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It Rains in ClearSkies

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It Rains In Clear Skies

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By

Joshua Singer

This feature length screenplay written by

Joshua Singer

under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

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[Signature]
Dean, School of Film & Television

Date

5/9/19

IT RAINS IN CLEARSKIES

Written by

J. Liu Singer

EXT. STONE LAKE - CLEARSKIES - DAY

PITTER-PATTER of rain. Light drizzle.

On the dock, ClearSkies' death reporter JEFF JEFFERY [50s, miserable] brings the microphone to his face.

JEFF

Tragedy, that's all there is to say. Betsy Baker, known for her famous ClearSkies pastries, has passed away this morning, right here at this very lake.

SAME - FOUR HOURS EARLIER

BETSY BAKER [50s, at peace] straps bricks to her ankles.

Arms across her chest, she steps off the dock.

SPLASH.

JEFF (V.O.)

She, of course, died from Stone Lake's infamous freshwater sharks.

CHOMP! Dark blood floats to the surface.

JEFF (V.O.)

And to think that Fred Francis, our beloved ice cream truck driver, attempted to take his own life not even two days ago.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - NIGHT

On an empty highway, FRED FRANCIS [30s, calm] pushes down on the pedal: 130 mph.

Headlights off -- a rocketship hurtling through deep space.

He flips on his ICE CREAM TRUCK JINGLE and unbuckles his seat belt to the merry tune. CLICK.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck barrels down an otherwise quiet night.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

CRASH.

Smoke and fire. The truck's metal frame contorts around a large chestnut tree.

JEFF (V.O.)

He survived the attempt, but died in the hospital five hours later, to food poisoning.

DISTANT AMBULANCE SIRENS.

JEFF (V.O.)

And the day before that, there was her ... Vickie Greer, who made the best strawberry banana smoothies I've ever had.

INT. VICKIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

On the tallest step of a ladder, VICKIE GREER [40s, nervous] sticks her head through a noose.

She KICKS the ladder out from underneath her.

Dangling. WHEEZE. WHEEZE.

She tries to pull the noose off.

But she can't.

Her body hangs there, swaying ever so slightly.

JEFF (V.O.)

Of all my friends' deaths, I think hers must've hurt the most.

EXT. STONE LAKES - CLEARSKIES - DAY

Jeff wipes his face. SNIFF.

JEFF

I loved her; that's all there is to say.

He clears his throat -- recomposed.

JEFF (CONT'D)

In two weeks, ClearSkies will remember the anniversary of its first suicide one hundred and six years ago. My father always said this town's been cursed since.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

My mother believed it was something
in the water. Personally, I suspect
radiation.

Jeff looks up at the overcast. Rain hits his face but he
doesn't blink.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Folks, it's no secret that we've
had a rough April. 29 suicides, and
it's only the 15th.

Jeff reaches into his jacket.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And I feel like making it an even
30.

He pulls out a revolver. Barrel in his mouth.

Pull.

The CAMERAMAN hurriedly points away.

BANG!

An egg-white van marked "Afterlife Services" PULLS UP.

TWO WORKERS in white hazmat suits emerge from the van to
inspect the body.

PITTER-PATTER.

The rain gets heavier as the sun rises.

EXT. CLEARSKIES - NIGHT

It's an average-sized town with a below-average number of
people. Half of the homes are totally abandoned.

No litter. No graffiti. No bars on any of the windows.

But every low-rent building is plastered with at least a
couple hundred posters.

INSERT - POSTERS

"Keep Going"s. "Don't Do It"s. Smiling faces and cute cats.

There's a single open window in an otherwise vacant building.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

BOBBY FISHER [30, slender, bags under his eyes] checks the fridge: nothing.

He opens a drawer: a beat-up carton containing only two eggs.

INSERT EGG CARTON -

Labeled: **Grade AA with EXTRA vitamin D for antidepressant.**

Bobby FILLS a pot with water and drops both eggs in it.

One sinks. The other doesn't.

Bobby grumbles.

He tosses the floater in the trash. He CRACKS the one that sank, and SIZZLES it on a pan: sunny-side up, brown on the edges.

Bobby carefully scrapes the cooked egg onto a plate.

He walks to the

DINING ROOM

And he places the plate on the table.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Mmm, smells good!

Bobby glances back to see his little brother, CRAIG FISHER [22, upbeat].

BOBBY
Morning.

Craig sits and chows down. Before he swallows, he looks up and sees Bobby's empty side of the table.

CRAIG
(chewing)
Why aren't you eating?

BOBBY
Not that hungry.

Bobby's stomach GROWLS. He COUGHS in an attempt to mask it.

Craig swallows.

CRAIG
Bobby--

BOBBY
Please don't talk with your mouth
full.

CRAIG
(swallowing)
Here, have half--

BOBBY
I'm on a diet.

CRAIG
Why don't we make something else--

BOBBY
There's not enough time.

CRAIG
Or we could swing by a drive-thru--

BOBBY
No! Just eat it!

CRAIG
Then I'm not hungry!

Craig pouts. He pushes the plate away and refuses eye
contact.

Bobby's heart breaks.

BOBBY
Craig, please, there was only
enough for one--

CRAIG
If you're starving, then I'm
starving.

Frustrated, Bobby TAPS the table. One. Two. Three. Four.

Bobby begrudgingly pulls the plate over and eats the rest.
Bobby swallows and opens his mouth -- there's nothing left.

BOBBY
Happy?

CRAIG
I am.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Oh, yeah, forgot to tell ya'. I got another unknown caller yesterday. Checked my phone this morning and no voicemail -- nothing.

Bobby's phone vibrates. He checks it.

BOBBY
 (absorbed in his phone)
 Huh.

CRAIG
 I'm telling you, I think it's Ariel -- it's gotta be her. Thompson or the other boys wouldn't pull a prank call like that, at least not this many. I mean, fifteen times in one month?

BOBBY
 (distracted)
 Uh-huh.

CRAIG
 And I know it's been three years, but maybe that's how long it had to take, right?

Craig's voice drowns out as Bobby stares more intensely at his phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Bobby?

BOBBY
 I, uh, I think our mom just died.

Craig coughs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Got a text from work, and it's her name. She ... She jumped off a building a couple minutes ago.

INSERT - BOBBY'S PHONE

Five missed calls from "MOM." One voice message from her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 She, uh, left me a voice message.

CRAIG
 Are we going to listen to it?

BOBBY
Why? And reward her?

Bobby shoves his phone in his pocket.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You know committing suicide on a
weekday is such a Mom thing to do.
Would it have really killed her to
do it a day earlier, when we
weren't cleaning? I mean, talk
about insensitive, am I right?!

But Craig's mind is somewhere else.

CRAIG
Hey, bro... It's not my fault, is
it?

BOBBY
No.

Bobby leans forward.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
No. Why would you think that?

CRAIG
Well she tried to call me last
week, and I did what we always do
and let it ring out, but what if, I
mean, what if--

BOBBY
She abandoned us, and she doesn't
get to decide when she wants to be
a part of our lives. Besides, we
grew up to be two perfectly
functional adults without her,
didn't we?

Craig doesn't answer.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Didn't we?

CRAIG
We did.

BOBBY
Exactly. We do our own laundry. We
cook. We have jobs--

CRAIG
We're \$700,000 in debt....

BOBBY
Okay, sure, but that's on her,
Craig! She prioritized her own
happiness over teaching her kids
valuable financial habits.

CRAIG
But if she was happy, why'd she
kill herself?

BOBBY
I don't fucking know! She probably
didn't eat enough eggs. That's my
guess.

Craig sniffles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Well, I don't know.... I don't know
why she came back. I don't even
know how she left. But I do know
that no one leaves ClearSkies twice
the same way.

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's get this over with
already.

Craig nods. He wipes his mouth.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Wearing Afterlife's egg-white suits, Bobby and Craig leave
their apartment room.

CRAIG
Is it bad?

BOBBY
She left quite a dent apparently.

Craig gags.

CRAIG
Do you think I could take the day
off?

BOBBY

No.

CRAIG

Please, bro. I feel sick. I think it must've been something I ate--

BOBBY

(irritated)

So you're blaming my cooking?

CRAIG

No! It was a delicious egg, but just one day, if I could have--

BOBBY

I'm sorry. Are you no longer interested in leaving this suicide shithole? Because say the word, and I'll buy grave plots for both you and me. Who knows -- maybe they'll have a two for one deal?

Craig looks away. He gets the message.

CRAIG

You know I want to leave.

BOBBY

Good. Because I do too. And I'd rather not spend an extra day listening to Neighbor Joe fail to choke himself to death with what sounds like to be his own hands just because you felt too "sick" to work.

Craig sighs. He ZIPS up his suit.

CRAIG

Okay. I get it. Sorry for even suggesting it.

Bobby notices Craig's disappointment.

BOBBY

Come on, champ. It's only 7 years and 143 work days to go. Once it's done, I'm sure it'll seem like time just flew by.

Bobby ZIPS up his suit too.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

A quiet, muted drive through ClearSkies. Windshield wipers on lowest setting. Headlights dimmed.

Bobby's car is pure crap: old, cheap, and stained.

CRAIG

Was it at least painless?

BOBBY

Probably not. She died on impact, likely full of pain.

CRAIG

But Thompson said that people sometimes have heart attacks on the way down, something about the adrenaline from falling, so maybe--

BOBBY

No, she died a painful and needless death. Besides, a heart attack isn't instant. If what Thompson said is true, then she would've technically been in more pain. Can you imagine having a heart attack while plummeting to the ground?

Craig shakes his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

See? Breaking your head against concrete doesn't seem too bad in comparison.

Bobby glances at Craig who doesn't seem too cheerful. Rather, he's on the verge of tears.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

C'mon, man. I didn't -- You know what? Now that I think about it, it's totally possible Mom had a heart attack on the way down. Maybe she had a stroke too. She was probably long dead before her body hit the ground. She likely didn't feel a thing.

CRAIG

(sniffling)

You really think so?

BOBBY

Sure I do.

Craig smiles until he spots an INJURED MAN on the sidewalk.

The Injured Man faces the sky. He coughs up blood.

CRAIG

Hey, stop the car!

Craig reaches for the door handle--

Bobby LOCKS the doors.

They continue to drive off.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(looking behind)

But--

BOBBY

We're already late.

CRAIG

But it looked bad.

BOBBY

Of course. He did it to himself.

Bobby sneers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He's probably upset it didn't look worse.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

PITTER-PATTER.

Bobby and Craig walks up to their Afterlife coworkers -- THOMPSON (30, light), BRYSON (30, medium), and DICKINSON (30, heavy).

THOMPSON

Hey, Craig!

Thompson waves to Craig. When he sees Bobby, Thompson gives a very casual upward nod.

BRYSON

(to Craig)

You catch the game yesterday, dude?

CRAIG

There was a game yesterday?

DICKINSON

Huge game. ClearSkies North versus ClearSkies South. Lots of points.

CRAIG

Oh, shit, who won?

THOMPSON

Hard to say. The players keep offing themselves on the field, so the coaches have to keep funneling new ones in.

DICKINSON

There's been, like, fifty-eight time outs. I think the water boy was the quarterback at some point.

Bobby watches the conversation from the sidelines, a little envious.

THOMPSON

(to Craig)

Hey, you down to hit the bar after?

DICKINSON

Yeah, maybe you'll even meet a lady friend.

CRAIG

You guys know I'm engaged.

BRYSON

For Christ's sakes, dude. Every time, it's always "Ariel this" or "Ariel that."

BRYSON (CONT'D)

Come on, dude.

DICKINSON

Let's have some fun.

CRAIG

(frustrated)

I, guys, please, you know I--

Craig suddenly feels Bobby's hand on his shoulder.

BOBBY

Unfortunately, Craig can't accompany you gentlemen tonight. We're mourning and depressed.

Bobby examines the area for clues.

CRAIG
A strong gust of wind?

Bobby sees watches a pamphlet blow past them.

BOBBY
Maybe.

CRAIG
Oh, I know! What if she was a part
of a suicide pack, and they all
just happened to land in the same
spot?

BOBBY
Yeah, well, Mom wasn't the type to
have any friends, much less a pack,
but that's a creative idea.
(shrugs)
Honestly, I think it was just the
angle. I think we just go with
that.

CRAIG
(nodding)
Okay, bro. The angle. Makes sense.

The two stare at the hole.

BOBBY
We should check it. Make sure it's
really her.

Bobby swallows. He approaches the hole, closer, closer, right
on the edge.

He peeks down just briefly when--

He PUKES

Right into the hole.

CRAIG
You okay?!

Bobby wipes his mouth.

BOBBY
Yeah, no, yup. That's her. That's
her alright.

CRAIG
Should I come--

BOBBY
No!

Bobby sticks his hand out.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It's unsightly.

CRAIG
B-But it's Mom. I need to, I should
see her one last--

BOBBY
Her head's split open like a
fucking watermelon!

Craig gags. He stumbles back. His breathing shortens. Tears run down his face.

CRAIG
Oh God.

Bobby walks up to the hole again. He kneels beside it.

BOBBY
Fuck me, Mom. If you were this
serious, you could've knocked.
Course, I wouldn't have answered,
but still....

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
And you could've at least worn a
helmet. Jeez, look at this mess.

HOWARD (60s, approachable) walks up to him. He's chewing gum.

HOWARD
Sorry, bud. The Jumper Squad has
sent their apologies.

Bobby scoffs.

BOBBY
Those imbeciles couldn't even catch
a cold if they wanted to.

HOWARD
That may be, but at least they're
sorry.

Bobby stares at the hole.

Howard spits out his chewing gum into the hole.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Anyhow, bud. We can't get the body
up with conventional means. She's
in too deep.

BOBBY

So what do we do, boss?

HOWARD

We'll have to... You know.

Bobby swallows.

CUT TO:

A TRUCK pours liquid cement into the hole.

Bobby and Craig watch the hole slowly fill. They hold flowers
and beer in this impromptu funeral service.

BOBBY

Welp, I got nothing.
(to Craig)
You have any last remarks?

CRAIG

I just wanted to say that even
though she wasn't around growing
up, I'm sure she had her reasons--

BOBBY

She didn't.

CRAIG

Well, I'm sure no mom wants to
abandon her children.

BOBBY

She did.

CRAIG

(irritated)
Will you let me talk or not, bro?

BOBBY

Fine. Just keep it short and not
too emotional.

Craig sighs. He composes himself.

CRAIG

Dear Mom, I wish we were closer. I wish you were around to guide us, maybe then we wouldn't have lost so much money on credit cards. Maybe then we could've moved out of ClearSkies, with you of course, in a cozy house someplace far away where it don't rain so much and where you don't need to eat so many eggs.

Craig sniffles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But I know you're in a better place now. I know, because any place has to be better than this.

Bobby nods.

BOBBY

Rest in peace, Mama.

He POURS the rest of his beer out and CHUCKS the can into the hole.

PITTER-PATTER.

The rain starts again.

Bobby lightly jabs Craig. Craig starts to CRY.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Not now. We've got work to do.

CRAIG

I want to go home.

BOBBY

We can't.

CRAIG

I don't want to work anymore. I don't want to see anymore dead bodies. I'm tired, and I--

Bobby hugs Craig. Craig stops talking.

BOBBY

I'm sorry, but the sooner we work, the sooner we leave.

Craig sniffs.

MONTAGE OF BOBBY AND CRAIG WORKING

-Outside a bar, Bobby POWER WASHES splatter blood off a brick wall. Craig SPRAYS two separate cans of air freshener around them.

-In a hotel room, Craig opens a Ziplock bag and picks up loose prescription pills with tweezers. Bobby swabs the carpet and sticks the sample into a handheld device. BEEP. Green light.

-In alleyway, Bobby and Craig toss several filled body bags into their van with the same finesse as an airport baggage handler.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

After a long, grueling day of work, Bobby and Craig trudge up the their apartment when--

ARIEL (O.S.)

Craig!

Craig pauses. He turns around and sees ARIEL [25, nervous] and SARAH [3, shy], the little girl hugging her leg.

Standing in the rain, Bobby glares at her.

BOBBY

You--

CRAIG

A-Ariel?!

Craig rushes toward her.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You're not a ghost, right? Cause I'm terrified of ghosts.

ARIEL

I'm not a ghost, Craig.

CRAIG

Are you sure?

Craig touches her cheeks. He's speechless.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I ... I actually don't know what ghost cheeks feel like, so this doesn't really prove anything.

Bobby steps in between them.

BOBBY

If you don't mind, Ariel, we're mourning. Please text in advance next time instead of doing whatever the hell this is.

ARIEL

This doesn't concern you, Bobby.

BOBBY

If it's about him, then it's about me. It's my apartment, my brother, and now that Mom's drying in cement, I'm the only family Craig's got left.

ARIEL

That's not true.

BOBBY

What the fuck are you saying? Of course, it's....

Bobby then notices Sarah, and his heart sinks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Bobby steps back.

ARIEL

Her name is Sarah, Craig.. Say hi to your daughter.

Craig freezes.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

(to Craig)

Do you have time to talk about this privately?

Bobby grabs Craig's attention.

BOBBY

Now, let's not do anything impulsive. This could be a child actress for all we know. We should sleep on this, maybe for a month or two before--

CRAIG

I have time to talk.

BOBBY
This is absurd! A daughter?! You're
not a dad. You're hardly even a--

CRAIG
I have time!

Bobby fumes as Craig walks over to Ariel.

BOBBY
You.... Fine!

Bobby storms up his apartment.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

He BURSTS through his front door. He hurries to

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Minimalist except for the picture of Bobby and Craig as kids.

Bobby leaps onto his bed and screams into his pillow.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The ATTORNEY's [50s, professional] examines a piece of paper,
and it's not looking good.

ATTORNEY
Her handwriting's poor, but even if
I squint, I don't believe she left
you with anything.

BOBBY
She owned a phone.

ATTORNEY
Which broke in the fall. Everything
else she rented or stole.

Bobby rubs his head.

BOBBY
Typical.

ATTORNEY
It's never easy to lose a family
member. I just can't imagine how
afraid you must be.

Bobby awkwardly laughs.

BOBBY

And why would I be afraid?

ATTORNEY

Suicide runs in the family after all. And your mother--

BOBBY

Was a disturbed woman who thought bowls of tap water were suitable breakfast substitutes. If you think I'm anything like her, you're insane.

ATTORNEY

Genetically, you can't ignore the similarities.

Bobby sneers.

BOBBY

Realistically, I'd rather put a bullet in my head than be compared to a suicidal nutjob.

(his sneer falls)

I didn't mean that.

The Attorney pulls out a paper and pen.

ATTORNEY

I see the sickness is spreading already. If you'd like, I could refer you to a--

BOBBY

I don't need therapy because I'm not a fucking idiot that'd do something like that! I have a ton to live for.

ATTORNEY

Like what? Because it's clearly not money.

BOBBY

I have my job.

ATTORNEY

Of being a corpse cleaner?

BOBBY

I have friends!

ATTORNEY

Such as?

BOBBY

(flustered)

Well, I, there's my health.

ATTORNEY

And you are so glowingly
underweight.

BOBBY

I've always wanted to learn the
piano. I still have that dream.

The Attorney doesn't even entertain that last comment.
Instead he SCRIBBLES on the back of his business card.

ATTORNEY

Face it, Bobby. You're suicidal.
You want to kill yourself, and I
don't blame you. Your life's
terrible.

BOBBY

I have my brother!

Bobby leans forward.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And he needs me. He can't cook for
himself, clean for himself -- He
can't even sleep without a night
light! He's the emotional one. He's
the stupid one. If you're gonna
worry about someone, then worry
about him!

Bobby leans back smug, but then--

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(sorrow)

Oh, shit. Craig's going to kill
himself.

The Attorney hands his business card over.

ATTORNEY

If you want to clear you debt,
there's always an easy way out.

Bobby pauses. A horrible feeling sets in his stomach.

He bolts up and goes for the door.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bobby BURSTS into his apartment.

BOBBY
Craig?!

Bobby goes down the hallway and KNOCKS on Craig's locked door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Hey, Craig, you hear me?

Bobby checks the door knob. Locked.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Craig?! Are you there?!

Bobby steps back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Fixing a door is awfully expensive,
you know? It'll set us back for
weeks!

Bobby's about to kick in the door when--

Ariel opens it. She's just woken up and she's pissed.

ARIEL
Could you shut up?

BOBBY
I ... You. You! What are you doing
here?!

ARIEL
Craig offered to let us stay here.

Bobby scoffs.

BOBBY
And use our electricity? Our water?
I bet you want to take hot showers
too. Pathetic.

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Pack your things, and I'll drop you
off at the nearest motel.

ARIEL
Craig told us--

BOBBY

I don't care what Craig told you.
The death of our mother has had a
profound genetic effect on his
mental state, and your incessant
leaching doesn't help....

Bobby trails off as he sees Sarah creep behind Ariel's leg.
She's scared, and he doesn't blame her.

ARIEL

Doesn't help...?

BOBBY

I....

Bobby steps back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You can sleep on the couch, and
you've got a month. Start looking
for places in the meantime.

Bobby goes to his room.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And no hot water!

Bobby SHUTS his door.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby sits in his closet and RUMMAGES through several
cardboard boxes, pulling knickknack after knickknack: old
tennis balls, paper plates, an empty can of Sprite.

BOBBY

Worthless. Worthless. Worthless.

Bobby checks his pocket and pulls out the Attorney's business
card. He reads the back:

**Alleyway behind Overflow Street. Knock Three Times. Pause.
Knock Five.**

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Bobby tosses the card away.

He hears Craig and Ariel through the walls.

ARIEL (V.O.)
I want to send her to preschool.

CRAIG (V.O.)
That'll cost money.

Bobby presses his ear against the wall.

ARIEL (V.O.)
It's her education. It's worth it.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Bobby won't like it.

ARIEL (V.O.)
Do you two share bank accounts?
It's your money.

Anger courses through Bobby veins. He goes for the door when--

CRAIG (V.O.)
I can't.

Bobby pauses.

LIVING ROOM

Craig steps closer to Ariel. Ariel shifts back.

CRAIG
I want Sarah to have the best -- I
do -- but he's my brother. It
wouldn't be right if we didn't talk
first.

ARIEL
Your job now is to be a good
father, not a brother. And what's
this?

Ariel examines Craig's shirt. It's riddled with holes and covered in stains.

CRAIG
Bobby says we can't afford--

ARIEL
You can't take care of someone
looking like that.

Ariel touches Craig's arm.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Do you like looking like this?

CRAIG

I....

Craig looks away, tearing up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

No. It's embarrassing.

ARIEL

Come on, Sarah's asleep. Let's go buy you a new shirt then.

Craig nods and follows her out the door.

BOBBY'S ROOM

Bobby leans off the wall, ashamed for both eavesdropping and for what he heard.

Bobby grabs an empty glass from his desk. He gets up and walks to the

LIVING ROOM

And sees:

Sarah, in her pajamas, looking up at the front door. Waiting.

Bobby stands next to her.

BOBBY

Hey ... you. Why aren't you asleep?

Slowly, she begins to cry when--

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You want to watch TV?

Sarah turns to Bobby. She nods.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yeah, let's watch some TV.

LATER

Bobby yawns. He Sarah has finally fallen asleep against him. He gingerly puts her head on a pillow and tiptoes away to

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

As he walks in, he sees from the corner of his eye:

A crumpled five dollar bill under one of the boxes.

He POUNCES on top of the dollar bill. He yanks it out. Straightens it. And holds it up next to the moon light with a great big smile.

But then a realization sets in. Bobby frowns and re-crumple the bill.

He CHUCKS it across the room.

BOBBY

(soft)

Who cares about five fucking dollars....

But then he notices right beside him:

The Attorney's Business Card.

He picks it up.

EXT. CLEARSKIES SUICIDE BRIDGE - BOAT - DAY

In their Afterlife uniform, Bobby and Craig wait in a boat underneath ClearSkies' infamous suicide bridge.

Bobby TAPS the railing.

BOBBY

Did she ever say where she was for three years?

CRAIG

She was doing other things.

BOBBY

Like what? Ignoring your phone calls? Curing cancer? Rebuilding Rome?

CRAIG

I don't know. She didn't say.

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY

It was cruel of her to leave in the first place. And if Sarah is your daughter, then you had a right to know. Not now, but three years ago.

CRAIG

I know, bro. She made mistakes...
But still, I love her. She's the
one.

Bobby sighs.

BOBBY

I know.

Bobby watches another Afterlife Boat fish out a bloated
corpse from the waters.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

After mom died, I've noticed you've
been getting more emotional. I
talked with someone, and he says
says you're at risk.

CRAIG

Of what?

BOBBY

Of hurting yourself. Badly.

CRAIG

I'm not, bro. I swear I won't.

BOBBY

But you will, as long as you're in
this town you will. Grandpa did.
Dad too. Even Mom, and she tried to
leave. Now more than ever, we need
have to go.

Bobby turns to Craig.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And you know I'd do anything for--

A SCREAM!

A WOMAN FALLS from 750 feet up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Jumper down! Get ready!

And time slows:

To.

A.

Crawl.

The Woman looks like she's aiming directly for Bobby when--

From behind, a JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER falls with her fully geared out:

Suction-cupped appendages, parachute equipped, an industrial bungee cord attached to his body.

The Jumper Squad Officer grabs the woman's shoes.

The Woman SCREAMS.

TOP OF BRIDGE.

ERIKA (50, big in heart and stature) looks down.

ERIKA

Good work, Johnson. Pull her up!

The JS Officers above pulls the two up when--

The Woman's shoe slips.

She falls.

And before she can scream again,

She hits the water. SPLASH.

JOHNSON

Fuck! Not again!

Above, Erika sighs.

ERIKA

It's okay. You tried.

BELLOW BRIDGE

Bobby watches the Woman's body float in the water -- a sight of blood and broken bones, yet he can't look away.

CRAIG

We gonna fish her out, bro?

Bobby nods, pulled out of his trance.

BOBBY

Yeah.

Bobby grabs his net.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Hey, I'm going to drop you off
 after, okay? There's an errand I
 need to make.

Craig steers the boat toward the corpse.

CRAIG
 Sounds good to me.

EXT. OVERFLOW STREET - DAY

Bobby looks at the street sign then at the business card. He
 finds a nearby alleyway and goes through.

ALLEYWAY

Nothing but trash cans, trash bags, and loose trash. Bobby
 struggles to step through it all.

It doesn't look like there's anything here until he sees--

A Sky Blue Door right beside him.

BOBBY
 H-Hello?

No response.

He KNOCKS three times. Pauses. Then KNOCKS five times.

He hears something move behind the door.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 How many was that?

BOBBY
 What?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Five or six knocks?

BOBBY
 That was five.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Sounded like six. Do it again.

BOBBY
 Wha-- It was definitely five. Let
 me in!

The Sky Blue Door FLINGS open.

Inside is HANNAH (50s, corporate) holding LOGAN (20s, her lanky assistant) by his ear.

LOGAN

Ow, ow, ow.

HANNAH

Apologizes. Logan, my assistant here is very much concerned with detail.

LOGAN

Someone has to! Can't let any ol' schmuck in.

Hannah releases her grip. Logan massages his ear.

HANNAH

Come in, Bobby. We've been expecting you.

INT. SKY BLUE ROOM - DAY

Bobby takes in all the blue wallpaper, carpets, even furniture.

Hannah walks to her desk that's in the center of the room.

HANNAH

Have a seat.

Bobby sits down across from her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hungry? Would you like a strawberry?

Hannah hands over a bowl of blue strawberries.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Don't worry, the paint is edible.

BOBBY

I'll, uh, pass. Thanks.

Bobby pushes the bowl away. Hannah eats one herself.

HANNAH

So, you have money trouble it seems.

Hannah wipes her mouth.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
\$300,000 in the red for you.
\$400,000 for your brother.

BOBBY
How do you know this?

HANNAH
Because we bought it.

Hannah grins. Bobby feels uneasy.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You're no longer dealing with the
banks. It's us, but rest assured,
we have an easy way for you to pay
us back.

BOBBY
And who is "us"?

HANNAH
We're a three person company. My
name is Hannah, my misguided
assistant over there is Logan, and
my employer will remain unnamed.

Hannah sits up straight.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
My employer is a very power
creature with very particular
needs. And recently, he's had the
insatiable craving for one thing:

Hannah glares at Bobby, and Bobby feels a great weight
pressed upon him. He can barely breathe.

Hannah whispers something into Bobby's ear.

Bobby swallows.

BOBBY
Y-You want me to harvest organs for
you?

HANNAH
Does that affect your morals?

Bobby laughs. Relief.

BOBBY

Are you kidding me? If your employer's as rich as you say, then he can have all the organs he wants!

Bobby cracks his back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I can pull some bodies away at work. No problem. What sort of organs do you want anyway?

HANNAH

The brain. Intact.

BOBBY

Piece of cake. We get people who overdose all the time. Should be good, right? I'll grab a few undamaged bodies, and then--

HANNAH

Not brains. Brain, and not from anyone either.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I told you my employer is particular, right? Because there's only one brain he's interested.

Hannah hands Bobby a photo of.

He stares at it because he recognizes the face:

Erika.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The brain of the Jumper Squad boss. My employer wishes to examine what makes a certain person choose such an awful life.

BOBBY

But she's not dead.

HANNAH

Not yet.

BOBBY

But....

Bobby's hands tremble.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Are you asking me to murder her?

HANNAH
Of course not. Legally or
ethically, we could never ask such
a thing.

Hannah lights a cigarette. She takes a drag.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
However, the sooner she's dead, the
sooner my employer will relieve
your debt.

Hannah tilts her head up and blows smoke. It's blue.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I heard they're hiring now. I'm
sure a man of your qualifications
will easily pass their inspections.

BOBBY
But why me?

HANNAH
Because few are as desperate as you
and yet still breathe.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Logan, please escort Bobby out of
the room. Gently.

Logan grabs Bobby by the hair and drags him out.

BOBBY
Ow, hey, ow!

Logan throws Bobby out the door.

CRUNCH! He lands on a bag of trash.

LOGAN
Here.

Logan tosses a pistol at Bobby's lap.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Try not to kill yourself.

BOBBY

W-Wait!

Logan SHUTS the door.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN DAY

Bobby stands by the sink and GULPS down a bottle of whiskey. He hears the front door open.

CRAIG

Bobby?

Bobby doesn't turn around.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Are you drinking? I thought we couldn't afford--

Bobby hands the bottle to Craig.

BOBBY

We're celebrating.

CRAIG

Celebrating... What?

BOBBY

Us leaving ClearSkies.

Craig can't believe.

CRAIG

B-But I thought we couldn't leave until we paid the banks. I thought you said they'd drag us back and beat us and--

BOBBY

Got it covered. If I do one thing, they'll forgive us.

CRAIG

All of it?

BOBBY

Yours and mine in as soon as a couple of days.

Craig takes a swig of whiskey.

CRAIG
I knew it, bro! I knew our luck
would turn around!

BOBBY
Freedom!

Bobby laughs. He feels better than good -- great. Nothing can
stop him now!

CRAIG
So how're you gonna do it?

Except that.

BOBBY
What do you mean?

CRAIG
C'mon, you miracle worker. Don't
keep secrets from your bro. How are
you gonna do it?

BOBBY
Oh, I've, uh....

Craig hands the whiskey back. Bobby takes another long drink.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I've got to join the Jumper Squad.

Craig shrugs.

CRAIG
Sounds easy enough.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - DAY

Erika examines Bobby's resume. Bobby glances at the security camera in the top corner.

ERIKA
Born and raised in ClearSkies. High
school education. Cleaner for ten
years. Skills ... "Best big
brother."

Erika raises a brow. Bobby blushes.

BOBBY
My little brother insisted I put
that there.

ERIKA
Adorable. And you're certainly
qualified.

Erika puts Bobby's resume down.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, we don't have an
opening.

BOBBY
But they told me you were hiring!

ERIKA
Who told you?

BOBBY
(flustered)
I ... They ... People!

ERIKA
It's not that we couldn't use the
manpower, but our budget's
stretched enough as it is.

Erika rubs her head.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
I understand their thinking, of
course. We fucking lost thirty
people last month. But every time
someone dies, they give us less
funding, and every time we get less
funding, more people die. By next
year, I doubt there'll be a Jumper
Squad left to join.

Erika sighs.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
And then what? How many people die
then? I'm sure no one cares.
Everyone thinks we're jokes
anyhow....

BOBBY
I don't think so.

ERIKA
... Really?

BOBBY

Ever since I was a boy, I've felt nothing but pride for the Jumper Squad because even though I've washed more blood than three Olympic pools, I know you guys are at least ... trying. And sometimes, trying is all we can do.

Bobby grimaces. He knows he's shit at lying. He waits for Erika's reaction.

And to his surprise, she smiles.

ERIKA

That's right. We give it our best.

Erika picks up Bobby's resume again.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

I can keep this for you if you'd like. If a spot opens and we still exist, I'll give you a call--

RING. RING.

Erika answers her phone.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

(into)

Hello? Yes. Yes, I know him.....
That's unfortunate. I'm sorry to hear. Give his family my apologies.

Erika hangs up. She sighs.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Philip, my second lieutenant, has apparently just hung himself in the bathroom of a Chili's.

Erika extends her hand.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

On the plus side, a spot at the Jumper Squad just opened. Welcome aboard, Bobby Fisher.

Bobby smiles.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You'll start tomorrow.

They shake on it.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

Bobby gets inside his car and starts the ignition when--
RING. RING.

Bobby checks his phone: an unknown number.

BOBBY
Hello?

HANNAH
Congratulations on the new job.

BOBBY
... Hannah? How'd you get my
number?

HANNAH (V.O.)
We know a lot about you. Did you
like what we did?

BOBBY
What did you do?

HANNAH
We did Philip.

Bobby freezes.

BOBBY
You did that?

HANNAH (V.O.)
Did what?

BOBBY
You killed him?!

HANNAH (V.O.)
Oh, relax, we did no such thing.
Philip was already quite disturbed.
We simply ... encouraged his new
ambitions.

Breathe. He must remember to breathe.

HANNAH (V.O.)
His family has been compensated.
And they were quite eager to help.

BOBBY
Why'd you call me?

HANNAH (V.O.)

Just to give some advice on what you may or may not do. I know Logan gave you a "gift," but there'll be far less questions the cleaner it is.

Bobby doesn't respond.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Do you understand?

BOBBY

Uh, maybe?

HANNAH

After you murder this woman, we ask you bring your cleaning--

BOBBY

Okay! Okay! I get it. No need to spell it out.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Good. My employer is looking forward to your deposit.

CLICK. Hannah hangs up.

Bobby carefully puts his phone away. He checks his mirrors. Is someone watching him?

No one, as far as he can see anyway.

Bobby keeps his head low as he shifts to drive.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ariel sits on the couch and folds laundry. Sitting beside, Craig reads a comic book.

ARIEL

Doesn't it just seem too good to be true?

CRAIG

What? Bobby? I told you, my bro always comes through.

ARIEL

It's \$700,000 in total, and all he has to do is join the Jumper Squad?

Craig shrugs.

CRAIG
They must really want him.

ARIEL
But how could they even afford
that? I read in the news that--

CRAIG
Why can't you just trust him? He's
smart, you know? Always has been.
You ever know a 9 year old who
could bake a birthday cake from
scratch? Cause he did. He did it
every year for me. Even when all we
had in our fridge was baking soda,
he found a way.

Craig grabs Ariel's hand. She doesn't even flinch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Plus, I've never left ClearSkies.
I'm so excited; I can't even
imagine--

Ariel pushes Craig's hand away.

ARIEL
What do you think is out there
anyway?

She glares at him.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
You think it's better out there?
Because it's not. It's just as
miserable. Besides, you know
Bobby's just lying to make you feel
better, right?

CRAIG
(grumbles)
So negative.

Ariel takes Craig's comic book.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Hey, I was reading that!

ARIEL
If you're going to be an adult,
then act like one. Do you even know
how to fold laundry?

CRAIG
Bobby always did it.

Ariel sighs.

ARIEL
Well, it sounds like Bobby's going
to be busy for a while.

EXT. AFTERLIFE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dressed in all black, Bobby approaches one of many locked
Afterlife Van with a crowbar. He examines the padlock.

He takes the crowbar, grunts, and swings!

DINK!

The padlock's still intact.

He swings again.

DINK!

Barely a scratch.

BOBBY
Fuck this.

He takes a few steps back and pulls out his gun.

He fires.

BANG!

The bullet bounces off the metal and wings Bobby in the arm.

Bobby screams!

He bites his sleeve to muffle his self-inflicted agony.

But to his credit, the lock falls.

He staggers to the door and opens it revealing:

A power washer, several body bags, and other various cleaning
equipment.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

Bobby grabs the power washer and the body bags.

He carries them into the trunk of his car.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's late. Lights are off.

Covering his arm, Bobby tiptoes into the apartment and heads to the bathroom when--

ARIEL (O.S.)

Bobby?

Bobby turns around. He sees Ariel get up from the couch. Sarah sleeps undisturbed beside her.

BOBBY

Oh, hey, just passing through. Go back to bed.

Ariel turns on the light. She covers her mouth.

ARIEL

(whispering)

Bobby, you're bleeding.

BOBBY

(whispering)

No I'm not.

ARIEL

Yes you are.

BOBBY

Okay, I am, but it's none of your business.

Ariel grabs Bobby's arm.

He tries to pull back, but she pulls harder. She examines Bobby's wound.

ARIEL

What's this from?

BOBBY

I fell.

ARIEL

This looks like a bullet wound.

BOBBY

I fell into a bullet.

But Ariel doesn't buy it.

ARIEL
We can't let this get infected.

Bobby finally pulls his arm away.

BOBBY
Why do you care? I'm not Craig.

Bobby goes to room, and Ariel watches him suspiciously.

INT. JUMPER SQUAD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Erika PATS Bobby's back. Hard.

Bobby stumbles forward.

Erika WHISTLES, and Eighty Jumper Squad Officers stop to look at them.

ERIKA
(to Squad)
Attention, Jumper Squad! Please, pause your suit repairs for our new member. He's six feet tall, blood type B, and he used to clean dead bodies for a living: Bobby Fisher!

A few applaud. Most don't care.

Erika turns to Bobby.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Morales been low lately with Philip's death and all. It'll pass though.

Erika gestures to the rest of the Jumper Squad.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Feel free to mingle. Should be a rather quiet day.

BOBBY
Actually, I was hoping to talk to you.

Erika raises a brow.

ERIKA
Really?

BOBBY
Yes, would you like to go on a date?

ERIKA
I'm twenty years older than you.

BOBBY
I'm not picky.

Erika laughs.

ERIKA
I appreciate the flattery, but I'm your boss, remember? There's some ethics here. Besides, you're not my type. Sorry.

BOBBY
M-Maybe we could talk about this alone--

A JS Officer races to them. He's out of breath.

JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER
Boss! Jumper! We've got a Jumper on the bridge!

Erika nods. She looks to the other Jumper Squad members.

ERIKA
Okay, who's going?

The JS Officers avoid her eye-contact.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Come on, guys. I know you're scared about dropping another, but this is our job. Someone has to do it.

Still no hands raised.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
I don't want to have to draw straws again--

BOBBY
I'll do it.

Erika laughs.

ERIKA
Yeah, right. It's your first day.

BOBBY

So?

ERIKA

You haven't been trained.

BOBBY

I'm a fast learner.

But Erika doesn't buy it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And being a cleaner for so long has given me an incredible sense of empathy. I just can't stand back while my fellow human is in danger!

Erika smiles.

ERIKA

Then let's see it. Let's suit this boy up!

INT. ERIKA'S CAR - DAY

Erika drives.

Bobby sits in the passenger seat dressed in the Jumper Squad suit.

BOBBY

I think I made a mistake.

ERIKA

Nervous?

BOBBY

But what if I kill him? What if I screw up and drop him?

ERIKA

And here I thought a cleaner would be used to dead bodies.

BOBBY

Only cause I never saw them alive.

Bobby looks out the window. He wants to throw up.

ERIKA

Look, all you do is go up to the guy and chat.

(MORE)

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You talk to him for a bit, get his guard down, and when he's not expecting it, you grab him as hard as you can, and pull him out.

BOBBY

It's that simple?

ERIKA

If you're fast and sneaky, it can be very simple.

Erika smiles. She pats Bobby's shoulder.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You've got this.

Bobby takes a deep breath.

EXT. CLEARSKIES SUICIDE BRIDGE - DAY

More than nervous, Bobby fiddles with a red handle attached to his oversized Jumper Suit. He looks like an astronaut without the helmet.

Bobby approaches TAYLOR (25, boyish) who SPITS off the edge.

TAYLOR

(muttering)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five.

BOBBY

Hey--

TAYLOR

I already told your friends. If you try to grab me, I'll jump. I don't want anyone touching me.

Bobby steps back. Taylor SPITS off the edge again.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(muttering)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five.

Bobby watches as Taylor fingers detach from the railing--

BOBBY

What are you counting?

TAYLOR

Distance.

Taylor adjusts his grip on the railing. He SPITS again.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 (muttering)
 One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.
 Seven.

His SPIT hits the water.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Seven.

BOBBY
 You want to know if the fall will
 kill you?

Bobby steps closer.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Cause I used to bodies under this
 bridge and none have never gotten
 out alive.

TAYLOR
 That's reassuring.

Taylor takes a deep breath. He shakes his shoulders.

Bobby steps closer.

BOBBY
 It's concrete, you know? When you
 hit the water, the surface tension
 feels like concrete.

TAYLOR
 That's fine. Concrete can be soft.

BOBBY
 It really can't.

TAYLOR
 At least this is quick.

BOBBY
 No, it'll be slow. The impact will
 break your bones, burst your
 internal organs, and you'll drown
 because your body can't swim you
 back up.

Taylor swallows, and Bobby inches closer.

TAYLOR
What if I have heart attack--

BOBBY
It's a myth. An urban legend.

Bobby takes another step forward. So close he can almost reach. Taylor almost turns around--

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Look down, boy!

Taylor looks down.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Look at the water. They say drowning is the most miserable death there is. Personally, I've never experienced it, but I'm inclined to believe.

Taylor trembles.

TAYLOR
There's really that much pain?

BOBBY
Yes. And I get it. If there was a switch that'd make it painless, I'd do it too. I know most people would, but it doesn't exist. This has never been the easy way out.

Taylor sniffs. He looks out to the horizon.

Bobby's only inches from grabbing him when--

TAYLOR
Even if I go home, I'd be alone.

Bobby freezes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I wake up alone, I work alone, and I go to bed alone. I haven't even gotten a call in years. Can you imagine that? Not even telemarketers want to talk to me.

BOBBY
I can imagine that.

Taylor turns around. Bobby rests on the railing beside him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I never had any friends growing up. I used to think it was because I was poor, but my brother... He was always surrounded by so many good people, and then I realized, it was me.

Bobby sighs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm a fucking loser.

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR

Want to jump together? I wouldn't mind the company.

BOBBY

Tempting.

Bobby leans back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When did you begin feeling like this?

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting at the dining table, Ariel pokes at an unwrapped chocolate bar.

ARIEL

What's this?

Craig smiles from across the table.

CRAIG

Breakfast. Dig in.

ARIEL

When I asked you to cook dinner tonight, I didn't think it'd be this.

CRAIG

I thought you liked chocolate.

Ariel sighs. She watches Sarah chew the wrapper.

ARIEL

Put it down.

SARAH

(sad)
Okay.

Ariel turns to Craig.

ARIEL

Yesterday we bought groceries:
eggs, bacon, vegetables, did we
not?

CRAIG

We did.

ARIEL

So?

CRAIG

Well, they're in the fridge.

ARIEL

Which is ten feet away.

CRAIG

Well, Bobby had to leave early this
morning for his new job, and I....

ARIEL

And...?

Craig looks away. He doesn't respond.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

You can't cook?

Craig shakes his head.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Not even eggs?

CRAIG

Bobby always did it....

ARIEL

You're pathetic.

CRAIG

I'm sorry.

Ariel pushes her chair back. She stands.

ARIEL

Don't be sorry. Get up.

CRAIG

I always screw things up. I can't help it--

ARIEL

A father should at least learn how to use a pan.

CRAIG

Y-You're going to teach me?

ARIEL

I'm going to try.

Craig smiles. He follows Ariel into the kitchen.

Meanwhile Sarah stuffs three chocolate bars down her shirt.

EXT. CLEARSKIES SUICIDE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Hours have passed, but Bobby's still there.

Bobby helps Taylor climb over the other side of the railing where it's safe.

Taylor hugs him.

TAYLOR

Thanks, Bobby.

BOBBY

Anytime. Call me when you get home, okay?

Taylor nods.

INT. ERIKA'S CAR - NIGHT

Bobby gets into Erika's car. She closes her book and glares at him.

ERIKA

That took three hours.

BOBBY

I'm sorry. I got caught up in the moment. I know it wasn't efficient, but I--

ERIKA

You were great, Bobby.

Erika smiles.

BOBBY
You heard all that?

She points at her earpiece.

ERIKA
I sure did. And that was the best
de-escalation I've ever seen in my
twenty years leading the Jumper
Squad. How did you do that?

BOBBY
I don't know. He was just easy to
connect to.

She pats Bobby's shoulder.

ERIKA
My squad could really learn a lot
from you.

BOBBY
I.... Thank you.

Erika pulls out her wallet and shows Bobby a photo:

Of a YOUNG BOY smiling. Bobby recognizes his face from the
photo on Erika's desk.

ERIKA
His name's Ronnie. He's my son.

BOBBY
He looks like you.

ERIKA
Maybe, but he was like you.
Empathetic. Kind. He never looked
down at people either just cause
he....

Bobby notices Erika's eyes water.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
He committed suicide two years ago.

BOBBY
I'm sorry to hear that.

ERIKA

When you get to my age, you have a lot of regrets in life, but my biggest one by far is not cooking one last meal for him. He wanted to stop by for dinner, but I was busy with work, and....

Erika sniffs.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

It was a strange feeling to hear two hours later about a Jumper on other side of town. Even more so to get there and see it was already too late.

Erika puts the photo away. She wipes her face.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Could I cook for you tomorrow, Bobby?

Bobby's eyes light up.

BOBBY

Sure.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby closes the front door behind him. He sniffs.

Something smells....

Good.

He walks the dining table where Craig, Ariel, and Sarah sit.

CRAIG

Welcome!

Still standing, Bobby examines the food.

What a feast: chicken, bell peppers, rice, soup, even french bread with a side of cheese.

It looks delicious but, more importantly, expensive.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Take a seat, bro.

BOBBY
(irritated)
You ordered take out?

CRAIG
(smug)
Made it myself.

Unbelievable. Bobby examines the food again.

BOBBY
You made this?

ARIEL
He did.

Ariel places some chicken on Sarah's plate.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
It took some time, but Craig did it.

BOBBY
But ... You don't know how to hold a knife let alone use a stove.

CRAIG
Ariel taught me.

Craig reaches over and grabs her hand. She responds warmly.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
She taught me how to cook, fold laundry, even fix that crummy kitchen sink.

Craig scratches his neck.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Still can't seem to clean the dishes right though. There's always some spot I don't see.

ARIEL
You'll get the hang of it, sweetheart.

Craig smiles. He raises his glass of water.

CRAIG
A toast to the best brother in whole wide world!

Ariel raises her glass. She glares at Bobby.

ARIEL
(halfhearted)
To the "best" brother.

Bobby steps back.

BOBBY
I'm ... I'm not hungry.

CRAIG
Bro.

BOBBY
I can't. I'm sorry.

Bobby rushes out the front door.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Bobby drives alone. Windows up. No radio. Utter silence.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bobby gets out of his car and opens his trunk. Inside is the stolen power washer and body bags.

He digs under the body bags and pulls out his pistol.

EXT. ABANDONED PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Bobby sits on the swings, gently rocking back and forth.

He holds onto the gun with both hands and presses his face to its barrel -- almost like he's praying with it.

BOBBY
(muttering)
He's your brother. He's your
brother. He's your brother.

MEOW.

Bobby freezes.

He looks up and sees a FERAL CAT in front of him.

Bobby points the pistol at the Cat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Simple.

The Cat doesn't seem recognize it's in danger. Instead, it walks forward.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You've cleaned dead bodies all your
life. What's one more?

Bobby disengages his safety. He puts his finger on the trigger.

The Cat licks the barrel of the gun.

And Bobby lowers it.

He can't do it.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Bobby lays in bed awake. He hasn't slept a wink.

His phone RINGS.

He answers it.

BOBBY
Hello?

ERIKA (V.O.)
You showing up to work today?

BOBBY
I.... I don't know.

ERIKA (V.O.)
You don't know?

Bobby doesn't answer.

ERIKA (V.O.)
You still coming for dinner? I've
planned on making a stew. It was
Ronnie's favorite.

BOBBY
No, I don't think so.

Bobby stares at the ceiling. He hears the disappointment in Erika's breathing.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but I think I'm quitting
the Jumper Squad. It's not for me.

Silence. Bobby wonders if the call dropped.

ERIKA

I'm sorry as well. Come into my office this afternoon. We'll fill out the exiting paperwork.

Bobby hangs up. He sighs and rolls out of bed.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby takes a seat across from Erika. Erika TYPES something in a computer.

ERIKA

So was it something I said?

BOBBY

No.

ERIKA

You're good at this, Bobby. Too good. You could do some real good in this city. Save lives. Teach others to save lives. Why quit?

BOBBY

It's complicated.

Erika hates that answer.

ERIKA

It was his birthday today, you know?

Bobby looks away.

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

ERIKA

If you were really sorry, you wouldn't quit.

BOBBY

I know you must think I'm a failure.

ERIKA

You're not. You're the furthest thing.

Erika hits ENTER on his keyboard.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
If anything, I am.

Erika turns off her computer.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Okay, that's that. You're good to go.

BOBBY
I've quit?

ERIKA
Nope, you're the new boss of the Jumper Squad. Congratulations.

Bobby blinks.

BOBBY
Excuse me?

ERIKA
I've made you the boss. This city needs you.

BOBBY
No, no, I didn't ask for this --
You can't force me too!

ERIKA
If you don't show up to work tomorrow, the Jumper Squad will crumble. That's a decision you'll have to make.

BOBBY
Undo, I want you to hit undo! I want to go back to my old job!

Erika throws her hands up.

ERIKA
Good luck, Bobby. I'm retiring.

BOBBY
No, they need you, not me. I've got nothing. I'm worthless. I'm--

Erika opens a drawer and pulls out a knife.

Bobby bolts up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
No - No - No - WAIT--

She points it at her own neck and before Bobby can blink--
She SLICES herself open.

Blood POURS out of her neck. Her limp head HITS the desk.

Bobby rushes over. He applies as much pressure as he can to the wound.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Stay with me! It gets better! It gets....

But it's too late. She's dead.

Bobby swallows. His clothes and hands are covered in blood.

He looks up at the security camera in the corner of the room, but to his surprise:

It's gone.

He looks down. Her brain's still intact.

He has to act fast.

Bobby takes off his stained shirt and pants.

In his underwear, he cleans his hands on several tissues.

He steps out into the

LOBBY

The Jumper Squad RECEPTIONIST (30s, a blonde woman) looks up--

RECEPTIONIST
Uh, sir, you don't have any clothes on.

Bobby keeps walking.

BOBBY
I'm well aware.

The Receptionist stands up.

RECEPTIONIST
Are you lost?

BOBBY
Nope! Please ignore me.

The Receptionist picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello? Security?

The Receptionist looks up. Bobby has disconnected the wire.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Excuse me--

Bobby PUNCHES her out. She collapses to the floor:
unconscious.

Bobby hurries to the door.

BOBBY
Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

BEEP. BEEP.

Bobby opens up the trunk.

ZIP. ZIP.

He suits up in his Afterlife gear.

He grabs his power washer, industrial vacuum cleaner, and
body bags.

He walks inside the building.

ERIKA'S OFFICE

MONTAGE OF BOBBY CLEANING

-Bobby stuffs Erika's lifeless body into a bag.

-Bobby power washes the walls.

-Bobby vacuums the floor.

Bobby grabs Erika's body bag and pulls her into the

LOBBY

When he sees--

The Receptionist's unconscious body.

Bobby props her back up in her chair. She groans.

The Receptionist rubs her head.

RECEPTIONIST'S POV - BEHIND FRONT DESK

A blurry lobby. But once her eyes adjust, she sees:

Nothing. Absolutely nothing strange.

The Receptionist stands up and walks into

ERIKA'S OFFICE

And it's never been cleaner.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bobby opens the trunk: no room.

Bobby opens the back seat and puts the body bag there.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

Bobby drives. Fast. Maybe too fast.

He checks his mirrors. Nothing.

He drifts into a parking spot. He unlocks the door.

EXT. OVERFLOW STREET - DAY

He hauls Erika's body bag out of the backseat and drags her into the alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

He KNOCKS on the Sky Blue Door.

No response.

He KNOCKS again! Harder this time.

Nothing.

Bobby groans. He KNOCKS three times, pause, then five.

The door swings open. Logan's here to greet him.

LOGAN

Ah, welcome--

BOBBY

I've got the body.

Logan steps aside.

INT. SKY BLUE ROOM - DAY

Hannah sips tea. She bolts up from her desk though when she spots Bobby carrying the body bag inside.

HANNAH
This the woman?

BOBBY
Yes.

Bobby lays the body bag on the desk. Hannah UNZIPS it.
She smiles.

HANNAH
Good. Only the neck.

Hannah turns to Bobby.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
That was fast.

BOBBY
I didn't do it. She did it herself.

HANNAH
The method doesn't matter. Only the result.

BOBBY
So the debt is cleared then?

Hannah puts on her surgical gloves.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
My brother and I can move out?

HANNAH
We will extract the brain, and then you will receive payment shortly. Feel free to pack your bags tonight.

Hannah extends her hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's been a pleasure working with you.

Bobby shakes it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
If you're ever interested in
retiring early, there's always--

RING. RING.

It's Hannah phone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Interesting. I'm not expecting a
call.

She checks the caller ID. Her eyes almost bulge out. She hurriedly answers it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hello, boss! Yes. Yes! We have the
body right here, and I'm just about
to.... I see. That is.... I
understand.

Hannah hangs up. She turns to Bobby.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, my employer told me
he's no longer interested in this
body.

Bobby can't believe.

BOBBY
You're bullshitting me. You made me
do all that, and he can just change
his mind! That's not fair. It's--

HANNAH
He's not interested because she's
not the Jumper Squad boss anymore.

Hannah tilts her head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
He said it's you now.

BOBBY
I....

Bobby steps back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I-It's not.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH

Why are you so cautious all of a sudden? We're not killers. You know this.

BOBBY

I really don't.

Hannah steps forward.

HANNAH

We're not dangerous.

BOBBY

Yeah, okay, you can believe that if you want.

Bobby backs away more. He tries to keep eyes on both Logan and Hannah.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm warning you. If you try anything--

HANNAH

Don't you care about your brother, Bobby?

Bobby freezes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The offer still stands, and your brother will clear his debt plus an additional \$300,000. He'll be very well off.

Hannah opens her arms out -- inviting Bobby in.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

If you're ever tempted to take your own life, you know where to find us.

Bobby hurries out the front door.

Hannah turns to Logan.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Put the body in the trash with the rest.

LOGAN

Yes, ma'am.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Craig sits at the dining table with Sarah. Both are engrossed in coloring books.

CRAIG

Wow, you're really good at coloring in between the lines. Can you show me how?

SARAH

No.

Sarah giggles. Ariel walks over.

ARIEL

She should really go to school. It's not good for her to be spending all this time here.

CRAIG

No way, I play with her.

ARIEL

And when you're at work?

CRAIG

Then you're here.

ARIEL

I'm always here.

Ariel sits down.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

She's your daughter, Craig. There's responsibilities--

CRAIG

Yes, she's my daughter! I know she's my daughter!

Craig frowns.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

She's also yours. Why don't you do a job, huh? Why do I have to do everything? Bobby never makes me do that.

ARIEL

Because Bobby and I may not be around forever.

CRAIG
And I will be?

Ariel opens her mouth. Sarah starts to cry.

ARIEL
(to Sarah)
Shh. It's okay. Shh.

Ariel goes over and hugs Sarah. Craig looks away.

CRAIG
Sorry. I'm trying.

ARIEL
I know you are.

CRAIG
When we move out of ClearSkies,
I'll ask Bobby if we can afford a
preschool -- a good preschool.
Maybe private? Who knows, there's
much we can do--

Bobby BURSTS through the front door. He's panting.

He SHUTS the door behind him and LOCKS it.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Bobby?

BOBBY
I've fucked up. I've really fucked
it up.

ARIEL
What's wrong?

BOBBY
They changed the terms. I've been
had.

CRAIG
Maybe it was mistake. Talk to the
Jumper Squad, maybe they'll
reconsider.

BOBBY
They want me to commit suicide!

Sarah CRIES even louder.

Ariel stands up.

ARIEL
Let's talk in another room.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby, Craig, and Ariel huddle around Bobby's bed.

ARIEL
So you don't know who these people are?

BOBBY
I don't, but they know a lot about me. I noticed a security camera in Erika's office one day, and the next, it was gone. Vanished. Had to be them.

ARIEL
Well have you thought about...
Calling the cops?

CRAIG
That sounds smart. Cops are smart.

BOBBY
And then what? What do we do next?

ARIEL
What do you mean?

BOBBY
We're just as poor as before. We're still stuck.

CRAIG
Don't tell me you're seriously considering this?

BOBBY
I'm just saying--

CRAIG
No!

Craig bolts up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I don't want my brother to die.

BOBBY
Well, me neither! And if I don't get this money, then--

CRAIG

What? I'll blow my brains out?! I already told you I won't, and here you are, saying that you will.

Bobby doesn't respond.

ARIEL

You could promote someone else.
Make someone else the boss.

BOBBY

And commit murder instead of
suicide?

CRAIG

Or neither? Is neither an option?!
Cause I vote we just pack our bags
and run.

Neither Bobby nor Ariel look as excited as Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Come on, guys. It's a good plan!

ARIEL

Craig, if these people are as
powerful as Bobby says they are....

BOBBY

They'll kill us.

CRAIG

So what do we do?

BOBBY

Don't know, but I've got to get up
early tomorrow.

Bobby lies down.

CRAIG

You're not seriously thinking of
showing up to work?

BOBBY

According to Erika, I'm the most
competent one there.

Bobby puts his arm over his face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I should leave at least something
behind.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Craig and Ariel lounge on the couch with Sarah nestled in between. They watch old VHS cartoons on an old CRTV.

CRAIG
You think he's gonna do it?

ARIEL
Worrying never helped anyone.

Ariel grabs Craig's hand, and holds it for a while.

They sit in silence for a few seconds.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
\$300,000 is a lot of money.

CRAIG
... What?

ARIEL
I'm just saying. \$300,000 is a lot.

CRAIG
Yeah, but we're not getting it.

Ariel shrugs.

ARIEL
You're the one who wanted to leave.
Not me.

Ariel nudges Sarah.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Come on, Sarah. Time to shower.

INT. JUMPER SQUAD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bobby steps up to the podium. He looks out at the eighty doe-eyed Jumper Squad Officers who give him their full attention.

Bobby grabs the microphone. He clears his throat.

BOBBY
Hello. My name is Bobby Fisher,
I've worked here for two days, and
as of this morning, I'm now your
boss.

A few JS Officers chuckles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I imagine that Erika's death came sudden to most of us -- to me, at least. I hardly knew her, and I wish I didn't. I wish we never met.

Bobby tightens his grip on the microphone.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

The Jumper Squad's in shambles. Everyone in ClearSkies thinks you're all jokes who couldn't even catch some sun. But what if I told you that with my method, you wouldn't have to catch at all?

Bobby steps away from the podium.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It'll take longer than you're used to. Less flashy than some would prefer. And if you fail -- knock on wood -- it'll likely hurt five times as much. But I know you're all more than qualified to succeed.

Bobby sizes up the crowd.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Because you live here.

The Crowd looks at one another.

EXT. STONE LAKE - DAY

DEBRA DANNINGS (40s) walks across the dock and looks down at the muddy waters. She sees shark fins circle below. She swallows.

She takes a dangling step off the dock.

JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER 1

Wait!

She turns around sees and a JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER.

DEBRA

Why do you care?

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

Bobby checks his earpiece.

BOBBY
I just want to...

EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - DAY

ANOTHER JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER takes a step forward.

JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER 2
... I just want to listen.

BRIAN BRYSON (30s), a man standing near the building's edge,
turns around.

BRIAN
To me?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JESSE BLAZER (16) nervously points a gun at his temple.

JESSE
Why would you want to listen to me?

A THIRD JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER approaches him.

JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER 3
Because I think we may have more in
common than we thought.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

Dressed in civilian clothes, Bobby listens in.

JESSE (V.O.)
I feel so strange having such
strange thoughts.

JUMPER SQUAD OFFICER 3 (V.O.)
Buddy, that's the most normal thing
I've ever heard.

Bobby smiles. He takes his earpiece out and turns it off.

Hands on the wheel -- He drives away.

EXT. CLEARSKIES SUICIDE BRIDGE - DAY

Bobby TAPS the railing.

He looks down at the inviting blue water below.

BOBBY
(to himself)
Concrete, huh.

ARIEL (O.S.)
Bobby.

Bobby spins around.

BOBBY
What are you doing here?

Ariel looks down from the railings.

ARIEL
How many people do you think had
this as their last view? Hundreds?
Thousands?

BOBBY
Probably thousands.

ARIEL
Sad if you ask me. There's much
better views elsewhere in the city.

Ariel chuckles but Bobby doesn't.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Craig really needs you, you know?
He can hardly do anything without
you. If you died, he would be
devastated.

BOBBY
I know, but it's a lot money.

ARIEL
Don't jump.

BOBBY
I can't make any promises.

ARIEL
Kill yourself another way, but
don't jump. It'll damage the only
thing you have of value.

Bobby turns to Ariel. He can't believe what she's saying.

BOBBY
Excuse me?

ARIEL

You said it yourself. It's a lot of money.

BOBBY

But what about Craig? He needs me--

ARIEL

He's entirely dependent on you, which is why you should. He'll never be his own man with you around.

BOBBY

I....

Bobby looks down again. He swallows.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I should at least say goodbye to him in person.

ARIEL

Why? You know he's going to try stop you. Just do it now.

BOBBY

(flustered)

But there's my job ... I want to help....

Ariel walks up to Bobby and leans into his ear:

ARIEL

(whispers)

Let me help.

BOBBY

I don't....

But Bobby winces. He looks down and sees:

Blood.

His blood.

And a knife covered in it.

Bobby turns to Ariel.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You stabbed me?

Bobby stumbles back, both hands putting pressure on his gut.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Why would you stab me?

Ariel doesn't respond. She LUNGES forward.

Bobby FALLS on the floor.

She tries to get him again.

SWING.

Miss.

ARIEL
Die, Bobby.

Bobby stumbles back up.

SWING.

Bobby dodges again.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Just die, Bobby!

BOBBY
Wait!

Bobby PUSHES Ariel onto the ground.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Give a minute. L-Let me sleep on
this.

ARIEL
Stop making excuses!

She gets up and LUNGES again.

Bobby grabs Ariel's arm -- They both FIGHT for the knife.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
You think your coworkers will miss
you when you're gone? They don't
even know you, Bobby. No one does.

BOBBY
I know, but I'm trying to help--

Ariel KICKS Bobby in the gut. Bobby coughs.

She has an easy angle for his head, but she SLASHES Bobby's
arm instead.

Bobby groans.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm trying. I've been trying--

Ariel LUNGES forward again.

She CUTS Bobby in the other arm.

Bobby KNOCKS the knife out of her hand before collapsing on the ground SOBBING.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I don't....

Ariel goes over to grab her knife. She cleans it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Please, I don't....

ARIEL
Shh. There, there. You don't want pain -- I get it -- but we often get what we don't want.

She walks closer to him.

BOBBY
I don't....

ARIEL
And Craig will get over it. It'll take some time, but he will.

She kneels down.

BOBBY
I don't....

ARIEL
And I'll be there with Sarah. He'll have a family still -- a better one too.

She presses the blade against his skin.

BOBBY
I really don't....

Ariel sneers -- irritated.

ARIEL
What? What don't you want?!

BOBBY

I don't want you to kill me!

Bobby PUNCHES Ariel in the gut. He then grabs her hair and--

BANGS her head against the railing. She collapses.

Bobby gets up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I don't want to feel pain!

Bleeding out, he races to his car.

Ariel grabs her knife off the ground. She SPRINTS after him.

Gaining.

Closer.

Closer!

Bobby FLINGS the passenger door open. He RUMMAGES through the glove box and pulls out--

Ariel goes for Bobby's neck.

BANG.

Ariel stumbles.

BANG.

Ariel collapses backward. Two bullet wounds to the chest.

Bobby hovers over her -- Gun pointed down -- Tears streaking down his cheek.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I ... I'm sorry.

ARIEL

I can see why your mother left--

BANG - BANG - BANG.

EXT. CLEARSKIES SUICIDE BRIDGE - RAILINGS - DAY

Bobby throws Ariel's body off the railing.

SPLASH.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bobby opens the front door--

CRAIG (O.S.)
Tell me it's not true.

Bobby looks at Craig. He's holding his phone. Sarah hides behind his leg.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Tell me the call I got is not true.

BOBBY
Was it them?

CRAIG
Tell me they're lying! Tell me you didn't kill her!

Bobby opens the fridge.

He winces. His shirt's covered in blood.

BOBBY
You think I did this to myself?

He grabs a beer and opens it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
She tried to kill me.

Sarah tugs at Craig's legs.

SARAH
Where's Mommy?

Craig looks at her.

CRAIG
Go to the bathroom, sweetheart.

SARAH
No!

Sarah HITS him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Where is she?

BOBBY
I'm sorry but--

CRAIG
Don't you say a word!

Craig glares at Bobby.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Don't you dare fucking say a word.

BOBBY
Craig, you know, I--

CRAIG
I swear to God. I'm going to kill you, bro. You're a good-for-nothing worthless piece of shit. And when you least expect it, I'm going to kill you.

Craig grabs Sarah's arm and leads her out the door.

He SLAMS the door behind him.

Bobby sits at the dining table -- dumbfounded. He pulls out his pistol and puts it on the table.

He checks his phone:

ONE UNREAD VOICE MESSAGE

He hits Speaker then Play.

MOM (V.O.)
Bobby are you there? Is Craig with you? What am I saying, of course he is. You two have always been inseparable.

Bobby doesn't answer. He keeps drinking. Expressionless.

MOM (V.O.)
I've tried to call you several times, but....

Drinks.

MOM (V.O.)
Maybe you've been busy. I know your job takes a lot out of you. You've always had such good work ethic.

Drinks.

MOM (V.O.)
I just wanted you to know, Bobby,
that I.... I've....

Bobby fingers hovers over END when--

MOM
I love you. I love you so much.
I've loved you the day you were
born, and I'll love you the day you
die.

Bobby hesitates.

MOM (CONT'D)
You are my biggest happiness and
regret in life. And you've done
such a tremendous job raising both
you and your brother, and I know
that no matter what, you'll always
be there for each other.

He hears Mom SNIFF.

MOM (CONT'D)
I'll miss you both.

The Voicemail ends. Bobby covers his face and--

BOBBY
Goddamn it....

He WEEPS. He can't hold it back. He doesn't care. He lets the
waterworks out.

He looks up, and through his blurry view, he sees at the
corner of the room--

An unfamiliar Security Camera pointing right at him.

Bobby SPRINTS out the front door.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

He SHUTS it behind him.

BOBBY
Craig, wait!

Bobby freezes. He can't move.

Because Craig is holding him. Hugging him.

Bobby doesn't understand.

CRAIG

I'm sorry, bro. You know I didn't mean what I said. You know I'd never hate you.

BOBBY

You saw the camera too?

CRAIG

Of course I did. They're watching us.

Bobby wipes his face.

BOBBY

About Ariel, I....

CRAIG

It's not your fault.

BOBBY

But I did do it--

CRAIG

And dhe tried to kill you! Don't think I'll ever forgive that.

Craig clenches his fists -- face searing with rage.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And I know why too. It's them. They called her this morning, and she wouldn't tell me what they wanted, but I knew, I knew you were in trouble.

Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I should've warned you.

BOBBY

No, it's not your fault.

Bobby hugs Craig again.

CRAIG

So what do we do? If you're the Jumper Squad boss, they're gonna keep sending people after you.

BOBBY
We're gonna leave this town.

CRAIG
Really? But what about the money?

BOBBY
Fuck the money, and fuck our debt.
We'll pick a direction and drive
until we run out of gas.

Bobby grabs Craig's shoulders.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
But before that, I'm going to make
sure these sick bastards never do
anything like this again. You with
me?

CRAIG
You kidding?

Craig smiles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Someone's gotta look out for you.

EXT. SKY BLUE ROOM - DAY

PITTER-PATTER

It's more than just raining. It's STORMING. WIND WHOOSHING.
Even DISTANT THUNDER.

In a rain jacket, Craig KNOCKS on the door five times, pause,
then three.

It SWINGS open.

Logan stares at Craig then at the body bag below him.

LOGAN
This him?

CRAIG
It's him.

Logan nods and leads Craig inside.

INT. SKY BLUE ROOM - DAY

Hannah paints her nails blue. She pauses when she sees Craig and Logan drag a body bag to her.

Craig PLOPS the body bag on her desk. Several loose papers FLY OFF.

HANNAH
Delightful.

She stands up and puts on her surgical gloves.

Hannah UNZIPS the body bag revealing --

Bobby. Eyes closed. Unmoving.

She examines Bobby's cuts -- most still untreated.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Lovely. Head unharmed. Skin in almost perfect condition.

CRAIG
So your boss will approve?

HANNAH
More than approve. We weren't expecting to have this body for another week ever since, well....

Hannah runs her finger down her eye to fake shed a tear.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
... Your girlfriend passed.

Craig struggles to hide his frustration.

CRAIG
Is it possible I could I see your employer in person?

Hannah tilts her head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
To thank him, obviously.

HANNAH
I'm sorry, deary, but I'm afraid that won't happen.

CRAIG
Why?

HANNAH

My employer's peculiar about his
secrecy. He has a day job too.
There are appearances to keep.

Hannah opens a drawer and takes out a scalpel.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Interestingly, none of these cuts
seem to be lethal.

She approaches Bobby again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How did he die exactly?

BOBBY (O.S.)

I didn't.

Hannah looks down and sees--

Bobby, eyes wide open, alive and well.

HANNAH

You--

BANG!

Hannah stumbles back and sees--

The barrel of Craig's smoking gun.

Hannah looks down -- a red stain around her chest growing
faster by the second.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But why?

CRAIG

I know. I wasn't even paid to--

LOGAN

You sonuvabitch!

Logan grabs Craig from behind and CHOKES him out. Craig drops
his gun -- arms flailing!

Bobby struggles to break free from his body bag.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It was her job! You don't kill
someone for doing their job!

Bobby manages to crawl out. He PUNCHES Logan in the face.

Bobby KICKS Logan on the floor. Again and Again.

Craig massages his neck before he grabs his chair and BREAKS it against Logan's head.

Logan twitches on the ground, FOAMING at the mouth,

CRAIG

Oh, fuck, bro. Do you think I overdid it? I mean, I might've just paralyzed this guy for life--

BANG.

Bobby shoots Logan in the head.

BOBBY

There. Now the suffering's over.

EXT. SKY BLUE ROOM - DAY

Bobby SHUTS the door behind him.

CRAIG

What about their boss?

BOBBY

I have an idea.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Attorney puts an expensive book back on his expensive shelf.

He hears the door open.

He turns around.

ATTORNEY

Ah, I don't have any appointments for--

BANG.

EXT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

In the pouring rain, Bobby and Craig walk to their car. It's utterly packed with boxes with Sarah sitting in the back.

SARAH

I'm bored.

BOBBY
I know, sweetheart, but it's going
to be a long drive.

Sarah groans.

Bobby enters the driver's seat. Craig takes the passenger's.
They hear SIRENS in the distant.

CRAIG
You think that's for us?

BOBBY
Can't think of any other reason.

Bobby shifts to drive.

CRAIG
What about your job? You not going
to say goodbye?

BOBBY
They don't need me.

CRAIG
But weren't you worried about them
falling apart without you though?

BOBBY
I was, but....

Bobby looks at Craig and then Sarah asleep in the back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
This is more important.

Craig smiles.

The SIRENS get louder. Closer.

CRAIG
What if he wasn't the boss though?

Bobby doesn't respond.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
There's no way of knowing for sure,
right?

BOBBY
I suppose not. It was just a hunch.

The SIRENS are almost DEAFENING.

CRAIG

What if they keep sending people after you? You're still the Jumper Squad boss; you'll always be unless you promote someone else.

BOBBY

I guess.

Craig waits for Bobby's reaction. There is none.

CRAIG

But what if they find us and shoot us?! I mean, we still don't have any money. We're still in debt. Nothing's changed. We're gonna be living in constant fear, stressed every day until our--

BOBBY

Craig.

Bobby turns to Craig. Red and Blue lights flash against Bobby's face as the SIRENS hits a FEVER PITCH with the THUNDER and heavy rain.

But Bobby more calm than ever.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Look.

Bobby points. Craig turns and sees a sign:

Now Leaving ClearSkies

And suddenly, it's quiet.

So quiet.

The storm has stopped, along with the sirens and the lights.

Craig turns back to Bobby. He hears birds SINGING. It's beautiful.

CRAIG

Are we out?

Bobby rolls down his window and takes a deep breath. Tree shadows run across his tranquil face.

BOBBY

We're out.

THE END.