

REST ASSURED

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN and an OLDER MAN approach the home's front door. The latter rings doorbell. Waits. Then knocks in two-beat sets. Sound overlaid by a heart-beat, which continues.

INT. FOYER OF HOME - CONTINUOUS

A harried, paunchy HOMEOWNER shuffles towards his front door.

HOMEOWNER

Who the hell is it this time?

He partially opens the door.

INT. /EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

OLDER

Hello, how are you today?

HOMEOWNER

I was fine --

OLDER

We're glad to hear it.

HOMEOWNER

Until you -- listen, I don't want any.

OLDER

Any? Oh, neither do we.

HOMEOWNER

Please, I'm very busy.

OLDER

We certainly don't want any, do we?

YOUNG

No, we don't want any rising oceans, spreading droughts, shrinking forests, sliding mountains, slicking oil, acid downfall, massive updrafts, lacerations, flagellations, fornications --

OLDER

Enough! Have you thought ...

YOUNG  
That this is what ...

OLDER  
The future holds ...

YOUNG  
For you?

HOMEOWNER  
Who are you?

OLDER  
Oh, and us too. We're just like  
you. Rest assured.

Young pulls out a magazine from her briefcase without looking  
at it, and proffers it.

YOUNG  
It's all in here ...

OLDER  
Our magazine ...

YOUNG  
Yours to peruse, muse, disabuse,  
use, and reuse ...

Makes to wipe her bum with free hand.

The Homeowner scrutinizes it without taking it.

HOMEOWNER  
That's the Sears catalogue.

OLDER  
Oh, so it is. She's an apprentice.  
Sorry.

Young thumps, with two heart-beat-like thumps, the good -  
Sears - book with one hand.

YOUNG  
Perhaps not as good for insulating  
yourself against the future.

OLDER  
How sadly true. Or you could --

HOMEOWNER  
Goodbye.