



REVELATION, RENAISSANCE, RESURRECTION

by John Emms

EXCERPT

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Resurrection

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Doctor stands by patient on bed.

Doctor: Welcome to the year 2375.

Patient: What?

Doctor: As contracted before your death we've revived you when feasible.

Patient: Oh...Yeah! Brilliant! Cryogenics! Knew it would work!

Doctor: But we're short of space. You have twenty-four hours to leave.

Patient: *What?*

Doctor: Sorry.

Patient: But where can I go?

Doctor: Didn't you make arrangements?

Patient: I provided money. Life insurance.

Doctor: Ah. Unfortunately - rising cryogenic costs - revival complications - that's all gone. Didn't you have separate arrangements?

Patient: Your people said that would suffice.

Doctor: Well, difficult to predict, that long ago. Shame. Another hundred at three percent compound would've been over three million now.

Patient: Wow!

Doctor: Though that would only buy a regular cappuccino today.

Patient: Oh God! (*Beat*) What about Frankie?

Doctor: Frankie?

Patient: My partner. Has Frankie been revived?

Doctor: Yes, Frankie was revived in 2240. But died again two years later of something we can't yet reverse.

Patient: Oh no! Can't you try?

Doctor: No. Sorry. (*Pause*) So. When do you anticipate leaving?

Patient: But I've nowhere to go.

Doctor: Can't help that. We have our own problems.

Patient: Can I have some clothes?

Doctor: We have no contractual obligation to provide clothes. Your old ones were placed in your locker...

Patient: So can someone bring them?

Doctor:... but disintegrated about a century ago.

Patient: Are you proposing to turn me into the street naked and alone?

Doctor: We have completed our obligations. You should have made provision. But don't worry. Nudity is commonplace now.

Patient: Really? (*Beat*) Is it summer?

Doctor: No. February. Foot of snow outside, I'm afraid.

Patient: Bloody hell!

Doctor: Swearing, on the other hand, is no longer commonplace or acceptable.

Patient: Oh, Jesus!... Sorry! (*Pause*) Is there no way Frankie can be revived?

Doctor: I'm afraid not.

Patient: No Frankie; no money; no home; no clothes; not even any bloody swearing... Sorry! What's the bloody point? And no I won't apologise again.

Doctor: I understand your feelings.

Patient: Can you... put me under again?

Doctor: Of course. But how will you pay for it?

Patient: But I don't want to live like this.

Doctor: There is an alternative.

Patient: What's that?

Doctor: You could die permanently. Small painless injection.

Patient: But the whole point was....

Doctor: Yes, but you planned it badly. Big mistake. So now you could forget the whole thing. Just die.

Patient: Is that the only alternative?

Doctor: Afraid so.

Patient: Oh. Well... I suppose...