

How Ya Dyin'?

Episode Two: Moyen et le Bonheur Sans Fin

Script by
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SFX:

Sounds of light traffic. Wind blowing outside. Birds chirping. It's morning.

NARRATOR:

He wished it would be a morning like any other. Just another day in the life of Hannibal Stewart.

HANNIBAL:

Yawns

SFX:

Sound of blankets moving and squeaking of a mattress. They stop moving.

NARRATOR:

However, he knew that this would not be the case. His father had been certain to ingrain the date deep within his skull and insisted the day be marked on Hannibal's "inspirational quote of the day" calendar.

HANNIBAL:

Sighs

SFX:

Pause. Hannibal raises from the bed. Sound of footsteps on creaking floor. He stands up on chair.

HANNIBAL:

Deep inhale followed by a sigh

NARRATOR:

Hannibal Stewart lies in bed for an hour before putting his neck in the noose he had tied the night prior.

SFX:

Sound of chair being knocked over. The noose tightens.

HANNIBAL:

Coughing and Gasping

SFX:

Pause. Sound of rope snapping, Hannibal

falling onto the floor with a crash.

NARRATOR:

As he topples the chair beneath him, the
noose snaps for the two thousand and
ninetieth day in a row.

HANNIBAL:

Coughs God dammit.

NARRATOR:

Coincidence.

SFX:

Hannibal stands up, walks across the
creaking apartment. Police sirens can be
heard in the distance. He opens the fridge
and a cupboard, and makes himself
breakfast.

HANNIBAL:

*Intermittent pained sighs, followed by
sips.*

NARRATOR:

Hannibal pours himself a glass of off brand
Hawaiian Punch and takes three shots of
Pepto.

SFX:

Hannibal picks up a phone and dials it. It
rings once before he speaks into it.

NARRATOR:

He calls his boss and tells him that he has
a fever of one hundred and five. That he
was up all night vomiting.

HANNIBAL:

(On phone, behind narrator)

-Yeah, a hundred and five. Been puking all
night, too... Okay, I'll try.

SFX:

Hangs up phone. Hannibal walks across the
room. He coughs.

NARRATOR:

His boss is confused. These were not lies. His boss knows this, yet, these symptoms had not kept him out of the office before.

HANNIBAL:

hiccups. Sound of trying to repress vomit.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal's stomach is weaker than most. He keeps a small plastic Jack O' Lantern pail on the floor of his cubical, as to not waste any trips to the bathroom in order to empty the contents of his stomach.

SFX:

Hannibal hurries across the room and opens a door.

NARRATOR:

He has worked in data entry at a contracting firm that has changed its name five times within his three years of employment, and his boss believes that his name is Harold. Hannibal would correct him, but he fears he would come off too strong and put his employment in jeopardy.

HANNIBAL:

Nauseous gagging

NARRATOR:

When he first began working at the office, Susan O'Conner from accounting would rub his back as he loudly expelled bile into the often overflowing orange bucket.

HANNIBAL:

Increasingly violent gagging and coughing.

NARRATOR:

Marvin Stemp would offer him water and Tums. His boss would let him know that he could go home early.

SFX:

Hannibal vomits. There is a pause as he coughs the final drops into the toilet bowl.

NARRATOR:

These days, no one so much as blinks as they hear the sound of rancid half-liquids filling the plastic orange shell. Why would they want to help him? They envy him, for they know he has nothing to fear. They know of the brand-like mark engraved in the abdomen of Hannibal Stewart.

HANNIBAL:

Deep, long inhale and exhale.

SFX:

Toilet flushes. Pause.

NARRATOR:

8:25. Hannibal Stewart contemplates taking a bath with his toaster. Not wanting another broken appliance- or worse, another power outage. He reconsiders. The last thing he'd want to do is inconvenience the neighborhood.

SFX:

Sound of pill bottle shaking and being opened.

NARRATOR:

He decides to eat a light breakfast of eighteen Flintstones vitamins. He doesn't care about their effects on his health. He just likes the way it makes his piss fluorescent. Whatever risk there may be, it is beyond him. Worst case scenario, a couple of strapping young EMTs just "happen to be in the neighborhood." They'd see he's in trouble just in time and pump his stomach and prevent an iron overdose.

SFX:

Smash cut to shower running.

NARRATOR:

He takes a shower.

SFX:

Smash cut to no water, Hannibal is vomiting.

NARRATOR:

He vomits.

SFX:

Smash cut to Hannibal sniffing and crying.

NARRATOR:

He cries.

SFX:

Smash cut to shower running again. Hannibal is vomiting.

NARRATOR:

He vomits in the shower.

SFX:

Smash cut to no water, he's sobbing as he vomits.

NARRATOR:

He cries while he vomits.

SFX:

Cut to silence. Hannibal sighs. Sound of pulling up pants and buckling a belt.

NARRATOR:

He gets dressed.

SFX:

Smash cut to static laden voices speaking in french.

NARRATOR:

Behold. Hannibal Stewart sits, dissecting the concepts found in abstract expressionism.

HANNIBAL:

Fake chuckles

NARRATOR:

He laughs during the pauses between dialogue, though he is unsure if he is supposed to.

SFX:

A voice in the film speaks every few seconds, each phrase in different languages.

NARRATOR:

Watching films as such has become one of his largest hobbies. He does not know what language the actors are speaking, nor does he know what the film is about. However, doing so will make Hannibal Stewart appear more refined. He knows this.

SFX:

There is a pause. All that is now heard is the static.

NARRATOR:

Though he would never admit it, Hannibal Stewart detests every moment he spends viewing "Moyen et le Bonheur Sans Fin." Despite this, he carries on. He must be cultured. Well read. Being any less would be a disservice to the entire human race. Many know the finite nature of their time on this blue planet. They plan accordingly.

Comparatively, Hannibal Stewart won what many would consider a genetic lottery.

SFX:

The static becomes louder, accosting the listener, becoming uncomfortable. It cuts abruptly and there is a brief silence.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal ends the film prematurely.

SFX:

Heavy knocking on a door can be heard in the distance.

WESLEY:

(Through door)

Hannibal? Hannibal, you home?!

HANNIBAL:

I'll be there in a second. *Takes in a deep breath*

SFX:

Hannibal raises from the couch and walks slowly across the room. His footsteps creak as the narration progresses.

NARRATOR:

Despite what he told his employer, Hannibal Stewart did not stay home that day because his stomach felt like a rotting landfill. He has feels that way during every waking moment of his existance, and aside from detracting from the quality of his life, he knows it would deal him no long term harm. His employer knows this as well.

SFX:

The knocking gets louder, more distinct, and more aggressive.

WESLEY:

(Through door)

Hannibal? You in there?

NARRATOR:

However, today is different. It is a date that has been marked on his calendar ever

since he was a child.

SFX:

Hannibal opens the door and swings it open.

WESELY:

Oh! Hannibal!

HANNIBAL:

...Hi, Dad.

NARRATOR:

Today, Hannibal Stewart is going to attend the death of his father.

SFX:

Wesley lets himself in, closing the door behind him. He slaps Hannibal on the back.

WESLEY:

How've you been champ?! How long's it been?

SFX:

Sound of Wesley lighting a cigar and taking a drag.

NARRATOR:

Behold. Wesley Stewart.

HANNIBAL:

Can you put that out? There's no smoking in this building.

WESLEY:

Hmm? Yeah, No probelmo. I got a shit ton more in the car.

SFX:

Wesley puts out the cigar on the table.

WESLEY:

I mean- not like I'll be needing 'em!

SFX:

Awkward silence.

WESLEY:

We can uh... We can get going now if that's cool.

SFX:

Pause. The two leave the room, closing the door, exiting the apartment. The sounds of the exterior traffic are now louder. They walk across the sidewalk, the gravel crunching underfoot.

HANNIBAL:

You really sure about this, Dad?

SFX:

The two open the car doors and get into the vehicle.

WESLEY:

Damn right, I am! Sure beats the hell out of cardiac arrest or some other bullshit.

SFX:

The car takes a few tries before actually starting. The car begins to drive.

WESLEY:

I've been eating nothing but bacon and sour patch kids for the past three days. I just want to juice the joys out of this world while I can, you know?

SFX:

The car peels out and is abruptly cut off by radio clicking and static.

BIFF:

Tuesday, August 9th, former Vice President Winston Chester is slated to expire. As is tradition, his body will be consumed by the roaring flame of patriotism.

SFX:

Cheering and Patriotism.

BIFF:

While this is to be expected from any government official, what makes this case

so riveting are Chester's dying wishes: to have his ashes collected and compressed, set inside of a hollow bullet, and be used in the execution of the infamous cannibalistic war criminal Luthor Korekowski. Korekowski has been ruled guilty of eighty four counts of first degree murder, and his date of expiration just happens to be Thursday August 11th. Tickets are still available and you can currently pre order the live pay per view. I know that I wouldn't want to miss out on this truly patriotic double feature.

SFX:

Static garbles the voice, and the sound of the car is heard once again. Sound of the car windows being rolled down.

WESLEY:

You know I got the AC going, right. You really need the window down? ...Hannibal?

HANNIBAL:

(Nauseous)
...Can you pull over?

SFX:

Smash cut to the car pulling over. Smash cut to Hannibal vomiting.

WESLEY:

You uh... you okay there, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, Dad. It happens all the time.

SFX:

Hannibal starts to vomit again. It slowly fades out.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal pours out his insides onto concrete for about six minutes. It takes about two and a half liters before he

finally stops.

SFX:

Car door slam. Engine starting. The car drives.

WESLEY:

That was uh, a lot of uh... substance back there.

HANNIBAL:

I'm fine. Really.

WESLEY:

You're still uh... looking a bit pale there, buckaroo. Does this happen a lot?

HANNIBAL:

I'm fine. Nothing bad could possibly happen. If anything, I'd just pass out for a few minutes.

WESLEY:

Then let's go fill you back up, then!

I wouldn't want you fainting from starvation or something stupid like that during my final shebang!

How's Taco Palace sound? You wanna go to Taco Palace?

HANNIBAL:

(Firmly)

It's fine. Really. I'm not hungry.

WESLEY:

Let's go to Taco Palace.

I hear they're bringing back the "Reverse Triple fried Grande Chalupa. That thing was pretty fucking ballin' back in the day. You'd like it. I bet it's full of vitamins and minerals and shit.

HANNIBAL:

Really, I'm-

SFX:

Static cut.

CASHIER:

Here you are, sir! That'll be 30.89,
please!

SFX:

Slight jingle as Wesley hands over his
wallet.

CASHIER:

Uh... sir? Why'd you hand me your wallet?

SFX:

Engine revs.

WESLEY:

Keep it! Consider it a gift. Won't be
needing this where I'm going, *if you know
what I mean!*

SFX:

They begin to drive away. The cashier can
be heard yelling in the distance.

CASHIER:

You're still Twelve fifty short, you dick!

SFX:

The sound of driving, as Wesley starts to
unwrap his food. He begins to loudly eat
while driving.

WESLEY:

(With food in mouth)
Oh, my good you gotta have one of these.

HANNIBAL:

I think I'll pass.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal often contemplated what his last
words would be.

WESLEY:

Oh, come on, Hannibal!

NARRATOR:

Would they be poetic? Grandiose? They could be whatever he wanted. He had ample time to plan.

WESLEY:

Live a little!

NARRATOR:

What would it matter? No one would hear them, anyway. They would surely only fall on the ears of the walls of his small, inescapable cubicle.

WESLEY:

What's the worst that could happen? It's only Taco Palace!

NARRATOR:

What's the worst that could happen. It's only Taco Palace. Though he would never say it out loud, Hannibal thinks that these would be fitting last words for his father.

SFX:

Sound of Wesley continuing to voraciously eat his food.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal can envision it now. His father heaving at the wheel. Unable to breathe, clenching at his heart, still trying to cram as many chalupa's down his throat as the diameter of his maw can allot.

SFX:

Wesley starts to choke. The car abruptly peels, and crashes in a loud destructive wreck.

NARRATOR:

They would crash. Likely hitting a palm tree on the side of the road.

SFX:

Sound of moving metal and crackling fire.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal would of course live through the wreck. He'd crawl out of the heap and give a moment of respect to his father's scorching body, still contained within the metal death trap.

Hannibal is positive that a death as such would not bother his father. Many would surely slow down to witness the flaming spectacle on the side of the road, ensuing in a biblical traffic disaster.

SFX:

Sound of gasps of terror and screaming onlookers. The fire crackling in the background gets louder. All of these sounds abruptly cut in unison, and the sound of Wesley and Hannibal driving return.

WESLEY:

Come on Hannibal! What's the hold up? You're not gonna live forever!

SFX:

Hannibal unwraps a chalupa, and takes a deep breath. He takes a bite, chewing.

HANNIBAL:

...Wow.

SFX:

Smash cut. Car door slamming. Birds chirp in the distance. The ocean can be faintly heard in the distance.

WESLEY:

We're here! Took us long enough.

NARRATOR:

Wesley Stewart lives in a retirement home located scenically behind the most luxurious of all crack houses within the borders of the United States.

SFX:

The two begin walking. Automatic doors open as they enter the retirement home, and faint, calming music can be heard. Their

steps change from the crunching of pavement to clicking of a polished floor.

NARRATOR:

Wesley is far younger than the other residents of the building, and would have no problem caring for himself. He simply enjoys telling people what to do and not having to do his own laundry.

WESLEY:

Oh, good morning, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS:

Hello Wesley. Beautiful day today, isn't it? Have any plans for the afternoon?

WESLEY:

Oh yeah! I'm going out with a bang! They're gonna need a cleanup on isle three, if you know what I mean!

DAVIS:

I beg your pardon? What you mean- oh... is... has your time come Wesley...?

WESLEY:

You know it, brother! And I'm gonna make sure I have a ball!

DAVIS:

Wesley... don't you think-

NARRATOR:

Many who had inhabited the decades prior would often spend their final moments in tranquility, surrounded by loved ones. The "Dateless" who lacked the foresight to plan would surely be consumed with jealousy.

SFX:

Clicking of elevator. It dings.

HANNIBAL:

Uh... elevator's here, dad. What floor do you live on?

WESLEY:

What? Why take an elevator when I've got two perfectly functioning legs that god gave me?!

NARRATOR:

Do not weep for them. It cannot be blamed. It is merely human nature.

WESLEY:

I'm not trying to say those other old folks here are lazy or nothing. It's just that- you know what- uh... never mind.

SFX:

Static. It ebbs in volume and dissolves. Echoed steps can be heard as the two ascend the stairs.

NARRATOR:

As he ascends the twenty two flights, Hannibal finds himself looking down the spiraling dissension below. He knows that hurling himself down the flights would not get him far. Just a few bumps. A concussion at the worst.

WESLEY:

(Agitated)
Come on Hannibal! Chop chop!

SFX:

Slow echoed steps as Hannibal walks up the stairs.

NARRATOR:

Even if something serious were to happen, his father would surely help him. It'd all just be a big waste of time.

SFX:

Pause in narration as the steps continue.

NARRATOR:

He wouldn't want to take away from his father's big day.

WESLEY:
Hustle! Hustle! We've got places to be!

SFX:
The walking stops.

WESLEY:
Took you long enough.

HANNIBAL:
(Passive aggressive)
My apologies.

WESLEY:
Now if you'd just follow me through here...

SFX:
Door opening. As they enter the room, the
ticking of a clock can be heard in the
background.

WESLEY:
Ah... Home sweet home. Welcome to "Casa de
your old man!"

SFX:
The two walk around the room.

HANNIBAL:
It's uh... it has character.

WESLEY:
Oh! How did I forget to tell you?!
Hannibal, you've got to check this out!

HANNIBAL:
Hmm? What? ...Dad... is that-

WESLEY:
Cocaine! Bought it special! Just for today!

HANNIBAL:
That... that's not real, right? There's... so
much.

WESLEY:
Nine pounds to be exact! How rad is that?!

HANNIBAL:

I- um- You really sure about this, Dad? I hear that overdosing can be kinda painful. Wouldn't you want to take a nap? Wouldn't rather die peacefully in your sleep or something?

SFX:

Pause. Wesley lets out a deep breath.

WESLEY:

Oh... wow. I mean... Holy shit. I didn't realize that I raised such a pussy.

SFX:

Wesley picks up the plastic bag of cocaine. He unzips it, and pours it onto a table.

WESLEY:

You know Hannibal, I didn't bring you along here to listen to you complain.

I want your support. I want to die doing what I love. If you have a problem with that, get the fuck out of here.

SFX:

Pause. Slow walking across the room. Hannibal opens the door.

WESLEY:

Wait!

HANNIBAL:

Yes, Dad?

WESLEY:

Make sure you take the stairs. You're getting kinda chubby there. The elevator's for us old folks with fucked up legs, not your lazy ass.

SFX:

The clock continues to tick. A heart beat starts to beat. The heart beat gets louder and louder, faster and faster, and the

ticking of the clock can no longer be heard. The heart beat stops abruptly, being cut off by the closing of a door. Hannibal walks across the room and sits down in a creaky chair.

NARRATOR:

Hannibal had to admit. It was an intriguing way to perish.

Unfortunately, he knew it would not be his cup of tea. He had never smoked cigarettes or drank alcohol, let alone dreaming of a substance like cocaine.

He could never get past the idea of filling his lungs with anything other than oxygen.

It is for this same reason that throughout all of Hannibal's attempts to take his own life, he has never once considered trying to drown himself.

HANNIBAL:

So? You going to do it, or not?

SFX:

Pause. Wesley makes noises of uncertainty with his mouth.

WESLEY:

You're uh... you're good kid with a long bright future ahead of you.

The last thing I'd want is for me to die with any bad blood... we good?

HANNIBAL:

Sigh Yeah. We're good.

WESLEY:

That's... That's good to hear.

SFX:

Pause.

WESLEY:

Well, I guess it's time to get down to business. It's been real.

SFX:

Wesley dives head first into the table and rolls around in the coke, making a loud and violent display as he envelopes himself in cocaine. As this happens, joyous classical music begins to play.

NARRATOR:

Wesley Stewart swan dives. His first whiff takes no oxygen. Only the white powder.

SFX:

Wesley's sounds are getting louder and more violent. The classical music continues.

Multiple inhales.

NARRATOR:

His second breath is the same. The third. The fourth. No air. Just white.

SFX:

Wesley gasps.

NARRATOR:

Volts of heaven run through his blood. His body akin to a marionette controlled by an unskilled seven-year-old.

Hannibal did not know what he was expecting. Perhaps he thought a cocaine overdose would be more balletic.

SFX:

Wesley starts to make choking noises.

NARRATOR:

As the body flails from side to side coating Wesley's face in powder, Hannibal is unsure if his father is writhing in pain or is simply relishing the experience.

The body's fingers twist rapidly, playing a sonata of desperation on an invisible piano.

SFX:

Wesley's bangs against the table.

NARRATOR:

The convulsions are rhythmless and sharp, each one forcibly thrusting the body in directions it shouldn't move.

Hannibal is prepared to try to help his father, though he does not know what to do. This is his father's day, and this was his father's wish. Yet, Hannibal can't shake the feeling that he should try to call some kind of cocaine exorcist.

SFX:

Wesley lets out a faint coughing laugh.

NARRATOR:

That is, until he hears his father.

SFX:

Wesley's laughing continues.

NARRATOR:

At first Hannibal thinks it is a cough. But this is not a pained sound. His father is euphoric.

SFX:

Wesley's coughing and laughing dies down, as the classical music fades away.

NARRATOR:

The body shakes more and more. It continues to intermittently let out small these small airy noises. At least he's happy.

The foam of dear Wesley's mouth begins to pour on to the table, adding the equivalent of milk to his favorite cereal.

SFX:

Cut to silence. The clock's ticking is all that can be heard in the apartment.

NARRATOR:

After ten minutes, the body no longer

moves.

Hannibal stands in the bathroom of his father's home. To his surprise, He does not feel the need to vomit.

The date is July Seventeenth, Two Thousand Seventy Four.

Wesley Stewart is silent.

Moyen et le Bonheur Sans Fin:

Tiene
Wareware
Gedaan
Liaan
viel

Yameru
Stad
Fermare
Hold Up