

Six Feet Down

By

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Characters:

Wil, 28

Todd, 28

Time:

Now.

Place:

Bedroom, Todd's apartment

Lights up on a cluttered bedroom in a small city apartment. Papers, books, and dvds everywhere. Food scattered. There is a large lump of clothes on the floor. And a computer on a messy, small, cheap desk.

WIL

(off stage)

Todd? (beat) Todd?! (beat) Where are you, man?! It's  
Wil! I got your phone call!

WIL enters the bedroom. He's a slacker, unshaven, lousy clothes, old shoes. He's limping from a bad knee. He has a bandage on the side of his head.

WIL (cont'd)

Todd?

He looks around, doesn't see anyone. He sighs, worried, at the mess. He pulls out his cell and makes a call. A moment later, there is a ring on the desk (it's the song "Who Let the Dogs Out?"). WIL searches for the phone, desperate to shut off the song. He finds it inside an empty cereal box. He hangs up his own phone. The other one stops ringing. Hidden in the lump on the floor, TODD, wearing headphones, rolls out of the mess of clothes. He sees WIL, which startles him.

TODD

Shit!

This startles WIL.

WIL

Fuck!

TODD sits up, removes the headphones.

WIL (cont'd)

Jesus, man. You scared the shit out of me.

TODD

You scared me, too, man.

WIL

Didn't you hear me come in?

No. TODD

TODD is clearly distressed. He hasn't showered or shaved. He's in an emblematic (perhaps Batman or some graphic novel thing) T-shirt and plain grey sweat pants. Bare feet. One of his hands is bandaged. One of his feet, too.

WIL  
What are you doing just lying there?

TODD  
I was experimenting. To see if I could fall asleep.

WIL  
Try going to sleep at night in a bed, that usually works. Where's all your furniture, dude?

TODD  
Sarah took it.

WIL  
Ah, shit, man. I'm sorry. Is that why you called? Your phone message was cutting out. I only got half of it. You sounded insane.

TODD  
I want to show you something.

TODD moves quickly to the desk top, swiping papers away to get at something.

TODD (cont'd)  
I went on the internet. I did some research on the bridge collapse. Here.

TODD hands WIL a printout.

WIL  
Wait. So this isn't about Sarah?

TODD  
No. Listen to me. You know all the people that alledgedly survived? I'm trying to make a list. Some have died in the hospital. And the others? They won't release the names. I did find one name of one guy who survived.

He points to the name on the printout.

TODD (cont'd)

I got it from a blurb in this tiny newspaper in Iowa. But the blurb doesn't say where he lives exactly or where he works, nothing. Of course the newspaper won't tell me anything. And other than the one blurb, Google has nothing on this guy. It's like he doesn't exist.

He takes the paper out of WIL'S hand.

TODD (cont'd)

This morning, I went to the junkyard. Harold's Wrecking. On the south side. I saw my car. Have you gone out there?

WIL

No.

TODD searches the desk top again.

TODD

Here's a shitty printout of a picture I took on my phone.

He hands WIL the photo printout.

TODD (cont'd)

The car is crushed. There's about eight inches between the roof and the seats. It's practically pancaked. Nobody could have survived that. There's no way. *No way.*

WIL

Look, man, I know you're struggling with what's happened to us. *We* lived. And a lot of *other* people died. I get that.

TODD

That's not what this is about, Wil.

WIL

What is it about, Todd?

TODD

It's about the fact that I don't think *anyone* survived. Even me.

WIL

What are you talking about, dude?

TODD

I think I actually died. Under the twisted steel of that bridge. In the river. In my car. *Six feet down.* I think I'm dead, Wil.

WIL

Todd...

TODD

They told us later when they pulled us out of the water that we showed no signs of life.

WIL

You didn't die.

TODD

How long we were trapped in the car?

WIL

I don't know.

TODD

Bridge came down around, what, four? How long before we sunk in the water? About 10 minutes, right? Car filled up in about, what, 45 seconds? How long we're we drowned?

WIL

You didn't drown. EMTs revived you.

TODD

Says who?

WIL

Says them. Says me. I was already conscious when you came to. They said "welcome back." You came back. And you're here now. What other proof do you need that you're alive, man?

TODD

Remember what we said to each other as the car was filling up with water?

WIL

Yeah, you said "I guess we won't be making happy hour."

TODD

You said if we got out of this we were going to give up the video store and you and Jenny and me and Sarah were all going to move to the coast. Get a little bungalow and party until we dropped. We swore up and down we'd do it. That was eight days ago. Let me tell you, right now, I don't give a shit if I ever see the coast again in my life.

WIL

So what?

TODD

Don't you see what that means?

WIL

Yeah, it means you and I can't commit to dog shit. We never could.

TODD

I've never been this apathetic.

WIL

The history department at Penn State would disagree with you.

TODD

I don't care about reading or watching movies or taking a shower-

WIL

You sure as hell seem to care that you don't care.

TODD

And isn't *that* ironic?

WIL

Do you have any idea how stupid you sound right now?

TODD

I'm dead, Wil!

WIL

No, you're not! You're standing there, aren't you?! Dead people can't stand up, can they?! You can walk. You go outside and the world knows you are there. You're not a ghost. You talk to people. People talk to you, don't they? You go to work. You sleep, you eat, you crap.

TODD

I read that the digestive system continues weeks after death.

WIL

Come on, dude. This is crazy.

TODD

We have organisms living in our stomachs and our intestines that help us digest. *We* may die. But *they* don't.

WIL

Stop.

TODD

I Googled it. I Googled all kinds of things. For example, how can you be sure you actually sleep if you don't dream?

WIL

Everyone knows when they've been asleep.

TODD

Maybe the dead don't. I've been lying on the floor since yesterday trying to fall asleep. Did I? How can I know? We have no concept of time when we're asleep.

WIL

But we do if we're awake.

TODD

Do you know what happens to blood as soon as you die?

WIL

Yeah, the blood pools to the lowest area of the body. Depending on the position you died in. I watch a lot of C.S.I.

TODD

It's called hypostasis. Or lividity. Or Liver Mortis. It's one of the first signs of death. You want to see what my back looks like?

WIL

No. I don't.

TODD

You don't have to.

(going to the computer)

Here, I took a picture of my back and then set it next to a photo of a corpse from Wikipedia.

TODD shows him on the computer.

TODD (cont'd)

Look. *Look!* See how similar they are?

WIL

Todd, we were in a major catastrophe. Our bodies were traumatized. I'm black and blue, too, man.

TODD

I don't bleed, Wil.

WIL

Sure you do.

TODD

No. I don't.

TODD shows WIL his arm, which has a huge cut on it.

WIL

(shocked)

Jesus.

TODD

It won't bleed. It won't heal. *Nothing will heal!*

WIL

Dude, what are you doing to yourself?

TODD

I don't feel pain, either. I can't even feel my heartbeat.

WIL

You're breathing, aren't you?

TODD

Yeah, but *why* am I breathing?

WIL

Because you are alive, you fucking idiot! Where's Sarah? Let me talk to her. I know she can straighten your ass out. Sarah?!

TODD

I told you. She's gone.

WIL

Where?

TODD

She went back to Ohio. She says I don't love her anymore and she's right. I don't. I don't love anything anymore. I can't taste anything. Or smell anything. Take my pulse. See if you can take my pulse. I can't get a fucking pulse!

TODD shoves his arm at WIL.

WIL

(slowly reaching into his  
pocket for his cell)

OK. Look. I think we need to call Sarah or Jenny or someone else who can help you right now-

TODD pulls out a gun from the mess on the floor.

WIL (cont'd)

Where did you get that?

TODD

I bought it. To prove my point. That you can't kill what's already dead.

TODD puts the gun to his chest.

WIL

Hold on, man!

WIL grabs the gun, pulls it away, but pulls it right into his own belly.

The gun goes off. WIL falls hard, suddenly, shockingly, to his knees, then flat on his face.

TODD  
Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Oh, my God. Wil? (beat) WIL?!

TODD grabs his cell and dials.

TODD (cont'd)  
(distraught)  
Yeah, I shot my friend. (beat) My name is Todd. Todd Reed. You gotta send somebody! RIGHT NOW!

Behind him, WIL rises, stunned, gasping, but very much alive.

TODD  
(into phone)  
Wait.

WIL  
I'm OK.

TODD  
(into phone)  
Never mind.

WIL  
I'm OK.

TODD  
Oh, my God.

WIL  
I'm OK.

TODD  
You're dead, too.

WIL  
What?

TODD  
You're dead, too, Wil.

WIL  
What are you talking about?

TODD  
I just shot you!

WIL looks at his shirt, which only has a hole now.

WIL  
There's no blood. What's going on?

TODD  
You're dead. We're *both* dead.

WIL  
No way, man.

TODD  
(slipping into "happy" madness)  
I was right. I was fucking right!

WIL  
No. (beat) No!!

TODD  
*You are dead.*

WIL  
That's impossible!

WIL looks at TODD like it *is* possible.

TODD  
All this time, you've suspected, haven't you?

Denying it, WIL shakes his head.

TODD (cont'd)  
And Jenny is freaked out, isn't she?

WIL  
Shut up!

TODD  
YOU'RE DEAD, WIL!

WIL  
I AM NOT DEAD!! I AM ALIVE!!

TODD shoots WIL again. He falls hard again. TODD shoots WIL over and over until the gun is out of bullets. After a moment, WIL gasps, and sits up.

TODD  
Have you been hungry? Have you been thirsty? You still piss river water, don't you? When you talk to people, do you care at all what they are saying? When you go outside, does it matter that the sun is shining bright, that the trees are bursting with color, that the world is a beautiful place? Do you care anymore about anything? When was the last time you *really wanted something*?

What makes a person truly alive, Wil? Love? Laughter?  
Heartache? Are you experiencing any of those things?

WIL  
(frightened)  
*I don't understand.*

TODD laughs. It's scary.

TODD  
Something really weird happened on that bridge and now we  
live in two worlds. We're the walking dead, Wil. You and  
me, man. We're zombies! WE'RE IMMORTAL!

TODD lets out a crazy, wild laugh as  
WIL looks on, terrified. Lights slowly  
fade out.

THE END