

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An expanse tidy living room, owned by someone with a lot of money, and a love of Las Vegas style pomp and flair. A huge bronze fountain lies near a window, the statue a tangle of bodies in orgiastic ecstasy, water trickling down their patinated thighs and breasts.

An old man coughs from somewhere in this huge ranch house.

INT. JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

An heart-shaped pink jacuzzi lies like a princess' bed pillow, surrounded by a collection of phallic sculptures.

The coughing intensifies.

INT. EXPANSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long hallway, done up with the same Vegas taste. The walls are covered with abstract art of people performing fellatio.

The coughing grows even more.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside a dark room. More coughing, followed by murmuring and the shuffling of bedsheets.

BARRY GORDON MARTINEZ, 75, turns on his bedside lamp. His hands shake over his forest of prescription medicine bottles, Metamucil, and an unfinished crossword puzzle.

Barry is thin, with even thinner white hair, and age spots. An oxygen tube hangs from his face, leading to a small tank at his side.

CAPTAIN SMILTS, an African Parrot, lies asleep on a tiny bed in his huge luxury cage before a tiny TV playing a nature special.

TV NARRATOR

*Muskrat babies are called "kits"
and are born blind...*

Captain Smilts is surrounded by those little rum bottles one buys from airline stewardesses, except his are empty, save for the half-drunk one he clutches in his wings.

Captain Smilts lifts his drunken head, annoyed by Barry's coughing, and covers his ears with a tiny pillow.

CAPTAIN SMILTS

Shut up!

With shaking hands, Barry pops some pills, catching his breath while clutching a shoulder. Breathlessly, he looks at the large wall ahead of him.

This wall is covered in framed magazine covers, VHS artwork proofs, and a shelf of awards.

Moving closer, we see the framed items are porno magazine covers from titles from the 1970s and 1980s: *Men's World*, *SCREW*, *Swank*. Some contain headlines like "Dick Double Does it Again!" and "Dick Double: Master of the Ass."

Next to these are framed theater marquis posters and VHS concept art for porn titles such as "The Postman Only Comes Twice," "Clitopatra's Wet Nile," and "Banana Boy Munchers IV."

All of these have an image of a Young Barry from 30-45 years ago. He's cut, attractive, in some suggestive pose with another porn actress, or three of them.

The top shelf is covered in AVN awards: "Best Actor: Dick Double," seems to be a repeat, as are "Best Director: Dick Double."

Barry stares ambiguously at these pictures. As a rumble of thunder sounds from outside, Barry spots something of great interest at the bottom of the wall.

He groans again, and with a cane, he struggles to make his way to the wall. He leans over and removes a small framed picture forgotten amongst these porn relics of his past.

POV BARRY: a frame containing an old color photo of THREE GIRLS between the ages of 8-15, happily clinging to a Younger Barry around Christmas time.

Barry seems stricken with sadness at this photo. As the thunder outside gets louder, he turns the frame around.

POV BARRY: An old photo taped to the back. This is of Young Barry, around 25, on his wedding day, with a simple but pretty YOUNG BRIDE around this age.

A flash of lightning outside the huge picture window catches Barry's attention, and he looks up from the photo where little bolts of lightning play out in an approaching storm. A figure hovers outside his window.

Barry gasps in pain, and clutches his shoulder, begins to breathe rapidly, and drops the picture.

Barry falls to the floor, his eyes transfixed on the figure at the picture window. His glasses with sweats, his skin goes pale, his eyes start to glaze.

Barry Gordon Martinez is dying.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY - FANTASY

Barry lies awake in a coffin in a sterile funeral parlor where everything is as grey as a rain cloud. A doughy-faced PRIEST who looks dead himself, reads from a Bible.

PRIEST

"Blessed are those servants whom the master finds vigilant on his arrival. Amen, I say to you..."

Barry sits up from his coffin in a sea of empty grey chairs. Only DEATH DELICIOUS, a transsexual who looks like she walked off the cover of one of Barry's VHS tapes, sits in her revealing black skimpy attire and platform shoes. She puts down a huge scythe to light a cigarette.

BARRY

Those are bad for you.

DEATH DELICIOUS

And how do you think you got here, Barry?

Barry looks around the empty room. Death Delicious offers him a cigarette and he takes it.

BARRY

Am I really dying?

DEATH DELICIOUS

We're all on the march to death's eternal orgy, sweetheart.

Barry shakes his head in disbelief.

DEATH DELICIOUS (CONT'D)

What? Is it the grey curtains? How about a change of scenery then?

Death Delicious pulls out an old VHS player remote from her bust and hits a button.

EXT. SHORELINE OF NORDIC BEACH - DAY - FANTASY

Barry suddenly finds himself on top of a tall funeral pyre, in some bizarre Viking attire, near tokens of wealth and several SLAVES slain in his honor.

He lifts his head fearfully, looks over the pyre to an empty shoreline. Only a FIRE MAKER approaches the pyre like this is any normal day. Death Delicious waves from below.

DEATH DELICIOUS

How's this?

BARRY

Wait! No!

The Fire Maker lights the pyre with a torch.

Barry starts screaming as an OLD FISHER WOMAN hobbles by, a basket of fish in her arms. She stops to warm her hands, grinning a toothless smile.

Death Delicious hits a button on her remote.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY - FANTASY

A TIBETAN DOOMDI finishes presenting the last piece of Barry's corpse to the vultures that surround this practice of Sky Burial. Death Delicious seems a bit grossed out, and pukes behind a rock.

Barry's head lies planted in the grass, and he looks about the vultures that move around his dismembered legs and arms. These big birds aren't too sure about Barry's meat.

TIBETAN DOOMDI

(in Tibetan - subtitled)

Meaty American man. He'll taste really good. Lots of iron!

The vultures seem a bit more willing to try out a Barry snack, but Barry wiggles his head, spits at them.

BARRY

Shoo, bird brains!

Death Delicious wipes her mouth and digs for her remote.

INT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB - NIGHT - FANTASY

Decked out like a Pharaoh, Barry pushes the lid off his tomb and steps out. He unwraps his mummy wraps from his face and looks about in confusion. Death Delicious yawns and stretches near a flaming torch.

Barry spots some cats sniffing around, and Death Delicious pets them.

BARRY

(to cats)

Hey, aren't you supposed to guide me to some afterlife paradise?

A cat crouches to take a dump in the sand. Death Delicious laughs. Barry runs to a wall and starts beating against it.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Let me out! I didn't sign up for immortality by myself!

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Barry continues to beat his fists against the lid of his open coffin as Death Delicious returns the VHS remote to her bust.

DEATH DELICIOUS

Yeah. Those weren't much better. But you're right. The grey look here is so...depressing.

Barry rests exhausted on the coffin lid.

BARRY

Where is the booze? The music? My daughters? My ex-wife? My brother? Didn't anyone love me?

DEATH DELICIOUS

Might have something to do with all that screwing you did for a living.

BARRY

Nonsense. Haven't you read about the health benefits of intercourse?

Death Delicious uncrosses and crosses her gorgeous legs while lighting another cigarette. She seems bored.