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SLAUGHTERVILLE

Written by

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B.A. Film and Video Studies (Central Washington University 2013)

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Hollins University
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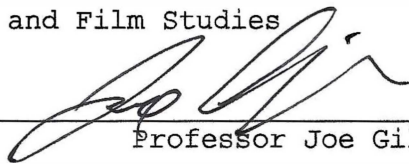
Director of Thesis: (Signature) _____



Professor Hunter Phillips

Department: Screenwriting and Film Studies

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Professor Joe Gilford

Department: Screenwriting and Film Studies

EXT. NOWHERE

A small blue speck in the black nothingness becomes larger and larger in view. EARTH.

Details come more into focus. North America, The Midwest, Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, then--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

JOSIE (80's), lies in a hospital bed surrounded by her children, their children, and one of them even holds a baby, fast asleep.

A larger, mustached man, JOSIE'S SON (55), leans forward and puts a hand on top of his mother's

JOSIE'S SON

It's okay, mom. We all love you.

His voice cracks as he sobs. Everyone follows suit. Josie sheds a single tear but has a big smile on her face.

JOSIE

No, none of that you old softie.
I've done the best I can and now
I'm off to be with your father.

Josie blinks. Her body is in the bed, but she isn't. She glows an ETHEREAL BLUE and stands next to herself, the walls now shadows that stretch on for eternity.

A skeletal hand rests itself on Josie's shoulder. A classic grim reaper stands behind her. Black robe, scythe, and all. This is JIM REAPER.

JIM

It's time, Josie.

Josie tries to comfort her son but she goes right through him. Josie's son shivers as he sobs. A NURSE enters the room and checks Josie's pulse.

Jim crosses his arms and clears his throat.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ma'am, if we don't get a move on
we're going to hit rush hour.

JOSIE

What?

EXT. HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE - NIGHT

JOSIE SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS from the passenger seat of Jim's fire-red Chevy Caprice, **the top down**. They ZOOM down a highway in the open void that builds itself up ahead of them and disappears behind them.

Jim swerves in and around, between and over the highways of other reapers. He expertly avoids each one. Josie screams with each close call, with Jim's expression just pure focus.

In the distance, Afterlife Inc. becomes clearer and larger.

A towering mecca of every big city downtown office building smack dab in the middle of an endless sea of void, complete with parking lot and light shrubbery.

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim takes a sharp turn into the parking lot and drifts between the rows of cars into his spot at the end of the row right next to a side entrance.

Josie is as stiff as a board, gripping the armrest.

Jim hops over his car door and walks towards the entrance. Josie tries to open the car door. Stuck. She tries to lift herself over the car door. CLICK. The door swings open and throws Josie onto the pavement.

Josie scrambles, just catching the door to follow Jim inside.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

The inside of Afterlife Inc is either a bureaucratic wet dream or hellscape. A seemingly endless sea of cubicles, each with a different kind of reaper.

Some reapers are sat down with souls for an interview. Some are TAP TAP TAPing away at their computers. Some hover around the water cooler. All different monsters of death and folklores of the afterlife.

Josie struggles to keep up with Jim as he pulls a file out of his robe and reads.

JIM

All right, Josephine Douglas. Happy death day and welcome to the rest of your non-existence.

Jim takes a hard left turn into a row of cubicles. Josie nearly slams into an ornately dressed KING YAMA, a Buddhist judge of the afterlife.

JIM (CONT'D)

Before we get started, any secrets you want to get off your chest, anything you think you got away with you want to let us know?

JOSIE

Well, I once--

Jim turns into one of the scarcely decorated cubicles and slaps a clock next to his computer before he swings around in his chair to face Josie.

JIM

Just a little joke Josie, you were never able to hide anything from us, everything about your life is in these here files.

Josie hovers around the entrance to the cubicle.

JOSIE

So what does that mean for me?

JIM

It means I go through this and assign a judgment as to what to do with you.

JOSIE

And how long does that take?

JIM

As long as it takes. We use a blend of cold unfeeling arithmetic and quote-unquote humanistic analysis.

Jim turns around and quickly types away at his computer, then feeds Josie's file through a fax machine on his desk. His screen becomes a blur of complex calculations.

DING. The screen simply reads '+7'

JIM (CONT'D)

Plus seven, not bad.

JOSIE

Does that mean I'm going to heaven?

JIM

This is the less fun part, Josie.

Jim stands and puts a hand on Josie's shoulder as he walks her toward an unmarked hall closet door.

JIM (CONT'D)

You humans have the tendency to just up and die. *Always*. There's a *lot* of you and only so many of us.

Jim opens the door. Josie shields her eyes from the bright light that floods out from...

INT. PURGATORY - DAY

A doctor's office waiting room made out of clouds. Purgatory is filled with people as they read old magazines, watch reruns of sitcoms and play with toys meant for children.

Josie takes a step inside.

JOSIE

So when will I--

Josie turns around, but the door to Afterlife Inc. is gone.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

Jim walks back to his desk, grabs Josie's file, and reads it as he taps away at his computer. *He looks at the clock next to his computer as it ticks up. 1:34. 1:35. 1:36. Jim is lost as he watches the time tick on by.*

KING YAMA

Jim?

Jim sits up. King Yama leans on his cubicle with a cup of coffee in hand.

JIM

What's up, need more paper clips?

KING YAMA

That all call was for you.

JIM

What? Crap, I was in Purgatory, I must have missed it. Thanks, Yama.

Jim rounds the corner of a hallway to make a mad dash for the elevator. King Yama takes a long sip of his coffee.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - DAY

DING. The elevator doors open to reveal a nervous Jim, pitifully small as he makes his way down the massive hallway.

The doorway into the office towers over Jim as he raises a shaky hand to knock on it. The knocks ECHO through the empty hallway behind him.

MORT (O.S.)
Jim, come on in.

Jim struggles to open the large door. It won't budge.

MORT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh whoops, sorry, locks.

A loud BUZZ and CLUNK fill the hall and the door swings open. Jim falls face-first into...

INT. THE CONCEPT OF DEATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim looks up to see a very tiny MORT, a skeleton with a slick blond wig and a pinstripe business suit, behind a very large desk across the very, very large room.

Jim stands and makes his way toward the desk.

MORT
Nice to see you, Jim, how're things looking in Oklahoma?

JIM
Fatal as always sir.

MORT
Just what I like to hear. Now, Jim, I think you know why I called you in here today.

Jim freezes.

JIM
I do?

MORT
Come on Jim, you thought it was well hidden? Thought you could just fly under the radar unnoticed?

Jim stammers and rubs the back of his neck.

MORT (CONT'D)

You're the hardest working reaper
in this whole dang company.

Jim relaxes and sighs with relief.

MORT (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Most of those shmucks downstairs
can barely manage to make one trip
back and forth a day, but you did
what, ten just yesterday?

JIM

Well, I actually I was just working
on the paperwork.

MORT

Oh paperwork, shmaperwork. They're
in purgatory, they can wait. You
have the quickest turnaround on
processing, zero complaints from
any receiving department.

Mort flashes a big, proud-of-you smile. Jim stands up a
little taller, his ego thoroughly stroked.

MORT (CONT'D)

So I was actually talking to the
boss and they wanted to have you
try something, what do you say?

JIM

I'm happy to help?

MORT

Those were the exact words I was
expecting to hear.

Mort pulls himself onto the massive desk and slams his whole
hand onto a massive intercom on the corner.

MORT (CONT'D)

Denise, send her in, would you?

The voice of DENISE, annoyed, rings through the intercom.

DENISE (O.S.)

I don't work for you Mort, don't
tell me what to do.

Mort looks at Jim, clears his throat, then leans into the
intercom as he presses the button again.

MORT
Denise, I am in charge while the
boss is away, send her in.

Silence. Mort leans in even closer and covers his mouth.

MORT (CONT'D)
Please?

Another loud BUZZ fills the room as the doors into the hallway open. Another skeleton reaper with a long elaborate dress and bright, colorful calavera etchings on her face that shine like the rainbow sheen of oil on water enters the room.

This is CATRINA CALAVERA.

MORT (CONT'D)
Jim, meet your new partner.

Jim whips around to look back at Mort.

JIM
My what?

MORT
Intern, partner, understudy, words,
words, words. We have high hopes
for Catrina here at Afterlife Inc
and want to put her in your hands.

Catarina comes at Jim with her hand outstretched.

CATRINA
Jim Reaper, pleasure to meet you.
Catrina Calavera, just arrived from
the astral stew this morning.

Jim nervously takes Catrina's hand and turns back to Mort.

JIM
Sir, I'm flattered.

MORT
Perfect, then you'll do it.

JIM
But--

MORT
Ah ah ah, no need for those pesky
addendums, your flattery at the
offer should be enough for you to
accept, now off you go.

Mort presses another button on the desk. The carpet beneath them suddenly yanks the two out of the office and into...

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Catrina are thrown off balance and hit the ground with a thud. Jim looks over at Catrina, who just smiles enthusiastically at him.

JIM

Partner?

CATRINA

They wanted to put me with the best of the best sir, and they told me that was you.

The two get up and head for the elevator.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

I look forward to seeing your process firsthand.

JIM

Of course you do.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, ELEVATOR - DAY

Jim shifts his weight and presses one of the elevator buttons. Catrina tilts her head, then looks over at Jim.

CATRINA

So where does that go?

JIM

Hall of records, you'll need a procedural manual.

CATRINA

Oh no need for that, I read them while we were waiting for you.

JIM

Them?

CATRINA

Yes, all of them.

JIM

I wasn't that late was I?

CATRINA

Tome of Expectations and Standards,
chapter one, paragraph three. A
reaper should always be punctual to
their given appointments.

DING. The elevator door opens to reveal a room filled with
stacks and stacks of old tomes. *Jim presses another button.*

JIM

I'll just take you straight to the
Killing Floor then.

CATRINA

The what?

JIM

Oh, uh, Shipping and Receiving.
It's a little joke name we call it.

Catrina stares at Jim with a blank expression.

JIM (CONT'D)

That's what they call where they
kill cattle, just deal with it all
day. Kind of like us.

Still blank. Jim looks away.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's a stupid name.

DING. The door opens and Jim hustles out of there. Catrina
follows behind by a few paces.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

Jim stands with his hands outstretched at his cubicle.

JIM

Here we are, *your new home away
from home.*

Catrina peeks her head into the cubicle.

CATRINA

So much space. Do we really need
all this?

Jim looks around. The cubicle can barely fit the two of them.

JIM

Yes?

CATRINA
This is a pretty old model
terminal, isn't it?

JIM
Well, it works fine so I've never
seen a need to complain.

CATRINA
If you upgraded your productivity
would probably increase about
threefold.

JIM
Mort just told me I have the
highest output in this hemisphere.

Catrina opens her mouth, but a loud BZZZ of a vibration cuts her off. Jim reaches into his robe and pulls out his scythe. A name appears in letters made of fire on the blade.

ANGELA TIMBERS.

JIM (CONT'D)
That's our cue, come on.

Catrina shakes with excitement as she rushes after Jim.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A group of two dozen college kids are spread around the farm at a bonfire party. A few kegs are spread across the lawn.

A young woman, ANGELA, stands on top of the barn.

ANGELA
Come on guys, this isn't funny!

BRAD, a douche, holds the ladder Angela used to climb up along with a couple other college kids.

BRAD
Just jump Angie, we all did it.

ANGELA
I don't want to, it's too high!

BRAD
Don't be a baby, just use the hay
pile!

Angela looks at the hay pile Brad points to. She swallows, steadies herself, and leaps.

Jim watches with his hand in his robe pockets along with the other college teens. *Catrina watches wide-eyed and scribbles on a clipboard.* Everyone's eyes go wide as Angela hits the hay pile with a loud, visceral SHUUNK sound.

Angela, now ethereal blue and with a bloody, *pitchfork-sized* hole where her forehead should be, is next to the reapers.

JIM

You always have to check for pitchforks.

Catrina nods as Angela slinks off after Jim as he heads towards the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE

Jim swerves and speeds down the highway towards Afterlife Inc. *Catrina sits in the passenger seat and Angela sits in the back.*

ANGELA

*My life was just getting started?
And I die on a stupid dare? My mom
is going to kill me. Wait she can't
kill me, I'm already dead...*

CATRINA

*Would you say your mother would be
proud of your overall life or
disappointed?*

Angela breaks down into tears.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Disappointed it is.

Catrina makes a mark on her clipboard. Jim rolls his eyes.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR

Jim closes the door to Purgatory and heads back to his cubicle. *Catrina is already in his chair as she types away at his computer.*

Jim looks around and slides down onto the floor.

A quiet BUZZ comes from Jim's robe again. Jim looks up at *Catrina, still engrossed in her work.*

Jim reaches into his robe with his eyes locked on *Catrina* and pulls a cell phone out.

Jim looks at his finger, snaps it a few times and flesh grows and wraps around it to form a finger. He taps the screen a few times.

JIM

Catrina, you keep working on Angela's file, I'm going to head out and do this next one by myself.

CATRINA

Yes, sir, I won't let you down.

JIM

Traffic might be getting bad so I might be a while.

CATRINA

You can count on me.

Jim nods and backs out of the cubicle. The digital clock next to Anne slowly counts up. TICK. TICK. TICK...

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, REAPER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

TICK. TICK. TICK. A clock tower overlooks small-town America, a dusty version of Disney's main street U.S.A. that leaked out onto Oklahoma.

The town is quiet but not dead quiet. An older couple walk down the lamp-lit sidewalk and pass a quaint, small house on the edge of town with a well-kept yard and its lights on.

Jim pulls up in his car and parks it in the driveway.

The older man, HARRY (54), stops and waves down Jim

HARRY

Hey, Jim, where've you been?

Jim, NOW COVERED HEAD TO TOE IN SKIN, HUMAN INSTEAD OF SKELETON, rubs the back of his neck as he exits the car.

JIM

Just busy, Harry. They're always keeping me busy.

HARRY

We're having a barbecue this Saturday, you and Anne should stop by, right dear?

MARGE (52), his wife, nods.

MARGE

Only if you can get Anne to bring
the chocolate satin.

JIM

That'll be tight but we'll have to
make it happen.

The three laugh and Harry and Marge head down the road. Jim
waits until they're out of sight and rushes for the door.

INT. REAPER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jim slips in through the front door.

JIM

I'm home.

Jim looks around when there's no response. Jim follows the
sounds of television to the...

LIVING ROOM

ANNE REAPER (30) lies on the floor next to the coffee table.
There's blood on the corner of the table and a wound on her
head.

JIM (CONT'D)

Damn it, honey.

Jim crouches down next to Anne and lifts her onto the couch.
He pulls off his skin like clothes to reveal his skeleton,
reaper self again.

A blue, spectral version of Anne sits next to her own body.
She smiles at Jim, gently pushes her by the forehead back
into her body.

Jim runs a skeletal finger through Anne's hair as she moves
in her sleep. The wound on her head seals closed.

Jim grabs a washcloth from a pile of neatly folded laundry
next to the couch, wipes the blood off of Anne and the table,
and throws it in the trash.

Jim puts the skin suit back on, then lifts Anne up so she is
curled up on his lap. Anne instinctively moves to snuggle
into him.

ANNE

You sure know how to leave a girl
waiting, huh?

JIM

Well if I'd known you'd be asleep I would have stayed and gotten a few more reports done.

Anne looks up at Jim with a big pout.

ANNE

You're mean.

JIM

The meanest.

The two stare at each other, then Anne breaks with a snort. The two laugh and Jim pulls Anne close.

ANNE

I had the strangest dream. I tripped on the table. And then it all went black. And then you were there.

JIM

Did you see the tin man and scarecrow too? Come on, you should get to bed.

Jim stands but Anne grabs his shirt.

ANNE

No. A little longer.

Jim relents, settles back in and Anne sighs, content. Jim pushes back a strand of Anne's hair.

INT. REAPER RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim carries a passed-out Anne and gently sets her on the bed. She pulls the covers back and crawls under the blanket.

Jim pulls his shirt over his head. A half asleep Anne takes off her bra under the covers and throws it at Jim's face.

ANNE

Two points.

Anne's head falls back and she instantly snores.

Jim shakes his head, throws the bra into a hamper, and sits on the edge of the bed. Jim pulls back the covers to crawl in.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Jim takes a breath, pinches his watch to stop the beeps, and grabs his shirt off the ground. He lingers in the doorway to look at Anne before he heads out the door.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The sun crests over the horizon as Jim, **flesh-less and in his car**, climbs a hill on the edge of town. The treeline kisses up against a large empty field.

Jim looks over the town before zooming down the hill. A purple button on the dashboard lights up when Jim hits sixty miles per hour. He pushes it and a portal rips into space in the middle of the empty field.

The car goes headfirst into the portal and it disappears behind Jim just as he crosses through.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

The hustle of the office is unchanged as Jim slips in through the front door unseen.

Jim pokes his head over the edge of the cubicle wall. Catrina is fixated on the computer screen, her fingers a blur as she types.

Jim slips in behind her and looks over her shoulder. Catrina speaks without looking up.

CATRINA

Was there an issue? Build up of spectral ooze from how long that took.

JIM

No, nothing like that. Just a little detour.

Catrina stops typing.

CATRINA

Is that allowed?

JIM

In an official sense, no. But if we just work nonstop it'll lead to an early grave.

CATRINA

You can't die, you're already dead.

JIM

You know, a good sense of humor is important to thrive in this job.

Catrina turns and rights that down. She picks up her notes and stands in one fluid motion. Jim takes the open seat.

CATRINA

I've gone over this Angela and a few others that you had on your desk.

JIM

A real go-getter.

CATRINA

Looking over the numbers, I think they should all be good to go.

Catrina reaches for a rubber stamp on Jim's desk, but he blocks her.

JIM

Hold on, what about interviews?

CATRINA

I don't need to do interviews, the numbers are right.

They struggle for a moment but Jim catches her by the wrist.

JIM

Okay, tell me about Josie then.

Jim grabs Josie's file and thrusts it in Catrina's face. He eyes him down for a moment, then relents.

CATRINA

Understood.

Jim turns around, pulls a second file out of his desk and, taps away at his keyboard. A moment passes, then Catrina gently places the file onto the keyboard over Jim's hands.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Done.

JIM

This isn't about doing it fast, Catrina. It's about getting it right.

Jim thrusts the file back at Catrina, miffed.

JIM (CONT'D)

Look at it again.

CATRINA

Josephine Josie Douglas, born nineteen forty seven, mother of four, grandmother of nine, and great-grandmother of one, born in Oklahoma City--

JIM

Glad you read the first page.

CATRINA

Lusted after her husband's coworker for ten years but could never go through with it even after a mutual confession in an office supply closet. Would pick up abandoned dog feces when she couldn't find the droppings of her own dog, Rosie.

Jim flips through the file and looks between it and Catrina.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

The algorithm indicates that Josie was not a perfect woman but believed in her convictions and would follow through despite her own perceived happiness, thus justifying her score of plus seven.

Catrina snatches the file out of Jim's hand and nods.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

My analysis indicates that Josie should receive her preferred form of afterlife without hesitation.

Catrina reaches over Jim, grabs the rubber stamp, and puts a big green approved mark on the folder.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Of course, this will still need your signature, but it shouldn't need another read-over.

Catrina dusts off her dress, all smiles at Jim.

JIM

And what about Angela?

CATRINA
Her file was comparable. She should
be clear as well.

She reaches for the stamp again and Jim shakes his head.

JIM
And I'm assuming you didn't talk to
her either?

CATRINA
I told you, the numbers--

Jim gets up from his seat and leaves the cubicle.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
Hey!

Jim stands at the purgatory closet door and motions at it.

JIM
Open it.

CATRINA
I don't need to.

JIM
Oh really?

Jim throws the purgatory door open. Black smoke pours out
from the room. Catrina looks in.

INT. PURGATORY - DAY

Josie, out of breath, rushes towards the door but Jim slams
his scythe in the way.

JOSIE
Let me out!

JIM
Hold your horses there, Josie, not
your time yet.

CATRINA
What's going on?

ANGELA (O.S.)
It's not fair!

A monstrous, hulking version of Angela throws a sofa towards
the door and it wedges into the wall. Blue goo drips off her
reptilian form and coats a majority of the room.

JIM

When someone can't handle death,
the reptilian brain can't handle
it. So it freaks out. Which is why
some people are in here a while.

Jim walks over and taps Angela with his scythe. She seizes up and passes out on the floor. Jim lifts one of the paintings on the wall to reveal a keypad. He types in a few numbers and a large dog kennel falls from the ceiling.

Jim looks back at Catrina as he drags Angela into the kennel.

JIM (CONT'D)

It wouldn't be that easy out on the
field. But lucky for you, the word
of death is law here. It'd be a lot
worse if they were able to reach
full potential.

Jim locks the cage up and the floor opens up underneath it.

JIM (CONT'D)

So when I say to work on someone's
file, I mean both parts. Numbers
and talking. It's what we do.

The black smoke dissipates and Purgatory is back to its
bland, sterile self.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

Jim shuts the door to Purgatory and heads back to his
cubicle. Catrina follows behind, silently.

Jim throws himself into his chair and blindly reaches at his
desk drawer to fish out a red rubber stress ball.

CATRINA

What's that?

JIM

A stress ball? You squeeze it and
it's supposed to relieve stress.

CATRINA

Does it work?

JIM

At the moment, I don't know.

CATRINA

Fascinating.

Catrina leans in and gets right in Jim's personal space. Jim tentatively holds it out to her. She snatches it and squishes it with both hands, hard.

JIM

Great. So you stay over there and I
will be over here.

Catrina, like a toddler with an iPad, just nods and grunts in the affirmative as she looks over the ball.

Jim taps away at the keyboard as Katrina squeezes the ball firmly with both hands. She squeezes it so hard it pops out of her hand and rolls under Jim's desk.

Catrina crawls over but is blocked by Jim's legs.

CATRINA

Excuse me.

Jim lifts his leg, distracted.

UNDER THE DESK

Catrina crams under Jim's desk, a jumble of countless wires that weave towards and away from Jim's terminal.

Catrina reaches for the stress ball as it rests in the far corner and holds it close to her face, then stops as a blue glow flashes on and off onto the ball's red hue.

Catrina looks up, A lone loose auxiliary cable, with a strange dongle of a device hot-wired midway into the wire dangles before her.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Well, surely that isn't regulation.

Catrina looks up to where the wires plug into the computer, a sea of auxiliary cables all jam-packed together.

Catrina finds the lone empty slot, grabs the strange wire and plugs it back in, and crawls back out.

JIM'S CUBICLE

Catrina stands up and Jim smirks as he looks at her.

JIM

You get lost down there?

Behind them, Jim's scythe vibrates.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Perfect, why don't you take the
 next--

He turns around and reaches for the scythe, but stops just short. It reads 'ANNE REAPER, SLAUGHTERVILLE'

JIM (CONT'D)
 What?

Another vibrate. 'ANNE REAPER, SLAUGHTERVILLE'. Vibrate. 'ANNE REAPER, SLAUGHTERVILLE' The vibrations come nonstop as over and over again, the same message comes and goes 'ANNE REAPER, SLAUGHTERVILLE'

Jim looks back to Catrina with an anger and intensity in his eyes that makes her back up against the wall.

JIM (CONT'D)
 What. Did. You. Do?

EXT. HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE - DAY

ZOOM! Jim has the pedal to the floor as he swerves in and out of traffic and drives towards Earth. His expression has the same anger and intensity as it had just a moment ago.

CATRINA
 It's against policy to tamper with company technology. This vehicle is also highly irregular and surely wouldn't pass The Set Test as described on--

JIM
 If you don't shut the hell up I will kick you out of this car and you can swim the astral plane back to the office.

Catrina sits back in her seat.

CATRINA
 You can't swim in the astral plane once you come out, it's infinite, that's what makes it special. Did you even read Cosmology and You?

Jim slams his head on his steering wheel and groans.

Catrina pouts and then sees the rear end of a bus rapidly approaching.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
 Jim, Bus. Jim. Bus. Jim! Bus!

Jim swerves at the last second. Catrina grips her chest as Jim chuckles to himself as he floors it. They both sink back into their seats as the red Caprice roars down the highway toward Earth.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

Catrina tries to keep up with Jim as he speed walks down the empty sidewalk toward the heart of town. Jim looks in every window he passes as he looks for any sign of life.

JIM
 Where is she?

CATRINA
 According to your scythe, about to die many times over.

BONG! A loud chime rings out through the town and the faint voice of REX echoes from the heart of town.

REX (O.S.)
 Hey everyone, up here! That's right look at me.

JIM
 Oh no.

Jim and Catrina turn the corner after the voice.

A large crowd has gathered in the center of town under the clock tower. Jim and Catrina, still bone and unseen by the living, shield their eyes as they look up.

Rex (17), a young man in a wrinkled button-up and loud tie, waves down at everyone from up on the clock tower. On the edge, ELSIE (18), holds a phone as she struggles to keep herself steady.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - DAY

The minute hand of the large clock tower slowly ticks behind Rex as he looks to Elsie.

REX
 We ready?

ELSIE
 Yeah.

REX
How's my hair?

ELSIE
Fine.

REX
My tie, is my tie--

ELSIE
God damn it, Rex, just do this so I
can get down!

Rex takes a breath and gives Elsie a nod. She taps her phone screen and nods back.

P.O.V - ELSIE'S PHONE

REX
Hey internet, it's Rex. Back for
our one hundred subscriber special.

Elsie fumbles and quickly claws at the wall. She steadies herself and reframes the shot.

REX (CONT'D)
I have climbed to the top of the
Slaughterville clock tower, where--

A voice cries out from the crowd up at Rex and Elsie. It's
MARTHA (40's), Rex's mom.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Rex Ash Easton, what the hell are
you doing! Jesus Christ, you
dragged Elsie into this too?

ELSIE (O.S.)
Hi misses Easton!

Elsie drifts the phone out over the crowd.

Rex clears his throat and Elsie looks back over at Rex.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
Sorry babe.

REX
For one hundred subscribers, we're
doing the most extreme thing. Climb
all the way to the top.

Rex points to the top of the clock tower, almost losing his footing.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

The crowd is all murmurs. PAMELA (60's), the mayor, barks back and forth with WILLY (60's), the fire chief.

PAMELA

I will not have this boy's blood on my hands, Willy.

WILLY

I can't spread a tarp to catch him with all them dang trees in the way, Pamela!

Jim moves through the crowd, unseen. No sign of Anne yet. Catrina watches up the clock tower at Rex and Elsie.

CATRINA

That's probably her up there, right?

PAMELA

Martha, don't you--

Catrina looks over at Pamela and Martha struggle for a bullhorn. In the struggle, one of them hits a button on the bullhorn. A loud, high pitch SQUEAL rings through the town.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - DAY

Rex still looks at the camera, the neck of his shirt damp with sweat.

REX

Make sure to like the video and subscribe--

The loud, high-pitched SQUEAL reaches the clock tower from down below and startles Rex and Elsie. They both lose their grip and fall toward the earth below.

The crowd gasps and Martha lets out a scream.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

Jim is still focused on finding Anne. Catrina watches as Rex and Elsie fall with everyone else.

CRACK. The sound of a neck as it snaps when Rex hits a sturdy tree branch. A murder of crows in the tree flies off. Elsie hits the ground with a thud soon after.

The crowd is stunned, silent. DOCTOR MCELROY (30) gently pushes aside the crowd and checks Rex and Elsie's pulse. He stands up, looks to the crowd, and gently shakes his head.

Catrina walks over to Rex and Elsie.

CATRINA

Maybe it's a cult and they're all named Anne?

Jim's scythe vibrates. 'REX EASTON, SLAUGHTERVILLE' and ELSIE TAKAMURA, SLAUGHTERVILLE'.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

No, there they are.

Jim, distracted, keeps up his search for Anne.

JIM

Yeah, they sure are. So, so what do we do next?

CATRINA

Well now their souls should be emerging from the corpses, we escort them back and for the most part, do our jobs.

CLUNG! The sound of an impact of hard metal rings out. No one looks up from the corpses but Jim. Across the street, Anne lay strewn out on the street next to a street lamp with a large red mark on her forehead.

JIM

Oh no.

Jim composes himself and grabs Katrina by the shoulders.

JIM (CONT'D)

Stay right here, do not move an inch.

CATRINA

What, no, we need to reap--

JIM

They'll be fine.

Catrina watches Jim rush over to Anne.

CATRINA
That must be--

And then Anne gets up. Catrina blinks and Jim has SKIN? Anne looks over at the crowd and then embraces Jim.

Jim rubs his wife's back as she gently sobs.

JIM
Honey, there wasn't anything you could do.

ANNE
But what if there was, Jim? I knew Rex, what if I--

JIM
Don't blame yourself, the boy's mother couldn't even get through to him. It all just happened too fast.

Anne wipes her nose with her sleeve and snuffles. She stops to touch her forehead and winces.

ANNE
Ouch. What happened there?

JIM
Yeah, you hit that pole pretty hard.

ANNE
Wait, shouldn't you be at work?

CATRINA (O.S.)
My thoughts exactly.

Anne and Jim turn towards Catrina, now with her OWN SKIN, her calavera marks now tattoos. Not only is she alive, but she's a natural beauty to boot.

Jim's eyes go wide with terror and Anne gently pushes herself an arm's length away from Jim.

ANNE
Jim. Who's this?

Jim clears his throat and composes himself.

JIM
Uh, this is Catrina Calavera. My new trainee, they just assigned her to me yesterday. Catrina this is Anne. My. My. My w...

Jim grabs at his shirt collar. Anne, annoyed, jabs Jim with an elbow to the back.

JIM (CONT'D)

...wife! My lovely wife who I very much love.

Catrina smirks and takes Anne by the hand. She locks eyes with her.

CATRINA

Your eyes have a look of experience. Like you've been through quite a bit in your life.

Catrina tightens her grip, but Anne squeezes back much harder as she lets out a squeal.

ANNE

Oh my goodness, that's the same thing Loraine told me. Remember Jim, at the Christmas party last year? Do you tell fortunes too?

Catrina manages to wring her hand away from Anne and rubs it gently.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Loraine told me I was a queen in a past life, could you believe it? Me? Royalty?

Anne laughs again and Jim laughs along with a shake of his head. Catrina just looks between them, confused. Anne looks over at Rex and Elsie's corpses

ANNE (CONT'D)

Let's go home. I can whip something up for Martha to eat tonight, poor thing's going to be plenty busy.

Anne walks back up the street. Jim follows but jerks back as Catrina grabs him by the arm.

CATRINA

What do you think you're doing?

Jim quickly pulls Catrina around the corner.

Anne turns around and Jim pokes his head out.

JIM

Be there in a bit, just need to go over some, some stuff.

Catrina yanks Jim back around the corner. Anne ponders this for a moment then continues up the street.

Catrina is all arms and fury as she lays it into Jim who, try as he might, can't get her far away enough from the crowd of mourners as he would like.

CATRINA

The use of skin for interacting with the living is reserved for emergencies and is supposed to be approved by a superior!

JIM

I know--

CATRINA

Do you think that whoever wrote Tome of the Living was just writing to fill the space?

JIM

The situation is very delicate, Catrina.

CATRINA

Delicate? Delicate like her? With flesh on her bones, delicate?

Catrina juts her thumb down the street towards Anne.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

What the hell did you mean wife? You're a reaper, reapers don't get married, especially not to the living. That's like the opposite of what you're supposed to do.

JIM

Well she is my wife and I am married and I don't know who you think you are.

Catrina fumes and bites her lip.

CATRINA

I, I'm just confused as to why you're so blatantly ignoring so many protocols. You're supposed to be the best of the best.

JIM

I'm the best of the best because I'm trying to be invisible.

Jim and Catrina's argument blends into the background noise of the crowd as they chatter and **Martha wails for her son.**

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, BOTTOM OF THE CLOCK TOWER - DAY

From Rex's chest, slowly but surely, a blue finger pokes out. Then another and another until a pair of blue hands grab onto Rex's chest for support. Rex's soul looks around, confused.

Then he looks down, sees his own body, then looks back up at the clock tower.

REX
That didn't go well.

Elsie groans as she sits up, her lower half still in her corpse.

ELSIE
Ugh, my aching...

Elsie stops and looks herself over.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
...nothing?

Elsie scrambles to get up and looks between her body and the clock tower just like Rex. She stares daggers at Rex, who can only sheepishly smile.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
Nothing's gonna go wrong huh?

REX
Babe--

ELSIE
Don't you babe me, **Rex**. You got me killed! I let myself get killed **for a Youtube video.**

Rex looks away to avoid Elsie's wrath, then stops.

REX
Elsie.

ELSIE
I should have listened to your mom, your mother Rex do you realize how crazy it is for your own mom to say I'm too good for you?

REX
Elsie, look.

ELSIE
What, what could be so important--

Rex grabs Elsie by the jaw and forces her to look. On the other side of the street, Jim and Catrina argue. To them, they're bone, no skin.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
Huh.

REX
Do you think they're here for us?

ELSIE
Who else would they be here for?

Rex keeps his eyes locked on Jim and Catrina as he scrambles toward his corpse.

REX
Do you think they'd go for an interview?

ELSIE
You really are...

Elsie glances over at Rex and sees that he'd fished his phone out of his pocket.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
...the worst. Come on.

Elsie grabs Rex by the shoulder and drags him down the street.

REX
What're you doing?

ELSIE
There's no way I'm getting reaped.
We've gotta get out of here.

REX
To where? Elsie, they probably have supernatural tracking mumbo jumbo beyond any of our comprehension.

Elsie ignores Rex and drags him away, toward the edge of town.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, STREET CORNER - DAY

Jim and Catrina lay into each other and the wail of an ambulance drowns them out.

CATRINA

Our job is to kill them, not keep them around as playthings.

JIM

She isn't a plaything, she's my wife. I have a life here, a life outside work, is that such a crime?

CATRINA

Yes!

The clunk of the gurneys being pulled out of the ambulance cuts through the argument and the two look over at the park.

JIM

Come on, we need to get them out before they go to the hospital.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jim and Catrina hop into the ambulance.

CATRINA

Wait, hold on. Where are they?

JIM

Calm down, they're right--

Jim presses his hand onto Rex's chest and it falls straight through like an empty jar. He pulls his hand out and a sticky, viscous blue substance goo his hand.

JIM (CONT'D)

What the?

CATRINA

Jim, where are they?

JIM

I, I don't.

CATRINA

Don't try to trick me, they died.

Catrina slams her own hand down onto Elsie's chest and it also comes up with blue goo.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
Why aren't they in here?

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, STREET CORNER - DAY

The doors close shut and Jim and Catrina phase through the doors and hop down as the ambulance drives off.

Catrina gets the last of the goo off her hand. She and Jim look at each other, dumbfounded.

CATRINA
If they weren't in there...

JIM
...where are they?

The ROAR of an engine as it kicks to life echoes through the town. Jim snaps his head towards the edge of town. He pats himself down.

JIM (CONT'D)
No way.

CATRINA
What?

JIM
No, no, no.

Jim goes into a full sprint toward the edge of town.

CATRINA
Get back here!

Catrina rushes after him.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The keys to Jim's car dangle in the ignition. Elsie sits in the driver's seat of Jim's car. She slams on the gas but the wheels just spin in place.

REX
Why are we stealing?

ELSIE
We need to get as far away from here as possible, the keys were in the ignition and it's red, red cars go faster.

REX

I'm pretty sure red cars just get pulled over more.

ELSIE

Are you going to help or just complain?

Rex hesitates as he looks around, then his eyes go wide as he sees the tiny figures of Jim and Catrina as they run towards them across the field **from the edge of town.**

REX

Help, help, I'll help.

Rex presses every button he can reach on the dashboard and center console. **Rex panics and rocks back and forth. The car inches just a tad forward.**

REX (CONT'D)

There! That did something, go, go!

Rex rocks back and forth and Elsie looks down and then copies Rex, their bodies inching the car toward the edge of the hill.

BOTTOM OF THE HILL

Jim is out of breath as he rushes to just reach the bottom of the hill.

JIM

Don't figure out the break, don't figure out the break, don't figure out the--

IN THE CAR

The car inches forward as Rex and Elsie rock back and forth. Elsie looks at the floor. A handbrake by the driver's side door.

ELSIE

I found it!

Elsie shoves the break down and slams on the gas. The engine ROARS and the car launches off the top of the hill, right towards...

BOTTOM OF THE HILL

JIM! The car smashes into his skeletal body and smashes Jim into two hundred and six pieces. Catrina dodges out of the way just as the car swerves.

CATRINA
 Stop! That's Afterlife Inc.
 property!

The car hits 60 miles per hour and the purple button on the dash lights up. Elsie slaps it without thinking and a portal rips right in front of them.

Rex and Elsie scream as they drive right into the portal. It closes behind them with a blip.

Catrina stands over Jim as he fumes.

JIM
 Are you just going to stand there
 or are you going to help me?

CATRINA
 Stand here.

Jim grumbles as he puts himself back together, piece by piece.

In the distance, his cell phone rings. He and Katrina share a look.

JIM
 Don't. You. Dare.

Catrina saunters over without a care and picks up the phone as the pieces of Jim start to work faster.

CATRINA
 Hello?

ANNE (O.S.)
 Oh. Miss Calavera. Is, is Jim
 there?

CATRINA
 He's a bit indisposed.

ANNE (O.S.)
 I see. Could you take a message
 then? We need pasta sauce, not the
 mushroom kind, Martha hates
 mushrooms.

CATRINA
 I'm afraid we don't have time, we
 actually need to be heading back to
 the office. Immediately.

Jim's skull looks back at Catrina, his body half-constructed as his hands work to get his ribs in the right order.

ANNE (O.S.)

Oh. Okay. Well, let him know I love him and don't you work him too hard, you hear?

CATRINA

Uhuh.

Catrina hangs up and tosses the phone near Jim.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

There. Now you can leave, die in a freak explosion, find our lost souls, and get back to work.

Jim breaks with a single scoff, which turns into a chuckle and a full-on laugh.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

What? That wasn't a joke.

JIM

Oh I know, I know it wasn't. I just realized *you're* an idiot.

CATRINA

How dare you?

Jim's body picks up his skull and reattaches it to his body.

JIM

Okay then Catrina Calavera, riddle me this. How did we get here?

CATRINA

Your car.

JIM

Good. So then how do we get back to Afterlife Inc?

Catrina pauses and realization washes over her.

CATRINA

Oh no.

JIM

We're stuck here. Stuck stuck. This ain't San Francisco, or New York, or even Oklahoma City.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

This is Slaughterville. Who knows when the death shuttle will arrive next?

Jim walks away then stops, smacks his forehead.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh right. Me. This is my jurisdiction.

CATRINA

Then take us there.

JIM

No.

Catrina glares at Jim with the fire of a thousand suns.

CATRINA

Why. Not.

JIM

Simple. If I take you back, you squeal, you goody little two shoes.

CATRINA

I would never.

JIM

Then I would lose everything that I have worked so hard, and believe me, I have worked very hard, to build up and protect.

Jim gets right in Catrina's face.

JIM (CONT'D)

So for the time being, you better skin up if you want to talk to me. I'm going home. To my wife.

Skin wraps around Jim with a snap of his fingers and he walks back toward town.

Catrina, speechless, stands alone. The grass around her begins to go from a dry yellow to a cold, gnarled black, rippling out from her like a drop of water on a still pond.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

Catrina wanders up the street as she scans over the various faces. She stops when she sees Jim as he comforts Martha with the rest of the town.

MARTHA

I, I shouldn't have yelled at him,
I thought. I didn't think.

JIM

Martha, you can't blame yourself.

WILLY

It was the trees, Martha, I've been
saying they should cut them back
for years.

JIM

Anne was going to whip something--

Catrina grabs Jim and drags him away from the crowd.

CATRINA

Mister Reaper. Can't leave your
darling wife waiting, can we?

Panic overtakes Jim as the townsfolk look at him, confused.

JIM

Sorry, everyone. Work calls, you
know how it is.

Everyone whispers among themselves. Catrina smirks at Jim as
he scowls back at her.

EXT. REAPER RESIDENCE - DAY

Jim and Catrina walk up the stone path to the front door.
Catrina goes to knock on the door but Jim grabs her wrist.

JIM

First, this is my house, I don't
need to knock. Second, I just want
to make it clear that you do not
pull that kind of stunt with Anne.

CATRINA

I would never.

JIM

I will happily strand us both here
for as long as it takes, got it?

CATRINA

I swear, I won't do anything to
upset your little wifey.

Jim and Catrina take a beat to size each other up. Without breaking their locked gaze, Jim pulls the door open.

Anne falls forward between them as the door is pulled out from under her. Jim helps her up as Catrina just looks down.

Anne, flush in the face, dusts herself off as Jim helps her to her feet.

ANNE

I'm sorry, I heard you all coming and she said you weren't, so I couldn't help but, but listen.

CATRINA

Jealousy doesn't suit you well dear.

ANNE

Oh no, I'm not jealous. Just curious.

Anne heads back into the house. Jim shakes his head at Catrina as he follows into the house.

ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home, by the way, we're not one of those you-have-to-take-your-shoes-off kind of families.

CATRINA

I'll just keep them on, thank you.

INT. REAPER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Catrina steps through the threshold and into the house. In the daylight, the house is a mess. Hampers overflow with dirty clothes, the kitchen is a whirlwind of dishes, and piles of unread mail sit stacked on the dining table.

Anne chops some green stuff at the kitchen counter and Jim rolls up his sleeves as he heads for the sink.

ANNE

Oh babe, before that, could you start a load of darks?

JIM

On it, boss.

Jim slips behind Anne and gives her a kiss on the back of the head. Catrina shakes her head and sits at the dining table

CATRINA

Your home is quite homey.

ANNE

Isn't it? It's hard to keep up with everything with Jim at work, but he keeps the roof over our head so it's fine by me.

CATRINA

How often is he able to get away and enjoy this roof over his head would you say?

ANNE

They run you ragged at that company too? I swear, it seems like they're working him twenty-four seven!

CATRINA

It is rather important work.

ANNE

Well I guess accidents happen

CATRINA

Accidents?

ANNE

Yes, accidents. Slips, crashes, I guess they happen all the time and keep you two busy, right?

Catrina gives Anne a blank expression. Jim rushes in from the back and holds his hands out between the two of them.

JIM

Insurance is a really cutthroat business. The hours are real murder, right Catrina?

CATRINA

Insurance?

Jim's eyes go wide as Anne tilts her head.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Insurance. Right. Yes, accidents really can happen at any moment.

Anne nods and a timer goes off on the oven.

ANNE

Oh, that's me, one sec.

Anne slips on some oven mitts and turns to pull a lasagna out of the oven. Jim locks eyes with Catrina as he rolls up his sleeves and heads over to the sink.

Catrina rests her elbows on the table. Then she sniffs the air a few times.

CATRINA

What is that smell?

ANNE

Oh, just some lasagna. I made that,
I have a platter of enchiladas
going too.

Catrina stands and cautiously enters the kitchen. She looks over Anne's shoulder at the lasagna as it rests on the stove. The top layer of cheese bubbles and steams.

CATRINA

It looks enticing enough.

ANNE

Should we give it a try?

JIM

Oh, we don't need to do that.

ANNE

Oh, sure we do, can't be sending it
off if it doesn't taste good. I'm
slicing it up anyway to pack it up,
sit, sit.

Anne lightly bats Catrina with the back of her hand to send her back to the table.

Catrina sits back down, her back straight as a board.

CATRINA

Couldn't be that good.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE - DAY

Elsie and Rex scream as they swerve in and out of traffic.

REX

Slow down!

ELSIE
The pedal's stuck!

A slow car blocks the way ahead and Elsie makes a hard right turn, right off the highway.

The car free falls until it firmly lands on a section of highway as it appears beneath them. A large truck approaches behind them and honks its horn.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
There's gotta be a way off of here.

Elsie scans ahead. A green sign about half a mile ahead reads 'Afterlife Inc.' Rex leans over and grabs the wheel.

REX
There, turn right now.

ELSIE
Rex, what are you trying to do,
kill us?

REX
That lady reaper said Afterlife Inc
property, right? Maybe they have
some way we can go back to life.

The two struggle as the car merges across traffic, narrowly missing the other cars. The wheel pops up onto the guard rail and teeters over the astral oblivion just before Elsie jerks the wheel away and gets the car back onto the road.

ELSIE
Better than nothing I guess. Hold
onto your butt!

Elsie reaches down and pulls the break. The goes into a full-on skid. Rex screams as Elsie spins the wheel, the car doing full 360 spins down the road until it spins into...

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jim's parking spot, snug like a bug in a rug.

Elsie and Rex catch their breath. Rex laughs first, then Elsie, both amazed they managed to get out of that unharmed.

REX
Okay, so what's the plan?

Elsie and Rex look at the large sign above the door that reads 'Afterlife, Inc'

ELSIE

This was your idea, you come up
with the plan.

REX

I'm the face, you're the brains,
everyone knows.

Rex hops out of the car. Elsie hesitates, then follows.

ELSIE

Okay, we scope it out. If this is
where people go where they die, I
have an idea that might just work.

The two crouch behind a bush and wait for an ethereal shadow
monster to open the door, then Rex rushes up and grabs the
door before it closes. He holds the door for Elsie, then
follows her in.

INT. REAPER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Anne and Jim look at the other end of the table in shock and
awe.

Catrina, surrounded by empty plates, chows down on Anne's
lasagna. As she finishes her last bite, she holds out the
empty plate to Anne.

CATRINA

More.

Anne scoops the last slice out of the pan and puts it on
Catrina's plate.

ANNE

Gosh, did y'all forget to get lunch
today?

JIM

You could say that.

Catrina leans back in her chair.

CATRINA

I never knew food could taste like
that.

ANNE

Oh please.

CATRINA

No, I'm serious Anne, you must be one of the best chefs among the living today.

ANNE

Thanks?

CATRINA

I think I need to step outside for a moment, get some fresh air.

Catrina stands, then places her hand on her chair and pauses.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Fresh air, sounds nice.

Catrina exits through the front door. Anne and Jim look at each other.

ANNE

She seems nice.

JIM

Nice may be an extreme exaggeration.

ANNE

Oh, leave her alone, some days after work you can be a handful too.

JIM

Yeah but not as bad as that.

Anne gives Jim a look that says 'you sure about that?' as she grabs the dirty plates and places them in the sink.

ANNE

Guess I'll need to send you to George's for more of...

Anne takes inventory of the kitchen and shrugs.

ANNE (CONT'D)

...everything.

Jim gets up and hugs Anne from behind.

JIM

I guess I'll get right on it.

ANNE

Early day again tomorrow?

JIM

I was going to tell you later but I might have been given an unexpected vacation starting today.

ANNE

Really?

Anne turns around and hugs Jim back.

ANNE (CONT'D)

This is so great!

JIM

There is one teeny tiny caveat.

Anne pulls back as Jim cocks his head towards the front door.

ANNE

What about her?

JIM

She'll have to stay with us.

ANNE

What?

JIM

I know, it's crazy, but it shouldn't be for long.

ANNE

How long?

EXT. REAPER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Catrina leans on the porch railing as she takes in deep breaths of fresh air. The sun just dips over the horizon, painting the town a golden yellow-orange.

Behind her, the muffled sounds and Anne and Jim as they argue leak through the door.

After a moment, Jim opens the door and shuts it.

CATRINA

Trouble in paradise, vacation boy?

JIM

Can it. I'm in enough trouble because of you.

CATRINA

Everything was brought upon you by
only yourself, Jim Reaper.

JIM

None of this would be happening if
you had never come around.

Jim thrusts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a pack of
cigarettes. He smacks the pack on the palm of his hands a few
times and pulls one out.

Catrina eyes him curiously as he pulls out a lighter and
takes a long drag.

Jim catches her staring out of the corner of his eye and
holds out the pack to her.

JIM (CONT'D)

Want one?

CATRINA

Why, we don't have lungs?

Jim keeps the pack out and she relents, grabbing the pack.

Jim watches Catrina as she fumbles to open the pack and pull
out a cigarette. She snatches the lighter from Jim and flicks
it a few times before the flame takes.

She lights the cigarette and takes a deep inhale like Jim,
then breaks into a deep coughing fit.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

That's terrible, why would you
subject yourself to that?

JIM

Habit. Stress relief. Little ritual
to help myself focus, calm down.

Catrina looks at her cigarette, takes another drag. Only a
small cough this time.

CATRINA

I guess I get it.

JIM

You're a quick learner.

CATRINA

You can say that again.

Jim leans on the railing and closes his eyes.

JIM

So my wife isn't keen on my plan,
but I convinced her you can stay
tonight, she's making the hide-a-
bed right now.

Catrina peaks through the window. Anne pulls a fresh pillowcase over a pillow and fluffs it up.

JIM (CONT'D)

So I wanted to try to offer you a
deal.

Catrina turns back and leans on the railing again.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll be straight up, the bus should
show up around this time tomorrow.
So give me until then.

CATRINA

Give you what?

JIM

Time to convince you that I'm not
some schmuck breaking the rules for
no reason.

Jim turns to Katrina and looks her dead in the eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)

Let me show you why she's worth it.

Catrina takes another drag of her cigarette. A single cough.

CATRINA

You can say whatever you want as
long as I get out of here.

Jim nods and puts his cigarette out on the bottom of his shoe. He hops off the porch down toward the street.

JIM

Let's go to the store. If you like
lasagna, you'll love ice cream.

Catrina flicks her cigarette into the yard, which Jim rushes over to pick up as she steps down to follow after him.

INT. AFTERLIFE, INC., KILLING FLOOR - DAY

The hustle and bustle of the Killing Floor is in full swing as reapers, shadows and other workers pay attention to their work and coffee. A supply closet door creaks open, a single eye visible as it looks out at the office.

REX (O.S.)
Look at them all.

INT. AFTERLIFE, INC., SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Rex shuts the door and retreats into the supply closet. Elsie rubs her arms and shivers.

ELSIE
Is it cold in here?

REX
Yeah, I always imagined death would
be warmer for some reason.

ELSIE
Maybe it's a side effect? Of being
dead?

REX
How about we try and warm each
other up?

Rex motions to grab Elsie's hand.

ELSIE
I'm still mad at you for killing
us, don't touch me.

REX
Right.

Rex moves back, clears his throat.

REX (CONT'D)
So what's the plan?

Elsie goes quiet. Rex leans forward, then opens his mouth to speak, but Elsie shushes him.

DING.

The sound of the elevator is clear as a bell in the supply closet and Elsie points up.

REX (CONT'D)
There's an elevator.

ELSIE
That's right. I just need to find a
directory to see where
reincarnation is.

Rex nods and looks Elsie square in the face.

REX
And reincarnation is?

Elsie facepalms.

ELSIE
If we're lucky, it might just get
us home. I just need a way to get
out there.

Elsie follows Rex as he crawls to the door. She straddles
over him and they both look out at the Killing Floor.

INT. AFTERLIFE, INC., KILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The office cubicles are full of activity. Reapers
interviewing, reviewing, or heading out of the office to go
and get another soul.

ELSIE (O.S.)
Which leaves the question, how do
we get out of this closet?

REX (O.S.)
I think I have a plan for that.

Rex's eyes look to the left and Elsie's follow. A shadow
guides a soul to the door next to theirs, labeled 'Purgatory'

REX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We just need to wait until the
coast is clear.

INT. REAPER RESIDENCE - DAY

Flicks of sunlight break through the living room curtains and
fall onto Catrina's face. She stirs in her sleep and groans
and she rolls over onto her side.

Catrina sniffs the air and her eyes slowly open.

CATRINA'S POV

Anne stands in the kitchen in sleep shorts and a large sleep shirt. She pokes at bacon on a plug-in, flat-top griddle.

She stops as she feels Catrina looking at her and smiles.

ANNE
Morning, sleepyhead.

BACK TO SCENE

Catrina sits up and gets out of the hide-a-bed.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Jim already went out, he said he wants everything for our day off to be perfect.

Anne waves with her spatula.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Sit, sit.

Catrina sits down at the dining room table, groggy.

CATRINA
Why does every part of me feel heavy and sore?

ANNE
Sleep bad last night? Yeah, that mattress is a bit of a rock, but it does the trick in a pinch.

Anne grabs a pot of coffee on the counter, pours Catrina a mug, and sets it down in front of her. She points to a little caddy of sugars and cream on the table.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Take it with anything?

Catrina stares deep into the cup and shakes her head.

Anne sits and loads hers with packet after packet of cream and sugar.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Black like your soul right? Saw that one on the internet once.

Anne laughs. The darkness ripples as Catrina picks up the mug and brings it to her lips. She takes a deep drink, then sets the mug down.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So you been doing insurance long?

Catrina shakes her head again, still lost in the void that is the coffee.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Gosh, I could only imagine. I hear so much from Jim, they seem to send him every which way.

Anne takes a sip of her own drink, sticks her tongue out, and grabs another packet of sugar.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You know I've never left Slaughterville. If I so much as went down the street to stay at Millie Duvall's, I had to call my mother every hour until lights out.

Anne waits for a response but Katrina just grips her mug a little tighter.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Maybe not every half hour, but I can't imagine not calling someone.

The front door creaks as Jim enters.

JIM

Oh good, you're up.

ANNE

Breakfast should just be wrapping up and ready in five.

JIM

Perfect, thanks, hun.

Jim sits down next to Katrina and leans in close so he's not overheard.

JIM (CONT'D)

All right, I've got it all planned out, by the end of today you'll be begging to live here too.

CATRINA

Why do I hurt?

JIM

Huh?

Jim looks down at Catrina's hand and sees them shake as they grip the mug.

CATRINA

I was so focused on everything yesterday that I didn't notice. But this skin, this facade of blood and organ. It's all sore and just wants to stop.

JIM

It's called existence. They all deal with it every day. You get used to it.

CATRINA

Death has to be the only solution to this suffering.

Jim reaches over, pulls the coffee out of Catrina's hands.

JIM

Maybe no more of that for you.

Anne sets down a platter of breakfast foods on the center of the table and dishes out the goods.

Jim stabs a piece of bacon with his fork and waves it in Catrina's face.

JIM (CONT'D)

Existing is worth it because of little joys in the middle that make us forget about the pain around it.

ANNE

Now, who said that?

JIM

That's a Jim Reaper original.

Anne and Jim dig in and Catrina takes a small morsel and chews. Her eyes light up and she scarfs down.

ANNE

You really do like my cooking, don't you?

Catrina nods and shovels two strips of bacon into her mouth.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

Jim, Catrina, and Anne make their way down main street Slaughtererville. The streets are filled on both sides with wooden stalls and people ready to buy.

A regular small-town farmer's market.

ANNE

Ooh, I need some veggies.

Anne rushes ahead and compares produce. Jim nudges Catrina in the side.

JIM

So this is called a farmer's market, they all gather once a week and sell things.

CATRINA

Isn't that what stores are for?

JIM

No, things they've made themselves.

CATRINA

Get to the point. How does any of this justify not doing your job?

Jim smirks and grabs Catrina by the shoulder as he points at DONNA as she deeply inhales a candle.

JIM

See that woman smelling candles? Donna Harper, two kids. Brings cookies with raisins to the PTA meetings and everyone hates her for it but Anne still has one.

CATRINA

Do you have kids?

JIM

No, she goes for the cookies, keep up.

Jim points to another stall where ROLF flips burger patties.

JIM (CONT'D)

Everyone made fun of Rolf Howard when he quit being a lawyer and bought the old drug store to turn it into a burger place. Anne and I go every month now.

Jim lets go of Catrina's shoulder as JAY, the mailman, walks by. He passes by them and waves down Donna then reaches into his mailbag to hand her a small stack of letters.

JIM (CONT'D)

If Jay Voults delivers your mail, it will be on time, but he will skim money off of Christmas cards if he's short on cash. And Anne still tips him during the holidays.

Jim steps back and gestures towards the street.

JIM (CONT'D)

I know all these little details about them without reading their files thanks to Anne. Better efficiency, better reapings.

Anne, in the stall, waves at Jim from the checkout line. Jim steps to head over but Catrina grabs him by the wrist.

CATRINA

And?

JIM

I know them better, I do my job better. That makes it worth it.

Jim pulls to go away but Catrina grips in tighter.

CATRINA

So what happens when Donna Harper slips on an ice patch and dies? Do you let your feelings about oatmeal raisin get in the way?

Jim scoffs, pulls his arm away from her.

JIM

No, I would never--

CATRINA

Or what if you're going over Rolf's file and find out he was using spoiled meat to cut costs?

Jim walks away but Catrina keeps pace behind him.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Or if Jay was stealing money to pay for his kid's medical bills. Would you change your mind then?

ANNE

What's that now?

JIM

Nothing, ignore her, I was just filling her in on the locals.

Jim pulls out a debit card and hands it to Anne, who gives Jim and Catrina a concerned look before she turns back.

Catrina leans in close and whispers.

CATRINA

Or what if your precious starts to notice that she isn't dying like the rest of them?

Jim clenches his fists and takes a breath.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

You're compromised. We are impartial. All of the Tomes and Regulations are clear on that.

JIM

I. Am. Not. Compromised.

Anne turns around and taps Jim on the back with the debit card as she clears her throat.

ANNE

Everything okay over there?

Jim doesn't break his stare with Catrina.

JIM

We're fine.

ANNE

Well, you better move, you're holding up the line.

Jim looks over Catrina's shoulder to see a line, four strong, behind her. Jim steps aside and Catrina follows suit.

ANNE (CONT'D)

How about I go drop these off and you let me know where to meet you?

JIM

No, Anne, let me--

ANNE

It seems like you two have some serious business going on and I don't want to get caught in the middle of it.

JIM

But--

ANNE

No buts. Now, where am I going hun?

JIM

Park. Fifteen?

Anne kisses his cheek then lightly slaps it a few times.

ANNE

I'll see you there.

Jim slumps his shoulders and pouts as Anne heads back up the street with the bag of produce towards the house.

Catrina steps over next to Jim and watches Anne leave.

CATRINA

How long until that bus gets here?

Jim groans, then Katrina snatches Jim's debit card.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

You think about that, I think I'll try one of these burger **things**.

Catrina saunters off, satisfied with herself.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, PARK - DAY

A small block-sized park surrounded by roads on each side. Anne and Jim hold hands as they take in the calm nature in the middle of all of the hustle and bustle.

Catrina, next to them, chows down on her burger.

CATRINA

It's no lasagna, but this burger isn't half bad.

ANNE

Oh stop, Rolf makes the best food in town.

Catrina shakes her head, with a tired Jim ping-ponging as he looks between them. Anne takes in a deep breath.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I really am glad you're able to take a day, hun. It's gorgeous out.

JIM

Really is.

Jim slows to a stop.

JIM (CONT'D)

It really is.

ANNE

Jim?

JIM

Uh, Anne, why don't you go grab the car?

ANNE

The car?

JIM

Yeah I, I want to get to our last stop before it gets too late.

ANNE

Oooh, mysterious. I'll meet you at the corner.

Anne runs off and Catrina turns to Jim, who has a dumb smile plastered on his face.

CATRINA

Yes?

JIM

Look around you, Catrina. What do you see?

CATRINA

I see an idiot with a big smile on his face who looks like he's getting some ideas.

JIM

And around him?

CATRINA

I see a park full of happy people
who don't know that death is
waiting for them.

JIM

Exactly.

He points at Catrina and takes a step forward.

JIM (CONT'D)

I've been doing this for as long as
I've known Anne. And look around.
No chaos, no mayhem, nothing out of
the ordinary.

Jim swings his arms out towards the world.

JIM (CONT'D)

Here, there and everywhere, things
have been fine even if I slip away.
It doesn't really matter.

CATRINA

Doesn't matter?

JIM

Not at all.

CATRINA

Our job matters quite a bit more
than not a bit, I would go so far
as to say as we have the most
important jobs in all of life.

JIM

But it's not so important that the
world can't wait a bit. Some of
them even just sit around in
Purgatory to smolder for a few
centuries. Why not let people take
a break?

CATRINA

We can't take a break because
someone always has to die.

JIM

But the world doesn't seem to care
as much about her, does it?

Jim motions around him. Catrina drops her shoulders

CATRINA
It is a lovely day out.

JIM
Yeah?

Catrina stops and looks at Jim.

CATRINA
What do you mean a long time?

Jim freezes.

JIM
What?

CATRINA
You said for as long as you've been
doing this. How long has it been?
How many times has she died?

Jim stands up straight and avoids Catrina's intense stare.
She stands on her tiptoes to get a better look at his face.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
How long?

JIM
I mean who would keep count of
something like that?

CATRINA
Ten?

JIM
More like--

CATRINA
Twenty?

JIM
One hundred and sixty-nine.

CATRINA
One hundred and sixty-nine?

JIM
I mean to be fair, some of those
were back to back--

CATRINA
You've let her cheat death almost
two hundred times?

JIM

Okay, wait, when you say it like that, it sounds bad.

CATRINA

It sounds bad because it is bad.

JIM

But the world hasn't ended, has it? And why do you care?

CATRINA

What?

JIM

Why do you care so much, you were born, what, two days ago?

CATRINA

I have a respect for the rules of our--

JIM

No one cares that much! When you read those rules, you didn't even know what a hamburger was, and now you're going to judge me?

Catrina grits her teeth. Her dress gives off the faintest iridescent glow.

HONK HONK!

Jim and Catrina both look as Anne hangs out the driver's side window of a beat-up car. Anne waves them over.

ANNE

Hurry up, slowpokes!

CATRINA

So you have another car.

JIM

No portal ripper on that one. And we're still making payments.

The tension between the two is thick as they head for the car. Catrina hops in the backseat and Jim goes for the passenger seat.

Anne looks between the two and settles back in her chair.

ANNE

Radio it is.

Anne turns the knob on the radio and a COUNTRY SONG plays.
Anne pulls back into traffic and drives.

INT. PURGATORY - DAY

Josie sits with a Highlights magazine and shakes her head as she turns the page.

JOSIE

Goofus, don't throw rocks at birds.

Josie shivers and looks up. The door is back, open into the Killing Floor.

Josie stands up, then creeps for the door. Behind her, other awaiting souls stand and creep for the door as well.

Josie puts a hand on the door frame and pokes her head out.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

King Yama walks past Josie with a fresh cup of coffee in hand, then walks backward and looks at her.

KING YAMA

You're not supposed to be out here.

JOSIE

Yes, well the door was open and--

Josie and King Yama hit the ground with a thud as HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS of souls pour out onto the Killing Floor.

The souls storm the reapers confused and exhilarated.

PURGATORY SOUL #1

Is this heaven?

PURGATORY SOUL #2

I want to speak with Jerry, he said it wouldn't be long.

PURGATORY SOUL #3

What year is it?

In the midst of all the chaos, Rex and Elsie emerge from the supply closet.

Elsie rushes for a directory next to the elevator. Rex leans in as he watches the chaos.

REX

Think we went a little too far?

ELSIE

That was all you.

The elevator arrives on the Killing Floor, the two step inside and press a button. The doors close and the chaos on the Killing Floor escalates as a cubicle is knocked over and erupts into flames.

EXT. OKLAHOMA PLAINS - DAY

The Reaper car pulls up to a slight bump of a hill in a sea of flat nothingness. Jim, Catrina, and Anne exit the car, and Anne rushes for the top of the hill.

CATRINA

She seems excited.

JIM

I'd expect so, this is where I asked her to marry me.

CATRINA

In the middle of nowhere?

JIM

Just wait.

Jim heads up the hill and sits down next to Anne.

ANNE

You big softie.

JIM

Yeah. I am.

Anne leans on Jim's shoulder and sighs, content.

ANNE

Wish we could do this all the time.

JIM

Me too.

ANNE

You ever think about quitting?
Maybe the world can go with one
less insurance agent?

JIM

It's all I know. Feels like I was only made to do it and I wouldn't be good at anything else.

ANNE

I think you'd be able to make the change if you wanted.

JIM

Thanks, hun. That means a lot.

Catrina sits down but winces at the sharp grass on her bare legs.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, there should be a blanket in the trunk, I'll go grab it.

Jim heads for the car, leaving Catrina and Anne.

CATRINA

So when does the fun start?

ANNE

Believe it or not, this is what we called fun when we were younger.

CATRINA

I don't get it.

ANNE

You will when you're older.

Catrina scoffs, then clears her throat to cover it up.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So what do you think, you want to do this job forever?

CATRINA

What?

ANNE

You have your whole life ahead of you. Do you really want to spend it selling insurance instead of doing things you need insurance for?

Catrina draws in the dirt.

CATRINA

Never wanted to do anything else.

ANNE

Never?

Catrina shakes her head.

CATRINA

I love my job. My job is important.

The grass around Catrina slowly withers and dies.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

It has to matter right?

Anne looks down and sees the ripple of dead grass as it inches toward her.

ANNE

What in the hell?

She backs away as Catrina's breath becomes shallow. She slams her shaking fists onto the ground.

CATRINA

I've always been nothing but sure of myself, but now, now.

Catrina looks up, tears in her eyes as she looks at Anne.
Catrina steels herself.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

No. No, it's you. You're the one who is messing everything up!

Before Anne can react, the wave of death shoots out all down the hill. Anne sways for just a moment then collapses, dead.

Jim, face first in the trunk of the car, puts the finishing touches on his surprise picnic basket.

JIM

She is going to love these straw--

Jim feels the wave of death and looks at his feet. All The grass under him is dead. He stands up straight and looks around.

All of the fields around the hill are dead.

Catrina, at the top of the hill, stands over Anne. She looks down and sees Jim, who rushes up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Move.

CATRINA

No. This needs to be done, Jim.
She's died and you need to let her
die.

JIM

She's my wife.

CATRINA

She's unnatural!

Jim and Catrina both pull out their scythes. Jim's looks simple, classic. Catrina's is huge and intricate with an all-black blade.

Behind them, Anne's soul climbs out of her body and looks around confused.

To her, they don't have skin.

ANNE

Excuse me?

Catrina steps aside, her blade on Anne's corpse.

CATRINA

Go on. Do your job.

ANNE

What's going on, what happened?

Jim tightens his grip around his scythe.

JIM

It, it...

ANNE

Jim?

A wave of shame washes over Jim.

JIM

It's time Anne.

ANNE

Time? Time for what? Jim, what's
going on?

The sun slips over the horizon with a final flash of light.

The world around the three goes unnaturally dark. A pair of spectral blue lights come down the road. The bus back to the Afterlife stops at the bottom of the hill and the breaks decompress with a hiss.

Anne looks between the bus and Catrina and Jim, panic and confusion spread across her face.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Catrina? Jim? Talk to me please, I--
what happened? We were going to
watch the sunset and then there was
just nothing.

Catrina avoids looking at Anne.

JIM

I was going to give you one last
chance to do the right thing. Just
let her go.

CATRINA

It's too late for that now.

JIM

I know.

ANNE

Damn it, stop ignoring me! I'm
still here, I can't be dead! Jim.
Jim, please, I know it's you.

Jim can't bare to look at her either.

JIM

Please, we can't leave the bus
waiting.

Jim and Catrina head down the hill for the bus. Jim looks up
the hill. Anne is still hesitant.

JIM (CONT'D)

It'll be okay, misses Reaper.

The two lock eyes. Anne takes a breath, nods, and heads down
the hill. Jim offers her a hand to help her onto the bus, but
she just steps up past him.

The bus doors close and drive off into the darkness.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, REINCARNATION CENTER, DAY

The elevator dings as Elsie and Rex arrive on their floor.

The computers in this room are more high-tech than the clunky
ones in the cubicles downstairs.

REX
Looks like this stuff hasn't been
used in a while.

Rex drags a finger and leaves a trail in a layer of dust over
the devices.

Elsie finds a computer console and starts to type.

ELSIE
Come on, come on, yes!

Elsie pumps her fists and points at the screen.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
See that Rex? That's our ticket out
of here. I just rework a
reincarnation, but instead of a new
body, we're back into our old ones.

Rex squints as he looks at the screen.

REX
It's that simple?

ELSIE
Yeah.

REX
Won't it lead to a lot of
questions?

ELSIE
Would you rather be dead?

REX
No, no. Just making sure.

Elsie types another command in the computer and a pair of
large glass tubes spring to life with flickering blue lights.

ELSIE
Okay, get in.

Rex complies and gets in. Elsie types on the computer and
hits the enter key with authority. The screen starts to count
down and Elsie gets into the other tube.

REX
Hey Elsie? What happens if they
already buried us?

Elsie's eyes go wide and she tries to open the tube, but Rex
and Elsie both disappear in a bright blue flash.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Jim, Catrina, and Anne find a spot on the crowded bus.

Reapers and the souls they need to take in for processing line every seat and most of the floor space.

Catrina watches as the reaper across from her can barely keep their eyes open. Behind her, a soul berates a blank-expressed reaper.

ANGRY SOUL

You don't get to tell me I'm dead,
who do you think you are, the
second we get off this bus I'm
reporting you to your manager.

Catrina looks away.

CATRINA

Is it like this all the time?

JIM

No, I can still bend my elbow so
tonight's a slow night.

CATRINA

Oh.

JIM

I really hope those tomes of yours
are right because this is what you
have to look forward to Catrina.

Jim gestures at the bus.

JIM (CONT'D)

No breaks, no thank you's, and
certainly no lasagnas. Get comfy,
another three hours of this before
we get there.

A look of guilt washes over Catrina's face as she looks over the crowd of reapers and settles in for the long drive. Anne just stares straight ahead.

CATRINA

Anne? Misses Reaper?

No response. Catrina looks out the window at the Astral Plane.

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A writhing mass of ten thousand souls clings to the side of Afterlife, Inc. as the bus pulls up. The bus doors open and the nervous clamors of reapers pour out as everyone gets off.

The bus souls all run and dive into the writhing mass like divers into a swimming pool *except for Anne, who stays by Jim's side.*

JIM

Still think I'm the worst thing to happen to this company?

CATRINA

Now is not the time.

Catrina marches towards the building.

JIM

What are you doing, they'll tear you apart, and then I'll have to help put you back together.

Jim is taken aback when the crowd of souls does not take her apart, but instead part like the Red Sea. Catrina doesn't break her stride as she opens the doors and heads inside.

JIM (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Jim runs after Catrina and makes it to the doors just as the parted souls rejoin and the path disappears. *Anne reaches out after Jim but shies away from the crashing souls.*

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

The office reapers bob up and down and scream in the sea of lost souls, the room a cacophony of complaints and questions.

At the far end of the office, the souls start to part way for Catrina. King Yama turns to the CLINGING SOUL on his head.

KING YAMA

Why are they moving for her?

CLINGING SOUL

I dunno. So are there drugs in heaven or not?

King Yama struggles to get the soul off of his head as Catrina continues across the office floor to the purgatory door. Jim, a few steps behind her, has to stop and shake off the souls that try to cling to his ankles as he follows.

Catrina bangs on the wall with her fist and all the heads in the room turn to look at her.

CATRINA

Your attention, please. I'm glad you all have had some fun, but it's time for you to go back in now.

JIM

What are you doing?

Catrina glares at Jim. The Clinging Soul uses King Yama as a foothold to stand up.

CLINGING SOUL

What if we don't wanna?

The souls cheer in agreement. Catrina just chuckles to herself and shakes her head.

CATRINA

I'm sorry, you seem to be confused, wayward souls. I wasn't asking.

Catrina grabs at her neck and rips off her own head like a Scooby Doo villain. Her body bursts beneath her to unleash the massive void that is THE CONCEPT OF DEATH (T.C.O.D.), a huge orb of inky blackness with an iridescent gleam like Catrina's calavera etchings.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

I was telling you. In. Now!

T.C.O.D.'s voice booms through the eternities and a powerful gale erupts from the Purgatory door like a vacuum.

The souls scream in fear as they try to cling to the reapers and anything they can get their hands on, but they just slip through like nothing and are pulled back in. A flood of souls burst through the outside doors like a dam let loose.

In the blink of an eye, all that remains is the reapers, scattered across the floor and T.C.O.D., who shines for just a moment, and the door to Purgatory SLAMS shut.

The office is silent, then bursts into cheers as the Reapers rush for T.C.O.D.

Jim watches, mouth agape as he looks where Catrina once was and his boss now floats, hoisted into the ceiling by his fellow employees.

Jim shakes his head and his expression turns to anger as he heads for his desk.

Mort comes down from the elevator amongst all of the cheers for T.C.O.D. and waves his arms to calm everyone down.

MORT

All right, all right, I know that was a little crazy, but nothing the boss here couldn't handle, right?

T.C.O.D. turns towards Mort.

T.C.O.D.

I leave you in charge for two days and I come back to the place overrun with souls.

MORT

I know it looks bad, but I can explain everything.

T.C.O.D.

Go on.

All eyes are on Mort as he adjusts his tie.

MORT

Okay, we still don't know what happened but it is under investigation.

T.C.O.D.

Out.

MORT

Boss, please.

T.C.O.D.

Get your stuff and get out before I shove you in the astral plane myself.

Mort raises a finger to protest, then slumps and heads for the elevator. T.C.O.D. turns around.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

What are you all looking at? We lost a whole night dealing with those souls. Get back to work!

The chatter of the crowd dies down into the noise of office life, just as it was before the souls were released, sans a few stray fires still smoldering.

Jim just shakes his head and goes back to packing his box. T.C.O.D. floats over to him, taking out a section of the ceiling as they do so.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

Mr. Reaper, I was hoping I could speak with you in private.

JIM

No.

T.C.O.D.

Jim, I don't know if you can tell, but it's me, Catrina, I was in--

JIM

Of-- how stupid do you think I am? How stupid do you think we all are?

The reapers stop and turn to watch the fight.

T.C.O.D.

Jim, I think we should have this conversation upstairs.

JIM

Why bother?

T.C.O.D.

I think it would be better if--

JIM

Of course all of this was new to you, you don't have to deal with any of this. You're Death! All you do is take and suck the happiness out of anything you touch.

T.C.O.D. swells up and disintegrates the floor under them.

T.C.O.D.

I am The Concept of Death itself, Jim Reaper. Your boss. The head of Afterlife, Inc. You don't talk to me like that.

JIM

I can talk to you however I want, you're not my boss any more. I quit!

Jim grabs his box of things and marches for the door.
T.C.O.D. shrinks down as they watch Jim head for the door.

T.C.O.D.
You, you can't quit!

JIM
I can and I just did.

Jim slams the front door behind him. All the other reapers
turn their heads to look at T.C.O.D.

The sounds of office hustle and bustle rush to fill the
silence Jim left behind.

T.C.O.D.
Don't walk away from me. Jim. Jim!

T.C.O.D. rushes after Jim.

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim stomps away from the building, then stops.

His car is in his spot. Jim looks around confused. The keys
are still in the ignition. Jim throws the box into the
backseat.

JIM
Anne? Anne, come on, we're leaving!

Jim looks at Anne, unmoved from when she got off the bus.

JIM (CONT'D)
Anne, come on, we're going home.

T.C.O.D. exits Afterlife Inc.

T.C.O.D.
Jim Reaper, do not leave this
parking lot.

JIM
You can't tell me what to do
anymore, Catrina. I'm going home
with Anne.

T.C.O.D.
She's dead Jim, she isn't going
anywhere.

Jim climbs out of his seat and up onto the trunk of his car.

JIM

You want me to stay? Make me.

A black tentacle shoots out from T.C.O.D. and wraps around Jim. He writhes and struggles but is firmly trapped.

T.C.O.D.

You want to test me, Jim Reaper?
Fine, I was going to be lenient but
I'll show you the full extent of
your punishment!

T.C.O.D. floats to the edge of the parking lot and dangles Jim over the astral plane.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

If you can't perform, you will be
terminated.

ANNE

No!

T.C.O.D. hesitates and looks over. Anne shakes like a leaf but stands her ground against T.C.O.D.

ANNE (CONT'D)

He might be a hard-headed liar, but
his heart is in the right place,
Catrina. You have to let him go.

JIM

Anne, stay out of this, please.

ANNE

No, you stay out of this Jim. You
got us into this mess in the first
place.

T.C.O.D.

I'm afraid he's right Anne, he may
be your husband but this doesn't
concern you. I'll process you
myself in due time.

Another tentacle sprouts from T.C.O.D. and gently wraps around Anne. It slowly lifts her and brings her towards Afterlife, Inc.

ANNE

No, please, Catrina, let me just
talk to him. Jim!

JIM

Anne! Let me go, or I swear I'll--

T.C.O.D.
 You won't be doing much of anything
 anymore I'm afraid. Goodbye, Jim.

The tentacle around Jim unravels and he plummets toward the astral plane. At the same moment, Anne watches in horror as Jim falls and she is placed in the purgatory closet.

Jim falls and falls until the darkness surrounds him completely, a single droplet of pure darkness dripping up and down.

T.C.O.D. silently floats back into Afterlife, Inc.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

Dr. McElroy finishes washing his hands in the dimly lit morgue. Rex and Elsie lie nude, covered with a sheet. Besides them is a tray of dissection instruments on a dolly.

DR. MCELROY
 All right, kids, let's get those
 kidneys.

Dr. McElroy reaches for Rex with the knife when Rex and Elsie gasp for air and suddenly sit up, screaming. Dr. McElroy starts to scream and the three scream back and forth.

Rex and Elsie's screams turn from screams of terror to screams of celebration as the two touch their own flesh and realize that they are alive.

Dr. McElroy rushes out of the room as Rex and Elsie get up and jump up and down in joy.

REX
 You did it, Elsie!

ELSIE
 I did do it. I did. We should break
 up.

REX
 What?

ELSIE
 Rex, regardless of what happened,
 you got me killed, remember?

REX
 But, but we just--

ELSIE
I'm sorry Rex.

Elsie wraps the sheet around herself and heads for the door.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
Doctor McElroy? It's okay, we were
only a little dead.

Rex sits alone in the morgue.

INT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Anne sits in the middle of the floor of purgatory as she loudly sobs. The other souls in waiting politely ignore her with their expired magazines.

ANNE
Jim you stupid idiot. This is all
your fault.

Anne hiccups and wipes her face.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I can't believe you kept this all
from me. I'm your wife, you're
supposed to tell me everything.

A dark plume of smoke rolls out from behind Anne.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I should have known something was
up. All those close calls, all
those bumps, and scratches, those
don't come from nowhere Anne,
stupid.

Josie looks up from her magazine.

JOSIE
Uh oh.

ANNE
I mean for God's sake, his last
name was Reaper. That isn't German,
it's a huge red flag!

Anne's shoulder unnaturally pops out of place. She screams and grabs at it. She looks at her hand and it's grown scaly, with sharp claws where her fingers were.

ANNE (CONT'D)

No one has to go that far for insurance. I'm so freaking dumb, why didn't I push harder for answers?

Anne's spine bursts through the back of her clothes. She starts to grow in size as she changes, taking up most of the floor space in the room. The other spirits start to crowd on the other end, pushed up against the wall as a tail emerges and flicks back and forth.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And now, now I can't even push him for answers. I can't even say goodbye because he, he...

Anne holds her eyes shut tight, then suddenly she opens them. Her eyes are now yellow with slits where her pupils were. This isn't Anne anymore. This is the AMALGAM.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

Mort, a box of his belongings in hand, exits the elevator as he heads for the door. The rest of the employees ignore him.

A muffled ROAR erupts from the Purgatory closet.

Mort looks around. No one else seemed to notice. He slips over to the closet, sets his box down, and peaks inside. A burst of pitch-black clouds rolls out.

The sound of heavy panting, like a wild beast just out of sight and out of breath.

Mort leans in closer. There, just visible, is the Amalgam, with a soul clasped between its teeth.

Mort smiles.

MORT

Looks like I may not be out of here yet after all.

INT. THE CONCEPT OF DEATH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T.C.O.D. floats alone behind their desk. A set of tentacles taps away at an old computer keyboard. On her desk is Jim's old monitor.

T.C.O.D.
 Outstanding member of community,
 respected by peers, supported local
 business. Looking like a plus nine.

T.C.O.D. stops and looks over the file again. Her tentacles pause as she goes to type but start to move.

'Makes excellent lasagna'

A loading symbol pops up on the screen, but the result comes up as a '?'

T.C.O.D. flips through the file again.

'Cared about me even though she didn't know me'

Again, loading, then '?'

T.C.O.D. slides the file to the side.

'An excellent wife'

'?'

T.C.O.D. looks over at the file again, then back at the computer.

She closes Anne's calculations and opens a fresh page. T.C.O.D. suddenly types with a flurry of tentacles.

'Honest' 'Caring' 'Hard Working' 'Made a bad choice' 'Loved his wife' 'Disobeyed his boss' 'Showed me ice cream' 'Took away my coffee' 'Dangerous driver' 'Consoled grieving mother'.

T.C.O.D. leans in as the machine loads. Finally, it pops up.

A green'+1'

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
 You're goddamn right.

T.C.O.D. floats around their desk for the door.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
 I'm coming Jim.

The doors fly open and a ROAR rings out through Afterlife, Inc.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
 Oh no.

T.C.O.D. looks between the elevator and the emergency staircase. They shrink down to fit through the doorway and burst through the door down the stairs.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

Oh no, indeed. T.C.O.D. arrives at a scene of utter chaos. Every reaper has their scythe drawn as they face down the Amalgam.

The beast stands up on its hind legs and bursts through the ceiling, sending several dozen reapers tumbling down from the floor above.

King Yama leaps forward with his scythe and slashes at the Amalgam's leg. Dark smoke pours out of the wound and the beast roars, swiping its tail at the reapers.

On the Amalgam's back is a comparatively small Mort, who rides the Amalgam like a bucking bronco.

MORT

That's right! Make them all hurt,
make them all suffer like you are.
They took your husband from you and
he's never coming back!

The Amalgam trembles before it roars in suffering. It unhinges its jaw and a cannonball of smoke fires out. T.C.O.D. just dodges out of the way and the smoke ball smashes through the wall behind them.

The reapers all charge at the Amalgam at once, slashing at what they can reach with their scythes.

The beast roars in pain and T.C.O.D. catches a glimpse of Anne's eyes behind the Amalgam.

T.C.O.D.

Wait, Anne?

The Amalgam looks up at T.C.O.D. and roars, angrier than before as it recognizes the orb.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

Wait, stop, you can't hurt her!

All at once, the scythes of the reapers bounce off the Amalgam's skin like it was wearing the hardest iron armor.

MORT

Yes, them my minion, they're the
one who wronged me, I mean us.

(MORE)

MORT (CONT'D)

Destroy the concept of death, and
we can rule this company.

Mort laughs wildly, clearly far off the deep end. The Amalgam charges at T.C.O.D. and they brace just before impact. T.C.O.D. floats in place and almost stands their ground, but is thrown through the newly blasted hole in the wall...

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

...and into the parking lot. T.C.O.D. collides right into Jim's car, his box of things sent flying into the air.

The Amalgam rushes after T.C.O.D. but gets stuck in the hole.

MORT

No you idiot, go around or blast a
new one, don't just, no!

The Amalgam struggles in place as T.C.O.D. looks around. They know it's do-or-die time.

T.C.O.D. rushes for the edge of the parking lot just as the Amalgam gets halfway through the hole in the wall.

MORT (CONT'D)

Stop them! Don't let them get away!

The Amalgam whips its head towards T.C.O.D. A lump appears in its throat and a massive grey tongue shoots out and latched onto T.C.O.D. just as they reach the edge.

T.C.O.D. struggles as they inch closer and closer to the edge, but the tongue starts to retract and pull them back towards Afterlife, Inc.

T.C.O.D.

No, Anne, please.

MORT

There is no more Anne! Only my
friend here now.

T.C.O.D.

Please, Anne, I can bring him back,
I can save Jim but you have to let
me go.

T.C.O.D. strains and is in a final stalemate with the Amalgam. It digs in with its claws, shattering the concrete beneath it.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

I'm going to fix this, I'm going to get him back. I'm not just some know it all who hides up in their office. I am The Concept of Death, I am the original reaper!

RIP! A chunk of T.C.O.D.'s orb rips off and flies back into the Amalgam's mouth. T.C.O.D. flies forward and straight off the ledge into the astral plane.

The Amalgam scuttles forward and tilts its head as T.C.O.D. disappears into the darkness.

Dark, iridescent cracks start to form on the Amalgam's skin like glowing embers in a burning log. It blinks, and its eyes are as dark as night.

Mort cackles as he stands on the Amalgam's back. The reapers come outside as the Amalgam turns toward them

MORT

I've done it. I am become death!

The Amalgam roars along in victory.

MORT (CONT'D)

You all work for me now. And things are going to be a little different with me in charge.

Mort lets out another laugh. Behind him, the dance of the cosmos.

A small blue speck in the black nothingness becomes larger and larger in view. EARTH.

Details come more into focus. North America, The Midwest, Oklahoma, Slaughterville, the clock tower--

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

BONG. BONG. BONG. The hour chimes. Elsie wanders the streets as dark clouds cover any moonlight over Slaughterville.

ELSIE

Hello? Anyone. It's Elsie. I didn't die.

Harry and Marge round a corner arm in arm and Elsie rushes over to them.

MARGE
Elsie? What--

ELSIE
I know, it's a long--

Elsie stops as Harry and Marge step forward under a street light.

Harry and Marge have a pole through them sticking them together.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

MARGE
Oh, this? Seems like we're alright, just a little scratch, we were actually looking for a police car to call us a tow truck.

ELSIE
Tow truck?

HARRY
Yeah, seem to have had a bit of a fender bender.

Harry motions over his shoulder and Elsie looks. Their car is driven through a storefront and on fire.

REX (O.S.)
Elsie, something weird is going on!

Rex rushes over from across the park. Elsie hurries over by his side and Marge and Harry wander off.

ELSIE
What's going on.

REX
I don't know, I got dressed and Dr. McElroy was just slicing off one of his fingers and like looking at it and nodding. There wasn't any blood he was just holding his finger.

The dark clouds roll away and a flood of moonlight covers the city.

If people bled anymore, it would be a bloodbath.

DONNA HARPER and JAY VOULT toss a shotgun back and forth. Donna misses and it blows a hole through Jay's chest. They laugh and keep throwing.

ROLF HOWARD throws himself from the top of his restaurant and falls on the pavement with a thud. He gets up, neck broken, and runs inside to head upstairs and do it again.

Pamela chops down a tree and crushes Willy with it. She helps him get out from under it and they repeat the process.

Rex holds on to Elsie.

REX (CONT'D)

We've gotta stop them. They're going to destroy themselves.

ELSIE

How?

Rex looks up the clock tower.

REX

I have an idea.

EXT. ASTRAL PLANE

T.C.O.D. floats in the inky darkness of nothing that is the astral plane.

The only light is their iridescent glow, and even that starts to fade. T.C.O.D. winces as the light starts to leak out of them through the wound on their back.

T.C.O.D.

Jim? Where are you? We don't have much time, Jim!

A trail of iridescence floats in the darkness behind T.C.O.D. and they just manage to catch a glimpse of Jim, curled up in his robe.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

Jim! There you are! Come on, we have to go.

JIM

Go away.

T.C.O.D.

Jim, look I'm sorry for what I did and what I said and everything and anything you need to hear but Anne is in trouble.

JIM

Why should I care? I'm just a reaper.

T.C.O.D.

Why should you care-- Jim she's your wife.

JIM

And I couldn't protect her from you. I couldn't keep her from dying.

T.C.O.D.

Will you stop wallowing in your own self-pity and listen to me? If you don't help me, it's all going to hell.

The last of the iridescence starts to leak out of T.C.O.D.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

Slaughterville, the humans, all of it. I can feel it starting to slip through my fingers now. Mort and that thing have control now.

T.C.O.D starts to shrink. Jim turns around and cradles them in his hands.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

If you really loved Anne. If you really want to prove me wrong, you have to go up there and save her before it's too late.

JIM

That's a lot to put on one reaper.

T.C.O.D.

It shouldn't be much for my best employee.

Jim smirks. He follows the iridescent trail back up through the darkness of the astral plane.

EXT. AFTERLIFE INC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The stillness of the astral plane next to the parking lot is eternal until Jim's hand bursts up through the darkness and sends a shock wave of ripples forever outward. Jim climbs up onto the parking lot, still holding T.C.O.D.

JIM

Okay. Now what?

T.C.O.D.

Anne is overwhelmed. You need to help her calm down.

Jim nods as he pulls out his scythe and heads for the main entrance.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

All of the reapers are deadly silent. The Amalgam paces up and down the killing floor, Mort still on its back. Jim crouches in the entryway and watches.

MORT

You remove fatality and suddenly it's so much more relaxing at the office, isn't it?

Mort laughs to himself.

MORT (CONT'D)

I think we all deserve a little break for all our hard work over the past few millennia. Let them sort it out on their own for a while, huh?

The reapers shuffle, and there's a half-hearted murmur of agreement.

MORT (CONT'D)

Oh come on, you all can do better than that!

There's a polite applause. Mort scowls.

MORT (CONT'D)

I said you can do better than that you ingrates! Cheer for me! Cheer for your new boss!

Mort steps on the back of the Amalgam's head and it lashes out, throwing several reapers into the wall. The reapers cheer out for Mort out of fear.

Under the cover of the cheers, Mort sneaks into the office and moves from cubicle to cubicle, inching closer and closer to the Amalgam.

MORT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's right, I am your new God!
Worship and praise me!

The cheers continue and Jim sneaks up beside the Amalgam's face.

JIM
Anne. Honey, it's me.

The Amalgam snaps around and stares Jim down. It swipes at him with a claw, but he just manages to block it with his scythe. The two struggle back and forth like clashed blades pressed together.

JIM (CONT'D)
Anne, I know you're in there. I
just want to talk.

MORT
Jim Reaper! Funny seeing you around
here. I found this little file on
our friend here and it seems you
found yourself a little wifey, hm?

JIM
Can it Mort, I'm busy.

Mort scoffs and laughs.

MORT
I don't think you understand, Jim.
I give the orders around here.

JIM
I don't even work here anymore
Mort, I quit. I just want to save
Anne.

MORT
Well, Anne here does work for me
and I'm afraid break time is over.

Jim breaks the clash, jumps up, and swings at Mort, but the Amalgam just swats Jim away with its tail.

MORT (CONT'D)

Well, maybe just a quick lunch, how about it, Anne?

The Amalgam stares Jim down.

JIM

Honey, I know you're in there. It's okay, I'm here, we can figure this out.

For a second, the Amalgam has Anne's eyes again, but Mort stomps on the back of its head and they turn back into black spheres.

MORT

Don't play with your food Anne, it isn't polite.

The Amalgam's tongue lashes out and latches onto Jim, swallowing him whole.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Rex once again finds himself on the precarious ledge of the Slaughterville clock tower. He yells down at the people below.

REX

Hey everyone, up here! It's that crazy idiot Rex. Oh what's he up to, I thought that stunt killed him once already?

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - NIGHT

Down below, Elsie gathers up the townsfolk.

ELSIE

Hey, is that Rex up there? Oh man, I wouldn't want to miss out on that!

The townsfolk, in a daze, crowd beneath the clock tower as they did the morning before. Only this time they aren't panicked. They all start to chant.

SLAUGHTERVILLE TOWNSFOLK

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Rex takes deep breaths.

REX
Okay, that should hold their
attention. For now.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - NIGHT

The crowd grows more and more restless.

Rolf, with his broken neck, waddles towards the clock tower entrance.

ROLF
Well if he isn't doing it I will.

The crowd cheers, but Elsie rushes to stop him.

ELSIE
No, no, no, no need for that. He's
going to jump. Any minute now. You
wouldn't want to miss it when you
climbed to the top right?

ROLF
Get out of my way!

Elsie and Rolf start to struggle and more and more townsfolk start to head for the door.

ELSIE
Rex, help!

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Rex swallows and looks down, but steels himself when he sees the townsfolk swarm Elsie.

REX
Don't worry babe!

Without a second thought, Rex leaps from the tower, and swan dives off of the clock tower.

INT. INSIDE THE AMALGAM

Jim floats down an eternal void, scythe still in hand.

The void is silent. Jim's eyes flutter as he awakens and he opens his mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

Slowly, but surely, as Jim sinks deeper and deeper in.

Memories.

Suspended by chains all around him are the memories of Jim and Anne, like little fluffy clouds with images.

The memories speak as Jim floats by them.

ANNE (O.S.)

Your turn to do the dishes.

JIM (O.S.)

I don't think it's in the budget this year hun.

ANNE (O.S.)

You really need to talk to your boss, they're working you to the bone.

JIM (O.S.)

Will you marry me?

Jim looks between the vast array of memories.

JIM (CONT'D)

What is all this?

A bright light shines up from the bottom of the endless void.

Anne, back to her normal self, is bound in chains.

Jim reaches out a hand to try and reach Anne, but no matter how far he reaches she's always just out of reach.

The sound of metal changes as they quietly clink against themselves. Jim whips around and sees a pair of chains.

The chains shoot out towards Jim, who swings his scythe and knocks them away.

Jim looks back at Anne but another set of chains flies at him and he has to slash them away.

More and more chains shoot out and one manages to grab his leg. Jim tries to kick it off, distracting him just long enough for a chain to get one of his wrists.

T.C.O.D., just a speck of their former self, flies out of Jim's pocket.

T.C.O.D.

I don't know how long I can buy
you, but make it count, okay?

T.C.O.D. takes a deep breath and they start to expand. The chains leave Jim and wrap around them instead.

Jim swims down with a kick off of T.C.O.D. and finally manages to float in front of Anne.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE, OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Anne opens her eyes and they aren't inside the Amalgam. They're on the hill where Jim asked Anne to marry him. The sun just crests over the horizon.

ANNE

Jim. You're alive.

Tears well up in Anne's eyes as she embraces Jim. She looks him over and snorts.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I guess I haven't been feeding you
enough. You're all bones, not even
any skin.

JIM

Anne, I'm so sorry I lied to you
for all of these years.

ANNE

I would have understood.

JIM

No, you wouldn't of.

ANNE

You're right but it's nice to
pretend I was a good wife.

JIM

You are a good wife. You're the
best wife.

ANNE

And now I'm the dead wife.

JIM

Being dead isn't that bad.

ANNE

Really? I got stuck in a closet and turned into a giant alligator.

JIM

Okay, so the mileage may vary. But death isn't a bad thing.

ANNE

It isn't?

JIM

I know it feels like the end. But it isn't. It's like a whole new beginning, you'll see.

Anne looks over at the horizon. The sun is dipping and the darkness is starting to crack through the sky.

JIM (CONT'D)

And it's my job, my real job, to help you every step of the way and make this process as painless as possible.

The sky starts to fall around them and the chains, now fully gripped around T.C.O.D., start to come for Jim.

ANNE

Every step of the way?

Jim opens his mouth to speak but there's no sound inside the Amalgam.

So he nods. And Anne nods as well. They touch foreheads and the chains wrap around them both.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

The Amalgam shakes like a dog whipping water off of its fur. Mort is thrown across the Killing Floor.

A lump appears in the Amalgam's throat and it starts to gag. It hacks and stomps until it finally spits out a restored T.C.O.D. and Jim.

MORT

No! NO!

The Amalgam turns back into its normal pale grey, then starts to shrink until it becomes just normal Anne, a ghostly shade of blue, strewn on the floor, fast asleep.

T.C.O.D.

Alright, everyone, I hope you liked
your coffee break.

A tentacle shoots out at Mort and wraps around him.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

You are coming with me.

Without another word, T.C.O.D. heads for the elevator and all
of the reapers resume their jobs.

Jim gently picks up Anne and carries her to his cubicle. She
stirs awake.

ANNE

Is it time to get started now, Mr.
Reaper?

JIM

Yes, Mrs. Reaper, I'll need you to
tell me all about yourself in the
greatest detail, please.

ANNE

Well, I was born in a small town
called Slaughterville.

EXT. SLAUGHTERVILLE - DAY

Morning dew glistens on the lawn of the Slaughterville park
below the clock tower. Elsie sits up with a groan and
stretches her back.

ELSIE

Ugh, my aching everything.

She looks around. Everyone else in town is asleep in the
grass as well. But no bullet holes, no pipes through bodies,
no broken necks. Just a town full of people. And a car
crashed through a storefront.

Elsie looks in front of her and sees Rex, arms and legs
spread out all the way.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Rex?

She gives him a tentative poke. Nothing.

Nothing until Rex gives a sudden snore.

REX
Five more minutes mom.

ELSIE
Rex! You're alive!

She tackles him and Rex wakes up. She squeezes him tight and kisses him on the cheek.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
You jumped off the clock tower to save me.

REX
I did?

Elsie nods and cuddles into Rex. He looks up at the ledge.

REX (CONT'D)
Huh. I guess I did.

ELSIE
I think that makes us even with what happened?

REX
So you'll take me back?

Elsie nods. The rest of the town starts to wake up.

PAMELA
What a strange dream.

WILLY
You're telling me. Man alive, am I sore.

ROLF
Why are we out here again?

HARRY
I have no-- oh my God my car!

Harry rushes across the grass to the charred-out remains of his car.

MARTHA
Rex? Elsie? You, you're--

Too stunned to continue, Martha rushes over to smother the two with hugs and kisses.

REX

Mom, mom, relax, we're right here,
we weren't gone that long.

MARTHA

But you, you fell, and they
couldn't, and the trees, and I
thought, I thought.

ELSIE

That must have been some wild
dream.

REX

Yeah, wow. Maybe you should start
making the videos.

They both laugh and Martha gives a half-hearted chuckle.

INT. AFTERLIFE INC, KILLING FLOOR - DAY

SUPER: One week later

A more haggard-looking Jim sits across from Josie and
scribbles one last note onto his clipboard.

JIM

All right, Josie, I think we can
finally say that you are done.

JOSIE

That's it? I can finally go?

JIM

Once I get this stamp on here, you
are out of purgatory and onto the
afterlife young lady.

Jim inks his stamp and goes to press it onto Josie's folder.
When the P.A. system crackles to life.

DENISE (O.S.)

Will mister Jim Reaper please
report to the concept of death's
office? Jim Reaper to the concept
of death's office, thank you.

Jim sets the stamp down and holds up a finger for Josie.

JIM

Oh, one sec it sounds like the boss
needs me.

Josie slouches in her chair. Jim smirks, grabs the stamp, and presses it on the folder.

JIM (CONT'D)
Go enjoy your afterlife, Josie.

Josie gets a grin from ear to ear. Jim turns to get on the elevator and Josie's chair is empty.

INT. AFTERLIFE, INC, EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

The office is almost pitch black, save for an iridescent pulse at the back of the room that betrays T.C.O.D. from being completely hidden.

T.C.O.D.
Sit down, Jim.

Jim looks around, unable to see where to sit, the decides on crisscross applesauce on the floor.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
You look awful.

JIM
Doing your job will do that to you.

T.C.O.D.
Your file says you've fallen behind.

JIM
Terribly.

A groan leaks out from above them.

T.C.O.D.
Oh shut up, you.

T.C.O.D. floats up and the lights in the room pop on. Mort dangles from the office ceiling from a chain.

MORT
Can I come down now?

T.C.O.D.
Learn your lesson about the consequences of a corporate coup?

MORT
Yes?

T.C.O.D.

No, you can stay up there another, decade?

JIM

Century?

T.C.O.D.

Oh, I like that idea better. Century. Then we'll talk. Until then, just hang out Mort.

T.C.O.D. towers over Jim as they float over next to him.

JIM

I think I'm getting used to you as a massive orb.

T.C.O.D.

Good, do you realize how stuffy I was in there? The wrapping skin around that?

The two chuckle, then T.C.O.D. shrinks down to Jim's size.

JIM

So why call me up here if you know I'm swamped? I've said I was sorry about a hundred times I think.

T.C.O.D.

Only ninety-six at this point.

JIM

So I rounded, sue me.

T.C.O.D.

If legal had their way, I would be.

T.C.O.D. hesitates, gathers their thoughts before they speak.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)

How are you holding up?

JIM

It's more work than I've ever done before and I feel like I'm drowning, so back to same old same old really.

T.C.O.D.

No, how are you holding up?

A wave of realization washes over Jim. They're not asking about work.

JIM

It's. It's hard. You know it's one day at a time. I don't really get to think about it much with all the work, so there's that at least.

T.C.O.D.

See, I was worried you were going to say that.

JIM

What?

T.C.O.D.

I didn't just call you up here to check-in. *I'm reassigning you.*

Jim stands firm. He thought this was coming.

JIM

I get it. Do what you've got to do.

T.C.O.D.

My little foray into the world of the living made me realize something. I've grown out of touch.

JIM

Okay?

T.C.O.D.

That's where you come in. Jim, I'm going to be out of the office more researching the living and I want to know I can trust who I leave behind to be in charge.

JIM

Wait, what?

T.C.O.D.

I'm firing you as a reaper. You're more valuable to us in higher places. You'll be my new vice president.

The door creaks behind Jim, who keeps his flabbergasted focus on T.C.O.D.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
Now with Mort all tied up you'll
have to get yourself acquainted
with my new assistant.

The sound of steps behind Jim echo through the room, each one closer and closer. Something shakes Jim's focus off of T.C.O.D. A smell. A smell in the air. Jim turns around.

It's Anne. Not a blue soul, not flesh and blood, but a reaper like Jim. She has a big smile and a tray of lasagna.

ANNE
Here you are, boss.

T.C.O.D.
Thank you, Anne, go ahead and put
that on my desk.

Jim is dumbstruck. He stammers but can't even form a word.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
I really think this one has so much
potential, don't you?

T.C.O.D. bumps into Jim as they pass and knocks him into Anne's awaiting arms.

T.C.O.D. (CONT'D)
Now, remember we have rules about
workplace fraternizing. At least we
will next week. So go nuts.

If orbs could wink, T.C.O.D. would as they leave.

Anne holds Jim in her arms and the two look at each other.

JIM
Do something new with your skin?

ANNE
Oh, you noticed?

The two bump foreheads and laugh.

Jim and Anne, reunited in death, kiss. The doors to the executive office close.

CUT TO BLACK.