY-LOU

Yes.

LOUISE

You're gonna die - ?

MARY-LOU

Yes.

LOUISE

Fuck. It's gonna happen again, just like with dad.

MARY-LOU

I'm afraid so. I'm sorry.

LOUISE

Sorry's not good enough, Mom. How could

LOUISE (cont'd)
 you be so selfish to smoke yourself to
 death ?

MARY-LOU
 You're smoking.

LOUISE
 I haven't smoked myself to death -

MARY-LOU
 - Yet.

LOUISE
 Oh Mom !

Louise cries and falls into Mary-Lou's lap. Mary-Lou strokes her hair.

MARY-LOU
 I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT – GRAVEYARD – DAY

Louise lays flowers on her mother's grave. The stone says. "In loving memory of Mary-Lou Cardin, beloved wife and mother, passed aged 46".

Louise stands up and walks away, out of the graveyard.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

Just beyond the perimeter of the graveyard. Louise lights up a Specials cigarette.

CUT TO:

Two months later.

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

Banging on the door.

Louise and Bert react.

BERT
 You know who that is.

LOUISE
 Mother.

More banging.

BERT
She sounds desperate.

LOUISE
She will be.

Louise goes over to open the front door. Mary-Lou bursts in, her body and face with almost no flesh left, a very much decayed undead corpse, with just enough animation to stagger into the living room.

MARY-LOU
I won't do it !

BERT
You will. You will. The compulsion
is just too strong.

MARY-LOU
I hate myself already, just thinking
about it.

Bert takes her in hand and leads her to sit down on the settee.

BERT
It's not a matter of personal morality.
It's all about addiction.

LOUISE
Mom -

MARY-LOU
What ?

LOUISE
You gotta do what's best for you.

MARY-LOU
What's best for me !? What're you
talking about ?

LOUISE
I'm talking about personal choice -
about personal responsibility.

BERT
That simply does not apply – here.
Louise, you don't really understand
what it's like to be one of the undead
with this particular addiction. - Take
it easy, Mary-Lou. Take some deep

BERT (cont'd)
You will give in to it, sooner or later.

MARY-LOU
No. I got will-power.

BERT
In the state you're in. You're dead.
You're undead. The addiction always
wins – always.

CUT TO:

INT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Mary-Lou on the bed, writhing in throes of cravings for Specials cigarettes. Her skeletal hand reaches for a packet of cigarettes, she takes one out and lights it but she cannot smoke as she has no lung tissue.

MARY-LOU
Fuck !

At the door, Louise and Bert watch her struggles with addiction.

Bert leads Louise away and closes the door on Mary-Lou.

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT (continuing)

Bert and Louise

BERT
She's suffering.

LOUISE
Poor mom.

BERT
We gotta find her some lungs.

LOUISE
What ?

BERT
I need your help to -

LOUISE
- To kidnap someone for their lungs,
give her their lungs, just so she can
smoke some more Specials - !

BERT

It's to relieve her suffering. You
wanna see her suffer like that ?

LOUISE

Dad, don't fucking blackmail me
into this act of evil.

BERT

Evil ! These cigarettes are evil. This
addiction is evil. Not us. We are the
victims, not the perpetrators. Help
me, please.

LOUISE

Fuck off.

Louise storms out.

BERT

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – NIGHT

Bert approaches a smoker with stick and knocks him out.

Bert drags the body towards his house, then opens the door and drags him inside.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

Bert, dragging in the body, Louise at the top of the stairs.

LOUISE (yelling)

Dad !

She comes down the stairs.

You know this is evil.

BERT

This is not evil. This is – necessary.

LOUISE

Necessary ?...for what ?

BERT

For your mother's peace of mind.

LOUISE

For her addiction...

BERT

If you like. The poor woman is suffering. Help me.

Louise, against her better judgement, helps Bert drag the body of the man upstairs. The man, who was unconscious, begins to stir a little.

That's better. It will be easier for your mother to suck his lungs inside, if he's awake a little.

LOUISE

This is – sick.

BERT

We, the undead smokers, must live on.

LOUISE

Live ? You're dead. You're undead. That is not a life, that is not living.

BERT

C'mon.

They drag the body towards Mary-Lou's bedroom and open the door to see her still in the throes of addiction and cravings.

LOUISE

Mom -

MARY-LOU

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

LOUISE

You said you weren't gonna do this.

MARY-LOU

This is just mental torture. I gotta smoke. I gotta smoke one of them Specials. I need some viable lung tissue...

LOUISE

Stop it ! Stop it !

Bert drags the man, who is now just about aware and awake, towards Mary-Lou, who, with some self-resistance, yields to her needs, and sucks the man's lungs out of his body into her own. Then, her chest expands and she breathes in and out.

LOUISE (cont'd)

This is disgusting.

Mary-Lou lets the man's body slump down dead, then opens a pack of cigarettes, takes one out and lights it.

MARY-LOU (to the man's body)

Sorry.

Mary-Lou smokes.

LOUISE

Mom – this is gross.

MARY-LOU

I know.

Mary-Lou smokes.

Umm – that's better.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

A few days later. Mary-Lou is now reconciled to her addiction and is smoking in the living room, along with Bert.

Louise, seated apart, is also smoking.

LOUISE

Look at you – what a pair ! How can you justify killing other people so's you can smoke ?

BERT

That is something you will understand one day, when you're like us.

LOUISE

Cannibalising other people's lungs – it's just disgusting.

BERT

Moral Miss, it is a compulsion. I assure you, you will be like us one day.

LOUISE

Never – I'm gonna get cremated when I go.

MARY-LOU

Going up in smoke.

LOUISE

All that tar in my lungs will make me burn better.

CUT TO:

Fifteen years later.

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Mary-Lou and Bert are now both on oxygen, as their last pairs of lungs are now almost completely destroyed by years of smoking.

But, they are still both smoking, with tubes in their noses for oxygen.

Louise comes in, smoking.

BERT

I'm gonna need some new lungs soon.

MARY-LOU

I need a new pair now.

LOUISE

Well, you'd be pleased to know, well, not pleased...you'll be...I don't know ...what – I just got diagnosed with lung cancer.

MARY-LOU

Oh, Louise. Come here.

Louise sits and Mary-Lou awkwardly hugs her.

LOUISE

Well, I'm not gonna sit here and mope about it – I'm gonna do something.

BERT

What ?

LOUISE

I'm gonna get cremated for a start - I'm not gonna become a smoking zombie like you – all you exist for is to smoke. You don't have any other purpose but to smoke. You are not in control. Special cigarettes are in

LOUISE (cont'd)
control.

BERT
So ?

LOUISE
I'm gonna become an anti-smoker
campaigner – in the time I have left.

BERT
Good luck with that.

MARY-LOU
Louise, don't you think it's gonna be
counter-productive to have you continuing
to smoke when you become this anti-
smoking advocate ?

LOUISE
I guess so.

MARY-LOU
Surely that's a contradiction to the
message.

LOUISE
I'm gonna tell people not to smoke, not
to start.

Bert applauds sarcastically.

I gotta do something worthwhile – if I
persuade one kid not to start, then that's
something.

Louise goes out.

MARY-LOU
What do you make of that, hon ?

BERT
She always was an idealistic girl.

MARY-LOU
Yep.

CUT TO:

EXT – ANTI-SMOKING RALLY – DAY

Louise on a stage in front of a lectern. A sizeable crowd .

LOUISE

It's not your fault. Don't believe that propaganda it's the smoker's fault they can't quit. The tobacco manufacturers are who's to blame, not you.

Some cheers and applause.

They show you people dying from lung cancer and say, you gotta quit or this is what'll happen to ya. They made it so hard for you to quit. The tobacco manufacturers were allowed to make these Special cigarettes no-one can quit from.

Pause, but not much applause.

I tell you, don't start. Don't start. If you don't start, you won't ever have to try to quit, 'cause you won't ever have been a smoker.

After the rally, Louise lights up a cigarette and smokes. She is approached by a teenager.

TEENAGER

You tell us not to start, but you're smoking here, now.

LOUISE

I can't help it. I am addicted. Don't start.

TEENAGER

Aren't you afraid of being called a hypocrite ?

LOUISE

I'm not a hypocrite – I just can't quit, that's all.

TEENAGER

Great advert for us non-smokers in high-school, you tell us not to start, but you can't quit.

LOUISE
It's the best I can do.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Louise, by now confined to her bed, in her bedroom, with oxygen cylinder and tubes.
Bert comes in, re-invigorated by new lungs.

BERT
Louise, I just got me a new pair of
lungs, and I'm gonna get your mother
a new pair as well.

LOUISE
Good, Pop.

BERT
Why don't ya join us, become one of
the undead smokers ?

LOUISE
Dad, I would rather be dead, incinerated,
than become like you.

BERT
Hell, there's millions of us now, billions
even.

LOUISE
You will just run out of lungs one day.
You can't cannibalise the whole human
race, just so's that you can smoke.

Louise lights a cigarette and smokes a little.

I need more lung tissue to smoke.

BERT
Look, it's a chance at a type of
immortality.

LOUISE
There's no point in an existence
only to smoke, to feed addiction.
It's a moral choice I make, to die
and rest in peace.

BERT
Don't say I didn't try.

Bert goes out, downstairs to speak to Mary-Lou, who needs a new pair of lungs and is seated in a chair with oxygen cylinder by her side and tubes in her nose.

MARY-LOU

What she say ?

BERT

She'd rather be dead than one of the undead. It's a personal choice.

MARY-LOU

You'll get me some new lungs, hon ?

BERT

Sure. You made your choice, and I guess, she made hers.

CUT TO:

INT – CREMATORIUM – DAY

Bert and Mary-Lou, who has now had a new set of lungs, and is re-invigorated, watch as Louise's coffin goes through to be incinerated.

BERT

It was what she wanted.

CUT TO:

EXT – CREMATORIUM – DAY

Bert and Mary-Lou watch as smoke rises from the crematorium chimney.

MARY-LOU

She just gone up in smoke.

They light Specials cigarettes and smoke.

CUT TO:

Some years later.

INT – CONGRESSWOMAN'S OFFICE – DAY

Bert and a CONGRESSWOMAN.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Mr. Cardin, the deal was, you and your associates would only take lungs from smokers or ex-smokers. You agreed not to touch the lungs of non-smokers. That was your promise.

BERT

Congresswoman, that was our original position, but, we just ran outta lungs. The undead smokers were more than all the living smokers and ex-smokers put together. It was established early on that the rights of the undead smokers held precedence over the rights of any living smokers, or former smokers.

CONGRESSWOMAN

That was our understanding – and now you tell me you can't get enough lungs from your quota of smokers -

BERT

Congresswoman – in normal circumstances, I would not ever ever advocate taking lungs from non-smokers, but things're getting desperate. I got the undead complain there ain't no lungs left they can...appropriate...

CONGRESSWOMAN

But this is crossing the line, Mr. Cardin.

BERT

What do you want me to do about it ?
The undead hafta smoke, they gotta have lungs to smoke, they bust their own lungs, so they gotta get some lungs somewhere, and now there just aren't enough living smokers to supply the need.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Mr. Cardin -

BERT

Bert -

CONGRESSWOMAN

Bert. - You fix this problem somehow, or we will hafta take drastic measures.

BERT

Such as ?

CONGRESSWOMAN

Ban the burial of all dead smokers died from smoking Special cigarettes, and for the undead, we will incinerate them with

CONGRESSWOMAN (cont'd)
flame-throwers.

BERT
You would not dare.

CONGRESSWOMAN
We would have no other choice. Of course,
before we start, we would have to persuade
the electorate this was necessary...we would
hafta have an information campaign...

BERT
Propaganda -

CONGRESSWOMAN
Whatever, we would hafta persuade the
man and woman in the street these undead
smokers were political enemy number one.

BERT
Shit.

CONGRESSWOMAN
You solve this problem, with your undead
associates, tell them not to touch any non-smokers'
lungs, or I will have no choice but to start these...
necessary measures...

CUT TO:

INT – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Bert and some other undead smokers.

BERT
That's what she said.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER
That ain't fair. She must know there ain't
enough smokers' lungs to go round.

BERT
What else can we do ?

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER
We gotta seek a cure.

BERT
A cure ?

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

Surely there must be a cure to this addiction.

3rd UNDEAD SMOKER

Let's find that sonofabitch started this whole damn thing.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

We gotta research it. Somewhere, on the internet, must be the whereabouts of that sonofabitch started this, these Specials cigarettes.

CUT TO;

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert, smoking, at his laptop, researching the files of the company that makes Specials cigarettes, looking down a list of their scientists, to find William Dicks is the main scientist associated with making them ultra addictive.

BERT

You sonofabitch !

He does some further research to find out Dicks' address. He is now a frail old man who is long retired from the industry, a recent photo showing him seated with a stick in his hand. Research shows that he is now 82.

Just because you're old don't mean
you don't hafta answer for your past
crimes – you evil bastard.

CUT TO:

INT – WILLIAM DICKS' RETIREMENT FLAT – DAY

Dicks in chair, old and frail.

The doorbell rings.

Dicks gets up and walks slowly with his stick. He is stooped.

He approaches the front door, and hesitates for a few seconds, but it is usually his home help who comes to visit him.

He opens the front door a little.

Bert and several undead smokers burst in. Dicks is held against the wall behind the opening door.

Bert then closes the door.

Dicks is cowering.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

You bastard – you did this to me.

DICKS

What ? What're you talking about ?

BERT

You made us undead.

DICKS

I did - ?

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

Don't try to deny it, you sonofabitch.

DICKS

Please – let me sit down. My knees are not good.

BERT

Okay. Sit down.

Dicks shuffles over to the settee and carefully sits down, using his stick to support his weight on the way down.

DICKS

What is it you said I did ? My memory is not so good.

BERT

Just because it was years ago you did what you did doesn't mean you can deny your part in it. You invented the Special cigarette – the internal memo says, it would be so addictive, even the dead could not quit smoking your evil brand.

DICKS

That was meant to be a joke. We did not expect that to actually happen.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

He remembers.

DICKS

I'm sorry. You are the undead ?

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

That we are. Doomed for eternity to smoke

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER (cont'd)

your evil filthy disgusting cigarettes, and when we fuck up one pair of lungs, compelled by this fucking evil addiction of yours to go out seek another set of lungs, and on and on until we've exhausted the whole fucking supply of smokers' lungs, and now we're starting on the non-smokers -

BERT

- And that is where it's got to come to an end, 'cause is where we draw the line...

DICKS

We ?

BERT

The government – I spoke to a congresswoman and she said they would just hafta incinerate the whole fucking lot of us unless we could find a cure.

DICKS

A cure ? There is no cure.

BERT

Well, just go and invent one, then. You're a scientist, you must have some idea – you invented it in the first place.

DICKS

But that was years ago, when I had a brain. I am old now. My mind is not as it was.#

The 1st undead smoker grabs Dicks by the throat.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

Listen, you sonofabitch, unless you cure us of this disease, we'll do it to you. We will make you addicted.

This idea makes Dicks shudder in fear.

DICKS

Please, I am old.

BERT

You got two weeks to come up with something, or you'll end up just like us.

DICKS

I will try.

CUT TO:

INT – LABORATORY – NIGHT

Dicks is hunched over a bench looking at test-tubes and data on his laptop, but he looks weary and disappointed in the results of his attempts to find a cure.

Bert and several undead smokers come in and approach him.

BERT

Well ?

DICKS

I am sorry.

The 1st undead smoker approaches Dicks to punch him.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

You stupid -

Bert rushed forward to block him, and holds the 1st undead smoker from hitting Dicks.

BERT

You know what we agreed -

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

Okay.

He calms down.

BERT

Since you failed -

DICKS

What will you do to me ?

BERT

It seems, we did not apply enough urgency to this task.

DICKS

Please, remember – I am old.

BERT

You got a whole lotta guilt and responsibility for this – this whole thing -

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

Our condition -

3rd UNDEAD SMOKER

Our illness -

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

Our disease -

BERT

You did this to us, and now you tell us there's no cure.

DICKS

I am..so..sorry.

BERT

Old man, old man – d'you know what we're gonna do to you, huh. We're gonna do this to you. Turn you into a zombie undead cigarette addict like us.

DICKS

Oh no, no. I never wanted to smoke. I never wanted to be a smoker.

BERT

We're gonna use this apparatus here, make you like a beadle in a laborotory, had no choice but to smoke.

He shows Dicks a head harness with a large face mask and tube which he starts to put over Dicks' face. Dicks tries to take it off, but both his hands are held away and restrained by the undead smokers, who strap them down. Dicks's head now cannot move. At the other end of the face mask and tube there is a switch like a tap which will let in the smoke caused by a cigarette at the end of the apparatus. Bert puts a Specials cigarette into position and lights it, forcing Dicks to smoke.

Dicks coughs, then smokes, then appears to start to like.

DICKS

Umm – nice.

BERT

You're addicted.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

You'll soon be one of us.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

You'll understand what it's like.

BERT

When you get up in the morning, the first thing you're gonna do, even before you have a pee or brush your teeth, is smoke.

Dicks smokes.

When you're dead, when you become one of us undead, you will understand, you'll suddenly get the urgency to go find us a cure.

CUT TO:

EXT – GRAVEYARD – NIGHT

Bert and the undead smokers are digging Dicks' decomposed body up to monitor and take control of when he starts to come back from the dead to become an undead smoker.

BERT

We'll get you a good pair of lungs.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

From a non-smoker ?

BERT

It'll hafta be. There ain't no smoker's lungs left.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

What about what that congresswoman said ?

BERT

You won't mind one non-smoker's sacrifice for the greater cause.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

Guess not.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE CELLAR – NIGHT

Bert and the undead smokers are looking over Dicks's corpse, checking for some signs of animation, but he seems dead still.

Then, suddenly, maybe a flicker of life, then a convulsion.

Dicks starts to stir.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

He's alive !

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

He's dead.

BERT

He's undead.

Dicks looks around, uncertain for a moment.

Welcome to the land of the undead.

DICKS

I need a cigarette.

BERT

You can't smoke without lungs.

DICKS

Gimme a cigarette !

BERT

Okay.

Bert takes out a cigarette and puts it into Dicks's mouth, then lights it.

Dicks tries to smoke but does not have enough lung left. His decomposed body lets out a whimpering cough.

DICKS

I need...

BERT

Lungs. - Let's sort him some lungs.

CUT TO:

EXT – PARK – DAY

A young woman, early twenties, is looking at her mobile phone, seated on a bench. She does not smoke.

Bert and his group of undead smokers approach her.

BERT

Hey, there.

She looks up from her phone.

WOMAN

What ?

BERT

Young woman – have you got a decent pair of lungs ?

WOMAN

What're you talking about.

BERT

Your lungs. You ever been a smoker.

WOMAN

No.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

You never been a smoker in ya life ?

WOMAN

Never.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

Not one solitary cigarette ?

WOMAN

Not one.

BERT

How is that even possible ?

WOMAN

Willpower. I was never interested in smoking. I never wanted to impress no-one I was cool or grown-up.

BERT

You must have a real good pair o' lungs.

WOMAN

I swim. I work out.

BERT

Grab her.

They grab her and bundle her into a van, then drive off.

CUT TO:

INT – VAN – DAY

The woman in the back, Bert in the front driving.

WOMAN

Jesus – why're you guys interested
in my lungs ?

BERT

You'll soon find out.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE CELLAR – DAY

The woman is dragged down the stairs into the cellar where the animated decomposed corpse
of Dicks is waiting for her.

WOMAN

This place stinks. - He's a corpse,
he's fucking dead.

DICKS

I am one of the undead. I need your
lungs.

She screams as she struggles as Bert and the undead smokers force her towards Dicks's mouth.
He opens it and sucks her lungs into his body. She slumps down dead.

Dicks takes some deep breaths.

That's better. - Gimme a cigarette.

Bert hands him a Specials cigarette and lights it for Dicks to smoke.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert, Dicks and some undead smokers.

BERT

Well, Mr. Dicks, you got any ideas
how to cure us ?

DICKS

Nah – I got new lungs but I ain't got
a new brain.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT – CONGRESSWOMAN’S OFFICE – DAY

The congresswoman and Bert.

BERT

I tried.

CONGRESSWOMAN

You failed. I warned you what would happen. We’ve had too many reports of your undead smokers, your associates, removing the lungs of non-smokers, even people who never smoked in their lives, taking their lungs for their evil perverted purposes, this vile addiction -

BERT

Yes, it is vile. I admit it.

CONGRESSWOMAN

You can’t expect us to ignore this. I’m sorry, I’m issuing orders any of your undead smokers caught accosting non-smokers, sucking out their lungs, any of them seen doing this, will be incinerated on sight.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

People walking down the street in normal activities. Some people seated on benches. Some undead smokers being to emerge, creeping out of the shadows.

A group of undead smokers corners in on a bench and accosts the people there, trying to force them into positions whereby they can suck out their lungs.

A policeman notices this and radios into his mobile.

In less than a minute, a black armoured van appears at the corner of the street and men in black uniforms emerge. They approach the bench where the undead smokers are holding onto some people, trying to move their mouths together.

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM

Stand aside. Let them go, or we shoot.

They take out flame-throwers and prepare to fire.

The undead smokers stop their assault and stand aside.

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM

Fire !

They fire the flame-throwers at the undead smokers, despite them standing aside.

CUT TO:

INT – CONGRESSWOMAN’S ROOM – DAY

Bert and the congresswoman.

BERT

Congresswoman, there’s reports of some undead smokers being set on fire despite them surrendering.

CONGRESSWOMAN

I’m sorry about that. There musta been some miscommunication. It can happen.

BERT

You promise me it was a mistake.

CONGRESSWOMAN

You have my word.

CUT TO:

EXT – LARGE PARK WITH BENCHES – DAY

When the undead smokers try to assault people to get their lungs, the men in black uniforms appear but they still incinerate the undead smokers, even when they stand aside, and when they do, they fire the flame-throwers and incinerate the undead smokers and as well, the people they were trying to assault.

Many similar deaths happen.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert, Dicks and some other undead smokers.

BERT

That bitch lied to us. Her orders were just to kill on sight.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

We’re doomed.

2nd UNDEAD SMOKER

What can we do ?

BERT

We gotta abstain. We gotta show them non-smokers are safe with us.

DICKS

We need lungs. We can never abstain.
I know that now. I understand that now.

3rd UNDEAD SMOKER

We are totally fucked.

BERT

Let's appeal to them. Let them see Bill,
a frail harmless old man, he's a smoker,
too. He is a typical example of us undead
smokers.

1st UNDEAD SMOKER

D'you think it might work ?

BERT

We gotta try.

CUT TO:

EXT – LARGE PRECINCT OUTDOOR AREA.

Bert wheels out Bill Dicks, some undead smokers behind him carrying small white flags.

Dicks looks fragile. He takes out a Specials cigarette and smokes.

Some people approach him, followed by tv crews and their cameramen.

DICKS

I am a smoker. I am addicted to these
Specials cigarettes. I did appropriate
a pair of lungs. But, I would never,
never, take a pair from a living non-smoker.

The black van appears, the men in black uniforms get out, whielding their flame-throwers,

BERT

He's an old man. He's harmless. Just
let him smoke. That's all he wants.

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM

He's an undead smoker. They rob the lungs
of the innocent. Kill him !

They open fire with their flame-throwers and Dicks is burnt to death.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN shows interior of study where a NEWSREADER is presenting footage of the
incineration of Dicks.

NEWSREADER

This is outrageous. This has to stop.

CUT TO:

INT – CONGRESSWOMAN’S ROOM – DAY

The congresswoman and a superior, a SENATOR.

SENATOR

This is now a propaganda war. It’s them or us. There can be no middle way now.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert and Mary-Lou.

BERT

Can you believe that ! They killed the good old man. They killed him. Set fire to him.

MARY-LOU

That is just appalling.

They take out cigarettes and light them. They smoke.

Bert, what’re we gonna do ? It’s not safe for us, the undead who happen to smoke.

BERT

They won’t take my Specials from me. They won’t take my lungs.

MARY-LOU

Strictly speaking, they’re not your lungs. They’re someone else’s lungs.

BERT

They can take my lungs out when I’m dead.

MARY-LOU

You are dead. You’re undead.

BERT

Possession is nine-tenths of the law.
I own these lungs now. They belong
to me.

He smokes.

I'm gonna go onto tv and plead my cause.

MARY-LOU

Will they listen to you ?

BERT

I don't know. They should do.

MARY-LOU

This is just crazy.

CUT TO:

INT – TV STUDIO – DAY

On one side, Bert; on the other, a SPOKESMAN for the government. Also, a PRESENTER, cameramen, PRODUCER and audience.

PRESENTER

On behalf of the Undead Smokers' Union,
Bert Cardin.

Some applause.

BERT

Thank you. Life is about the decisions
you make. If you make the wrong decisions,
the consequences can come back to haunt
you forever.

A little unrest in the crowd and impatient expression on the presenter's face.

I made the dumb decision to smoke. I
certainly regretted it – some thirty, forty
years ago, I made that mistake. I wish
I could go back and change what I did.
But – I chose to smoke – I take full
responsibility for that choice...

The spokesman interrupts.

SPOKESMAN

That's something from you – an actual
admission of guilt, of responsibility

SPOKESMAN (cont'd)
for your actions.

BERT
But, what I did not choose to do, what I disclaim all responsibility for, is to make a cigarette so addictive I could not give up smoking that particular brand even after it killed me. I came back from the dead, I became one of the undead, a useless goddamn zombie. just to smoke that vile shit over and over again.

PRESENTER
We apologise for that language.

BERT
I – my only function once I'd come back as one of the undead – was to smoke, but I needed lungs – my own lungs had all rotted away when I was decomposing - mind you, my lungs were pretty shot anyway before I died – I had to get me a new pair of lungs. And, it didn't matter, it didn't matter so long as us undead had enough lungs of smokers to...appropriate - but, we just ran outta lungs. We had no choice but to resort to taking lungs from life-long non-smokers.

SPOKESMAN
You would hafta remove the lungs -

BERT
Of course.

SPOKESMAN
- Of living people, who were non-smokers -

BERT
Yes -

SPOKESMAN
And that would kill them - ?

BERT
Yes.

SPOKESMAN

There you are then. You are a murderer !

Shouts and commotion in the audience.

Bert takes out a pack of cigarettes.

PRESENTER

Mr. Cardin, you must not smoke in the studio. It is not allowed.

Bert takes out a cigarette and puts it in his mouth. He takes out a lighter.

SPOKESMAN

Don't light it.

BERT

I gotta smoke.

He lights his cigarette and smokes.

Security guards rush onto the stage and man-handle him off.

Blackout.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Bert and Mary-Lou, both smoking their Specials cigarettes.

They hear the post.

Bert gets up to pick up a letter, which he opens, going back through into the living room.

It is a notice for a \$500 fine, and the penalty for non-payment, imprisonment.

MARY-LOU

What is it ?

BERT

Five hundred dollar fine for smoking on live tv. Either that, or go to jail. I'm gonna pay. No way I could last out the time without smoking.

MARY-LOU

It's not fair. If you gotta smoke, you gotta smoke.

They smoke.

BERT

They got no understanding what it's like
to be an undead smoker.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

Protests against undead smokers with people with placards, such as, “Don't let them have our lungs”, “Incinerate the undead smokers”, “Lungs are for the living, not the undead”, “Make this city a smoke-free zone”, being held up.

Bert and Mary-Lou reflect on this at a distance.

BERT

This is no place for an undead smoker.
It's not safe for us here. Public opinion
has been poisoned against us. Let's get
outta here.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – NIGHT

The living room.

Bert and Mary-Lou watching tv reports of more violence against undead smokers, with people setting fire to them, and footage of some of them burning.

BERT

I'm not gonna let one of them bastards
set fire to us ! I'd rather kill myself.

MARY-LOU

You can't kill yourself, you're already dead.
You're beyond dead. You're the undead.

BERT

If I'm gonna burn, I'm gonna light the match.

MARY-LOU

Suicide ?

BERT

If it comes to it, I'd rather set fire to
myself.

MARY-LOU

That would be a desperate reaction.

BERT

I'D get in some gasoline.

MARY-LOU
We'd join Louise. In heaven.

BERT
In heaven ? Heaven does not exist.

MARY-LOU
Louise is in heaven. She's got wings.
She's an angel.

BERT
She's ashes.

Bert goes to the mantle-piece and takes down the urn containing Louise's ashes.

There she is.

He hands the urn to Mary-Lou, who puts it down on a table.

MARY-LOU
I'm beginning to think she mighta made
the right choice.

BERT
Life is full of choices, good ot bad. Most
of them, bad.

MARY-LOU
We made. We chose to smoke. Then, we
chose to smoke Specials cigarettes. That
was a mistake.

BERT
Don't you think I know that ! I said that
a thousand times, a million times. That's
the story of my life. A total fuck-up based
on one lousy fucking bad decision. Fuck.

MARY-LOU
I wish I had never started.

She takes out another Specials cigarette, lights it and smoke.

Goddamn you, you stinking piece of shit.

She continues to smoke.

You serious about this suicide stuff ?

BERT

I think it's the only real choice any sane person can make in these circumstances. Self-immolation is better than someone else doing it to you.

MARY-LOU

That is so brave.

BERT

You're coming with me ?

MARY-LOU

You got the guts to do it, I do too.

BERT

Let's do it.

CUT TO:

EXT – STREET – DAY

Further protests and riots against the undead smokers, with placards like, "They're already dead, let's burn the undead".

Some protestors throw petrol bombs into the windows of the houses occupied by some of the undead smokers they think they have identified.

Out of one burning house, a man runs screaming out on fire, falls onto the pavement and tries to put himself out. Rolling over, he manages to put the flames out after about half a minute of writhing about.

He gets up and goes over to the protestors.

MAN

I don't fucking Smoke. Jesus – get your facts right before you start throwing bombs.

PROTESTOR

You're not an undead smoker ?

MAN

No.

PROTESTOR

I'm sorry.

MAN

You're gonna burn up them fuckers, them bastard undead smokers, I'm with you, but it don't help the cause if you

MAN (cont'd)
misidentify the living for the undead.

PROTESTOR
You'll come with us.

MAN
Hey, I'll throw a bomb if you get it
right – I hate them undead smokers -
I heard all about them – they rob the
lungs of the living – they're zombies,
vampires, ghouls – fuck 'em.

The man joins the protestors and they look up on their mobile phones all the information they can get on the inhabitants of the street, as they move down it, selecting more carefully this time who to throw the petrol bombs at.

They come up to Bert's House.

The protestor looks up the address and it is clear that it belongs to a quite well-known, perhaps even infamous undead smoker, Bert Cardin.

PROTESTOR
This guy, and that woman lives with him,
they are both definitely undead smokers.

Another protestor speaks.

2nd PROTESTOR
Let's get 'em.

The protestors throw petrol bombs through the windows of Bert's house. The man joins in.

The crowd is rowdy.

CUT TO:

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Petrol bombs smash through the windows of the downstairs floor, setting fire to the inside. Bert gets out some fire-extinguishers and manages to put the fires out, handing one or two extinguishers to Mary-Lou, who helps to put the fires out.

BERT
Fuckin' assholes ! No-one's gonna set
fire to us but ourselves.

MARY-LOU
That's my man.

There is some damage to the downstairs and Bert looks despairingly at the mess.

BERT

These assholes have no morality. They think it's right to incinerate us – undead smokers 'cause they think we stole their lungs. Well, you can have your fucking lungs back – I don't want them. I don't need 'em.

Bert starts to vomit up his lungs, and one of them starts to emerge from his mouth.

MARY-LOU

Oh, Bert, what're you doing ?

BERT

They can have their lungs back.

MARY-LOU

Bert, you won't be able to smoke without them lungs.

This makes Bert stop and think. He pops his sticking-out lung back into his mouth and swallows it.

BERT

You're right. I'm gonna have one last cigarette, then I'm gonna give 'em back their precious lungs.

He sits down and lights a Specials cigarette.

He smokes.

Want one ?

MARY-LOU

Yeah.

He offers her a cigarette. She takes it and lights up.

She smokes.

Thanks. I needed that.

They smoke.

BERT

I was serious, though. They can have their lungs back. This is the last cigarette. They ain't got nothing on us, morally speaking, if we hand them back their lungs.

MARY-LOU

You making a moral statement.

BERT

That's it.

MARY-LOU

But they could say, a used pair of lungs, not actually in someone's body, can't be of any use. They might say we shouldn't have appropriated the lungs in the first place.

BERT

That is being too precise.

MARY-LOU

I guess so.

They smoke.

BERT

You'll join me - ? It is a kinda suicide pact.

MARY-LOU

Yeah – I guess so.

BERT

No more smoking. No more Specials.

MARY-LOU

I've had enough of them anyway.

BERT

The time comes when you just hafta quit.

They finish their last cigarette.

That's it.

Bert starts to regurgitate his lungs, followed by Mary-Lou.

The lungs emerge from their mouths and they both hold them in their hands.

Their breathing becomes very laboured as they approach a smashed window.

Bert throws his lungs out of the window.

Mary-Lou throws her lungs out.

BERT

Good riddance.

MARY-LOU

We're gonna go meet up with Louise,
in heaven.

BERT

Yes – if there is a heaven, she will be
there. She was an angel.

MARY-LOU

She got wings.

Bert picks up a can of gasoline and pours it over himself. He hands the can to Mary-Lou who then douses herself with it.

Bert sets fire to himself.

Burning, he hands the lighter to Mary-Lou, who sets fire to herself.

They are in flames, but they smile through the release of their souls at last from the addiction to Specials cigarettes.

They burn up until they are reduced to ashes.

THE END

