

White Light

by

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FADE IN ON:

**DARKNESS - NO DETAILS - OR TIME**

An engine revs, throaty and powerful. The intensity grows, then it's dropped into gear. Fat tires squeal.

You can smell the rubber burning.

As the car shifts and shifts again, the speed grows and its two FEMALE PASSENGERS squeal in delight.

The car's radio kicks in and the two girls sing along to some shrill pop rock diva.

The pumping thrum of car's Hemi provides a mean backbeat.

Then the singing stops suddenly, replaced by SCREECHING tires and SCREAMING girls.

Then... a metal rending, life ending, CRASH!

**LIGHT - PURE WHITE LIGHT**

The two girls appear in silhouette. Both in their late twenties. But that's where the similarity ends.

**ELIZABETH** - blonde willowy wholesomeness. A gold cross hangs from her neck. Innocence in her eyes.

**TONYA** - Black pleather jacket, punk-rock hair. Cynical dimples carve character into her face. A Flying Spaghetti Monster T-shirt hangs from her short, squat frame.

They turn to each other - dazed.

TONYA

What the hell?

She touches her temple. Blood glistens on her fingertips.

TONYA

Did we hit that truck?

ELIZABETH

It was a truck?

TONYA

Yeah. Didn't you see its headlights?

ELIZABETH

No - I saw a deer. And I swerved!

TONYA

It hit us head on. I saw that fat bastard through the windshield.

ELIZABETH

I didn't wanna kill Bambi.

They look at each other, confused by their conflicting memories of whatever just happened.

Elizabeth points at Tonya's ultra hip pleather-wear.

ELIZABETH

You're heavy metal, so, truck?

TONYA

And you're Vegan, so -

ELIZABETH

Bambi.

Tonya thinks it over.

TONYA

Aw Fuck!

ELIZABETH

Language, Tonya!

TONYA

Sorry.

Elizabeth looks around at the pervasive white light.

ELIZABETH

We're dead, aren't we? I mean - the crash, the light.

TONYA

I don't know what this is, Liz.

Elizabeth breathes in the surroundings, at peace.

ELIZABETH

(whispers)

I think we're in Heaven.

Tonya grimaces at the thought, but doubt creeps in.

ELIZABETH

What else could it be?

TONYA

Maybe it's the headlights from the truck?

ELIZABETH

I don't see two. Only one.

TONYA

So now you're insisting on evidence?

ELIZABETH

T - please don't be snarky. This totally isn't the time.

TONYA

Maybe it's a lamp. You know, like in an emergency room?

Elizabeth looks close.

ELIZABETH

No, too big for that. Plus, we're standing here. The angle's all wrong.

TONYA

(sighs)

Then it's gotta be a hallucination. My synapses firing one last time. A last hurrah before everything shuts down and my cerebellum says good night.

(with a British accent)

An undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a fragment of underdone potato.

ELIZABETH

Stop with the literary references, Charles Dickens. We had pizza tonight. Not mashed potatoes from KFC!

Tonya laughs.

TONYA

(British accent)

There's more grave than gravy about us, anyway.

A sigh from Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

If you're just "shutting down", why am I here?

TONYA

You wouldn't be. Not really. But you're my best friend in the world, so maybe you're the last thing I'm thinking of. Quite a compliment if you ask me.

ELIZABETH

And if *I'm right*, we're going to heaven together. Isn't that nice?

The light grows larger, brighter. Tonya hesitates.

TONYA

Isn't that against the rules - to invite heathens like me upstairs?

ELIZABETH

Maybe you're getting a pass on my behalf.

Tonya grins sarcastically.

TONYA

They're gonna *love* me up there.

ELIZABETH

Please, please, please promise you won't swear.

Tonya gulps air, her mouth dry as a bone.

TONYA

I only make promises I can keep.

Elizabeth gives Tonya a playful shove.

ELIZABETH

You don't believe? Even now?

TONYA

Give me proof. Change my mind.

As if on cue, a THRUMMING sound envelops them as completely as the light - and a bloom of red appears on Elizabeth's chest.

Tonya gapes with fear and reaches for her friend.

Her expression is mirrored by Elizabeth as the blood from Tonya's temple begins to flow.

The girls take each other's hands.

ELIZABETH

We've argued about life and death since we were twelve. All things being equal, who do you want to win?

TONYA

You. On this point, at least.

Tonya grins.

TONYA

But if I win, at least we kicked the bucket without any pain.

ELIZABETH

Either way, it looks like we're going there together.

TONYA

(nods)

Friends.

ELIZABETH

To the end.

They step toward the light.

It flares and pulses as they enter - finally obscuring their shapes.

And they're gone.

A heart beat later. Maybe two...

TONYA (O.S.)

Holy SHIT! What are those *things*?

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Darn it, Tonya - language!

TONYA (O.S.)

They, uh, don't look like they're gonna smite us.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Now do you think I was right?

TONYA (O.S.)

Jury's still out. But if this is me hallucinating, you gotta admit: I've got an awesome imagination!

Elizabeth LAUGHS.

Their FOOTSTEPS fade away as the light envelops...

Everything.

FINAL FADE OUT: