

"REAPERVILLE"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. REAPERVILLE - ACADEMY CAMPUS ROTUNDA - DAY

STUDENTS of all ages in a variety of COLORED ROBES, carry BOOKS and commiserate with one another.

In the center of the Rotunda, a timeworn HEADSTONE reads; "REAPER ACADEMY, EST. - THE BEGINNING OF TIME."

SUPER: "REAPERVILLE - 1920"

ROBED AND HOODED MARBLE STATUES line a brick walkway that extends off the Rotunda and leads to the main entrance.

INT. REAPERVILLE - ACADEMY HALLWAY - DAY

Along the walls, a GLASS DISPLAY encased school history including, STONE TABLETS, ancient SCROLLS, GOLDEN SCYTHES, moth-eaten BURLAP ROBES and PHOTOGRAPHS of past graduates.

SHERMAN WILLOUGHBY, 13 and lanky, moves toward a GROUP of YOUNG GIRLS, a BLACK ENVELOPE clutched in his sweaty palm.

One of the girls GINNY MARCUS, stylish at 13, laughs at the precise moment Sherman holds out the envelope.

GINNY  
Oh, hi Sherman.

Ginny glances at the envelope.

GINNY  
Is that for me?

Sherman nods, Ginny takes the envelope. Sherman rushes away.

A BELL RINGS.

INT. REAPERVILLE - ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. WALLACE, (60's), a pompous Englishman, WOODEN BATON in hand, he lectures to a classroom of YOUNG STUDENTS. Each dressed in COLORFUL ROBES.

MR. WALLACE

And lastly, rule number ten; you never want to tell someone they are dead or deceased, instead let them know that everything will be alright and oh yes... don't forget to smile.

Seated in the back row, Sherman day-dreams out the window. Two rows forward Ginny cracks open the black envelope.

In the front row, CHAD DERBY (14), a self important know-it-all jock, raises his hand.

MR. WALLACE

Yes, Mr. Derby.

CHAD

Mr. Wallace, is it true that some reapers are better than others?

Mr. Wallace ponders for a moment.

MR. WALLACE

Chad, we all have a role to play in Reaperville. For instance...

Mr. Wallace looks at CYRIL KIRK, (12), his face painted up like a clown.

MR. WALLACE

...mister Kirk comes from a long line of policemen. Isn't that right Cyril?

CYRIL

Yes, Mr. Wallace.

Ginny opens the card and a three dimensional PAPER CUT OUT of the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet unfolds.

Ginny smiles, looks back at Sherman.

MR. WALLACE (O.S.)

Ms. Marcus, would you care to share that with us?

Embarrassed, Ginny jerks back around. Mr. Wallace, stands in front of her desk, snaps up the card, admires the craftsmanship.

In the back row, Sherman pulls out of his day dream, sees the card being held by Mr. Wallace; shrinks with fear.

MR. WALLACE  
My, my... apparently we have an  
artist in our midst. How exciting.

Mr. Wallace studies the card.

MR. WALLACE  
Oh, and look, a quote from the  
great bard himself.

The students giggle. Ginny glares around the classroom.

Chad sneers.

CHAD  
Read it to us mister Wallace.

Ginny locks on Chad; grits her teeth. Chad grins.

MR. WALLACE  
To my Juliet, you are my sun. A  
rose by any other name would smell  
as sweet.

The class erupts into LAUGHTER.

MR. WALLACE  
Signed, Sherman, your Romeo.

Mr. Wallace glances at Sherman.

MR. WALLACE  
Mister Willoughby, you would be  
better served by upholding your  
family's place in Reaperville than  
plagiarizing an artist from the  
human world.

Mr. Wallace tosses the card on Ginny's desk then turns back  
toward the CHALKBOARD.

MR. WALLACE  
Right then. Lets go over the rules  
of reaping once again, shall we?

Mr. Wallace points with the Baton.

STUDENTS  
(in unison)  
Number one, never carry your Scythe  
when collecting; number two, never  
interact with the human world;  
number three, never collect a soul  
before it's dead...

INT. REAPERVILLE - CHURCH BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

A semi-circle of chairs with haggard looking male and female REAPERS, all dark-robed.

Super: "PRESENT DAY"

A depressed Sherman, much younger in appearance than his 104 years, walks slump shouldered to a PODIUM, TAPS the MICROPHONE.

SHERMAN

Hello... my name is Sherman, I'm one hundred and four years old and I'm a suicide reaper.

The GROUP gasps. A THERAPIST, with a pad of paper and pencil waves her arms.

THERAPIST

All right everyone, lets settle down. Why don't we welcome Sherman to G.R.A.

GROUP

(in unison)

Hello Sherman, welcome to Grim Reapers Anonymous.

A half-hearted grin, Sherman locks eyes with the Therapist.

THERAPIST

Go ahead Sherman, you can do it, you're amongst fellow reapers.

A deep breath, Sherman slowly exhales.

SHERMAN

I'm not even sure I need to be here... it really was my wife's idea.

Everyone, even the Therapist nods.

SHERMAN

I don't know, maybe I'm feeling a bit depressed lately, but that's normal... right?

Some Reapers nod, others shrug their shoulders.

THERAPIST

Just take your time and start at the beginning.

Sherman looks down at his TATTERED SHOES, shakes his head.

SHERMAN

Things seems to have gotten so messed up. Back then, you didn't have to push a button to get things done.

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - (1940'S) - DAY

The city bustles. STUDEBAKER'S, PACKARD SEDANS and DESOTO'S crisscross through traffic.

SUPER: "HUMAN WORLD - 1940'"

SHERMAN (V.O)

It was an exciting time to be death.

WOMEN in FITTED SKIRTS and SHORT HAIR, MEN in WIDE-BRIMMED FEDORA'S and FULL LENGTH COATS move with a purpose.

SHERMAN (V.O.)

I'd just been assigned to one of the human worlds most exciting places... New York City.

IN THE CROWDED STREET

A curious and confident Sherman, dressed in a ZOOT SUIT moves invisibly amongst the CROWD, a slight GLOW covers his body. The unseen dead in a living world.

GUNSHOTS RING OUT.

Sherman and other PEDESTRIANS stop and peer into an

ALLEY WAY

SMOKING GUN in hand, a CRAZED MAN runs toward the crowd. TWO MALE PEDESTRIANS tackle and hold the Crazy Man.

MALE PEDESTRIAN #1

Get a cop! Someone check the alley.

IN THE ALLY

On the ground, a LIFELESS BODY. Immediately, the AIR SHIMMERS around the body and a MALE REAPER appears. Haggard looking, 50's, dressed in a FEDORA and LONG BLACK COAT.

MALE REAPER  
Pax angeli ad luminis.

The *dead man's* soul lifts up from his body. The Male Reaper's eyes scan down the ally into the crowd

MALE REAPER'S POV

Sherman smiles back, a timid wave.

The Male reaper tips his hat then he and the dead man's soul dissolve.

SHERMAN (V.O.)  
Reaping was respectful and dignified.

INT. REAPERVILLE - BROWNSTONE HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

A glowing Sherman stands over a DEAD WOMAN seated in a chair, dressed in her finest GOWN. One arm dangles over the armrest.

SHERMAN (V.O.)  
Suicide wasn't boastful, it was private... peaceful.

On a reading TABLE, an open VIAL labeled "ARSENIC". Sherman lifts her dangling arm, lays it across her lap.

SHERMAN  
(English Subtitle)  
Pax angeli ad luminis.

The WOMAN'S SOUL rises, stands beside Sherman. She stares into Sherman's eyes; he warmly smiles back.

SHERMAN  
Everything is going to be fine.

Sherman takes her hand and they vanish together.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE - EVENING

A HIGH SOCIETY PARTY in full swing. Invisible to the PARTY-GOERS, a young Sherman lays atop a piano, drink in hand, sporting a 1940's Tux. A young Ginny at the keys, ; they soak in every nuance and sound.

SHERMAN (V.O.)

We were young. Ginny and I loved to play as if we were human.

Carefree and exuberant, Sherman leaps down, dances with Ginny amid the living.

SHERMAN (V.O.)

It really was the best of times.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

It sounds wonderful Sherman.

END MEMORY FLASH

INT. REAPERVILLE - CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eyes closed, arms raised, Sherman sways, dream-dancing, a satisfied look on his face. snickers and muffles of laughter escape from the group.

THERAPIST

Uh, Sherman?

Sherman drop his arms, eyes pop open.

SHERMAN

It was.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

What else can you tell us?

SHERMAN

I didn't always hate collecting souls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT

White walls, white ceiling, minimalist furnishings. RINGING PHONES, MURMURING VOICES from within fifty identical cubicles half filled with HOT LINE OPERATORS.

In one cubicle, a stack of BOOKS and an old mechanical COIN BANK depicting a dog jumping through a clown's hoop. JAKE HARTLEY (30's); everything about him says neat, crisp, almost antiseptic but trying to blend in.

Jake sighs, leans back, adjusts his headset.

JAKE  
 (to phone)  
 No, a thank you card isn't necessary. You're welcome. And Mabel? Don't forget to shut off the gas. You have a good night. Call anytime.

Jake TAPS his headset.

A head pops up from the adjoining cubicle. This is FISK WELDON (20's) a hippie-stoner throwback with buddy holly glasses, a frozen popsicle in his mouth.

FISK  
 Dude. You are my Jungian warrior. Keeping the old lady from going kamikaze... that was killer.

Fisk throws Jake a high-five.

JAKE  
 Mabel is just lost in the forest for the trees.

Fisk grins.

FISK  
 You have a huge brain Doctor Jake.

Jake stops.

JAKE  
 Former doctor.

One cubicle over, another head pops up. It belongs to RADFORD DIGGS (40's), a volcanic personality in a bad sweater vest and comb-over.

RADFORD  
 Freud, Jung who cares. What was she wearing?

JAKE  
 You're a sick man Radford.

RADFORD

I like to call it artistically  
inspired reality. It makes my  
writing more authentic.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Everyone get your asses back to  
work and save some people.

Fisk and Radford shrink down behind their walls, Jake turns  
to face...

MONIQUE

A woman who has seen the inside of one too many Krispy Kreme  
boxes, yet absorbed none of the sweetness.

Doughnut in hand, Monique points at Jake's phone. Three RED  
LIGHTS BLINK on hold.

MONIQUE

(to Jake)

My office when you're done with  
those.

Jake spins, TAPS his headset.

JAKE

New hope crisis center, this is  
Jake, how may I save you?

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - MONIQUE'S OFFICE -  
LATER

Behind her desk, Monique devours the last bite of a CUPCAKE,  
her sticky fingers search a STACK of PAPERS.

JAKE (O.S.)

Napkin?

Seated across from her, Jake waits. Monique lifts a page from  
the pile.

MONIQUE

Oh, here it is... in the I don't  
give a shit pile.

Jake's studies her. Monique reads the paper.

MONIQUE

Uncle Sam says I have to trim  
fat...

economy, budget, blah, blah, blah.  
The rule is, last in, first out.

Defeated, Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

I know I'm just a number, but I  
feel I make a difference.

A look passes between them. Monique licks her fingers clean.

MONIQUE

Go back to the doctoring thing,  
make a difference there.

JAKE

How long do I have?

MONIQUE

Clear out your desk by the end of  
the week.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - DAWN

Jake unlocks a SCHWINN CRUISER DELUXE BICYCLE and rides off.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JAKE PEDDLES THROUGH THE WAKING  
CITY/CENTRAL PARK

- A man loading boxes into the back of an Ice Cream truck.
- Central Park Zoo, the animals waking, workers washing down the sidewalks
- A baseball field; groundsman mow and manicure the grass.
- At the intersection of 67th./West. A park bench is occupied by a bum covered in newspapers.

END SERIES

Jake waits, the crosswalk light changes, he peddles into the intersection.

A horn BLASTS.

A BLACK SUBURBAN ROARS past, barely misses him.

JAKE

Jesus! You tryin' to kill somebody!

INT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sweating, out of breathe, Jake lays the bike against the wall and tip toes into the...

## BEDROOM

He stares at his wife EMILY, (30's), her curvaceous body equally matched by her Latino spirit, she is fast asleep.

Jake steps into the

## BATHROOM

A NIGHT LIGHT GLOWS. Jake turns on the shower, strips out of his clothes, removes his WEDDING RING, steps into the stall.

## BEDROOM - LATER

Jake wears a NY GIANTS T-SHIRT, slides in bed next to Emily and kisses her on the cheek. She stirs, her eyes open.

EMILY

Hey there, sunshine.

Jake tries to kiss her on the mouth, but she turns away.

JAKE

(grins)

I forgot, morning breath.

Energetic, Emily jumps up and trots into the bathroom. Jake lies back and stares at the ceiling.

## IN THE BATHROOM DOORWAY

A naked Emily stares into the mirror at Jake's reflection, brushes her teeth, her butt wiggles with the brushing.

EMILY

How was work?

## IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR

Jake takes in her athletic, tanned body. She's smoking!

JAKE

No one died.

Emily's brow furrows.

JAKE  
It was okay.

Emily holds up a finger.

EMILY  
Got to spit.

JAKE'S POV

Emily spits, gargles and spits again, pushes the door too without closing it. The shower SPRAYS on.

EMILY (O.S.)  
To bad you already took a shower.

Jake's eyes widen.

JAKE  
(to himself)  
You can never be too clean.

He jumps out of bed, peels off his T-shirt and shorts then sprints butt naked into the bathroom.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APT. - BEDROOM - LATER

Jake reads "Animal Farm" by George Orwell. Emily, dressed in a sharp business outfit, scramble/dresses around the apartment.

EMILY  
Jake, have you seen my briefcase?

Jake is absorbed in the book.

JAKE  
In the closet.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

On the floor, a BRIEFCASE sits atop a DUSTY BOX. Emily stares at the box.

EMILY  
I thought you were going to go through this stuff?

JAKE  
Haven't had the time.

In a hurry, Emily waves off the comment.

EMILY  
 Okay, got to run to court. Don't  
 forget, condo at five.

Emily heads out the bedroom door.

EMILY  
 (calls out)  
 Love you!

A door SLAMS. Jake sighs.

INT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Black walls, black furniture, black appliances. At a table,  
 Sherman turns a page in a

NEWSPAPER

The headline reads: "SOUL COLLECTIONS AT RECORD LOW." Below  
 the headline, a photo of a young Reaper, his name -- "CHAD  
 DERBY".

GINNY (O.S.)  
 How was therapy?

Sherman peers over the top of the paper; GINNY, (60's), black  
 hair with gold highlights, her face a Mary Kay makeover gone  
 wrong. She FILES a nail.

SHERMAN  
 Grim.

Sherman opens the paper. Ginny sneers, her eyes catch the  
 front page headline.

GINNY  
 Sitting here doesn't help your  
 situation.

Sherman turns the page. She FILES faster.

GINNY  
 By the way, I'm entertaining a new  
 client tonight.

Sherman ignores her.

GINNY  
 A very important client. He asked  
 for me personally.

SHERMAN

I bet.

GINNY

He's quite the catch, all the other designer's were dying to get him.

Sherman's knuckles whiten around the paper.

SHERMAN

I give up, who is it?

Ginny points her nail file at the front page. Sherman flips the front page back and glances at

THE PICTURE OF CHAD

SHERMAN

Well dear, if anyone knows how to dress a horse's ass, it would be you.

Sherman flips the paper back open. Ginny waves a hand and parades out.

On the table, a CELL PHONE SCREEN lights up and "The Undertakers" theme song pours from its speakers.

Sherman picks up the

G-PHONE

An iPhone for reapers.

On the SCREEN; "Overdue Souls, 28, 29..." the numbers keep climbing... "30, 31, 32..."

Sherman groans.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY

A concrete, windowless, building surrounded by a tall chain link fence with razor wire encircling the top. A stainless steel monolith SIGN reads: "S.C.C.C." (Soul Central Command Center).

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Like a NASA launch control center, YELLOW UNIFORMED CIRCUS CLOWNS scan streams of data on WORKSTATION MONITORS.

At one workstation, a GREEN HAired CLOWN adjusts a desk MICROPHONE. Beside him, BUBBLES, a mute clown, wears two BANDOLIERS across his chest filled with different sized HORNS.

GREEN HAired CLOWN  
 Captain, the soul meter is pushing  
 toward the red zone in Cleveland.

Along one wall a

HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY OF PLANET EARTH

Is dotted with YELLOW CIRCLES of LIGHT that turn to GREEN; the world wide collection of souls in progress.

The display ZOOMS IN on Cleveland, Ohio where the Yellow Circles grow in mass.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Eeny, meeny, miny, moe... so many  
 souls to reap and sow.

Atop an elevated platform, FLIES buzz around CAPTAIN CYRIL KIRK, a heavysset clown, with dark painted features.

HIS EYES

Follow the winged creatures. A giant FLY SWATTER smashes a fly on a table nearby. Cyril greedily scoops up the remains and licks the swatter clean.

CYRIL  
 Mmmmmmm... aromatic, with a flowery  
 bouquet... and wait, wait...

GREEN HAired CLOWN (O.S.)  
 Captain, what about Cleveland?

Cyril licks his fingers, smacks his lips.

CYRIL  
 A nice chocolatey finish.

Bubbles grips a CURLED HORN and squeezes... ME-OW, ME-OW.

ALONG A BACK WALL

SLIDING GLASS DOORS WHISK open and in marches a thin bodied CLOWN CORPORAL.

CLOWN CORPORAL  
Attention!

Every Clown stands. In struts

GENERAL WHITEY (60'S)

An albino Clown with brilliant blue eyes, powder white flat top, a scar that runs from temple to cheekbone, decked out in a BLACK UNIFORM.

The General locks on Cyril.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Whose the acting jack in this  
menagerie?

Unfazed, Cyril saunters over, his hand extended.

CYRIL  
Cyril, Cyril Kirk. Captain of the  
soul police.

The General looks him over, unimpressed.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Not any more.

OFF SCREEN: a horn sounds. WONK, WONK!

INT. HUMAN WORLD - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

EARTH TONE WALLS, LUSH CARPET, more residential than office. A balding man, DR. WELDON (50's), is perched on the corner of a desk and smiles at a seated Emily.

DR. WELDON  
I'd say about five weeks now.

EMILY  
You're sure it's not a false  
positive, Bill?

DR. WELDON  
In legalese, the discovery process  
is over and the verdict is in.  
You're going to be a mom.

Emily fidgets. Dr. Weldon sits beside her.

DR. WELDON  
Are you all right?

Emily looks at Dr. Weldon.

EMILY  
I'm fine.

Dr. Weldon nods.

DR. WELDON  
Emily, I can't imagine a more  
compassionate person than Jake.  
He'll be a great dad.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - BUILDING PLAZA - AFTERNOON

Emily stands near a water fountain and checks her iPhone.  
Frustrated she TAPS out a text.

ON THE IPHONE SCREEN

"Condo. 5pm. Don't b late."

Unsteady, Emily eases herself down on the fountain's edge,  
her eyes watch the water RIPPLE.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A black & white television plays reruns of "*Gilligan's  
Island*." On the couch, Jake is sound asleep with the book  
*Animal Farm* laying across his chest.

ON THE COFFEE TABLE

An iPhone VIBRATES; it startles Jake. He grabs the phone,  
shuts it off and stares at the television.

JAKE  
Ah, Gilligan, you got it made my  
friend.

Jake looks at a CLOCK. It reads "4:47".

JAKE  
Oh, shit!

INT. HUMAN WORLD - CONDO - AFTERNOON

The space is a chic LOFT STYLE architecture, FLOOR TO CEILING  
WINDOWS and REDWOOD FLOORING. Emily trails behind JANICE  
(60's), a realtor with a heavy Jewish accent.

JANICE

Now, you know... this place has more amenities than that schmaltzy place we looked at last week.

Distracted, Emily looks at her watch.

EMILY

Uh-huh.

JANICE

And, the H.O.A. fees are very reasonable... only three hundred a month.

Janice points out a window at the New York skyline.

JANICE

And the views... trust me sweetheart, there aren't any better in the entire city.

A door SLAMS.

Jake enters, out of breath. Emily gives him a stern look.

JAKE

Sorry.

Jake tries to give Emily a peck on the cheek, but she turns a cold shoulder.

JAKE

What did I miss?

Janice leers at Jake.

JANICE

Oh, no problem, we were just admiring the fabulous views.

Janice glances at Emily, who is unresponsive, then to Jake.

JANICE

Why don't I give you two some time to talk. I'll be right outside the door.

Jake and Emily both nod. Janice leaves.

JAKE

Em, I'm sorry. I over-slept.

EMILY  
You know how important this is for  
me... for us.

Jake sighs.

JAKE  
I know, I messed up. It won't  
happen again.

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY  
I'm tired of your promises... tired  
of just making ends meet. Things  
need to change.

JAKE  
I'm doing everything I can.

Emily moves away.

EMILY  
Jake, you can't hide away in a  
cubicle, it's not fair to us. We  
need to move on.

Jake's body stiffens.

JAKE  
We're not in a courtroom Em. Life  
is messy, it's never as simple as  
black and white.

Emily turns back toward Jake.

EMILY  
That's your problem, you only see  
shades of grey and I'm left making  
all the tough decisions.

Jake explodes.

JAKE  
Well, at least I'm not uptight.

EMILY  
Uptight? Is that how you see me?

JAKE  
No, that's not what I meant, I --

EMILY  
At least I have a real job!

JAKE  
That's not fair.

EMILY  
Neither is being pregnant.

Jake is stunned.

JAKE  
Em?

Tears well up, Emily glares at Jake.

EMILY  
I can't undo what's already done.

Emily grabs her purse and runs out the door past a "still in sales mode" Janice who turns to Jake.

JANICE  
So, you two like the place or what?

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

General Whitey gestures at the Holographic Display.

GENERAL WHITEY  
There's a disease running rampant  
in Reaperville... and I'm the cure.

At a workstation, the Clown Corporal taps on a keyboard.  
Cyril stares at

THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

CYRIL  
What is all this?

GENERAL WHITEY  
A little something left over from  
my days at area forty-nine and a  
half.

Everyone in the room looks at the General.

CLOWN CORPORAL  
We're ready to begin the final  
phase of operation bushwhacked.

CYRIL  
Operation what?

GENERAL WHITEY

Those area fifty-one yahoos got all  
the glory, but we got the goods.  
(to Clown Corporal)  
Initiate.

ON THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

A tidal wave of RED DOTS appear over the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,  
moving eastward; a growing plague.

CYRIL

What are you doing?

CLOWN CORPORAL

Real time tracking of every known  
reaper.

The General puffs up his chest, sticks out his chin.

GENERAL WHITEY

Making history, son.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The profile of a STONE GARGOYLE juts out from the building  
corner. A few feet away, a distraught WALL STREET EXECUTIVE  
teeters on the roof's narrow ledge, a CELL PHONE to his ear.

EXECUTIVE

She said she'd never leave me.

JAKE (V.O.)

(on phone)  
Sir, I'm sure she --

EXECUTIVE

My life is ruined!

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - SAME TIME

In his cubicle, Jake stares at a PICTURE of Emily and him on  
vacation in Thailand.

JAKE

(to phone)  
What did you do to screw it up?

EXECUTIVE (V.O.)

(on phone)  
Me?

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - SKYSCRAPER, OUTER LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Executive stands near a concrete GARGOYLE STATUE, steadies himself, hits *SPEAKER MODE* on his phone.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 Wives' are never wrong are they?

The Executive throws up his arms.

EXECUTIVE  
 Wife? I'm talking about my mother  
 you putz.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Wow, you are messed up.

The Executive looks around.

EXECUTIVE  
 What kind of suicide hot line is  
 this?

His gaze falls on one of the Stone Gargoyles.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Sorry about that, I'm here to help  
 you.

NEXT TO THE GARGOYLE

Sherman is perched on the ledge in a perfect outline to the gargoyles. He turns his head and grins.

SHERMAN  
 Boo.

The Executive loses his balance.

EXECUTIVE  
 What the...

The Executive tips over the ledge.

EXECUTIVE  
 Ahhhhhh.....!

Sherman's eyes track the

FALLING EXECUTIVE

Tumbles head over heels, the cell phone slips from his hand.

JAKE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Sir, it's not that bad.

Sherman materializes beside the falling Executive, sips alcohol from a FLASK and simulates a backstroke.

SHERMAN  
Oh, it's bad.

The Executive whimpers. Sherman looks down at the sidewalk.

SHERMAN  
This is definitely going to hurt.

JAKE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Sir? I can help you, but you have to slow down and listen to me.

Curious, Sherman stares at the cell phone.

JAKE (V.O.)  
I'm sure she still loves you... you just need to give her a break.

Sherman looks back at the Executive.

SHERMAN  
Ask him why.

The Executive stares at Sherman, who taps his WRIST WATCH.

SHERMAN  
We haven't got much time.

EXECUTIVE  
(to phone)  
Why should I?

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fisk, Radford and Monique stand around Jake's cubicle and listen. Monique nervously chows a huge PIECE OF CAKE.

FISK  
(to Radford)  
Jumper?

RADFORD  
Twenty says one bounce.

FISK  
More of a splatter than a bounce.

They shake on it. Irritated, Jake waves them off.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - SKYSCRAPER - CONTINUOUS

JAKE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
All these years you're being  
together has to mean something.

SHERMAN  
(to himself)  
He's right about that.

Sherman grabs the cell phone, points down, then vanishes. The Executive looks down and whimpers.

EXECUTIVE  
Momma.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CITY STREET SIDEWALK - SECONDS LATER

Sherman materializes, the cell phone to his ear.

JAKE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Talk to her, tell her how you feel.  
It's never as bad as you think.

From above, a muffled scream, a RUSH of AIR, then a body SPLATS on the sidewalk behind Sherman.

Sherman turns, takes a look.

SHERMAN  
(to phone)  
Oh, it's much worse.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Wait. Who's --

Sherman hangs up, pockets the cell phone.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - SAME TIME

Confused, Jake stands.

JAKE SOUL  
Hello? Hello?

Jake flings the headset across the room and stomps away.

JAKE SOUL  
Damn it!

Fisk, Radford and Monique pull back. Fisk holds up a hand.

FISK  
(to Radford)  
Splatter.

Radford hands him a twenty.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CITY STREET SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

G-Phone in hand, Sherman TAPS a few keys.

SHERMAN  
Why do people today have to make  
things so public... and messy.

The EXECUTIVE'S SOUL rises from his squashed body, stares at Sherman, then cringes.

EXECUTIVE'S SOUL  
What's happening? Are you the  
Devil?

SHERMAN  
Me? No. Hank's much shorter.

Sherman TAPS his G-Phone.

SHERMAN  
All right idiot, buckle up.

EXECUTIVE'S SOUL  
What?

A BLUE flash and they both vanish.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Sherman guides the Executive's Soul down a narrow passageway; COBBLESTONED, damp, dark and spooky. The BRICK WALLS on either side lean inwards, suffocating.

END OF ALLEY

A single OIL LAMP illuminates a DOORWAY. Off to the side, a TOP-HAT wearing DWARF, SNORES. This is HIRAM GOLDMAN, (40's).

SHERMAN  
(to Hiram)  
Soul deposit.

Startled, Hiram grumbles awake, his eyes lock on Sherman. He scowls. Slowly, Hiram gets to his feet, a shower of DIRT and DEBRIS cascade from his clothing. He nods.

HIRAM  
Willoughby.

SHERMAN  
Hiram.

Hiram removes a HAND HELD SCANNER from his MUD-CAKED OVERCOAT, stares at the LIT DISPLAY.

HIRAM  
How many?

SHERMAN  
Just the one.

Hiram TAPS the

SCANNER DISPLAY

A MESSAGE FLASHES an alert that reads; "LAST DEPOSIT: 4 DAYS".

HIRAM  
Only working weekends now?

SHERMAN  
Just check us in.

Hiram passes the scanner over the Sherman's G-Phone.

It BEEPS then a BLACK PAPER TICKET spits out. Hiram tears off the ticket, hands it to Sherman, then curls back down on the ground asleep.

THE DOORWAY

CREAKS open. Sherman shoves the Executive's Soul inside.

INT. REAPERVILLE - CARNIVAL BIG TOP TENT - NIGHT

Sherman and the Executive's Soul step through a TENT FLAP and into an outlandish and fantastical place filled with assorted CARNIVAL RIDES.

A FERRIS WHEEL rolls souls up to heaven, a ROLLER COASTER rushes them to hell, while a TILT-A-WHIRL spins souls in limbo.

REAPERS lead GLOWING SOULS toward each ride.

ATOP A RAISED PLATFORM

EZRAH GOLDMAN (60's), a stout ringleader decked out in a rainbow of colored clothing, plays to the CROWD.

EZRAH

Step right up to the greatest show  
in Reaperville! Whether you're  
ascending to the pearly gates or  
heading for warmer climates, you'll  
have the time of your death!

Ezrah zero's in on Sherman then smiles.

EZRAH

Sherman Willoughby. Haven't seen  
you for a while. Thought you were  
on holiday.

Sherman nods.

SHERMAN

Evening Ezra.

Sherman hands Ezra the black ticket. Nearby, a CREEPY CLOWN with a SHERIFF'S BADGE watches the exchange.

EZRAH

Who do you have for us this fine  
evening?

Anxious, the Executive's Soul takes in the spectacle.

EXECUTIVE

My name is --

Ezrah holds up a stern hand.

EZRAH

Just a moment sir.

Magically, a POINTER appears in Ezra's hand, he SLAMS it hard against a sign that reads: "Rules of Depositing"

EZRAH

Rule number one - no Human soul may utter his own name until after a deposit has been made.

Ezrah deposits the black ticket into a TURN-STYLE SLOT.

Above Ezra, a ROW OF LIGHTS glow with the name "TIMOTHY MILLHOUSE".

SHERMAN

(to Ezra)

Can you take this from here?

EZRAH

No problem.

(to Executive's Soul)

Timothy Millhouse, step on through.

The Executive's Soul walks away with Ezra. Sherman turns to leave and the Creepy Sheriff Clown blocks his path.

CREEPY CLOWN

Have you been drinking again?

Sherman hesitates.

SHERMAN

Certainly not.

The Creepy Clown leans in, nose-to-nose.

CREEPY CLOWN

Not a drop?

Sherman holds in his breath.

CREEPY CLOWN

Thought so. Sherman Willoughby, I'm citing you for reaping under the influence.

The Creepy Clown raises his gloved hand, a CITATION appears, he SLAPS it against Sherman's chest. Sherman exhales.

CREEPY CLOWN

One more R.U.I., and it's off to Soul Central.

Sherman grips the Citation. The Creepy Clown turns, jumps through the SUN ROOF of a MINIATURE CLOWN POLICE CAR and speeds off.

Sherman looks at the Citation.

SHERMAN  
Who needs a drink?

INT. REAPERVILLE - HORNSWOGGLE PUB - EVENING

A gathering of REAPERS from different centuries, drink, laugh and converse. In a

SECLUDED BOOTH

Sherman sips an ICHABOD PILSNER and commiserates with OLLIE SNIVEL (60's), an asthmatic and borderline conspiracy theorist reaper. Ollie looks over the Citation.

OLLIE  
Are you going to tell Ginny?

Sherman takes another sip of his Pilsner, ignores Ollie's question, then snaps up the Citation, crumples it and flicks it to the ground.

OLLIE  
That a no?

Sherman leans in.

SHERMAN  
Ollie, let me ask you something.  
Have you ever interacted with a  
living human?

Surprised, Ollie's eyes dart around the pub.

OLLIE  
Are you crazy? Keep your voice  
down.

SHERMAN  
Haven't you ever wanted to cross  
over... just for a day?

OLLIE  
No, no I haven't and neither should  
you.

SHERMAN

They don't have an eternity, they live in the moment not even considering death. Look at us, we grind away filling quota's and for what?

Ollie spots THREE POLICE CLOWNS by the front door and becomes short of breath.

OLLIE

Do you know what they would do if you got caught?

Nonchalant, Sherman leans back.

SHERMAN

I'm guessing I wouldn't get a citation.

Ollie pulls out an INHALER; sucks hard.

OLLIE

(between breathes)

You can bet your scythe on that. They'd lock you away for a very long time... or worse, you would be demoted to collecting road kill souls for a few hundred years.

Sherman smirks.

SHERMAN

Ginny would love that.

OLLIE

Why would you risk it?

AT THE BAR

Chad (30's), still the same childhood arrogance but with an adult attitude, holds court with his ENTOURAGE of sycophants.

Chad laughs then glances at

THE SECLUDED BOOTH

SHERMAN

There's got to be more to death than this.

OLLIE  
 You know, they have ways of  
 following us now.

SHERMAN'S POV

Entourage in tow, Chad works his way through the admiring  
 CROWD toward Sherman and Ollie.

SHERMAN  
 Oh great, guess who's coming to  
 dinner.

Ollie turns and stares at a HUGE BULGE in Chad's designer  
 pants.

CHAD  
 Hello boys, how's it hanging in  
 loser-ville?

Ollie pulls back. Chad smirks.

OLLIE  
 (under his breath)  
 Jerk-off.

One of the Entourage tosses a copy of the REAPER GAZETTE on  
 the table.

ON THE FRONT PAGE

A headline above Chad's PHOTO reads: "CHAD DERBY - PROMOTED  
 TO TOP OF THE HEAP!"

CHAD  
 That's right... read it and reap  
 ladies.

Sherman lifts the paper, scrutinizes the photograph.

SHERMAN  
 Well Chad, it looks as though they  
 captured your true essence this  
 time.

CHAD  
 And what's that?

SHERMAN  
 A walking asshole.

With an icy stare, Chad grins.

CHAD

That's a good one, Romeo.

Chad leans in, nose-to-nose with Sherman.

CHAD

There's something you need to get used to gramps. I am the future and you don't exist.

Chad pulls back, opens his arms and smiles.

CHAD

And you know how everyone likes the shiny new toy... including your Juliet.

Sherman rises, Chad laughs, backs away. The Entourage closes around him, they move away. Sherman lowers back to his seat.

OLLIE

What a dick.

SHERMAN

You are what you eat.

INT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY HOME - OFFICE - DAY

A private man cave. Shelves filled with ANCIENT LEATHER BOUND SPELL BOOKS, TRINKETS and SCROLLS.

A VINTAGE 1950'S TELEVISION, the volume muted, plays Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal".

Sherman sits in front of a COMPUTER MONITOR. One of the leather-bound books lays open to a chapter about "Spells".

ON THE MONITOR

A GHOULGGLE WEB PAGE reads: "Humans and the Human World - A reaper must never interact with the human world for this causes changes in fated outcomes".

CLICK, Sherman goes to another page.

From behind, a furious Ginny barges through the open door.

Startled, Sherman flips the spell book closed, spins around.

GINNY

Sherman Willoughby, what is this?

A pair of SCISSORS in one hand, she waves the CITATION in the other.

SHERMAN  
What does it look like?

Ginny shakes the scissors AT SHERMAN.

GINNY  
You said you'd stopped.

A look passes between them.

SHERMAN  
Have you?

Ginny folds her arms, taps her foot.

GINNY  
So, it's their mistake?

Sherman shrugs.

GINNY  
It's always someone else's fault with you. You're not the only one who's affected by this. People talk.

Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN  
Since when did it become more about them?

Ginny growls, then scissor-stabs the citation into the door and storms away.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

At the top of the stairs, Jake pulls off a NOTE pinned to the front door, it reads: "Jake we have to talk."

JAKE  
Great.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW HOPE CRISIS CENTER - EVENING

At his desk, CELL PHONE to his ear, Jake listens.

EMILY (V.O.)  
 Hey, it's Emily, leave a message at  
 the beep.

BEE...EE..E.P.

JAKE  
 Got your note, I agree, we need to  
 talk.

Jake hangs up. Fisk peers over the top of Jake's cubicle.

FISK  
 Hey dude, someone's on hold for you  
 on line seventeen.

Jake stares at the BLINKING light on the phone console. He  
 hesitates then punches it.

JAKE  
 New Hope crises center, this is  
 Jake, how can I save you?

SHERMAN (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 I wanted to thank you for talking  
 me down off the ledge the other  
 night.

Jake recognizes the voice.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SHERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sherman smiles.

SHERMAN  
 (to phone)  
 The guy with the mother issue?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Jake composes himself.

JAKE  
 Oh, what can I do for you?

SHERMAN  
 I'd like to return the favor.

JAKE  
 That's not necessary.

SHERMAN  
If we could meet --

JAKE  
Sorry, we're not allowed to meet  
with callers.

SHERMAN  
Bending the rules every now and  
then isn't a bad thing.

Jake looks at the CALENDAR on his desk. The upcoming FRIDAY  
is CIRCLED IN RED; the words "last day" scribbled across it.

JAKE  
Oh, what the hell, bend away.

Sherman perks up.

SHERMAN  
How about tomorrow... your choice.  
Public place.

JAKE  
Central Park, 7 AM, corner of 67th  
and West. That's not too early is  
it?

SHERMAN  
Time doesn't matter much to me. How  
will I recognize you?

JAKE  
I'll be on an old red and white  
Schwinn bike.

SHERMAN  
See you tomorrow then.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

The air shimmers near a secluded CLUSTER OF TREES, Sherman  
materializes from the light.

SHERMAN'S POV

Saturated colors bombard his vision. His hands and arms are  
luminous. He scans the environment in his temporary "Human  
Form".

Every blade of grass, tree branch and flower breathe with life. Even sounds are amplified. Sherman hears crickets, unseen crawly things and conversations all around him.

SHERMAN

Amazing.

Sherman's G-Phone FLASHES BRIGHT RED -- a warning. Sherman is oblivious.

INT. REAPERVILLE, SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Bubbles looks up from his workstation and HONKS his horn three times. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

The Clown Corporal, Cyril and the General glance over.

CLOWN CORPORAL

What is it, Bubbles?

Bubbles points at the

HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

A small RED BLIP blinks on and off near New York City.

CLOWN CORPORAL

Bring that up.

GENERAL WHITEY

Is that what I think it is?

The Red Blip ZOOMS larger, the OUTLINE OF CENTRAL PARK fills the display.

CLOWN CORPORAL

We have an unauthorized crossover.

The General steams.

GENERAL WHITEY

(to Cyril)

Son, you need to get a couple of ground pounders in country and get that son-of-a-bitch back.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CENTRAL PARK BIKE PATH - DAY

Jake fast-peddles his bike down the dirt path past JOGGERS, KIDS playing and MOTHER'S pushing BABY CARRIAGE'S.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CENTRAL PARK - CORNER 67TH./WEST - SAME

Sherman waits under the INTERSECTION SIGN POST for Jake, enjoying his new surroundings.

MONTAGE - CENTRAL PARK

- Jake peddles faster down a steep hill.
- An ICE CREAM TRUCK moves through the park, a classic JINGLE pours from its speakers.
- KIDS and ADULTS run to be first in line for a cold treat.
- TWO HIPPIES toss a frisbee.
- An OLD LADY tries to hang on to her excitable YIPPEE DOG.
- Suddenly, Kids SHOUT, dogs BARK, the frisbee flies wildly, the Yippee Dog pulls free of the Old Lady.
- Jake is at full speed down the hill.

END MONTAGE

## SHERMAN'S POV - SLOW MOTION

The Yippee Dog runs in front of Jake's bike.

Jake swerves, careens into the oncoming ice cream truck.

SMASH!

Jake flies through the air.

Kids, adults, even the SQUIRRELS scream out.

Jake CRASHES to the CURB. The ice cream truck skids to a stop.

Sherman sprints at hyper-speed toward the

CURB

Distraught, Sherman leans over Jake's unconscious body.

SHERMAN

No, Jake. No.

A CROWD gathers. A MUFFLED siren WAILS. Sherman jerks up and looks

DOWN THE STREET

A GLOWING CLOWN CAR, only visible to Sherman, appears from thin air and barrels toward him. It's siren WAILS.

IN THE CLOWN CAR

Cyril is behind the wheel. Beside him, Bubbles brandishes an oversized SILLY STRING GUN.

From the back seat a MIDGET CLOWN snaps a PHOTO of Sherman leaning over Jake.

BACK AT THE CURB

Frantic, Sherman stares at his RED FLASHING G-Phone.

SHERMAN

What the...?

The Clown Car closes the distance.

SHERMAN

(to Jake)

I'll be back for you.

Sherman TAPS his G-Phone and vanishes.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - CLOWN CAR - SAME

Cyril SLAMS on the brakes. Tires SCREECH. From behind, a siren BLASTS. Cyril looks up in the

REARVIEW MIRROR

The FRONT GRILL of an AMBULANCE fills the reflection.

CYRIL

Oh shit.

The Ambulance plows through the Clown Car like a mirage. The Clown car vanishes into a SWIRLING DUST CLOUD.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - CENTRAL PARK CURB SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

TWO PARAMEDICS, one BLONDE and one BALDING, shove a GURNEY loaded with Jake's body into the back of the AMBULANCE.

Sirens WAIL, the ambulance speeds off.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - SPEEDING AMBULANCE - DAY

In the driver's seat, the Blonde Paramedic glances at the rear view mirror.

BLONDE PARAMEDIC  
Did you check his cell phone for an  
I.C.E.?

BACK OF AMBULANCE

Bald Paramedic searches Jake's pockets.

BALD PARAMEDIC  
Hold on.

He finds a cell phone, TAPS a key and stares at the

CELLPHONE'S DISPLAY

The word "ICE" rolls up. The Bald Paramedic CLICKS a KEY.  
Emily's name BLOOMS onto the screen.

BALD PARAMEDIC  
Got it! Calling now.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL - GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAINTERS paint. The door flies open. General Whitey rumbles  
in followed by Cyril and Bubbles.

GENERAL WHITEY  
(to Painters)  
Get the hell out.

The Painters scramble out.

GENERAL WHITEY  
(to Cyril)  
Let me get this straight. You got a  
rogue Reaper who's decided he ain't  
that happy here... so, he pulls an  
Alice and steps through that damn  
looking glass and you don't have a  
clue where he is?

The Clown Corporal barges in.

CLOWN CORPORAL

Sir, there may be a problem with the software. We're experiencing a five minute delay.

The General pulls a REVOLVER from his HOLSTER and loads a ROUND. A look passes between Cyril and Bubbles, they take a step back.

CLOWN CORPORAL

It's going to take some time to reprogram... sir.

The General looks from loaded gun to the Clown Corporal. An uneasy silence.

GENERAL WHITEY

FUBAR, son, FUBAR. I suggest you get on it.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A HEART MONITOR and OXYGEN MACHINE BEEP in ceaseless rhythm. Jake lies unconscious on the bed, TUBES of all types extend from his body.

A worried Emily sits beside him, gently strokes his hand.

EMILY

How could you do this too me?

*Note: No human can hear Jake while he is in a coma.*JAKE (V.O.)

(drowsy)

Ah God, that feels good.

The bed covers over Jake's crotch rise to attention.

JAKE (V.O.)

I'm so horny.

Behind Emily, her mom, CONSUELA LOPEZ, a seventy-seven year old force to be reckoned with, sits near a window and crochets yarn SOCKS.

DR. MADDEN, (40's), WHITE LAB COAT, PATIENT CHARTS in hand, enters the room, smiles at Emily, then looks toward Consuela.

DR. MADDEN

Buenos días te pierdas Lopez.

Suspicious, Consuela peers at Dr. Madden, then nods.

DR. MADDEN  
Emily, how are you holding up?

EMILY  
Fine, thanks.

Emily and Dr. Madden stare at Jake's escalating boner.

EMILY  
Sorry about that.

Dr. Madden smiles.

DR. MADDEN  
That's okay, at least we know he's  
in there somewhere.

Emily throws a blanket over Jake's erection.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Hey, what was that?

EMILY  
When will he come back to us?

Dr. Madden flips open a CHART.

DR. MADDEN  
The longer he's in a coma the  
severity of the damage increases  
exponentially. The sooner he wakes  
up the better.

Emily pushes Jake's hair off his forehead.

EMILY  
He always hates when I do that.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Do what? Em, who are you talking  
too?

Dr. Madden nods.

DR. MADDEN  
Why don't you and your mother go  
home and get some rest. I'll call  
if his condition changes.

JAKE (V.O.)  
My condition?

Dr. Madden adjusts the oxygen machine.

DR. MADDEN  
 Keep fighting Jake. Don't you give  
 up on us.

Dr. Madden leaves.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Give up? Why won't anyone answer  
 me?!

Emily looks at Jake.

EMILY  
 I love you. We'll be back tomorrow.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Tomorrow? Emily, why can't I see  
 you. Help. Somebody help me!

INT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seated next to Chad on a couch, Ginny flips through a LARGE  
 BOOK filled with CLOTH SWATCHES and REAPER FASHION MODELS.

GINNY  
 Perhaps something in black leather  
 with a subdued gold-beaded trim?

Chad glances at Ginny.

CHAD  
 I do like the feel of leather  
 against my skin.

Chad touches Ginny's hand.

CHAD  
 So soft... so cool.

GINNY  
 Chad... I --

SHERMAN (O.S.)  
 Shopping for something new, Derby?

Nervous, Ginny jumps up, the fashion book falls from her lap.

GINNY  
 You... you said you wouldn't be  
 back until later.

In the doorway, Sherman glances at Chad then back to Ginny.

SHERMAN  
Apparently it's later than I think.

CHAD  
Shermy baby, Ginny and I were --

Sherman flips his hand at Chad.

SHERMAN  
Save it.

GINNY  
We were just --

SHERMAN  
(to Ginny)  
Don't.

Sherman walks into his office, SLAMS the door. The still-stuck SCISSORS CLATTER to the floor along with the CITATION.

Chad picks up the fashion book and raises an eyebrow at Ginny.

CHAD  
Lets try something more exciting.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SHERMAN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Fuming, Sherman LOCKS the door.

SHERMAN  
Shermy baby my ass.

He drops in his desk chair. The motion activates the computer monitor, it blooms to life.

ON THE MONITOR

The Ghoulggle Web Page of listed search results about interacting with Humans. A heading reads: "LEGENDARY REAPER VANISHES FROM SOCIETY."

Sherman CLICKS the heading and scans.

SHERMAN  
A reaper from the dark ages,  
Maximus Gideon on trial for  
allegedly crossing over to the  
human world... book of spells...  
whereabouts unknown...

Sherman grabs a LEATHER BOOK from the shelf, its spine embossed with the words, "THE BOOK OF GRIMOIRE". He continues to read the web page.

SHERMAN  
 ...banished for eternity. New set  
 of rules of reaping introduced.

Sherman leans back, considers.

He flips open to a

RIBBON BOOK MARKED PAGE

ORNATE SCROLLED LETTERING and strange GLYPHS fill the page. The heading reads: "SUMMONING OF SOULS". Sherman's finger traces down the page.

SHERMAN  
 Plagues... epidemics... leprosy...  
 ah-ha, limbo.

Beneath that, a SPELL written in Latin.

SHERMAN  
 Latin? Why does everything have to  
 be so difficult.

Focused, Sherman struggles to translate.

SHERMAN  
 I call upon the eternal light of  
 souls, to summon the human Jake  
 Hartley...

INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jake lies unconscious in the hospital bed, Emily and Consuela sit nearby.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 I feel warm, tingly.

INTERCUT - HOSPITAL ROOM/OFFICE - SAME TIME

Anxious, Sherman's hand trembles, he continues.

SHERMAN  
 ...bring him forth into this world.

A point of GLOWING BLUE LIGHT appears before Sherman, he pushes from the desk. The light grows, pulses, then FARTS and vanishes.

JAKE'S LEFT EYEBROW

Twitches.

Consuela pulls the blankets off of Jake's legs and fits him with the MULTI-COLORED CROCHET SOCKS.

JAKE (V.O.)  
I feel strange... floating.

Emily stares at the socks, smiles.

EMILY  
Jake would kill me if he knew.

CONSUELA  
(broken English)  
Now looks good.

Consuela sits down by the window and works on a yarn hat. Emily focuses on the wall-mounted TV.

Jake's SHIMMERING SOUL suddenly appears near the bed. *We still can't hear him speak.*

JAKE  
Emily? Consuela? Where am I?

JAKE'S POV

He sees himself lying in the hospital bed, motionless.

JAKE  
Holy shit!

Jake staggers then reaches out to Emily. Like an illusion, his hand passes through her.

He falls and TUMBLES to the floor.

JAKE  
What's happening?

The hospital door swings open. Fisk and Radford enter, arguing and step right through Jake.

FISK  
All right, so we agree to disagree.

Radford rolls his eyes.

RADFORD  
It's like you're not even here.

Fisk ignores the comment, smiles at Consuela.

FISK  
Hello Ms. Lopez. Hi Emily.

EMILY  
Hi guys.

Consuela frumps.

RADFORD  
How's he doing?

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY  
Not so good.

Panicked, Jake looks at Emily.

JAKE  
That's an understatement!

Jake turns to Radford and Fisk.

JAKE  
Guys help me out here.

FISK  
What do the witch doctors think?

EMILY  
The first twenty-four hours is the most important, but that's come and gone.

Jake gets to his feet.

JAKE  
Hello? Can't you guys hear me?  
Someone tell me what the hell's going on?

SHERMAN (O.S.)  
Psst..., Jake, over here.

Jake searches the room.

JAKE  
Who's there?

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A HOME MOVIE plays. Jake moves toward the television.

SHERMAN (O.S.)  
Closer.

On the SCREEN the ice cream truck strikes Jake and his body flies through the air. Jake spins toward Emily.

JAKE  
Is anyone seeing this?

No one responds.

RADFORD  
At least he was still covered by  
workman's comp.

Emily looks from Fisk to Radford and back to Fisk.

EMILY  
What do you mean?

Radford and Fisk exchange a nervous look.

FISK  
He didn't tell you?

EMILY  
Tell me what?

SHERMAN (O.S.)  
Jake... closer.

Jake ignores the voice. Fisk grabs Radford's arm and pushes him toward Emily.

FISK  
You opened the bag, douche.

Radford clears his throat.

RADFORD  
Ah, well, he sort of got fired.

Emily stands. Jake looks at Emily.

JAKE  
Emily, I wanted to tell you.

EMILY

That's impossible. We're buying a  
condo.

Consuela looks up from her crocheting, eye brows raised.

RADFORD

I'm sure he wanted to tell you, but  
didn't, you know, get the chance...  
is all.

Fisk smacks Radford against the side of his head.

RADFORD

Ow. What was that for?

FISK

(to Emily)

They made a few cutbacks and Jake  
was the new man.

RADFORD

Yea, last in, first out...  
(looks at Jake in bed)  
... I mean, look at him.

Fisk raises a fist, Radford flinches.

RADFORD

We're sorry Emily.

Off camera, the VOLUME on the television BLASTS.

JAKE

(covers his ears)

Ah, Jesus!

Jake whips back around and glares at the screen.

SHERMAN (V.O.)

Come closer... and pay attention,  
Jake.

ON THE TELEVISION

The image of the ice cream truck accident loops over and over  
again. Jake fumbles with the television knobs.

JAKE

How do you stop this thing?!

Dr. Madden enters.

EMILY

Any news?

Dr. Madden sighs.

DR. MADDEN

Emily, you asked me to be upfront.

Emily's eyes well up.

DR. MADDEN

Jake's brain activities have diminished and we fear that he's slipping away.

EMILY

I'm not giving up.

Fisk and Radford look at each other.

DR. MADDEN

We can give it one more day, but if there's no change you'll have to make a decision.

FROM THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A pair of BONY HANDS reach out for Jake and pull him into the television.

JAKE

Ah-hhhhhhhh.

INSIDE A KALEIDOSCOPE TUNNEL

Jake tumbles and spins into...

INT. REAPERVILLE - SHERMAN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A Blue Light hovers a few feet off the floor.

WITHIN THE BLUE LIGHT

A FART, then Jake's NAKED GLOWING BODY is expelled onto the floor.

THUMP!

SHERMAN

Holy crap, it worked.

Sherman rushes toward a shivering and dazed Jake. Frightened, Jake stares up at Sherman, glances around.

JAKE  
What the hell just happened?

SHERMAN  
Are you all right?

Jake looks down at his nakedness. His body glows.

JAKE  
Holy shit!

He scrambles to his feet, his hands cover his privates.

JAKE' SOUL  
Stay away from me! Who are you!

Sherman raises his hands, takes a step toward Jake.

SHERMAN  
Shh, keep it down. I'm as surprised  
as you are.

Fists BANG on the office door.

GINNY (O.S.)  
What's going on in there?!

JAKES'S SOUL  
Who the hell's that?

SHERMAN  
You don't wanna know.

GINNY (O.S.)  
Sherman? Did you hear me? Open  
this door right now!

Sherman picks up his G-Phone, TAPS a few keys, then steps toward the door.

SHERMAN  
Please, don't say a word.

Sherman UNLOCKS and cracks the door open.

THROUGH THE OPENING

Ginny, upset, stares back at Sherman.

SHERMAN  
 (to Ginny)  
 What do you want?

GINNY  
 What the hell's happening in there?  
 I heard voices.

Ginny cranes her neck to get a peek inside. Sherman blocks her view.

SHERMAN  
 Why don't you go back to dressing  
 your Ken doll.

CHAD (O.S.)  
 I heard that!

GINNY  
 Sherman, I demand to --

SHERMAN  
 Oh, shut up.

Sherman slams the door, throws the lock, turns to Jake.

SHERMAN  
 We need to go.

G-Phone in hand, Sherman grips Jake's arm. From the wrist down

SHERMAN'S HAND

Shimmers, then turns to SKELETAL BONES. Freaked out, Jake opens his mouth to scream.

They both vanish.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - CITY STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

OFF SCREEN: A muffled scream grows louder by the second.

In the middle of TRAFFIC, a BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT.

Sherman, his arms wrapped around a naked SCREAMING Jake, materializes. Sherman glances around.

SHERMAN  
 Oops.

JAKE'S POV

An eighteen wheeler TRUCK bears down on them, it's horn BLASTING.

Jake screams, PEDESTRIANS point at his nakedness.

Sherman hugs him.

They both vanish in the same blue flash of light.

The truck BARRELS through the intersection.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - SNOWY MOUNTAIN TOP - SECONDS LATER

OFF SCREEN: Jake's muffled scream grows louder.

On the frozen slope, a BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT. Sherman appears, still hugging a naked Jake.

Jake shivers uncontrollably, his teeth chatter.

SHERMAN

Too cold?

JAKES'S SOUL

(stutters)

Yeh... yeh... yesss...

SHERMAN

Maybe a warmer climate, uh?

JAKES'S SOUL

Gu... gu... gu... gu.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - DESERTED ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Giant PALM TREES, waves CRASH.

A frustrated Sherman SMACKS his G-Phone against his hand.

SHERMAN

Must've been that program  
download... screwed things up.

JAKES'S SOUL (O.S.)

How did we... what have you...  
where the hell am I!?

SHERMAN'S POV

Ten feet away, Jake stares back, dressed like Ginger from "Gilligan's Island".

SHERMAN  
Why is everything so hard?

Jake glances down at himself. He's clothed in a luminous GREEN SEQUINED DRESS, SPARKLED HEELS and a 1960's done up AUBURN WIG.

SHERMAN  
You like a white Ru-Paul.

Sherman TAPS his G-Phone.

JAKES'S SOUL  
Wait! Don't...

Jake changes back to being naked. Exasperated, Jake shakes his head.

JAKES'S SOUL  
Stop doing that.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Cyril and General Whitey stare at the Holographic display. A red blip flickers.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Is that the bogey?

CORPORAL  
Yes. Tropical island, East Indies.

The General faces Cyril and Bubbles.

GENERAL WHITEY  
You and Honky-tonk better break out the suntan lotion and hit that beach.

CYRIL  
If they're still there.

GENERAL WHITEY  
I'll bet my coconuts they are.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - DESERTED ISLAND BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Jake wrestles with a makeshift PALM LEAF SKIRT.

SHERMAN

Not what you expected?

JAKES'S SOUL

A pair of jeans would be nice.

Jake gets the skirt secured.

JAKES'S SOUL

I'm trying to wrap my head around this... I'm not dead, but I'm not alive and to top it all off I'm glowing like a nuclear reactor.

SHERMAN

Your in a kind of limbo.

JAKES'S SOUL

Oh, that helps. And you're supposed to be...

SHERMAN

A reaper. Ah, you thought the scythe, hooded robe, ball and chain, just like the movies, right?

Jake nods.

JAKES'S SOUL

Right.

A high noon stare down.

SHERMAN

What?

JAKES'S SOUL

Prove it.

SHERMAN

I'm not a side show freak.

Jake shrugs his shoulders.

JAKES'S SOUL

Well, if you can't do it...

Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN

Fine.

Concentrating, Sherman points at a piece of DRIFT WOOD then closes his eyes. The Drift Wood wiggles, raises a couple of inches off the sand then plops back down.

Jake crosses his arms.

JAKES'S SOUL

That was impressive.

Sherman seethes.

SHERMAN

Damn it.

Sherman points at Jake's feet. The sand swirls up Jake's body and he sinks, buried up to his neck.

SHERMAN

How's that?

JAKES'S SOUL

Terrific, now I have sand in my  
ass.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - DESERTED ISLAND BEACH - LATER

Jake brushes sand from his hair.

SHERMAN

Sorry about that.

Jake looks at Sherman.

JAKES'S SOUL

Which part?

SHERMAN

What's happened and what's about  
too.

JAKES'S SOUL

It was your wife, wasn't it?

SHERMAN

Who?

Jake grins.

JAKES'S SOUL

That crazy lunatic yelling at you  
when I landed butt naked on the  
floor. Not my best moment, by the  
way.

Sherman laughs.

SHERMAN

When you're married for a hundred  
years let me know how things work  
out.

Jake nods in agreement.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - DESERTED ISLAND - BEACH TREE LINE - SAME  
TIME

Silly String Guns drawn and ready, Cyril and Bubbles  
materialize within the dense underbrush.

Cyril stares at his G-Phone.

CYRIL

Down the beach, about two hundred  
yards.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - DESERTED ISLAND BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Jake looks around, the realization hits him hard.

JAKES'S SOUL

Look, all I care about is getting  
back to Emily. How do we do that?

SHERMAN

I think I know someone who could  
help.

Jake stares at his glowing arms.

JAKES'S SOUL

By the way, what's with the this?

SHERMAN

That will fade as --

JAKES'S SOUL

As what?

SHERMAN  
As your body dies in the human  
world.

JAKES'S SOUL  
Hold on... human world?

Sherman looks

DOWN THE BEACH

Cyril and Bubbles, their CLOWN SHOES flopping in the sand,  
trudge toward Sherman and Jake.

SHERMAN  
We need to leave... now.

CYRIL (O.S.)  
Stop!

Alarmed, Jake looks at the approaching Clowns.

JAKES'S SOUL  
Who the hell are they?

SHERMAN  
The police.

Incredulous, Jake glances at Sherman.

JAKES'S SOUL  
Of course they are.

Sherman TAPS a few keys on his G-Phone. Jake moves toward  
him. They eye one another, Sherman grabs hold.

JAKES'S SOUL  
You really need to work on the  
clothing thing.

SHERMAN  
I'll try. Hang on.

They vanish.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - MAPLE STREET - OLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dressed in CAMOUFLAGE, NIGHT GOGGLES and a NIGHT VISION HEAD  
SET Ollie scans the neighborhood from a tree top PLATFORM.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Aardvark, Aardvark... this is  
platypus... come in.

Ollie TAPS his head set.

OLLIE  
Go ahead platypus, report.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Corner of Maple and Vine all clear.

OLLIE  
To the resistance, roger and out.

Satisfied, Ollie makes his way down to a

SPACE BETWEEN A BRANCH AND THE ROOFTOP

He presses a button on his WATCH, a secret HATCH on the roof opens and he disappears inside.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S DEN - SECONDS LATER

From the ceiling, a TRAP DOOR opens and down steps Ollie. He checks his surroundings.

A police scanner CRACKLES then goes silent.

He secures the trap door, removes his night goggles. The floor is crammed with stacks upon stacks of OLD NEWS PAPERS and MAGAZINES, the walls plastered with various CLIPPINGS circled with RED MARKER.

IN THE HALLWAY

Ollie moves past stacks of boxes as we FLASH on some of the labels: "Soul Central", "Assassinations", "The Reagan Years", "Simon Cowell" and even a box marked "Shirley MacLaine" in a whimsical type face.

Ollie steps into

THE LIVING ROOM

A KNOCK at the FRONT DOOR. Ollie dashes to the

DOOR PEEP HOLE

Through the lens, Sherman waves back. Ollie sighs, turns a few LOCKS, unhitches CHAINS and removes a massive DEAD BOLT.

He swings open the door. In the doorway, Sherman smiles.

SHERMAN  
Evening Ollie, how are you?

OLLIE  
What's going on?

Sherman looks to his left then pulls a glowing Jake into view.

SHERMAN  
We need your help.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ollie secures the door locks then stares at Jake.

OLLIE  
Holy crap, you did it. I mean... I didn't think you would... but you really did it.

SHERMAN  
Ollie this is Jake. Jake, Ollie.

Jake extends a glowing hand. Ollie takes a step back.

SHERMAN  
Ollie, I need your help. I'm in pretty deep.

Ollie looks at Sherman then notices his FLASHING RED G-Phone.

OLLIE  
You idiot...

Ollie grabs Sherman's G-Phone and runs into the kitchen.

OLLIE (O.S.)  
...I told you not to download that new software.

IN THE KITCHEN

Frantic, Ollie rummages through drawers and cabinets, picking out TOOLS, WIRES and BITS of ELECTRONICS.

STATIC fills Ollie's head set then...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 (whispered)  
 Aardvark, aardvark, this is  
 platypus, I've got a bogie turning  
 on Maple.

Ollie pulls on his headset and TAPS a key.

OLLIE  
 Roger that platypus. Maintain  
 position.  
 (to Sherman)  
 Sherman close all the blinds.  
 Jake, over my work-bench, flip on  
 the overhead light.

LIVING ROOM

Sherman shuts the blinds. Jake searches for the light switch  
 amongst the chaos of boxes.

JAKES'S SOUL  
 Can't find the switch.

OLLIE (O.S.)  
 It's by the Kennedy files!

Jake spots four columns of YELLOWING BOXES marked "JFK" and  
 pushes them apart -- BINGO! A HANGING LAMP immediately  
 radiates over a CLUTTERED WORKBENCH.

OLLIE (O.S.)  
 Sherman, you're the lookout.

Sherman unlatches a SECRET PANEL along a wall and peeks  
 through.

Wearing LIGHTED HEADGEAR, Ollie rushes from the kitchen then  
 drops an arm-full of electronic and tools on the work bench.

He tinkers away.

OLLIE  
 The tricky thing is to interrupt  
 the locator signal...

Ollie POPS the cover off Sherman's G-Phone with a SCREW-  
 DRIVER.

OLLIE  
...and not blow us up in the  
process.

Sherman glances at Jake. Jake steps back.

OLLIE  
These little buggers are basically  
miniature fusion reactors.

Sherman looks back

THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL

DOWN THE STREET

Swirling POLICE LIGHTS in the distance.

SHERMAN  
Ollie?

OLLIE  
Almost got it.

Ollie carefully attaches TWO THIN WIRES to a CIRCUIT BOARD  
inside the G-Phone. SPARKS fly.

SHERMAN  
Whatever you need to do, do it  
quick.

Ollie attaches the LIVE WIRES to a BLACK BUTTON SCRAMBLER  
then secures that on the back of the phone.

OLLIE  
Come on you hunk of junk.

Ollie shakes the phone then knocks it against the table.

JAKE  
Hey... fusion reactor.

A long BEEP.

G-PHONE SCREEN

Changes from a RED to a GREEN GLOW.

OLLIE  
Hah!

INT./EXT. REAPERVILLE - MAPLE STREET - CLOWN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Bubbles drives slowly past house after house. Beside him, Cyril focuses on a DASHBOARD MONITOR; a BLINKING RED DOT vanishes.

Cyril BANGS his fist on the dash.

CYRIL

Crud!

A WALKIE-TALKIE CRACKLES.

GENERAL WHITEY (V.O.)

Come in you maggots!

Cyril grabs the walkie-talkie.

CYRIL

This is Kirk.

GENERAL WHITEY (V.O.)

What's the status.

CYRIL

We lost the signal, sir.

Feedback BLARES from the walkie-talkie.

GENERAL WHITEY (V.O.)

You stupid igit! What in the sam-hill are you and horn honker doing out there? Playing ring-around-the-rosy?!

Cyril turns the walkie-talkie volume down, the General RANTS on.

Bubbles replies with a meek HORN HONK.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sherman stares out the

SECRET PANEL

The police car drives past the house.

SHERMAN

You did it Ollie. They're moving away.

Jake breathes a sigh of relief. Ollie removes his lighted head gear.

OLLIE  
(to Sherman)  
I told you not to do it, but you  
never listen to me?

SHERMAN  
I know, I know.

OLLIE  
You're going to get us arrested!

Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN  
Why is the sky always falling with  
you?

OLLIE  
You don't know what I know.

Jake steps in between Ollie and Sherman.

JAKE  
Alright! Alright!

Ollie and Sherman glare at one another.

JAKE  
This isn't helping.

Ollie and Sherman retreat into separate corners like two prize fighters.

JAKE  
We need to work together guys...  
ghouls, whatever.

Ollie and Sherman eye one another.

JAKE  
I can't do this on my own.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Consuela adjusts a knitted YARN HAT on Jake's head and straightens the bed covers.

CONSUELA  
I know you in there Jakey. You make  
grande' mess.

Consuela walks around the bed.

CONSUELA  
My emillita, she so worried. She  
love you very much. I don't know  
what you up to, but it no bueno.

A night NURSE enters and adjusts the oxygen settings.

NURSE  
(softly)  
Buenas noches, Ms. Lopez.

Consuela straightens.

CONSUELA  
Buenas noches, senora.

The Nurse pulls the blankets up to Jake's chin.

NURSE  
Nos vemos mañana.

Consuela nods. The Nurse leaves.

CONSUELA  
(to Jake)  
You hear this and hear it good, you  
find way back...

Consuela moves closer to Jake.

CONSUELA  
...comprende?

Consuela pulls back and SLAPS Jake across the face.

CONSUELA  
That for being estúpido.

She spins, marches back to her seat and puts the finishing touches on a GIANT SWEATER VEST.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Gathered around a table, Sherman and Jake watch Ollie's finger trace across an old

PARCHMENT MAP

Then stop on a SHADED MOUNTAINOUS region.

OLLIE

The Outland's. If he's anywhere,  
it's here.

Sherman studies the map.

SHERMAN

There's nothing there.

JAKE

What's not there?

OLLIE

Maximilian Romulus Gideon, the only  
Reaper we know who might have the  
power to return your soul in time.

Sherman taps the map area marked "Reaperville".

SHERMAN

From here...

Sherman drags his finger across the whole map and stops on  
the mountain range.

SHERMAN

...to here? Seems like a wild goose  
chase to me.

OLLIE

It's our only chance to keep the  
sky from falling.

Sherman throws up his hands, walks to the window, peeks out  
the blinds.

JAKE

What choice do we have?

SHERMAN

There has to be an easier way.

OLLIE

I'm all ears.

Jake takes a deep breath.

JAKE

If it's the only way, I'll go.

OLLIE

No, you can't Jake.

JAKE

Why not?

OLLIE

In your present condition if you leave Reaperville's borders your life force will extinguish.

A moment passes, a look between Sherman and Ollie.

SHERMAN

(to Ollie)

You didn't want to go to jail.

OLLIE

If we're going to go, lets go big.

SHERMAN

All right, I'll do it. But if anything happens to me you're responsible for Ginny.

Jake laughs.

OLLIE

That's just not right.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

A 1940's YELLOW CAB with BLUE POLKA DOTS pulls to the curb.

The horn HONKS.

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE

Opens. Sherman hustles down the sidewalk and jumps into the cab.

Jake and Ollie watch from the doorway. The cab SPEEDS away.

OLLIE

It's good to see the friend I remember.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S BATHROOM - LATER

Ollie applies the finishing touches of makeup to Jake's face. A tan-toned Jake stares in the mirror.

JAKE

Jesus, I look like George Hamilton.

OLLIE

Who?

JAKE

Never mind. Is all this really necessary?

Ollie flips Sherman's G-Phone toward Jake.

OLLIE

Unfortunately, yes.

ON THE G-PHONE SCREEN

A PHOTO of Sherman leaning over Jake in Central Park, the words "WANTED" stamped across the bottom.

JAKE

Oh, great.

OLLIE

This should keep your skin from glowing... for a while.

Ollie hands Jake an EXTRA TUBE of makeup.

OLLIE

For touch ups. Now for the wardrobe.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake stares at the mirror.

IN THE REFLECTION

Jake wears PLATFORM SHOES, TIGHT FITTING PANTS, a wide POLYESTER PATTERNED SHIRT and OVER-SIZED SUNGLASSES.

JAKE

What do you think?

OLLIE

It's better than what you came in with.

JAKE

Now what?

OLLIE  
 We stall the police while Sherman  
 finds Max.

JAKE  
 And how do we do that?

Ollie grins at Jake's reflection.

OLLIE  
 By doing what we do best.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

The General stares at Cyril.

CYRIL  
 They always seem to be a step  
 ahead.

GENERAL WHITEY  
 We need intel, numb nuts. I'll be  
 damned if these yahoo's are gonna  
 win this war.

CYRIL  
 We have informants we can use.

GENERAL WHITEY  
 Well son, quit flapping those gums  
 and get on with it.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dressed in Jake's N.Y. GIANT'S T-SHIRT, Emily wanders from  
 room to room.

MONTAGE -

- Emily stands and remote-flips through television channels.
- In the bedroom closet, Emily smells Jake's clothes.
- She removes the DUSTY CARDBOARD BOX.
- Seated on the bed, the box in her lap, she removes PHOTOS,  
 a MEDICAL DIPLOMA, a ROSARY, POSTCARDS and BOOKS.

- She holds a POSTCARD depicting Washington, D.C. then lays back on the bed.

END MONTAGE

Emily reads the postcard then smiles.

EMILY

We hated being apart that summer.

Tears well up.

EMILY

I can't believe you kept these.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - WASHINGTON, D.C. - STATELY HOME -  
AFTERNOON

The air shimmers, Ollie and Jake materialize. A stylish home. The walls, a shrine of PICTURES of former Presidents, Prime Ministers and world dignitaries.

A stone-faced, suited GUARD with a visible earpiece walks past them.

JAKE

(whispers)

Who's house is this?

Ollie smirks.

OLLIE

(whispers)

You don't have to whisper.

(louder) )

No one can hear or see us!

Jake nods.

JAKE

Right.

OLLIE

Ex-VP.

Ollie examines a SCULPTURE made of GLASS, WIRE and what looks like used TAMPONS.

OLLIE

God, that's dreadful.

On the wall, Jake focuses on a PHOTOGRAPH.

JAKE  
Cheney?

Ollie nods.

OLLIE  
That's the one.

JAKE  
Why would anyone want to collect  
the soul of that son-of-a-bitch?

Ollie turns toward Jake.

OLLIE  
In the end, we are who we are,  
Jake.

The comment stops Jake in his tracks.

OLLIE  
Right or wrong, we've all made  
difficult choices that haunt us.  
Wouldn't you agree?

JAKE  
I guess so.

A SCREAM from the back yard.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Dick! Somebody call 911!

OLLIE  
We're up.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - STATELY HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

An old woman, MRS. CHENEY, 80's, dressed in a FLORAL GARDEN APRON stands over a MAN, face down in the muddy flower bed.

MRS. CHENEY  
Oh, Dick, not in my prize petunias.

MRS. CHENEY struggles to turn her husband face up. The suited Guard rushes to her side, kneels next to the prone body.

Close by, Ollie instructs Jake on how to extract a soul using the G-Phone.

OLLIE  
Then press enter and bingo.

CHENEY'S SOUL rises from the lifeless body and stands beside his wife.

CHENEY'S SOUL  
For Christ sakes Mildred, what are  
you crying about?

Cheney's Soul's eyes lock on his dead body.

CHENEY'S SOUL  
What in God's name is going on  
here?

OLLIE (O.S.)  
Dick Cheney?

Cheney's Soul turns toward Ollie.

CHENEY'S SOUL  
Yes? Who are you people? How'd  
you get past security?

OLLIE  
You have the right to remain  
silent, anything you say or do is  
irrelevant from this point on.

Befuddled, Cheney's Soul stares back.

JAKE  
Is that really necessary?

Ollie shrugs.

OLLIE  
(to Jake)  
I like to enjoy my work, especially  
with a guy whose made a mess of our  
foreign relations.

Defiant, CHENEY'S SOUL fires back.

CHENEY'S SOUL  
Hey, that was George's fault, not  
mine.

OLLIE  
Defiant to the end... we'll see  
about that.

Ollie taps his G-Phone and SWOOSH -- Jake, Ollie and CHENEY'S SOUL vanish.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - CARNIVAL BIG TOP TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ollie leads CHENEY'S SOUL and Jake through the CROWD. Jake and CHENEY'S SOUL stare at the spectacle around them.

JAKE  
(to Ollie)  
Where are we?

OLLIE  
The end of the line.

Ollie looks at

JAKE'S CHEEK

A small patch of GLOWING SKIN shows through. Ollie touches his own face

OLLIE  
(whispers)  
You got a shiner there.

Covertly, Jake applies makeup from his extra tube.

EZRAH (O.S.)  
An apprentice?

Ollie and Jake turn. Atop the platform, Ezra studies the threesome.

EZRAH  
Thought you only worked solo?

Nervous, Ollie waves a BLACK TICKET in his hand.

OLLIE  
You know how it is... soul counts are down, the machine needs to keep churning, not to mention the police have their eyes on everything and everyone.

Ezrah eyeballs Jake.

EZRAH  
It's hard to hide from all that, isn't it?

Ezrah steps down, takes the black ticket from Ollie, drops it into he turnstile, then points his scanner over Ollie's G-Phone.

Cheney's name appears in the row of lights above the platform. Ezra reads his scanner display.

EZRAH  
Dick Cheney, pulmonary embolism.

OLLIE  
Which line?

EZRAH  
You've been a naughty boy, Dick,  
it's the Roller coaster for you.  
(to Ollie)  
To the right.

Ollie smiles at CHENEY'S SOUL, pushes him forward.

CHENEY'S SOUL  
Hey, watch it!

OLLIE  
Say hello to Saddam for me.

Ezrah grabs Cheney's Soul's arm.

EZRAH  
I'll take care of him. Why don't  
you give your apprentice the nickle  
tour?

OLLIE  
Don't have time, have to run.

A look passes between Ezra and Ollie.

EZRAH  
I insist.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS  
LATER

Cyril, G-Phone to ear, stares at General Whitey.

CYRIL  
(to phone)  
And they're together?  
(pause)  
Thank you, Ezra, that's very  
helpful.

Cyril TAPS his G-Phone.

GENERAL WHITEY

Well?

CYRIL

Now there's three.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - CARNIVAL MIDWAY - LATER

Ollie leads Jake between rows of hundreds of stylized CARNY BOOTHS.

SHOT SERIES: CARNIVAL ROW

- A BARBERSHOP BOOTH, complete with BARBER'S CHAIR and CANDY-STRIPE POLL. A sign in the chair reads: "Reserved for Donald Trump".

- A DUNKING TANK, occupied by the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST, she reaches for a dangling pair of RUBY SLIPPERS. She slips, falls and melts in the water.

- A BLIND KNIFE THROWER flings BLADES at a revolving display, barely missing a tied down JACK the RIPPER.

- Enclosed in an over-sized FIGHT CAGE, the HOUSE WIVES of New Jersey are beating the hell out of the HOUSE WIVES of Beverly Hills.

END SERIES

Engrossed in his G-Phone, Ollie is oblivious to the horror around him.

JAKE

Is this hell?

Ollie looks up.

OLLIE

It's Purgatory. Hell's much worse.

JAKE

I can't imagine anything worse than this.

CHENEY'S SOUL (O.S.)

Mil...dred... help...!

Jake looks back down the midway at a

ROLLER COASTER

Plummet downward toward a GIANT SHARK'S OPEN JAWS. Cheney's screaming soul in the front seat.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Slogging up a narrow, CRUMBLING pathway behind TWO SHERPA GUIDES, Sherman holds on for dear life atop an incensed LLAMA.

A hard RAIN PELTS him from head to toe.

SHERMAN  
(under his breath)  
Why does everything have to be so  
difficult?

EXT. REAPERVILLE - MOUNTAIN TOP - ANCIENT COMPOUND -  
AFTERNOON

Irate, Sherman climbs off his cantankerous Llama.

SHERMAN  
Foul smelling creature.

The Llama grunts then SPITS a FROTHY LOOGIE in Sherman's face.

The Sherpa's laugh hysterically. Sherman wipes his face.

SHERMAN  
Very funny.

Sherman glances around. SUNSHINE, BLUE SKY, LUSH LANDSCAPE. A hidden Shangri-La surrounded by a TEN-FOOT STONE WALL that snakes up the mountainside.

Up a WORN WALKING PATH an OLD MAN appears shouldering TWO heavy BUCKETS of WATER that dangle on either end of a THICK WOODEN POLE.

SHERMAN  
(to Old Man)  
Excuse me. I was wondering if you  
could help me?

The Old Man strains to set the heavy load down on the ground. He twists and bends, his bones CRACKLE like brittle twigs.

OLD MAN  
I'm always willing to help a soul  
in need... for a price.

Sherman digs in his pockets. The Old Man holds up a thin bony hand.

OLD MAN  
That won't be necessary. If you  
could carry these buckets to my  
garden for me, that would be  
payment enough.

Sherman looks at the buckets then shrugs his shoulders.

SHERMAN  
How far is it?

The Old Man walks toward HUGE WOODEN GATES embedded in the stone wall.

OLD MAN  
Not far.

Sherman glances at his WATCH, it reads: "5:15 PM".

INT. REAPERVILLE - ANCIENT COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Sherman struggles under the weight of the buckets, his footing unsure on the COBBLESTONE PATH along the wall. The Old Man looks back and nods.

OLD MAN  
Not far now.

Sweating and out of breath, Sherman sets the buckets down, looks at the Old Man and shakes his head.

SHERMAN  
You said that over an hour ago.

The Old Man stops and studies Sherman.

OLD MAN  
I would be happy to share the  
burden, but it will cost you.

SHERMAN  
Who's helping who here?

Sherman grimaces, hauls the pole onto his sore shoulders.

SHERMAN  
 (smiles)  
 Not far now, my ass.

The Old Man moves to a CRACK IN THE WALL and pushes -- miraculously a DOORWAY opens.

OLD MAN  
 Ah, here we are.

The Old Man walks through.

SHERMAN  
 What the...?

Sherman follows.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - ANCIENT COMPOUND GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

A lush sanctum. BEES, BIRDS and BUTTERFLIES -- BUZZ, SWOOP, and FLUTTER. Sherman steps out from the DOORWAY and stops cold.

OLD MAN  
 If you wouldn't mind, could you  
 bring the buckets over here.

He sets the buckets at the Old Man's feet, looks around.

SHERMAN  
 This is incredible.

OLD MAN  
 We reap what we sow, do we not?

Sherman stretches his back and rubs his shoulders.

SHERMAN  
 I suppose.

The Old Man nods.

OLD MAN  
 I could fix that for you.

Doubtful, Sherman stares back.

SHERMAN  
 No, I'm all right.

The Old Man moves toward Sherman.

OLD MAN  
It won't hurt a bit, I promise.

The Old Man takes a deep breath.

SHERMAN  
No, wait... I don't need --

The Old Man grips Sherman's shoulders and exhales.

OLD MAN  
(in Latin)  
By my healing hands...

For a moment, Sherman's world stops moving, goes silent. His expression is serene, peaceful.

OLD MAN  
(in Latin)  
...heal this weary soul.

The Old Man SLAPS Sherman on the back, awakens him as if from a dream.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
There we go my boy, that should do it.

Sherman stretches his neck.

SHERMAN  
Wow, I feel... how did you --

Sherman turns.

FIFTY FEET AWAY

With great care, the Old Man prunes an EXOTIC GREEN PLANT.

OLD MAN  
Please bring one of the buckets.

Light on his feet, bucket in hand, Sherman walks over to the Old Man.

OLD MAN  
Now, what was it you were looking for?

SHERMAN  
I'm looking for someone, an ancient reaper.

The Old Man prunes away.

OLD MAN  
An ancient reaper? How  
interesting.

SHERMAN  
This man, this reaper, apparently  
has mystical powers.

The Old Man takes a HANDFUL of WATER from the bucket and  
drips the fluid on each leaf.

OLD MAN  
Why do you seek such a reaper?

SHERMAN  
My friends and I are in some  
trouble.

The Old Man nods, continues to water each leaf.

OLD MAN  
It is good to have friends.

SHERMAN  
Anyway, we need this mystic's help  
to get a soul out of limbo.

OLD MAN  
That does sounds serious.

SHERMAN  
It is, so if you could just tell me  
if he's here... I won't waste any  
more of my time... or yours.

The Old Man drips the remaining cupped water into the bucket,  
faces Sherman.

OLD MAN  
The younger generation... always in  
a hurry.

They stare at one another in silence. A moment passes.

SHERMAN  
Well, time is against me.

The Old Man shrugs, turns and strokes the exotic plant.

OLD MAN

Did you know this *hypermnnesia validiticus* only blossoms every two-hundred years? And then, for only a few short hours.

Sherman rolls his eyes.

SHERMAN

That's fascinating, but what does that have to do with me?

OLD MAN

Every villager in the Outlands and beyond makes a pilgrimage to see this wonder of nature.

Unimpressed, Sherman looks around.

SHERMAN

Terrific. I really need to find this Maximilian guy or we're going to jail.

IN THE OLD MAN'S EYES

Two FLAMES blaze deep within his pupils.

OLD MAN

That is a name I haven't heard in a long, long time.

The flames extinguish, the Old Man snaps a BUD from the plant.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry, but I don't know of a man with such gifts.

The Old Man hands Sherman the snapped bud.

OLD MAN

A memento of your journey.

Sherman shoves the bud in his pocket.

SHERMAN

Thanks for the botany lesson.

The Old Man points toward a STONE PATHWAY that leads to an ARCHED DOORWAY in the stone wall.

OLD MAN  
You can take the short cut through  
there, if you wish.

Doubtful, Sherman stomps down the stone path.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
Good luck on your quest. I hope you  
find what you're looking for.

Sherman pushes through the doorway and into...

EXT. REAPERVILLE - ANCIENT COMPOUND GATES - SAME MOMENT

Sherman looks around and realizes he's outside the huge  
wooden gates.

SHERMAN  
Why is everything so difficult?

He turns, the doorway now a SOLID WALL OF STONE.

SHERMAN  
Crazy old man. What a waste of  
time.

He moves toward the napping Sherpa's, claps his hands.

SHERMAN  
All right, chop, chop! Nap time's  
over! Lets go my sure footed  
friends and get the hell off this  
god forsaken mountain.

The Sherpa's watch Sherman jump on his Llama and pull the  
reins tight with the force of a warrior.

SHERMAN  
(to llama)  
And as for you my filthy, stench of  
an animal, listen up. I'm your  
master now.

The Llama SNORTS, FARTS, then takes off running.

SHERMAN  
Yee-haw!

The Sherpa's scramble to their feet, hurry to catch up.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - ANCIENT COMPOUND GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

From the shadows, a woman, ISABELLA GIDEON (30's) appears.

ISABELLA

Father, why did you not help that  
poor man?

The Old Man sighs.

OLD MAN

My dearest, the days of Maximilian  
and reaping are far behind me.

ISABELLA

You always told me that a soul in  
pain is a soul in need.

MAXIMILIAN GIDEON nods, smiles at her.

MAX

Like your mother... wise beyond  
your years.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - RESIDENTIAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

MILTON GREEN (17), overweight, puffing and wheezing, adjusts  
a VIDEO CAMERA mounted on a LAPTOP.

MILTON

(to camera)  
How's that?

ON THE LAPTOP

A small VIDEO WINDOW displays the faces of TWO TEENAGE BOYS,  
one FRECKLED RED-HEAD, the other a DARK, GOTH LOOK.

FRECKLE BOY

Ten eighty, man... you're streaming  
in full H-D.

GOTH BOY

Get on with it. We've got fifty  
thousand logged on and climbing.

Milton turns, surveys

## THE ROOM

A maze of CONTRAPTIONS, DEVICES, WIRES, PULLEYS, ELECTRONICS. In the center of the room, a single CHAIR.

Twenty feet from the chair, a SCUBA GUN, STEEL ARROW in place, mounted and aimed squarely at the chair.

OFF SCREEN: floorboards CREAK.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Milton Green!

MILTON  
(mutters)  
Shit.

Milton glances upward.

MILTON  
What!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I hear voices. You talkin' on that contraption again? Don't make me come down there.

FRECKLE BOY (V.O.)  
That your Grandma Hester?

Milton glances back at the laptop screen.

MILTON  
Yeah, but she's not stopping me this time. You guys ready?

FRECKLE BOY (V.O.)  
Ready.

GOTH BOY (V.O.)  
Yeah, Yeah. Let's go.

Milton plops in the chair, pushes a BLUE BUTTON on a CONTROL BOX beside him.

From the ceiling, a CYLINDRICAL DEVICE WHIRLS and lowers over Milton. The device automatically encircles Milton and the chair with layers of DUCT TAPE.

GOTH BOY (V.O.)  
Rad man... totally rad.

Milton holds his index finger over a RED BUTTON on the control box, glances at the laptop.

MILTON

Once I start, it only takes a minute.

FRECKLED BOY (V.O.)

Ready to be famous?

GOTH BOY (V.O.)

Push it, man!

Milton hesitates then STABS the red button.

The maze of electronics, gears and wires HUM, CLICK, and CLANK.

OFF SCREEN: A door CREAKS opens.

Light pours down the STAIRWELL. Heavy GRUNTING then FOOTSTEPS.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Milton, I don't know what you're up too, but --

ON THE STAIRS

BUNNY SLIPPERS, then WHITE SOCKS, then FLUORESCENT GREEN CHINO'S lead up to the bulk and seventy-six year old face that is HESTER GREEN.

Hester takes it all in, her eyes stop on

MILTON

A hopeless look.

MILTON

Go away!

HESTER

What-in-tarnation?

Confused, Hester bumbles down the last step. The MAZE of GEARS WHIRS on.

MILTON

You can't be here... it's... it's dangerous!

Hester waddles over, hands on hips, stands between Milton and the scuba gun.

Panicked, Milton's eyes dart toward the laptop. He leans out and peers around Hester's girth at the scuba gun, the arrow pointed directly at her backside.

GOTH BOY (V.O.)  
Three seconds! We got a million viewers!

Startled, Hester turns toward the laptop.

CLANK!

A STEEL BALL drops then rolls down a CHUTE...

Lands in a CUP, the weight tips a SCALE...

Which pulls a WIRE on the TRIGGER of the SCUBA GUN.

TWANG! SWOOSH!

In slow motion, the ARROW launches, zeroes in on Hester's chest, her eyes widen.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

Goth Boy and Freckle Boy avert their eyes.

SQUISH.

Silence.

Goth Boy turns back, peers into the room.

GOTH BOY (V.O.)  
Cool... human shish-kebab.

IN THE CHAIR

Milton's lifeless body is smothered by Hester's bulk, the scuba arrow skewers both bodies dead center.

The air nearby SHIMMERS and Jake appears, his back to the dead bodies. Disoriented, he turns.

JAKE  
Oh, God!

Jake dry heaves.

JAKE  
Jesus! That's just wrong.

Jake TAPS his G-Phone. HESTER'S SOUL rises up in full SCREAM mode. Beneath Hester's dead body, a muffled voice.

MILTON'S SOUL  
Get off me!

MILTON'S SOUL leaps out.

MILTON'S SOUL  
Holy crap!

Hester's Soul stares at Milton's Soul, her SCREAM intensifies. Jake cringes, TAPS his G-Phone, they all vanish.

INT. REAPERVILLE - CARNIVAL BIG TOP TENT - DAY

Beside Ezra's platform, Jake materializes with Hester and Milton's Souls. Hester's Soul hyperventilates, Milton's Soul is mesmerized.

Jake deposits a WHITE TICKET and BLACK TICKET in the turnstile.

HESTER'S SOUL  
Oh, Lordy!

Jake scans the CROWD, his eyes lock on

EZRAH

He walks over, looks at Hester and Milton's Souls.

EZRAH  
A two-fer on your first time out?  
What're you, in a hurry or  
something?

JAKE  
You've no idea.

Ezrah nods at two large BOUNCER CLOWNS. The Bouncer Clowns walk up and stand guard behind Hester and Milton.

Ezrah stares at his G-PAD.

EZRAH  
Hester and Milton Green.  
(to Milton)  
Quite the little inventor aren't  
we?

MILTON

I rule.

HESTER

Wait until I get you home, we'll see who rules.

EZRAH

Too bad you won't be around for the sequel.

Ezrah nods at the Bouncer Clowns, they grab Hester and Milton.

HESTER

Get your hands offa me.

MILTON

Hey! Watch it!

The Bouncer Clowns drag the screaming duo off.

EZRAH

Where's your friend?

JAKE

He's around.

Jake taps his G-Phone and vanishes.

CYRIL (O.S.)

Perfect.

Ezrah turns, Cyril steps out from behind the platform.

CYRIL

Now, we'll get all of them at once.

Cyril TAPS a key on his G-Phone, holds it to his ear.

CYRIL

(to phone)

Are you in position?

EXT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY HOME - NIGHT

Hidden behind a shrub, Bubbles, G-Phone to his ear, HONKS a response into the phone.

CYRIL (V.O.)

(on phone)

Move in.

Around the house, a dozen hidden SWAT CLOWNS rise, Silly String Guns in hand.

INT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY HOME - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS  
LATER

On the couch, Ginny frowns, stares across the room.

GINNY

No, I think it's the pants. They  
don't work. Try the other ones  
again.

CHAD

Dressed in his new DESIGNER REAPER OUTFIT, shrugs.

CHAD

You're the boss.

Chad unbuttons then pulls down his pants.

BEHIND CHAD

The KITCHEN DOOR BURSTS open.

Ginny screams. Chad screams.

S.W.A.T. CLOWNS rush inside and surround them. Chad, his  
pants around his ankles, clings to Ginny.

CHAD

Wha... what's going on?

S.W.A.T. CLOWN #1

Where are they?!

Bubbles leers at Ginny and Chad then holds out a large horn  
and smiles.

A low, slow and sexy HONK... HONK... HONK.

Defiant, Ginny shoves Chad backward.

GINNY

It's not what you think.

Bubbles nods at the S.W.A.T. Clowns. Silly String Guns FIRE  
overwhelming both Ginny and Chad.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S HOUSE - CURB SIDE - LATER

The Blue Polka Dot Taxi pulls to the curb. Sherman steps out.

INT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The last DOOR LOCK CLICKS open. Sherman enters. The room is pitch black.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Psst, over here.

Near a

TOWER OF BOXES

Jake waves him over. Sherman moves toward Jake.

SHERMAN  
What's going on? Where's Ollie?

Jake grabs Sherman's arm and pulls him to the floor.

JAKE  
The police have been on our trail  
since you left.

SHERMAN  
Damnation.

FOOTSTEPS. Wearing night goggles and camouflage Ollie appears from the darkness.

OLLIE  
You're back.

SHERMAN  
What's going on?

OLLIE  
I'm picking up multiple bogies in  
the neighborhood. Did you find Max?

Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN  
I found a crazy old man and a Llama  
with an attitude, that's about it.  
(to Jake)  
I'm sorry Jake.

Suddenly, from all sides, BRIGHT LIGHTS blast the interior of the house.

OLLIE  
Crap!

Sherman, Jake and Ollie exchange a frightened look.

GENERAL WHITEY (O.S.)  
All right you maggots, prepare for  
a good old ass-whupping.

BOOM!

THE FRONT DOOR

Explodes off its hinges. S.W.A.T. CLOWNS rush inside, Silly String Guns raised.

SHERMAN  
Run!

Guns BLAST. Jake, Sherman and Ollie go down in a colorful blaze of silly string glory.

EXT. REAPERVILLE - OLLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

HELICOPTERS hover, Clown POLICE CARS and PADDY WAGONS surround the house. Jake, Sherman and Ollie are carried out one by one, covered in solidified SILLY STRING.

CYRIL  
Put 'em in the wagon.

OLLIE  
You'll pay for this!

The General gives a creepy grin.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Good work Captain.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER - FRONT DESK - DAY

OVERSIZED HANDCUFFS, bits of Silly String still evident, Jake, Sherman and Ollie peer up at a CLOWN SERGEANT seated behind a large, elevated desk.

Behind them, an ominous OFFICER CLOWN stands guard.

Jake's makeup, nearly wiped clean, his glow noticeably diminished.

CLOWN SERGEANT  
Which one of you is Ollie Snivel?

Defiant, Ollie glares at the Clown Sergeant, takes a puff of his asthma inhaler.

OLLIE

Ollie Aloysius Snivel. Government collector. Registration number seven, seven, two dash four five. That's all you get.

Ollie crosses his arms.

CLOWN SERGEANT

Uh-huh.

(to Sherman)

And you, you're old enough to know better.

The Sergeant turns to Jake.

CLOWN SERGEANT

Radiation man here must be what all the fuss is about.

Jake steps forward.

JAKE

Listen Bozo, you can't talk to me or my friends like that, so why don't you just pucker up and kiss my shiny white behind.

Sherman and Ollie burst out laughing.

CLOWN SERGEANT

We'll see about that, mister glow stick.

The Sergeant motions to the Officer Clown.

CLOWN SERGEANT

Get them the hell out of here.

The Officer Clown pushes Jake, Sherman and Ollie toward a SHIMMERING DOORWAY.

JAKE

Wait! I have to get back before --

The Officer Clown pushes them all into the shimmering curtain of light. They vanish.



SHERMAN  
(to Ginny)  
Jesus, Ginny, really?

GINNY  
It wasn't him I was after.

A look passes between Sherman and Ginny.

SHERMAN  
It wasn't?

GINNY  
Of course not.

Sherman paces, then...

SHERMAN  
I thought if I did something  
extraordinary --

Ginny gestures around.

GINNY  
Ta-Da!.

Ginny turns her back on Sherman. Sherman stares at the floor then raises his head.

SHERMAN  
I didn't know how to get you back.

GINNY  
Back?

Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN  
We haven't exactly been seeing eye  
to eye lately.

Ginny softens.

GINNY  
It hasn't been all roses...

Ginny turns to Sherman.

GINNY  
...for either of us.

Sherman turns, hands in his COAT POCKETS and steps away.

SHERMAN  
We reap what we sow, don't we?

SHERMAN'S FACE

Realization hits him, he glances down. A FAINT GLOW emanates from his pocket. He removes his clenched hand, the same glows seeps from between his fingers.

GINNY (O.S.)  
We've had some fun though, right?

Sherman walks toward Ginny, she stares at his glowing hand.

SHERMAN  
For you.

Ginny opens her hand, accepts the now blossoming FLOWER.

SHERMAN  
Ginny, I'm so sorry.

They kiss through the bars.

GINNY  
What do we do now?

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL - JAKE'S CELL - LATER

Jake sits on the floor. A DEEP SHADOW cuts across his body; half in light, half in darkness.

From the blackness of the cells corner, a movement. Jake peers into it.

JAKE  
Who's there?

Max, his face concealed in a HOODED ROBE, leans into the dim light.

MAX  
Only an old man.

Jake stands.

JAKE  
What do you want?

MAX  
To help a soul in need.

Max flicks a hand into the light. A INFINITE VOID engulfs the space around Jake.

JAKE  
Can you get me home?

MAX  
That is up to you.

Jake looks back toward Max.

JAKE  
What do I need to do?.

MAX  
There is a place where dark memories live... the past forgotten.

JAKE  
I don't understand.

Max moves back into the darkness. Jake reaches out.

JAKE  
Wait.

A FLICKER OF LIGHT glimmers in the dark void, then...

A DOORWAY APPEARS

Through the opening, a COOL BLUE LIGHT. Jake stares at the doorway.

MAX (O.S.)  
You must find the key.

Jake hesitates.

MAX (O.S.)  
Let yourself go.

JAKE  
I... I can't... what I did...

Max's voice fades to a whisper...

MAX (O.S.)  
Trust in your heart.

Jake takes a deep breath and walks through the doorway.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - JAKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

OLD PHOTOS and POSTCARDS lay sprawled on the bed around a sleeping Emily. Near the

FOOT OF THE BED

An ELECTRIC BLUE LIGHT SHIMMERS in midair. A DOORWAY materializes and Jake steps through.

JAKE  
(whispers)  
Emily.

Jake reaches out to touch her. Emily stirs and rolls over.

JAKE  
Don't give up on me, Em.

His gaze falls upon the

NIGHT STAND

A ROSARY PULSES with a WHITE AURA. Jake reaches for the Rosary and a CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY shoots up his arm and engulfs him.

He vanishes.

A RUSH OF WIND fills the room, the BEDSHEETS ruffle.

Startled, Emily's eyes snap open, she sits up.

EMILY  
Jake?

FLASHBACK - INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

A MOTHER (40's), TISSUE in hand, stands over a bed occupied by her SON (11), a ROSARY wrapped around his wrist.

A NURSE shuts off a MONITOR and pulls out an I.V. TUBE from the boy's arm.

DR. JAKE HARTLEY (O.S.)  
Mrs. Wilson?

The Mother turns toward the doorway, DR. JAKE HARTLEY stares back. To his right, an invisible SHIMMERING Jake peers inside the room.

DR. JAKE HARTLEY  
I'm so sorry, there was nothing  
more I could do.

The Mother hesitates then glances back at the Young Boy. She gently removes the Rosary, hands it to Dr. Jake Hartley, then folds his hand over it.

MOTHER  
I know.

She stares behind Dr. Jake Hartley at the shimmering Jake.

MOTHER  
It's all right, it's time to  
forgive yourself.

Solemn, Shimmering Jake nods.

JAKE  
(mouths the words)  
Thank you.

OFF SCREEN: BANG! BANG! BANG!

END FLASHBACK

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COURTROOM - DAY

A windowless contemporary space. GRANITE, STEEL, antiseptic.

A JUDGE'S BENCH occupied by judges; a hunch-backed, bespectacled SENATOR, MYRTLE, a cookie-baking 1950's housewife and STEVEN, a satirical comedian.

The Senator BANGS a WOODEN GAVEL. BANG, BANG!

SENATOR  
What do you mean the human's  
missing?

General Whitey stares up at the Senator.

GENERAL WHITEY  
He won't get far. I'm prepared to  
deal with these zippity-doo-dahs  
now.

Facing the bench from behind a WITNESS TABLE, Ollie and Sherman exchange a questioning look. Next to them are Ginny and Chad. Nearby, Cyril stands guard.

The Senator shuffles some PAPERS then looks to Myrtle and Steven. They both nod.

SENATOR

In the matter of Reaperville versus Sherman Willoughby and alleged accomplices, the following charges have been put forth.

Along the back wall, a set of DOUBLE DOORS FLIES open. Bubbles hustles a DULL-SHIMMERING Jake inside then shoves him beside Sherman.

Bubbles faces the General, salutes and HONKS a HORN. A look passes between Sherman and Jake. Pale and weak, Jake winks.

SENATOR

Anyone else coming to the party?

General Whitey shakes his head. The Senator eyeballs Ginny.

SENATOR

As I was saying... Ginny Willoughby you are charged with aiding and abetting a known felon, harboring a limbo fugitive and destroying evidence.

Sherman grips Ginny's hand, a questioning look.

GINNY

(to Sherman)

I erased your hard drive.

Sherman smiles back. The Senator BANGS his GAVEL, peers over the top of his SPECTACLES at Ollie.

SENATOR

Ollie Snivel. Conspiracy to commit a crime. Illegal use of government hardware and military surplus. And you...

The Senator glares at Sherman.

SENATOR

...the most egregious act, opening a biometric field to induce a trans-dimensional portal with organic anomalies.

MYRTLE

Oh my, that must have hurt.

STEVEN  
Dude, you took a live human?

The Senator BANGS the gavel, glares at Sherman.

SENATOR  
Is that true?

Sherman looks over at Jake, smiles.

SHERMAN  
I was tired of following the rules.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Hell son, it's the rules that keep  
this machine greased.

SHERMAN  
And you're part of that machine.

The General fumes.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Poppycock. Nonsense. You're  
trying to cover up your  
incompetence.

JAKE  
Bullshit.

All heads turn toward Jake.

GENERAL WHITEY  
(to Jake)  
The living have no rights in this  
world.

MYRTLE  
Francis Whitey Diddle!

Steven chuckles.

STEVEN  
(to the General)  
Diddle? Really? I see why you  
went with your middle name.

The Senator laughs then EVERYONE but the General joins in.

The General grumbles.

MYRTLE  
I think he's earned the right to  
speak.

(to Jake)  
Please go ahead, sweetheart.

Jake nods.

JAKE  
There isn't anyone in this room who  
hasn't made a mistake.

Jake turns to Sherman, Ginny and Ollie.

JAKE  
I know what it means to screw up,  
and I think we all deserve a second  
chance.

Sherman wraps his arm around Ginny. Ginny puts her arm around Ollie. Chad drops his face in Ollie's shoulder and SOBS.

The glow around Jake fades further.

SHERMAN  
Jake, your --

JAKE  
I know.

Suddenly, the room goes pitch black.

GENERAL WHITEY  
Ji-mi-ney crickets!

SENATOR  
Someone get those lights back on!

A BRIGHT LIGHT flares through the cracks of

THE DOUBLE DOORS

They fly open and a HEAVY MIST pours into the courtroom.

An ANIMAL-LIKE SCREECH.

A blinding light fills the room, illuminating shock and horror on everyone's face.

A DARK, HOODED FIGURE appears from the mist and floats into the room.

A BONY HAND clutches a GOLDEN SCYTHE.

HOODED FIGURE  
Behold the angel of dark and light!

The Hooded Figure moves toward the Judge's Bench, arms spread wide.

STEVEN  
Wow, great entrance.

From beneath the hood, a SKELETAL JAW opens.

HOODED FIGURE  
Has all wisdom left this tribunal?

SENATOR  
Who are you? Reveal yourself.

Two Bony hands pull back the hood, a skeletal FACE transforms into human flesh... to reveal Maximilian Gideon.

SHERMAN  
You.

Max winks at Sherman.

MAX  
Not bad for a crazy old man.

GENERAL WHITEY (O.S.)  
(mutters)  
Gideon. It can't be.

Angry, his eyes ablaze, Max whirls toward the General.

MAX  
And you, the greatest deceiver of  
them all.

GENERAL WHITEY  
I've done nothing to --

Max SLAMS his golden scythe into the floor.

THUNDER.

LIGHTENING.

Myrtle Screams.

MAX  
Silence!

STEVEN  
I love this guy.

The Senator bangs his gavel.

SENATOR  
 (to Max)  
 Why are you here?

Max points his Scythe at the General.

MAX  
 To right this wrong...  
 (to Jake)  
 ...and bring resolution  
 (to Senator)  
 ...and justice to those accused.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emily, Consuela, Dr. Madden and a PRIEST stand around Jake's bed.

DR. MADDEN  
 It's time.

Dr. Madden looks at Emily.

DR. MADDEN  
 It's up to you.

Her eyes locked on Jake, Emily nods.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COURTROOM - SAME TIME

Max gestures at Jake, Ollie, Sherman, Ginny and Chad.

MAX  
 These are good people and like them  
 or not, they represent what makes  
 our society work. It is we that  
 have failed them.

SENATOR  
 They must be held accountable.

MAX  
 I agree. Those who committed the  
 acts should receive the full  
 punishment our law, our rules,  
 allow.

Sherman steps forward.

SHERMAN  
 Just a minute --

Max stops him with a glance.

MAX

(to Tribunal)

However, different men often see the same crime in a different light. Your purpose is to freely debate and arrive at a responsible truth. Has this not been the way for thousands of years?

SENATOR

Of course, but if we don't --

MAX

I know of no way to judge the future but by the past. A most recent past that asks us to abandon our freedom.

Max turns to the General.

MAX

When we place our belief not in ourselves but in the coldness of technology, what then? We must avert this storm and no longer prostrate ourselves at the tyrannical hands of military dictators.

The General steps toe-to-toe with Max.

GENERAL WHITEY

You sanctimonious has been! Belief? You need me to help keep them

(to Sherman)

...in their place. Without people like me...

(to Tribunal)

...without my technology, Reaperville would fall apart. Believe in that.

Confident, the General crosses his arms.

SENATOR

What technology?

Shocked silence permeates the courtroom.

GENERAL WHITEY

The technology that guarantees your freedom. Great change requires risk and sacrifice.

MAX

And who makes that choice? You?

GENERAL WHITEY

You're damn right. I for one am willing to take that risk in order to guarantee your freedom.

SENATOR

General, your sole purpose is to protect and defend the greater good.

MYRTLE

That does not include giving up one freedom for another.

GENERAL WHITEY

I've done nothing wrong. You need me to clean up what you're afraid to face.

MAX

And cleaning up is exactly what I had in mind.

Max turns toward the Tribunal.

MAX

If the tribunal is willing to accept the General's sacrifice?

The Tribunal nods.

STEVEN

Let the sacrificing begin!

Max FLICKS his golden scythe at the General.

GENERAL WHITEY

Now, just a got-darn minute.

TENDRILS of BLACK SMOKE entwine the General's body, he struggles to free himself.

GENERAL WHITEY

You can't just --

A loud FART! The General vanishes.

The Senator motions toward Sherman, Ollie, Jake, Ginny and Chad.

SENATOR  
Now, what to do with you lot.

INT. HUMAN WORLD - HOSPITAL ICU - SAME TIME

MONTAGE SHOTS:

- Dr. Madden reaches for the plug.
- Close on Emily's face.
- Close on Consuela.
- The Priest scratches his balls then makes the sign of the cross.

INT. REAPERVILLE - SOUL CENTRAL COURTROOM - SAME TIME

Jake's glow is nearly gone, he slumps against the table, Sherman steadies him.

SHERMAN  
Max!

Max turns, waves his golden scythe.

A DOORWAY SHIMMERS OPEN

A BRIGHT LIGHT and through it, Jake's hospital bed surrounded by Emily, Consuela, Dr. Madden and the Priest.

MAX  
(to Jake)  
Angel of light I summon thee, guide  
this soul to its rightful place.

Jake looks toward the light and reaches out.

INT. HUMAN WORLD, HOSPITAL ICU - SAME TIME

Emily holds Jake's hand.

Dr. Madden pulls the PLUG from the wall.

The MONITOR goes dark.

EMILY  
 (under her breath)  
 Jake, I'm sorry.

Instantaneously, Jake springs upright like a jack-in-the-box, his hand still gripped in Emily's.

JAKE  
 Silly string!

Emily, Consuela and the Priest scream. Dr. Madden's eyes roll back and he faints.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAPERVILLE - HIGHWAY - DAY

A lonely, vacant STRETCH OF ASPHALT.

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

A DARK FIGURE appears over a hill pulling a WAGON. The day's HEAT wafts from the pavement.

FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY

A MOTORCYCLIST roars into view and barrels toward the Dark Figure, it's engine GROWLS.

The Dark Figure turns back toward the oncoming Motorcyclist.

Directly in the motorcycle's path, an OPOSSUM darts into the road.

The motorcyclist SMACKS the Opossum, it flies forward and lands...

AT THE DARK FIGURE'S FEET

BLOOD AND GUTS OOZE from the CARCASS then its SOUL rises and stares up at

GENERAL WHITEY

GENERAL WHITEY  
 You moron. You shoulda watched  
 where you're goin'. Didn't your  
 momma teach you to look both ways?

The Opossum's Soul HISSES.

GENERAL WHITEY

Yeah, yeah... heard it before. Get  
in the stupid wagon with the rest.

The Opossum's Soul crawls up inside

THE BLACK WAGON

The DEAD SOULS of a RACCOON, a JACKRABBIT and a CROW shuffle  
forward to make room.

GENERAL WHITEY

All right you maggots, listen up!  
We got another hundred miles before  
we make the depot, so no spitin',  
hissin' or fraternizing with the  
enemy. That clear?

All four animal Souls salute.

GENERAL WHITEY

Friggin' road kill.

General Whitey turns and trudges down the highway.

INT. REAPERVILLE - WILLOUGHBY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherman, dressed in STRIPED PRISON GARB, whistles and adjusts  
his clothing.

GINNY (O.S.)

You know, those stripes are coming  
back into fashion.

Sherman turns. Ginny kisses him.

SHERMAN

You're quite the knockout for a  
hundred and sixty one.

GINNY

Sherman Willoughby! You know I'm  
not a day over one-twenty.

Ginny walks away, stops, slides her hand up the door frame. A  
seductive pose, a sly grin.

GINNY

Age does have it's advantages.

Sherman smiles.

SHERMAN

So does being under house arrest.

Sherman rips off his shirt and chases a giggling Ginny.

EXT. HUMAN WORLD - NEW YORK CITY - HARTLEY CLINIC - DAY

A PLAQUE on the clinic entrance reads: "THE HARTLEY CLINIC. All are welcome who enter through these doors".

Jake exits the clinic sporting a WHITE DOCTORS JACKET and STETHOSCOPE around his neck.

He hands a LOLLIPOP to a YOUNG BOY and a PAPER BAG to the MOTHER.

JAKE

(to mother)

Kate, make sure Evan gets one  
teaspoon every four to six hours.

The Mother gives Jake a huge hug.

KATE

Thank you Dr. Hartley.

JAKE

Your welcome. And call me Jake.

Kate and Evan wave goodbye.

EMILY (O.S.)

Dr. Hartley, you are so sexy in  
that outfit, I might have to take  
you home with me.

Jake's face brightens, he turns. Emily and their one year old son MICHAEL smile back.

JAKE

How are my two favorite people  
today?

Jake takes Michael from Emily.

EMILY

I think he's getting his first  
tooth.

Emily and Jake kiss.

JAKE

Well, it's solid foods from here on  
out my little man.

Jake kisses Michael on the forehead.

EMILY

What time are you getting off  
tonight?

Jake blows "mouth farts" on Michael's belly, he giggles  
uncontrollably.

JAKE

I should be home before dark.

Proudly, Emily watches Jake play with Michael.

JAKE

All right my little bundle of love,  
time for you to hit the road with  
mamasita.

Jake hands Michael back to Emily.

JAKE

See you two at home.

Emily looks at Jake for a moment.

JAKES

What?

EMILY

I'm so proud of you.

Jake and Emily kiss. He watches his wife and son leave then  
smiles.

FADE OUT.