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OF RED OAK

by Collin Gossel

(937) 545-5331
collingossel@gmail.com

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

DEATH (V.O.)
I've spent eons alongside all
manner of living thing, guiding
souls from the Waking World through
Limbo to the Beyond. But human
beings I've always
found...puzzling.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Fiery autumn leaves, red and orange, sway in the wind.

Gnarled trees line a cozy, old-fashioned neighborhood street,
long and straight.

DEATH (30s), carrying two coffees, walks down the middle,
wearing a thick, knitted sweater jacket and faded black
pants. His face is youthful, but his eyes have seen it all.

DEATH (V.O.)
And it's not just their bizarrely
long legs or their obsession with
the martial arts fighter "Naruto."

He arrives at a small, wooden home with vines on the fence.
He checks his WATCH - an indecipherable assortment of slowly
swirling stars, roman numerals, and dying flowers.

Right on time.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lying in bed, MICHELLE (50s), blinks awake.

The room is still. The pillows and blankets are embroidered
with simple pictures of sheep, farms, fields.

Rubbing her chest, Michelle sits up. She sees her husband
EARL peacefully sleeping and smiles.

Earl lets out a huge snore. Michelle frowns. *Moment ruined.*

DEATH (V.O.)
It's the way they live. What they
choose to do with their fleeting
moment in the sun.

Michelle gets out of bed tries to put on her slippers, but her feet fade right through, as if she was a ghost.

She looks down, confused. Then, looks back at the bed...

...where her body lays motionless.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They cling to each day with such
ferocity. Every moment must be
filled, utilized, taken advantage
of.

Death, standing near the door, clears his throat, grabbing Michelle's attention. She's more confused at his sudden appearance than scared. He kindly offers her one of the coffees.

She takes it. Death waits, expectantly.

Puzzled, she sips it. Death nods happily and turns away.

He produces a gnarled, skeletal KEY from the folds of his sleeve. It shines in the morning light.

Using it, he slowly opens the bedroom door. On the other side: Bright mist. Crashing waves. The distant cry of seagulls.

He gestures for her to follow.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And yet, they're never ready when I
arrive.

Michelle takes a step forward before stopping and looking back at her sleeping husband.

She turns back to Death: *one second?*

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I so often find they've left
projects unfinished. Goals unmet.
Words...unsaid.

Death hesitates...then nods.

Michelle scurries over to Earl. She tries to wake him up, tell him she loves him, tell him it will be ok.

But her hands pass right through him. Earl lets out another huge snore.

Michelle smiles sadly. *He's hopeless.* She passes one last kiss from her hand to his lips.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's my curse that I, who
have spent so much time among these
souls, hearing their regrets,
feeling their pain, can help them
only to die and not to live.

Michelle walks back to Death. With one last look at Earl, she passes through the door. Death starts to follow her...but stops. And looks back.

His expression barely registers. Regret? Judgement? Despair?

DEATH

Or perhaps...

He turns and disappears into the mist. The door closes behind him.

The room is still. Earl is alone.

His alarm clock BLARES.

CUT TO BLACK

DEATH (V.O.)
Part the first: Robin Webster.

Out of the black: a roaring crowd. Cheerleaders. Echoing speakers.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 - pushed out of bounds by John Barringer at the fortieth yard line. Fourth and one with fifteen seconds to go, Horsemen have the ball.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

An old-fashioned scoreboard looms over the gridiron.

HORSEMEN - 21 | GUEST - 24

The whole town is in the stands, cheering them on.

Among them sits ROBIN WEBSTER, an old curmudgeon trapped in a sixteen-year-old's body. He's skinny as a rail, wearing a red flannel and wire-rim glasses which seem to get lost in his mop of black hair. With a sigh of profound boredom, he looks to the sky.

His father, EDDIE WEBSTER (40s), looks over munching a hot dog. Physically, he's an older, fuller version of Robin. Mentally, he's more like a tipsy dwarf in a tavern or maybe Santa.

EDDIE
 What's that face about now?

ROBIN
 Just wondering if some sort of fire or natural disaster would be enough to send us all home.

Laughing, Eddie aggressively throws his arm around Robin and ruffles his hair.

EDDIE
 Go home? And miss this?!

ROBIN
 That's true, I do love it when the big guys hit the even bigger guys.

EDDIE
 Come on, enjoy yourself! It's Cash's big night.

Rolling his eyes, Robin turns back to the field. In the huddle, he sees CASH BRADY (16), a broad-shouldered running back with more muscles than sense. The quarterback gives him intense instructions. CASH nods.

Robin's gaze drifts to the concession stand, where a smiley, modestly dressed girl with bouncy energy, TARA ROSS (16), hands out slices of pizza.

He gulps.

Eddie suddenly stands up, dropping popcorn on the GUY in front of them.

GUY

Hey...

EDDIE

Shh! This is it!

The players break out of their huddle and line up. Eddie, remembering something, frantically looks behind him, trying to find:

The orange soda Robin is already holding out to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Thanks.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The Horsemen will need at least ten yards for a field goal.

The quarterback falls into place. Looks to his receivers. The tension builds until...

QUARTERBACK

Hut!

The lines CRASH into each other. Cash pushes off a defender and books it downfield.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cash Brady, out of the backfield!

Eddie instinctively grabs ahold of Robin's shirt and yanks him to his feet. Robin can't help but laugh.

He glances to the concession stand. Tara is leaned out of the window on pins and needles.

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

Marcus scrambles, gets it away!

Robin looks up just in time to see the ball flying through the air.

The crowd goes silent...

The ball falls towards earth...

...into the outstretched arms of Cash Brady! He falls into the endzone!

The world erupts into cheers and madness!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There are no flags! There are no
flags! Horsemen win!

Eddie, overjoyed, grabs Robin by the lapels and SHAKES HIM!

SMASH TO:

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Robin's eyes open.

He's in his bed. The branches of a large oak tree, silhouetted by the morning sun, tap against the window.

DEATH (V.O.)
Robin Webster was a strange young
man.

Robin lays still. More and more of the room is revealed: Kids soccer trophies. Vintage soda bottles. A fly-leaf desk.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He enjoyed taking pictures with old
cameras. He collected rare sodas
and kept notes on their taste. He
was smart for a human, but not
brilliant, good at running, but not
especially athletic. He liked
knowing how many floor tiles were
in a room. He had never kissed a
girl. His socks never matched. And
his father was dead.

Robin shuts his eyes hard.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Now wearing his backpack, Robin walks into the kitchen. Wooden cabinets. Lanterns hung in the window.

A breakfast nook with a small table. Also, empty pill bottles by the trashcan.

Robin sprinkles some water in a small pot where several mushrooms are growing. He picks up a ruler and measures their height with satisfaction.

A pile of mail has been left on the counter. He picks it up.

DEATH (V.O.)

What drew me to Robin Webster?

Some of the junk mail is addressed to EDWARD WEBSTER. Robin opens a drawer, already filled with similar letters, and shoves them inside.

The rest he throws away.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He did have fantastic shoes.

Robin opens the fridge and finds a lunch bag with a note:

"HAD TO HEAD IN EARLY. WORK HARD AT SCHOOL - MOM"

He sighs, frustrated, and stows the bag away.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Crows caw from the oak tree as Robin walks outside.

The Webster House is older than the street, made of well-laid brick and mortar, handcrafted oak columns, and painted bay window frames.

Teens walk down the sidewalk wearing backpacks. Robin hoists his bag onto his shoulders and follows behind them.

DEATH (V.O.)

Despite the best efforts of humankind, there are still places beyond the reach of logic and reason. Places where the laws that govern reality hold less sway and horrors older than time still live to be found.

EXT. RED OAK HIGH - DAY

Students on bikes fly past, waving to friends. Other groups walk past the main street shops. They all drift towards:

RED OAK HIGH SCHOOL, a partially converted old church just off main street. The morning bell rings from the bell tower.

DEATH (V.O.)
Most of these places are high schools.

INT. RED OAK HIGH - HALLWAYS - DAY

Happily, effortlessly, the students clump into groups until only Robin is alone.

DEATH (V.O.)
How did they do it so easily, Robin Webster often wondered? He had never managed to learn.

Perpetually uncomfortable, Robin tries to slip through the rowdy crowd without touching it.

Horror! He bumps up against a group of girls. They turn and look at him with disgust. *What the hell?*

His worst fears realized, he mumbles an apology and moves on. Turning a corner, he finds who he's looking for:

JESSIE GARCIA (16, modern day "witch") standing on a chair, placing a black crystal on top of the door frame. She's self-assured where Robin is nervous, outspoken where he is reserved, and wears dark colors meant to broadcast her general apathy for your expectations.

People coming in the door look at her like she's crazy. She doesn't pay them any mind.

ROBIN
Jessie! What are you doing?

JESSIE
I'm putting tourmaline on the doors. It'll repel negative energy.

ROBIN
This is a high school. It's made of negative energy. Now would you get down from there, people are looking.

JESSIE
Goddamn fascist school board. If they won't respond to my emails, I'll just do it myself.

ROBIN

Maybe, somehow, they don't believe
in spiritual healing energy.

JESSIE

It's done wonders for you.

ROBIN

Jessie. I hate that I have to keep
asking you this. Please stop hiding
rocks in my house.

JESSIE

They're saving your soul, Robin.
And you'll never find them all.

ROBIN

Would you just come with me?

Sensing his urgency, Jessie climbs off the chair and follows
Robin down the hall.

As they talk, she pats her pockets, looking for something.
Barely looking, Robin takes a pen out of her bun and hands it
to her. She accepts it, surprised. *How'd you know that?*

JESSIE

What's going on?

ROBIN

Don't laugh.

JESSIE

I do what I want.

ROBIN

I think we should join the Student
Christian Fellowship.

Jessie raises her eyebrow.

JESSIE

That idea is too terrible to laugh
at. Are you even a Christian?

ROBIN

Of course I am.

JESSIE

No you're not. And just last week
you said you'd rather eat paint
than join a club.

ROBIN

I do lots of things! And I believe in Jesus! I'm out in town thinking about Jesus all the time.

JESSIE

No you're not. You're the most antisocial person I know. Does this have to do with your mom?

He frowns. That's the last thing he wants to talk about.

ROBIN

No! I've just got a little free time and thought some student involvement might be nice.

They turn another corner. Jessie now sees Tara, smiley and welcoming, behind a sign-up desk for the Student Christian Fellowship. Students walk by, doing their best not to notice the sign, though Tara says hello to almost everyone.

Jessie judges Robin. Hard.

JESSIE

Uh huh.

ROBIN

What?

JESSIE

Like her God-fearing parents would let her date before marriage. Like you would make a move even if they did.

ROBIN

Are you going to sign up with me, or not?

Jessie sighs.

JESSIE

Fine. But only because a nice, cheerful cult could be good for you.

They approach Tara at the desk. She greets them with a huge smile, instantly best friends with whoever she's talking to.

TARA

Oh my goodness, Robin right? From keyboarding?

ROBIN

Oh uh, yeah!

TARA

Yes duh! We were "Q" buddies! No one could stop us in those speed tests. At least they gave us those great cookies on the last day, right?

Jessie rolls her eyes. Robin struggles to match Tara's energy.

ROBIN

Yeah! They were definitely one of the top cookies I can remember. Top five or maybe six.

Tara clocks his awkwardness but doesn't press.

TARA

Ha! For sure. So, interested in joining the Student Christian Fellowship?

ROBIN

Uh yes, definitely.

TARA

Amazing! Just put your email here and I'll put you on the list. What about you? Jessie right?

JESSIE

Oh, I'm ok. But trust me, Robin is your guy. He's all about blindly following thousand-year-old mandates.

Robin shoots her a look: *What the hell?* She shoots him one back: *You're on your own, pal.*

Tara laughs, taking no offense.

TARA

Well we do try to think about things a little! Robin, what church do you go to?

ROBIN

Yeah, uh, well, we're actually kind of in between, you know, this and -

Jessie sees Robin losing it, bails him out:

JESSIE
Hey Robin, could I get a ride home?

ROBIN
Oh! Sure.

Jessie starts dragging him away.

TARA
See you soon!

Before Robin can answer, a big commotion draws the attention of the hallway. Students cheer as a group of football players, led by Cash Brady, enter the school.

There's a crack in the floor tile. Distracted, Cash trips over it and stumbles.

A few people laugh at him, but he laughs along and pretends to trip some more, putting on a show. He loves being the center of attention.

Caught up in his antics, Cash knocks some books out of a random KID'S hands. The crowd laughs. The kid is embarrassed.

Across the hall, Jessie rolls her eyes.

JESSIE
I can't believe you used to be
friends with him.

Robin furrows his brow, troubled.

As they pass by, Cash catches Robin's eye and nods coldly. Robin returns the gesture.

Jessie intentionally bumps into Cash's shoulder. Cash glares back at her.

CASH
(under breath)
Bitch.

EXT. RED OAK HIGH - DAY

Overjoyed students fly out the door past Robin and Jessie, though their energy doesn't do much to lift Robin's mood.

JESSIE
Looks like some people are going to
Pizza Parlor. You want to go?

ROBIN

As much as I enjoy the taste of pure grease, I think I'll pass, thank you.

JESSIE

How did you get so pretentious?

ROBIN

It's called taste, Jessie, and I was born with it.

BUZZZZ! Robin gets a text.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I have to go.

JESSIE

Are you ok?

ROBIN

I'm fine. See you tomorrow.

Robin runs off, leaving Jessie in the lurch.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Robin runs past mixed-use buildings and antique street lamps, remnants of 19th century Americana. Each doorstep proudly displays harvest corn, fat pumpkins, scarecrows in silly costumes.

DEATH (V.O.)

Time never seemed to catch up to Red Oak, hidden away from the greedy light of civilization deep in the shadows of the Catskills. Because of this, there was ample parking.

Robin dodges an irritated cyclist, jumps into:

INT. CATSKILL BUILDING SOLUTIONS - DAY

A burly, bearded man with tattoos, LUTHER, is standing at the front desk, irate, when Robin comes in.

LUTHER

You get her out of here, Robin. I'm done, do you hear me? Done.

ROBIN
Luther! What's wrong?

He hears the sound of a hammer and a woman coughing (just as loudly) from the back.

LUTHER
Do you hear that? All day! I love her, Rob, but I'm this close to beating the shit out of her if she doesn't go home and get some rest.

Robin sighs and walks back to the:

INT. WORKSHOP - CONT.

Robin finds his mother, BROOKE WEBSTER (40s, tough as nails), among the dense maze of half-assembled wooden structures and electrical wiring.

She's very pale and sweats profusely, hacking up a lung as she drives a stake into a cross beam.

BROOKE
Oh good. Grab those screw for me, will you?

ROBIN
Yes, obviously I'm here to assist in the manual labor. Mom, what are you doing?

BROOKE
What does it look like I'm doing? I have an order to fill.

ROBIN
Is this your idea of "taking some time off work?" Doctor Talia said -

BROOKE
Doctor Talia can kiss my big sweaty ass! What does she know anyway?

Her outburst triggers another coughing fit. It won't stop.

Tense, Robin eases her into a chair.

ROBIN
Decks have never been my forte, as you know, but can't this wait until tomorrow?

BROOKE

No.

Robin shoots her a look.

BROOKE.

...maybe.

ROBIN

Luther wants you to take the rest
of the night off. Let's go.

Grumbling, she allows herself to be lead out the door.

INT. ROBIN'S FOYER - DAY

Robin and Brooke enter through the front door. She leans
against a side table for support, breathing heavily.

ROBIN

Are you ok?

BROOKE

Yeah yeah. Just need the pills.

Robin quickly goes to the kitchen. Alone in the foyer,
Brooke's breathing becomes heavier.

Suddenly, she's rasping. Can't seem to get a breathe. She
clutches the side table, trying to get air.

Alone, scared, she looks towards the kitchen...but doesn't
call out.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

In the kitchen, Robin rummages through the pill bottles,
looking for one with some still left inside.

He's about to return when he sees a picture on the fridge:
Eddie, Brooke, and Robin all together in front of a new car.

He looks to his father, a goofball with a giant smile. His
mother, standing next to him, looks healthier. Happier.
Frowning, Robin returns to the foyer.

INT. ROBIN'S FOYER - CONT.

He finds Brooke sitting on the ground, taking slow deep
breaths.

ROBIN
Mom! What's wrong?

BROOKE
Nothing. I'm going to make us some
ham and cheese casserole.

ROBIN
Mom, I can just grab a burger.

BROOKE
No, you've had enough burgers. I'm
making casserole.

Robin's eyes narrow.

DEATH (V.O.)
Robin Webster was suspicious. His
mother hadn't made the fabled ham
and cheese casserole for months.
Why was it so important she make it
for him now?

ROBIN
I've actually already ate. Can we
do casserole this weekend? I really
just want to head to bed.

Brooke is suspicious but, still catching her breath, nods.

INT. ROBIN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Robin sits outside his mother's bedroom. She coughs. And
coughs. It does not sound good.

He stares, at a loss.

DEATH (V.O.)
What do you do when your whole
world may fall apart...tomorrow?
Eat a sandwich? Pick an outfit?
Call a friend?

Robin takes out his cell phone. Raises a finger to make a
call...but decides against it. Puts the phone back in his
pocket.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Robin Webster decided to watch
television.

Robin walks to the couch and flips it on. He settles in.

Outside, the sun sets through golden leaves.

HOURS LATER:

Robin is asleep on the couch, illuminated only by cheap local furniture commercials.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The night had fallen and Robin Webster was alone. Drifting through oblivion, his only brief escape from harsh, unfeeling reality. But it wasn't to last. It is here that our story finally begins.

White light swells beneath the closed bathroom door. In the distance: seagulls. Crashing waves.

Alarmed, a crow caws outside the window, waking Robin. Sleepy and confused, he looks over the arm of the chair at the light, which is getting brighter and brighter.

The door OPENS.

Clad in his familiar sweater jacket, DEATH casually enters, brushing a bit of snow off his shoulder.

Robin's eyes open wide in shock. He hides behind his chair. The crow caws one more, catching Death's attention.

DEATH

(to the crow)

Apologies.

Quiet as a shadow, staying low, Robin grabs a lamp off the side table.

Death takes his time, admiring the knick-knacks and pictures as he walks towards Brooke's room.

Before he can make it there, however, Robin stands up, lamp in hand.

ROBIN

Stop right there! I have a lamp!

Death is mildly surprised.

DEATH

Robin Webster. You can see me.

ROBIN

Who are you? How did you get in here?

DEATH

Fascinating. Normally, only the crow ones can sense my presence. This is a rare treat.

ROBIN

Yes, well, that is a really weird thing to say. Get out. Now. Or so help me, I will lamp you.

DEATH

Your father would not want you to break that lamp, Robin Webster. It was his favorite.

ROBIN

(taken aback)

How would you know that?

DEATH

I knew him well. I am Death.

ROBIN

(disbelieving)

...you're Death?

DEATH

Yes. I am Death.

Death reaches over and touches a flower on a nearby shelf. It immediately withers.

Robin is shocked. Death puts his hands in his pockets.

ROBIN

Seriously, what is going on here?

DEATH

It is my responsibility to guide souls from the Waking World through Limbo to The Beyond. But now, Robin Webster, since you have seen me, there is something I must do.

Robin steps back in fear. Death looms forward. His presence seems to fill the room with darkness. Finally, he asks:

DEATH (CONT'D)

May I use your kitchen?

ROBIN

...huh?

DEATH

I would love to make an omelet.
It's so rare that I have the
opportunity to ask.

After a moment, Robin awkwardly nods. Death walks to the kitchen with subdued excitement.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Death sits at the table, munching his omelet. Cooking supplies litter the counter. Robin sits nearby, uncomfortable.

DEATH

But why, I asked her, why not
simply wait for the egg to hatch?
And she says "Wait? Which side of
the shell am I on?"

Death lets out a refined chuckle. Robin sits in silence.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Ah, but that's Time for you. She
can be a handful. Thank you again
for the omelet, Robin Webster, I've
always appreciated breakfast food.

ROBIN

So it's true. You're
really...Death. The Grim Reaper.

DEATH

Some have called me that.

ROBIN

...I know why you're here.

Death wipes his mouth. Looks up at Robin, regretful.

DEATH

I'm sorry, Robin Webster. I have no
desire to bring you pain.

ROBIN

I won't let you.

DEATH

All things must die, Robin Webster.
It brings me no joy.

Death stands up and walks towards Brooke's room.

ROBIN
Take me instead.

That gets his attention.

DEATH
You don't understand the sacrifice
you would be making.

ROBIN
I understand full well. I'm not a
child.

DEATH
No human has ever walked this earth
that was not a child in my eyes,
Robin Webster. Least of all one who
would throw away precious life so
hastily.

ROBIN
Fine, I'm a child, I'm a little
baby. Just leave my mom alone.

DEATH
Would she approve of your choice?

ROBIN
She can't stop me. And it doesn't
matter because if she's gone, you
may as well just take me too.

Death looks to Robin, sees the desperation in his eyes.

HE REMEMBERS: Michelle's face as she tried to say goodbye.

DEATH
Very well. A soul for a soul.

He slowly steps forward. Robin clenches his fists but doesn't
run.

Death's hand glows white. He raises it towards Robin's head,
getting closer...and closer...

Finally, Death pulls away. Robin opens his eyes.

DEATH (CONT'D)
Unless perhaps...an arrangement
could be reached.

Robin is on edge.

ROBIN
What kind of arrangement?

Death steps back, sits down in a chair.

DEATH
I lately find myself...tired.

ROBIN
Tired?

Death makes a big show of yawning.

DEATH
Did you see that yawn? Quite tired.
Perhaps if you took some work off
of my plate, say the collection of
souls in Red Oak, I could find a
moment to relax.

ROBIN
And my mom?

DEATH
She will be spared.

ROBIN
Then I'll do it.

DEATH
Be warned, Robin Webster: the
powers of Death do not rest easy on
mortal shoulders. As time passes,
you will change, gaining abilities
both great and terrible while your
mortal life continues, unaware of
the burden you carry. But if you
should ever neglect your duties...I
will return for what I am owed.

Robin thinks it through.

ROBIN
I don't want to be responsible for
anyone dying.

DEATH
All things die, Robin Webster. You
need only escort them to the
Beyond.

ROBIN
How would I do that?

DEATH

With this.

Death holds out an ornate, gothic key with a small skull on the handle. Roots work their way through the skull forming a thin trunk, blossoming into leaf-like bits at the top.

It sparkles in the moonlight like a shadow made of glass. As Robin looks at it, he can feel it looking back.

DEATH (CONT'D)

This key will turn any door into a portal to Limbo. By taking it, you'll accept my offer and all the responsibilities it entails. Do not do so lightly.

Robin looks to the dangling key, shining almost threateningly in the moonlight. Then he looks to his mother's door.

ROBIN

Do I have to...wear that?

He gestures to Death's outfit.

DEATH

(self-conscious)
It's very comfortable.

ROBIN

It must be.

DEATH

You can wear whatever you like.
Your decision?

Slowly, Robin reaches out...and grabs the key.

FADE TO WHITE

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A flurry of black wings as crows fly past the window. Robin wakes with a start.

Everything is calm. For a moment, Robin lets himself relax.

But then...he sees Death's key hanging on the door.

DEATH (V.O.)

Though it all felt like a dream in
the morning light, Robin Webster
saw the key and he knew. It was
real. It was all real.

He stands to get a closer look. As he lifts it off the hook, the key almost seems to whisper to him.

CAW! Robin jumps back in surprise, the trance broken. A crow is sitting outside his window. It pecks at the glass.

Robin can only stare. *What the hell?*

Downstairs, Robin hears the clatter of pots and pans, followed by suppressed swears. Making a quick decision, Robin stuffs the key into his pocket and walks out to investigate.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - CONT.

He finds his mother struggling with breakfast.

BROOKE

Goddamn piece of shit skillet, I'm
glad you're going on the burner.

For the first time since we've known him, Robin smiles.

ROBIN

You're ok.

Brooke rubs her chest, pushing down her uncertainty.

BROOKE

What's that supposed to mean? Of
course I am. Stronger than a green
bean like you, that's for sure. You
wanna test your strength, kid?

ROBIN

No.

BROOKE
Good. Sit down. I made pancakes.

ROBIN
What did I do?!

BROOKE
You just hush it and eat.

DEATH (V.O.)
Brooke Webster's pancakes were
famously bad, almost inedible.

She passes one to Robin.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They were all Robin Webster had
ever wanted.

He looks to his left - an empty chair. Robin's smile fades.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Nearly.

INT./EXT. CASH'S CAR - DAY

Cash drives towards the school way too fast, chugging an
energy drink as he goes.

The cheerful sound of CUT TO THE FEELING by Carly Ray Jepsen
comes on the radio.

CASH
Oh hellos yeah.

Cash turns it up, pumps his fist along, bopping hardcore.

DEATH (V.O.)
But for those pancakes there was a
price that must be paid. Robin
Webster had made an agreement. A
responsibility that was already
calling to him.

Up ahead, a minivan full of girls is listening to the same
song. On the beat, not paying attention, the driver puts her
foot down on the accelerator.

She speeds into a POT HOLE.

BOOM! Her front tire EXPLODES.

SCREEEEEECH! Smoke as they skid across Cash's lane. Screams!

Cash gasps. Ahead, the girls' fearful faces. He yanks the wheel!

He's off the road - a tree!

SMASH TO BLACK

CRASH!

CUT TO THE FEELING slowly fades out.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Robin walks to school. A CROW lands right next to him.

Robin is startled. The crow just looks at him. CAW!

Ignoring the bird, he continues on his way. A moment later, two more crows flutter down into his path. CAW CAW!

Robin presses onward, more quickly now. He glances behind him:

Crows stare down from the buildings, flutter along the sidewalk, seem to gather behind him as he passes. Robin speeds up.

He's so distracted he almost runs into a small group of people huddled in the sidewalk, pointing.

Confused, Robin follows their gaze and sees a long line of honking cars stretching towards a thin tendril of smoke in the distance.

BUZZZZ! Robin grabs at his pocket. Something is vibrating inside, almost angrily!

It's the key.

ROBIN

Well what is that supposed to mean?

Before he can process, the key YANKS his arm forward as if its being pulled by an invisible rope.

Robin has no choice but to let the key drag him down the street. A few crows follow behind him, cawing loudly!

People look at him from their cars as he stumbles past. Robin can only smile awkwardly.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The key pulls him towards police lights. Robin sees an officer ahead and braces himself...

But suddenly, the key pulls him off the side of the road. In the gulley, it stops pulling as suddenly as it started.

Robin looks around, at a loss. He talks to the key.

ROBIN

Listen, that was very very rude.

A crow lands next to him. CAW!

ROBIN (CONT'D)

And would you get out of here?!

Robin swings a kick towards the crow who hops back, indignant, before flying away.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

CASH (O.S.)

Ugh...

Robin turns to the sound and sees Cash sitting in the grass rubbing his noggin.

ROBIN

Cash?

They're surprised to see each other.

CASH

Robin. What are you doing here?

ROBIN

I saw the smoke. Wanted to see what was happening.

CASH

You did? Seriously?

ROBIN

Yes. I do things occasionally.

CASH

Sure. Well, it was me. I crashed my car. Dad's gonna be pissed.

ROBIN

Oh.

CASH

Yup.

An awkward beat.

ROBIN

Well, I'm gonna go...look. At it.

CASH

Cool.

They part, making a point to not look at each other.

Hiding behind a car, Robin sneaks a peek at the crash site. The mood is sober as officers examine the smoking wreckage of Cash's car, keeping traffic at a distance.

Robin is at a loss until a cop moves aside and reveals:

CASH'S BODY, lying in the front seat of the car.

Robin's world turns upside down. He looks back at Cash, still sitting on the side of the road. *Oh shit. Oh shit.*

DEATH (V.O.)

To accept a task is one thing. But to actually be there. To witness a soul parted from its body. It's something else entirely. It's not a situation any human is equipped to handle. Not unlike using the online service TurboTax.

Robin looks at the key, still in his hand. *Damn it.* He looks back at the body once more...*but what can he do?*

He returns to Cash, visibly frustrated.

CASH

Are you ok?

ROBIN

Yes. Yes. What about you?

CASH

Yeah, I feel fine. Must be the adrenaline.

ROBIN

Yeah. Great.

Robin hates this. Cash clocks it.

CASH
Look, Rob, I appreciate your
worrying but it's fine. Really.

ROBIN
No, Cash. I - listen. This is going
to sound insane. But you're dead.

After a long moment, Cash laughs.

CASH
Oh my God, what is wrong with you?
You're more messed up than I
thought, dude.

ROBIN
I'm serious.

CASH
Oh sure. Deadly.

ROBIN
You don't believe me?

CASH
That I'm dead? No, I'm not buying
it. Don't feel super dead at the
moment.

ROBIN
Well, why don't we just go take a
look at your car then?

CASH
Sure, why not? This ought to be
good.

Robin leads Cash over and gestures: *take a look.*

Cash, rolling his eyes, walks around the corner of the car
and sees his own body.

CASH (CONT'D)
Wait...what? What the hell is this?

ROBIN
Why? There's nothing strange and
inexplicable sitting in your car is
there?

CASH
That's me! But why - how?

A COP catches sight of Robin.

COP

Hey, kid, you shouldn't be here.

Caught off guard, Robin nods and turns back.

CASH

What about me?

Cash steps in front of the cop, trying to get his attention, but the officer walks right through him.

Cash feels his chest, flabbergasted. Unsure of what to do, he runs after Robin.

INT. RED OAK HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

The school is noticeably quieter than usual. Students scurry, passing whispers. *Where did it happen? When? To who?*

DEATH (V.O.)

The way humans regard my work has always fascinated me. They must never speak of it too loudly. Always the whispers. As if talking too loudly might make it real. As if I may come for them as well.

Tara, standing at her locker, looks around confusedly. A friend runs up and whispers something in her ear.

TARA

No! That's so terrible!

Her friends nods sadly and walks off to class.

TARA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

He's in a better place.

Just then, Robin and Cash run past. Cash barrels directly through her.

CASH

Watch it!

As Cash phases through Tara, she shivers and looks around.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Robin yanks Cash into the library. Old dusty books line the stone walls.

This, the oldest space in the school, used to be the sanctuary of a church. But where used to be pews, there are now tall, wooden shelves.

CASH

Ok, what the hell is going on here,
Rob? I can't be dead. Am I
dreaming? Am I high?

Robin looks around to make sure they're alone.

ROBIN

You're not high. It's like I told
you. I'm sorry, you're dead.

CASH

Then why can you see me? How are we
talking right now?

ROBIN

It's a long story.

CASH

Oh sure whatever I guess it doesn't
matter. What are you talking about
man?! Look at this! Just look!

He waves his arm through a bookshelf.

CASH (CONT'D)

It's not supposed to do that!

Robin nods, apologetic. Cash tries to pull himself together.

CASH (CONT'D)

Listen, Rob, I know we have some
beef. But I'm freaking out man.
What is going on?

Robin sighs. Squares up with Cash.

ROBIN

I made a deal. With Death.

Cash narrows his eyes skeptically but lets Robin go on.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I have to act on his behalf and
escort souls to The Beyond. That's
why I can see you. Because I'm
supposed to help you pass on.

CASH
You expect me to buy that? A deal
with Death?! Why would anyone do
that? That's so dumb!

ROBIN
I had to!

CASH
Why?

ROBIN
He came for my mom.

Cash is shocked.

CASH
Brooke? My mom told me she was sick
but I thought...I didn't know it
was that bad.

ROBIN
(pointed)
How would you know?

Cash withdraws, offended, guilty. They cool off for a moment.

CASH
I can't be dead. I mean, I'm here,
I'm talking to you. If I was really
gone, would I be able to do that?

ROBIN
I don't know. Maybe.

CASH
Well, hey man, if you're like
Death, then maybe you can help me.

ROBIN
And how do you propose I do that?

CASH
I don't know. But it can't just be
over, dude. I'm seventeen. What
happens to my friends? My family?

Robin turns away, conflicted.

CASH (CONT'D)
Work with me here. We can figure
out a way to fix things. Bring me
back. We can put it all back the
way it's supposed to be.

Robin takes the key out of his pocket and considers for a long moment.

DEATH (V.O.)

But Robin Webster had a responsibility. He had made an agreement. He had no choice but to deliver Cash Brady's soul -

Suddenly, Robin stuffs the key away.

ROBIN

There has to be a way.

CASH

That's what I'm talking about!
Let's do this!

Robin leads back out the door.

DEATH (V.O.)

Oh. I guess he doesn't do that. Hm.

After they're gone, an ancient-looking librarian peeks her head around a stack of books: *what the hell was all that?*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bell rings! School is over. Students dribble out of their classrooms, still subdued.

DEATH (V.O.)

Robin Webster now sailed uncharted waters. Like a boat. But the real challenge was, as it so often is, to do what he must while meeting the demands of everyday life.

Robin and Cash approach his locker.

CASH

I gotta tell you, Robin, I didn't think anything could be more boring than my classes, but yours take the cake.

ROBIN

Chemistry is a deeply fascinating subject to anyone who bothers paying attention. It literally binds our world together.

CASH

Wow who cares? What now?

ROBIN

I've got a friend. She's an expert on ghosts and crystals and...stuff like that. We're gonna meet her at The Pizza Parlor.

CASH

Who's your friend?

ROBIN

...Jessie.

CASH

Garcia?! Robin, I don't know if we need the crazy girl's help here.

ROBIN

She's not crazy, and -

TARA (O.S.)

Hey Robin!

Robin stops mid-thought. He can't believe his eyes. Tara Ross is walking this way. Towards him.

TARA (CONT'D)
"Q" buddies reunited! I was just looking for you.

ROBIN
Me? What's wrong?

TARA
(laughs)
Nothing! I heard you know Cash's parents.

ROBIN
(hesitant)
Pretty well.

TARA
Well with everything that's happened today, I had this amazing idea right? What if The Student Christian Fellowship had a candlelight vigil for Cash. Everyone in town could come, we could make some posters, it'd be great.

ROBIN
I'm sorry are you...excited about it?

TARA
What? No. Well, maybe a little. It's a great idea! But what Cash's parents want is most important obviously. I was wondering whether you could ask them if they'd like a really amazing vigil.

CASH
Robin, don't let them memorial me.

Robin tries not to let Cash distract him.

ROBIN
Are you sure it's not a little early to be giving up on Cash?

TARA
...I mean, he's dead, right?

CASH

I hate her.

ROBIN

I just think having a big memorial and everything could make it hard for people to feel like things are normal.

TARA

Things aren't really normal, are they?

Seeing she won't understand, he concedes.

ROBIN

I'll see if I can get ahold of them.

TARA

Yes! Thank you! I knew you'd make a great addition to the team. Whoops, I have to get home. Curfew! See you tomorrow!

ROBIN

Yes! Tomorrow!

CASH

(grumbling)

It's like three o'clock. What time is her curfew?

Tara runs off, leaving Robin star struck in her wake.

Cash stares at him, judging.

ROBIN

What?

CASH

Just come on. And don't you dare call my parents.

ROBIN

Of course not. We need to focus on getting you back.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Brooke sits on the treatment table.

DOCTOR TALIA (70s) reviews an X-ray on the nearby illuminator. There's no illness she hasn't seen, treated, cured, and gossiped about over lunch.

DOCTOR TALIA

Alright, dearie. The shadows are still on your lungs. The scarring looks a little worse. How's your energy?

BROOKE

Jesus, I must have told you twenty times now, I feel fine. Want me to say it into your stethoscope?

DOCTOR TALIA

(annoyed)

Well, I'm glad to hear it. And not that I'm unhappy to see you, Brooke, but just getting you to come in to the office for chemo was like pushing a mule up an escalator. Now you're stopping by "just for a check up?" Cow cookies. What's going on?

Brooke rubs her neck. She hates this.

BROOKE

Well there was something.

DOCTOR TALIA

Imagine my surprise.

BROOKE

Yesterday I wasn't feeling too hot.

DOCTOR TALIA

What do you mean?

BROOKE

Just little things. Like some sweat. Couldn't walk really. Breathing hurt pretty bad. Things were like...dark. In my eyes.

DOCTOR TALIA

Brooke Webster!

BROOKE

But here's the thing. I wake up this morning and I feel great. Like I have a tiny cold.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
And I thought maybe - if I feel so
good - you know...

DOCTOR TALIA
(understanding)
Maybe you're getting better.

Brooke shrugs, embarrassed at her vulnerability.

DOCTOR TALIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Brooke. I'm glad you're
feeling well. But if anything, it
looks like your condition has
gotten worse.

Brooke just nods.

DOCTOR TALIA (CONT'D)
Have you talked to Robin? Made
plans?

BROOKE
He doesn't need to hear about this.
He's just a kid.

DOCTOR TALIA
He's not ten anymore, Brooke. He's
a beer belly away from looking just
like his father.

BROOKE
We'll talk about it when we need
to.

DOCTOR TALIA
Brooke.

She rolls her eyes. Doctor Talia is always right.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

The brick pizza parlor is dim, illuminated by hanging stained
glass lamps above each deep, worn-out booth.

DEATH (V.O.)
The Pizza Parlor was first
established in 1927, though it
wasn't called then called the Pizza
Parlor, it was known as Honest
Ron's Hair Supplies. Though it
didn't sell hair supplies, it sold
illegal moonshine.
(MORE)

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the owner's name wasn't Ron, it was Bertolt, and he wasn't honest, he was just very drunk most of the time. Robin Webster sat in a corner booth, knowing none of this.

Robin looks around nervously. Cash sits in an adjacent booth, glued to the football game playing on a small TV set.

CASH

Come on! Don't go backwards, never backwards!

ROBIN

(annoyed)

What are you talking about?

CASH

Kickoff return, you wouldn't understand.

ROBIN

You know Cash, I do understand the basic principals of football even if I've never experienced the delight of getting the shit knocked out of me.

CASH

Well then you should know the first rule of every return: never run backwards. Everyone wants to. You catch the ball, you see the hit coming, you think if I can just go back maybe I can get around them. It never works, you just give up valuable yards.

ROBIN

You find this more interesting than chemistry?

CASH

Whatever man, you just don't get it.

ROBIN

I get it. You've always wanted to show what you're able to do. Football gives you a way to do that. No one can stop you out there. No one.

Robin says it offhandedly, still looking around self-consciously, but Cash is struck. *How could he know that?*

The front door slams open and Jessie tromps in, attracting stares as she goes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Finally! Where have you been?

JESSIE
Gathering supplies. Sage, chalk, spirit candles. The basics.

CASH
Oh my god, here we go. Robin, we don't need this.

JESSIE
So what's going on? Why are you suddenly interested in my extraordinary talents?

ROBIN
Ok, serious question. Is there a way to bring souls back to life?

Jessie looks at Robin like he's crazy.

JESSIE
Oh yeah, obviously necromancy is super easy. People come back from the dead all the time.

ROBIN
So no.

JESSIE
Robin, my coven collects crystals. We compare astrology charts. No, I can't revive a corpse.

ROBIN
Ok well...what if we forget the body?

CASH
Excuse me?

ROBIN
Is there a way to bring ghosts back to the world of the living? So people can see them? Talk to them?

Jessie rubs her chin, thinking.

JESSIE

I mean, we could hold a séance.
There's a ton of evidence of
spirits returning from the other
side. Who would you want to bring
back?

ROBIN

Cash.

JESSIE

Ugh. I don't know, Robin. He just
died, so he's probably still all
mixed up. Not that he was
particularly cogent even when he
was alive.

CASH

Alright, that's it. Robin, let's
get out of here.

JESSIE

Though he was nice to look at I
guess.

CASH

Ok, maybe she's worth a shot, let's
just stick around a minute.

ROBIN

We have to try.

Jessie is suspicious.

JESSIE

Why are you so bent on this?

ROBIN

I just need to tell him something.
That's all.

She buys it for now.

JESSIE

Hmm. Alright. We'll have to break
into the school.

ROBIN

What? Why?

JESSIE

The most effective summonings take
place at a location familiar to the
deceased.

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

So unless you want to go to his house or set up candles in the gym...

ROBIN

I mean obviously we aren't doing that. But breaking and entering? That's illegal.

JESSIE

It's fun. Meet me at the school tonight. One a.m. Bring anything you have connected to Cash. Pictures. Mementos. Love letters.

She stands up and prepares to leave.

ROBIN

Is this really necessary?

JESSIE

I know it's tough for a Student Christian like you, but don't worry. We won't get caught.

With a wink, she grabs her stuff and heads out.

CASH

Huh. Cool.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Robin and Cash walk up to Robin's house. Cash looks around with delight.

DEATH (V.O.)

It had been over a year since Cash Brady last visited The Webster house. It looked almost exactly the same. And yet everything had changed.

CASH

You painted the shutters!

DEATH (V.O.)

Not just that.

ROBIN

Mom's usually at work right now, so we'll just run upstairs real quick and get what we need.

CAW!

They look up. A huge murder of crows sits in the oak tree, looking down at Robin.

CASH
Hey, what's with those crows?

ROBIN
Inside! Hurry!

They run inside just as some of the crows try to fly up to Robin. The birds seem almost disappointed he's gone.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

To Robin's surprise, Brooke is waiting inside. She jumps up and immediately tries to wrestle him into a bear hug.

BROOKE
C'mere.

ROBIN
Mom, no!

BROOKE
Stop fighting. C'mon.

Finally, Robin gives into Brooke's powerful embrace, arms at his sides.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I heard about Cash from Doctor Talia. How are you?

ROBIN
I'm fine. Just fine.

BROOKE
I know you two aren't as close as you used to be. But still. It just sucks.

Robin glances to Cash.

ROBIN
Trust me, it's not a big deal. Why were you talking with Doctor Talia?

Now it's Brooke's turn to be cagey.

BROOKE
Nothing important. Just a check up.

ROBIN

Oh. Did she say anything else?
About you I mean?

BROOKE

Nope. Just on the mend, doing well.

DEATH (V.O.)

Like mother like son.

ROBIN

Alright. Well, I'm gonna go do my
homework.

Robin starts heading to his room. Passing the trash, however, he sees a bunch of junk mail, some of it addressed to EDWARD WEBSTER.

He snatches the letters out of the trash, irate.

BROOKE

What's wrong?

ROBIN

We can't just throw this away! We
might need it.

BROOKE

Right. Sorry.

Robin takes the mail and heads to his room.

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Out the window, tungsten streetlights glow against the fiery trees. A cold breeze blows dead leaves through the shadows.

Robin sits at his desk, rifling through a collection of old photos and mementos, looking for anything with Cash on it.

Cash looks at the pictures Robin has set aside. He sees one of Robin's whole family smiling at a summer pool party.

CASH

Hey. I'm sorry I wasn't at your
Dad's funeral.

ROBIN

Don't worry about it.

CASH

I should have been there.

ROBIN

It doesn't matter. I mean, what are we? Just acquaintances, right?

CASH

(annoyed)

Rob. Come on. Why did you start being a dick to me, man?

ROBIN

Why did I start being a dick? When did you become one of the assholes? You've always liked football, I get it. You make some new friends, sure. But you stop coming over, you never want to hang out, you spend all your time with those lumbering Neanderthals, what am I supposed to think?

CASH

Maybe that I like them, Rob. Maybe it's hard to spend time around someone who hates them, hates everyone, hates the world. Everything is awful, nothing is fun. You never leave the house, you never do anything. I try to enjoy myself for once and suddenly I'm the asshole. And this isn't just since your dad died.

ROBIN

Don't bring him into this, he vouched for you, made me see your dumb games, then you don't even -

Robin stops himself. Cash steps back, sensing he may have crossed a line.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Forget it. Forget it.

CASH

Like I said, I'm sorry.

ROBIN

That's great. And once we bring you back, you can go back to your new friends and it will be just fine. Like this never even happened.

Robin turns away. Cash, troubled, looks out the window.

The moon peaks through the branches, illuminating the silhouettes of sleeping crows.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A solemn hymn echoes off the rafters. Affixed on his cross, Christ looks down on Tara, singing in the congregation.

DEATH (V.O.)

The most common question I'm asked
in my line of work, by an
astonishingly wide margin, is
"where are you taking me?" Humans.
Always so worried about where
they'll end up. The wisest I've met
have always been more concerned
with where they are.

Tara looks over at her prim parents, who radiate a stern energy as they belt. She sings a little softer.

Off behind her, Tara sees JEAN and HUGH BRADY (40s) grieving silently in the back row.

LATER

After the service has ended, Tara approaches them.

TARA

Mister and Misses Brady? I'm so so
sorry for your loss.

JEAN

Oh. Yes. Thank you.

TARA

I'm part of the Student Christian
Fellowship at the High School.

JEAN

Oh Cash was in your group wasn't
he?

He wasn't.

TARA

Oh, uh -

JEAN

He was always such a devout
believer, Cash. A true Christian.

TARA

Well, he -

JEAN

I used to think he might become a
reverend some day.

Tara takes a beat. Sees what these parents need.

TARA

Cash had an incredible energy. He
made all of us smile and helped us
enjoy life. That is God's light.
You should be very proud of him.

Jean nods, thankful.

TARA (CONT'D)

Did Robin reach out to you about
the vigil?

JEAN

Robin Webster? Goodness, I haven't
heard from him in over a year. That
poor boy.

TARA

What do you mean?

INT. DEATH'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Robin's eyes open. He's seated at the bottom of an impossibly
tall, narrow tower, lined with books and staircases which
twist and disappear like an M.C. Escher painting. The moon
shines far above through an opening in the roof.

An ancient door loudly closes, startling Robin. Death walks
in, sipping a cup of tea. He sits down behind a small desk.

DEATH

Robin Webster. Always a pleasure.

ROBIN

Where am I?

DEATH

You're in my library. But before we
continue I must ask...where did you
get those marvelous shoes?

They're just a regular pair of sneakers.

ROBIN

I don't know, Kohl's I think.

DEATH

Kohl's. Hmm yes. Excellent. Now, to business. What are you doing, Robin Webster?

ROBIN

What do you mean?

DEATH

We had an agreement. I am owed the soul of one Cash Brady. I can't believe you've forgotten.

ROBIN

When we made that deal, you didn't tell me I'd have to take away kids. My friends.

DEATH

I warned you this was no easy task, Robin Webster. Do not forget, your mother was saved from her fate. Did you think that would come easy?

ROBIN

Listen. If Cash is dead, I owe you his soul. Right?

Death nods.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

But what if we can bring him back to life? If Cash is alive, then I wouldn't owe you anything, right?

Death sips his tea.

DEATH

A fascinating suggestion. I suppose not. But how do you intend to re-animate his body?

ROBIN

We don't need to. If we can make him part of our world, if people can see his soul, then what's the difference?

DEATH

Lost souls do not belong in the Waking World, Robin Webster.

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

Cash Brady will find no joy, no purpose. He is little more than a shadow among your people.

ROBIN

Just give me a chance. I have to try.

Death regards Robin Webster. The chamber fades to black.

DEATH

If you truly want to help your friend, Robin Webster, you will let him pass on.

CASH (PRE-LAP)

Rob! Hey Robin!

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robin awakes with a start at his desk. Cash stands over him.

CASH

(sweetly)

Hey there ass. It's twelve thirty.

ROBIN

(distracted)

Right.

Cash notices something is off.

CASH

You ok?

ROBIN

I'm fine. Let's go.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The window to Robin's bedroom opens. As sneakily as he can, Robin pokes his head out and gently eases out of his window.

CAW!

Robin looks up. He's surrounded by crows. There's no escape.

ROBIN

Shh!

The crows all start to speak up - CAW CAW CAW!

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Quiet!

They all immediately fall silent.

CASH

...woh.

Robin tentatively climbs out. A crow is in his way. Uncertain, he points to it, then points to another branch.

The crow flaps to the designated location.

Robin looks down. There's like a million crows in his way. He makes a gestures as if parting the red sea.

They neatly separate, leaving a path through the tree.

CASH (CONT'D)

Dude.

ROBIN

Nope. Let's just not. Just don't think about it.

INT. RED OAK HIGH - NIGHT

The school is dark and eerie, empty of the life which fills it during the day.

A NIGHT JANITOR (50s) exits the bathroom and pushes his cart around the corner.

At the end of the hall, a doorknob jiggles until...CLICK! It slowly opens. Jessie, Robin, and Cash creep inside.

JESSIE

The locks on these back doors never latch right.

ROBIN

How do you know that?

JESSIE

Just be glad I do.

Cash is impressed. They creep through the hallway, keeping an eye out for trouble, Robin a few paces behind Jessie.

CASH

So Rob, what's Jessie's situation?

ROBIN
What do you mean?

CASH
Like are you two...?

ROBIN
What? No.

CASH
Just wondering. Is she
like...seeing anyone?

ROBIN
What is happening right now?

JESSIE
What the hell are you doing back
there?

ROBIN
Nothing, just talking to myself.

JESSIE
Well keep it down. Here's his
locker. Get out your stuff.

Jessie starts rummaging through her bag, frustrated trying to find something that's not there. Robin offers her the piece of chalk from behind her ear.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Stop doing that!

LATER

Robin and Jessie sit in a chalk pentagram, surrounded by candles. A photo of Cash sits in the middle with other mementos sprinkled around the circle.

Cash walks around examining the mementos. Jessie raises her hands mystically.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Cash. We call you back from the
other side. If you're with us, give
us a sign.

CASH
...Hey.

Robin looks to Jessie. She didn't notice anything.

JESSIE

Cash. There's someone here who
wants to speak with you. Please,
return to us.

Cash absentmindedly trips over the same CRACK in the tile as
he did yesterday.

Robin chuckles to himself. Once again, Cash mimes tripping
more, trying to get a rise out of Robin. Robin, stifling a
laugh, looks away and SEES SOMETHING:

Cash's foot is kicking a piece of Jessie's chalk. And it's
actually moving!

ROBIN

Look!

JESSIE

What?

NIGHT JANITOR (O.S.)

Hey!

The night janitor stomps towards them with an angry scowl!

JESSIE

Run!

They bolt for the door...leaving Jessie's bag behind!

NIGHT JANITOR

Get back here!

Robin makes it out the door first. Jessie, just behind him,
can't see Cash and slams it shut behind her.

Cash stops dead in his tracks, surprised. He spins around,
terrified, just as the night janitor arrives.

NIGHT JANITOR (CONT'D)

(huffing and puffing)

Damn kids. Must have been track
stars.

Cash relaxes as he remembers. He's in no danger. He's dead.
It's a bittersweet realization.

He turns back to the closed door. With a sigh, he walks right
through it.

EXT. RED OAK HIGH - NIGHT

Robin and Jessie laugh as they run down the street. They vault the fence and hide behind it, trying to quiet their snickers.

JESSIE

Look at you! A proper criminal!

ROBIN

The chalk! It moved! Did you see?
We have to try again.

JESSIE

Seriously? Ok, well I'll text you.
But for now, you should get back
before your mom has a chance to
notice you're gone.

ROBIN

Alright. See you tomorrow.

Jessie nods and runs off into the night. Cash joins Robin a moment later, walking through the fence.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

There you are! Come on, let's get
home.

CASH

I'll meet you there. There's just a
few things I wanted to do.

ROBIN

Oh. Ok. Well, come back quick.
We're going to try again tomorrow.

CASH

I'll be there.

Cash walks away, passing right through a tree. Robin watches him go, concerned and confused.

DEATH (V.O.)

For as long as Robin Webster could
remember, try as he might, every
step towards happiness only seemed
to move him farther away. What was
the secret everyone else seemed to
instinctively understand? Why was
he alone seemingly unable to grasp
it?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Robin wakes, alone in his bedroom. He looks around. No Cash.

But Death's key, hanging by the door, grabs Robin's attention. He gets out of bed and takes it off its hook.

Robin examines the key...then looks to his door.

He glances over his shoulders. Nobody's watching. He carefully puts Death's Key into the lock and turns the knob.

The door opens to reveal the impenetrable white mist and distant crashing waves of Limbo.

Robin is too scared to go in, but he steps forward and tries to see through the mist.

ROBIN

Hello?

His soft voice echoes into the otherworldly space. Or is that the faintest whispers of a reply?

ROBIN (CONT'D)

...Dad? Are you there?

Robin listens with all his might...but can't hear anything.

He shakes his head angrily. *What a stupid idea.*

Robin shuts the door.

EXT. CASH'S HOUSE - DAY

Cash stands on the street outside a pleasant white ranch house. A big yard. Football banners.

A bit of movement catches his eye. Jean Brady, walks in front of a window for a moment. Then disappears.

Cash thinks for a moment...before walking off down the road.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

He strolls down the street. Some GIRLS walk towards him.

He remembers not to greet them, stepping aside to let them pass. But one of them waves an arm right through him anyway.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

Cash walks in with a smile. After a moment, the smile fades and he looks around in shock.

He wiggles his nose and takes a deep breath. *He can't smell it.*

A waiter places a big pizza down on a table nearby. Cash leaves before he can get a look at it.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Cash sits on a bench, in a funk. A kid's soccer ball lands next to him.

He instinctively leans over to grab it but his hands pass right through.

Laughing at his own forgetfulness, Cash slaps himself in the head then puts his hand down on the arm rest.

Then, puzzled, he looks down at the bench. He pats it several times - solid enough. He looks up and thinks about this.

Until, suddenly, he falls right through the bench onto the hard ground.

CASH

Damn it!

He stands up. Let's out a deep sigh. Walks off.

EXT. RED OAK HIGH - DAY

Robin sits on a step outside the school, nervously tapping his foot and glancing at the front door.

DEATH (V.O.)

Robin Webster was not as old a soul as he liked to think. He had spoken with Death. He had snuck out of his home and broken the law. His new post promised to bring him in contact with supernatural forces beyond imagining. And yet now he was truly afraid. Why? Because his friend might be "in trouble."

Cash runs up.

ROBIN
Where have you been?!

CASH
Forget it. Where's Jessie?

ROBIN
She got called to the principal's office.

CASH
What?! Why?

ROBIN
Why do you think?

PRINCIPAL BUSCH (50s, stern) opens the front door and ushers Jessie out, handing off her bag and shutting the door behind her. Robin and Cash run up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Are you ok?

JESSIE
Of course I am. What are they gonna do, throw me in prison for chalking up the floor? They're gonna put some marks on some papers somewhere.

CASH
Fucking badass.

JESSIE
Now come on, I brought my dad's car.

ROBIN
What? How did you get it?

JESSIE
Just waited till he passed out drunk and grabbed the keys. We've got hours.

ROBIN
Well that's nice. And I hope this isn't an odd question, but why do we need your Dad's car?

JESSIE
Because I thought of a better place to hold the séance.

INT./EXT. JESSIE'S CAR - DAY

They sit off the side of the road in an old pickup truck. Robin is in the driver's seat, Cash riding shotgun, Jessie in the back. They have candles and pictures set up on the dash.

From where they're sitting, they can see the tree Cash crashed into, now surrounded by flowers and ribbons.

Jessie slumps back in her chair, exhausted.

JESSIE

Well this isn't working. You're sure you saw movement?

ROBIN

Definitely. We must be doing something wrong.

JESSIE

It's not really the kind of thing you can get wrong. We call on him, he comes or he doesn't. Maybe Cash has just passed on.

CASH

Hey I'm here. I'm ready to be séanced.

ROBIN

We've got to think. What were we doing when the chalk moved?

JESSIE

Nothing.

CASH

Just tripping over that crack.

This catches Robin's attention.

ROBIN

Yes, you were!

JESSIE

What?

ROBIN

Just like he did two days ago.

JESSIE

Robin, you've lost me.

Robin gestures to the séance materials.

ROBIN

Maybe none of this stuff matters.
Maybe we have to make things just
like they were when Cash was alive.
Re-create it as closely as
possible. So it's like he's
supposed to be there.

JESSIE

Ok. It's a cool idea. How are we
supposed to do that here?

ROBIN

Well first -

He turns over the engine. Jessie sits up, surprised.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

- we have to be moving.

He pulls a rough U-turn and starts driving down the road.

JESSIE

(nervous)

I guess it's worth a shot.

He focuses on the task, quickly getting some distance between
them and the crash site.

Finally, he pulls another rough U-turn, aiming them back at
the crash site.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Jeez, take it easy on the car.

CASH

Rob, you're not gonna do anything
dangerous, are you?

ROBIN

How fast?

JESSIE

What?

He looks to Cash.

CASH

Pretty fast.

ROBIN

Alright, Jessie. Hold on.

JESSIE
Robin, what -

He FLOORS IT!

Jessie falls back in her seat, scrambling to buckle up!

JESSIE (CONT'D)
What the hell is wrong with you?

ROBIN
We're almost there!

He pushes the car even harder.

CASH
Rob, stop!

Robin ignores Cash - the trees fly by in an alarming blur.

They hit a bump in the road and BOUNCE off it! Jessie SCREAMS, throwing Cash into a strange trance. He can hear CUT TO THE FEELING echoing in his head. He looks up.

He can see the minivan driving down the road. Just as before.

It hits the pothole.

CASH (CONT'D)
Rob, watch out.

ROBIN
What?

The minivan swerves!

CASH
WATCH OUT!

Cash reaches over and YANKS THE WHEEL!

Their car flies off the road, skirting through gravel and grass.

Robin slams the brake and manages to stabilize the car before it veers into the trees.

With one final scrape against the dirt, they rock to a halt.

Silence.

ROBIN
Did you see that?

Jessie slams open her door and storms out.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Jessie?

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONT.

Jessie marches away. Robin gets out and follows her.

ROBIN

Jessie, what's wrong?

She turns around and shoves Robin away.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What was that for?

JESSIE

Robin, what the hell is going on with you? Do you even realize how dangerous that was?

ROBIN

But you saw the wheel turn, right?

JESSIE

Yeah, it almost killed us! Demerits you know I don't give a shit. But there's a big difference between detention and being dead. You need to tell me what's going on now.

ROBIN

I told you, I just want to tell Cash something.

JESSIE

That's bullshit. I know you. I know when you're lying. What's all this about?

ROBIN

It's hard to explain.

JESSIE

Well what's more important to you, Robin? Your weird, secret mission or being honest with your only friend?

Robin thinks. A second too long. That's her answer. He's about to say something but:

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Nope. Too late.

Jessie storms away. Robin lets her go. Cash walks up behind him.

CASH
Dude, are you nuts?

ROBIN
What are you talking about? Don't you want to get back?

CASH
Of course. But not if it fucking kills you, man. And what about Jessie? She's cool, dude, definitely too cool for you and you're driving her away.

Robin takes several slow, deep breaths.

ROBIN
Jessie will be fine. Ok? This isn't easy but trust me. Everything will be back to normal before long.

CASH
Will it though? I mean, even if people can see me, I'm still all ghosty. I can't eat, I can't touch stuff. I love touching stuff. I don't know if I want to be stuck like that.

ROBIN
We'll figure it out! Cash. We can't give up now. Not when we're so close.

Cash seems hesitant.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Come on. We can do this.

CASH
...ok, fine. What's the move?

ROBIN
I think we've figured it out. We need to re-create a moment from your life. This was close, but it wasn't quite right. You were alone, this isn't the right car -

CASH
We didn't actually crash.

ROBIN
Exactly. We need to do something else. Something big, something important, and make it as close to the real thing as we can.

CASH
(scoffing)
I don't see how that's possible.

Robin thinks for a moment.

ROBIN
I've got an idea.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Tara directs students as they set up for the vigil.

Robin walks towards her. She sees him coming from pretty far away. He starts waving but doesn't speed up, which means he waves and approaches for a long, awkward amount of time.

TARA
"Q" buddy! I wondered where you were!

ROBIN
Sorry, it's been an interesting couple days.

TARA
And your dad died!

ROBIN
(shocked)
What? I mean, yes. Sorry.

TARA
No, I'm sorry! Was that a weird thing to say? It's just like - blah! Mrs. Brady told me at church. If I'd known, I wouldn't have asked you to talk to them. This whole thing is probably hard enough for you.

Robin tries to blow right past it.

ROBIN

It's fine, really. I had an idea for the vigil actually. The kind of thing Cash would have loved.

TARA

Yeah, I meant to ask about that. Were you guys close?

Robin wasn't expecting this.

ROBIN

We used to be. Not for a while though. I think I messed it up.

TARA

Don't be too hard on yourself. Things change.

ROBIN

I know. I hate it.

TARA

Well don't say that! After all, if things didn't change we wouldn't be hanging out would we?

Tara is being playful but this actually hits Robin hard.

ROBIN

I guess that's true.

TARA

Hm. I like you, "Q" buddy. It seems like you really think about things. Not a lot of people do that.

ROBIN

No I don't. You do. I can tell. You see everyone, even strangers, and you understand them and you just want them to be happy. You make things a little bit easier for everyone you talk to. It's amazing. I wish I could be like that.

Robin looks away, barely aware of what he's said. Tara is genuinely touched. She sees him in a new light.

TARA

Robin, that's like the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

ROBIN
What? Oh, no problem.

TARA
...what was the idea you had for
the vigil?

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The vigil is already in progress. A somber crowd sits in the stands.

DEATH (V.O.)
In their stories, humans often
portray me as cruel. I snatch their
loved ones away and depart without
a second thought. They never
imagine I can see the misery I
leave in my wake. The pain I cause.

At the back, in a corner, a shadowy figure sits unnoticed and alone.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It is a rather unflattering
characterization.

Brooke, slipping in late, grabs a seat at the end of the bleacher, trying not to draw attention to herself.

She quickly glances over her shoulder, scanning the crowd, but sees someone that makes her DOUBLE TAKE. *Was that - ?*

BROOKE
- Eddie?

Shocked, she looks back...and realizes it wasn't her husband, but her son, Robin.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Oh. Shit.

She sighs. *The kid really is looking older.*

ACROSS THE STANDS, Robin and Cash sit in the same place Robin sat with his father in the dream.

Cash's mother, Jean, is finishing a speech at the podium.

JEAN
-and so, more than anything, I know
Cash would want us to say a prayer
and trust in Christ.

Cash looks over to Robin with a grimace.

Principal Busch smoothly steps up to the podium.

PRINCIPAL BUSCH

Finally, to honor Cash's memory as we light our candles, the football team has prepared a small re-enactment of one of his greatest moments. Let this be how we all remember Cash. A great young man who brought joy to this entire town.

Over the speakers, a small CLICK as the recording starts:

A roaring crowd. Cheerleaders.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

- pushed out of bounds by John Barringer at the fortieth yard line. Fourth and one with fifteen seconds to go, Horsemen have the ball.

Cash turns to Robin.

CASH

So I just go down there and run the play like before?

ROBIN

Yes, exactly like you remember it. Everything is just like it was then, much closer than in the car. If you could move a steering wheel then, this has to be enough to bring you all the way back.

CASH

What if it isn't?

ROBIN

And they say I'm a pessimist. Go, Cash! It'll work!

Robin turns Cash and pushes him towards the field. Sits down.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It has to.

The football players are huddled at the forty, just as they were in Robin's dream. They wear their jerseys but no pads.

They've left a space in the circle. Cash runs up and fills it.

QUARTERBACK

Alright, boys, just like last time. They're expecting us to go for the first. They want to take this to overtime. Or we could win it right now. What do you think?

The huddle shouts! *Let's do it!* Cash nods along mildly.

QUARTERBACK (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Ok, we'll go play action. If they rush me, I'm sending it to you Cash. Can you get there?

He looks right into Cash's eyes. Cash is shocked.

CASH

Yeah.

QUARTERBACK

(shout)

Cash, can you get there?

CASH

(getting into it)

Hell yeah!

The team all cheers!

QUARTERBACK

That's right! Hands in. One, two, three -

TEAM

Break!

The players break out of their huddle and line up.

Parents are passing their candlelight through the stands.

Robin glances to the pizza booth. Tara is standing just where she was last time.

ROBIN

This is it.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The Horsemen will need at least ten yards for a field goal to send them to overtime.

The crowd at the vigil cheers along with the recording. The quarterback looks to both sides warily...

His receivers are still as statues. Robin holds his breath.

QUARTERBACK

Hut!

Cash mimics pushing off a defender and starts booking it downfield.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cash Brady, out of the backfield!

Robin grabs ahold of his own shirt, tight.

ROBIN

Come on...

Cash is sprinting across the turf. His feet pound against the ground in slow motion.

Sneaker...

Sneaker...

...CLEAT!

Cash is in his full football uniform!

Robin's eyes go wide. The crowd is gaining momentum!

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Yes!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Marcus scrambles, gets it away!

The quarterback looks downfield and heaves it!

Robin looks up just in time to see the ball flying through the air. He instinctively stands up.

The crowd goes silent.

Cash looks up, tracking the ball as it falls towards earth.

He reaches out his arms...

...and catches it! Everyone loses their minds!

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

There are no flags! There are no flags! Horsemen win!

Cash holds up the ball, triumphant! He sees Robin cheering in the stands.

Overjoyed, Robin looks to his left and sees...

The seat. Empty. His face falls. He looks back to the field.

Cash turns to spike the ball on the turf...

And sees the real ball laying on the ground. Looking back to his hands, the ball is gone.

Cash can only stand and look at the fallen ball.

Robin drops back into his seat, at a loss. He holds up his hands. They're shaking slightly. He tries balling them into fists. Still they shake.

He realizes he's drawing attention to himself and quickly makes his way out of the stands.

Tara, cheering, stops him by the gates to the field.

TARA

Robin, that was great!

ROBIN

I'm sorry.

He brushes past her and leaves the stadium. She looks after him, worried.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Fiery autumn leaves, red and orange, sway in the wind.

Robin marches, hands in pockets, down the center of the street, just as Death did. He can still hear the crowd cheering behind him.

EXT. CASH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He stops under a streetlight and tries to get his hands to stop shaking. Cash jogs up behind him.

CASH

Rob! Hey, I saw you run out. Are you ok?

ROBIN

I'm fine.

Robin looks over and sees Cash's concern.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(aggressive)

What?

CASH

Rob. I don't think this is going to work.

ROBIN

So you want to give up now?
Typical. It didn't work tonight,
fine. But we'll bring you back,
we'll find a way. We have to.

CASH

Why?

ROBIN

What do you mean why?

CASH

Why do we have to?

ROBIN

What are you talking about? Because
you're miserable. Do you think you
can live like this?

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Again and again, week after week,
month after month, waking up every
day to this stupid goddamn
nightmare?

CASH

I've only been dead two days.

Robin, furious, turns away.

CASH (CONT'D)

You're tearing yourself up, man.
You've got to stop.

ROBIN

Fantastic. Running back and
therapist.

CASH

I'm serious. Look at you man.
You're losing it. You piss off
Jessie. You won't talk to your mom.
You could be back hanging out with
that Jesus girl right now, instead
you're fighting with me. You're
living in the past and dying in the
present.

ROBIN

So what do you want? Do you want to
die?

CASH

I don't want you to ruin your life.
Would your dad want this? Would he
be happy with how you're living?

Robin looks away.

HE REMEMBERS: His dad munching a hot dog, so full of life.

ROBIN

What else can I do?

CASH

You can't run backwards, man. Even
if the hit is coming. You have to
go forward.

Robin sighs. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the
key, letting it gently sparkle in the moonlight.

ROBIN

Ok. Come on.

Cash nods. They walk up the driveway to Cash's front door.

Tara, looking for Robin, sees him and hides behind a tree about fifty feet away.

Robin slides the key into the lock and turns the knob. The door opens to the familiar fog and distant seagulls of Limbo.

Tara GASPS. From a distance, she could almost swear she sees the fuzzy silhouette of Cash standing outside the door.

CASH
Thanks for bringing me home,
brother.

Cash walks through the door, disappearing into the fog.

The door closes itself, throwing Robin back into shadow. Tara, uncertain what she's just seen, turns back and scrambles away.

Robin is alone. He steps down the front stairs of the porch. The stars sparkle through in the clear, black sky.

A crow flies up and lands on his shoulder. He shoots it a look but lets it be. CAW!

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

Cash wanders through the fog. Looking down, he sees his feet slide through sand.

The fog starts to clear. The sky turns pale blue.

Shielding his eyes from the bright light, Cash arrives on a beach. Waves lap against the shore.

A narrow, never-ending path of sand stretches off into the ocean.

DEATH (O.S.)
Hello, Cash Brady.

Cash, startled, looks over. Death is sitting on a beach chair, wearing beach clothes and a giant hat.

CASH
Who are you?

DEATH
I am Death. And I have a
proposition for you.

INT. RED OAK HIGH - DAY

Robin walks the crowded hallways. Life has returned to normal for most, though a poster of Cash still hangs on the wall.

He catches sight of Jessie and runs up. She doesn't stop.

ROBIN

Jessie!

JESSIE

What do you want?

ROBIN

Look, if you don't want to talk to me, I understand. I haven't been a good friend to you.

JESSIE

Bingo.

ROBIN

But you asked why I was doing what I did. I didn't think I could tell anyone, but now I think I have to.

This piques Jessie's interest. She stops.

JESSIE

What's changed?

ROBIN

All I wanted was to go back to the way things were. But it turns out that's not an option. So I have to try a new approach.

JESSIE

Ok, I'll bite. What's going on?

Robin takes the key out of his pocket.

ROBIN

So you're not gonna believe this.

INT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Robin sits back at his desk, looking out the window.

The pile of junk mail he brought in earlier sits on the corner of his desk. He picks it up, examines it briefly.

Then drops it casually into the trash. He takes a deep breath.

DEATH (V.O.)

No one leaves the Waking World
unscathed. Life is a spark of order
in a universe of chaos and,
eventually, all things must fade
into the dark. But when one door
closes...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

The sound, coming from Robin's closet, almost scares him out of his chair. He tentatively approaches the closet and looks inside.

Nothing. Just clothes.

BUZZ! It's the key! Robin takes it out, confused.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

The closet again. Hesitant, Robin holds the key up to the closet door and a keyhole appears. He turns the key and opens the door once more.

Cash falls out of the closet, the door shutting behind him.

ROBIN

Cash!

Cash struggles through a coughing fit, as if he's just emerged from a smoky building.

CASH

Hey Rob, what's up.

ROBIN

What are you doing here?

CASH

Don't panic! So I went to Limbo,
like you said, but at the last
minute I thought - you know, Robin
might need some help. There aren't
many people who really know what
he's going through.

Robin is deeply suspicious.

ROBIN

Are you serious?

CASH

It's not a forever thing! When it seems like you have things under control, you can open the door just like before and off I'll go.

ROBIN

What, so you're just gonna...hang out and be dead for a while?

CASH

Pretty awesome, right? You're welcome.

ROBIN

Uh, thanks.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Robin, dinner!

CASH

You go eat, we'll talk later.

ROBIN

Right. Ok, yeah.

Robin runs out. Cash's smile fades slightly.

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Robin joins his mom at the kitchen table.

BROOKE

Ham and cheese casserole.

He scoops some onto his plate but Brooke stops him.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(deeply uncomfortable)

Hold it. Just a minute.

Robin stops, now on high alert.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You're bright. You probably know I keep things to myself sometimes because it's not your job to worry about me. But if something ever were to happen -

Brooke stops mid-thought. Something has caught her off-guard:

A rare smile from Robin. He re-assures her.

ROBIN
I get it, Mom. I know.

BROOKE
Good. Now eat your casserole and forget I said any of that because as far as you're concerned, I'm immortal.

ROBIN
Of course.

They dig in.

BROOKE
So. How was school today?

Robin considers, chewing a bite.

ROBIN
Pretty normal actually.

He takes another bite. And another.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Death stands outside, discreetly watching Robin and Brooke as they laugh over dinner. Cash walks up next to him.

DEATH
Did everything go as planned?

CASH
Yeah. He wasn't suspicious at all.

DEATH
Good. You have a penchant for subterfuge, Cash Brady.

CASH
Yeah, I've got a lot of penchant. Are you going to tell him why he could see you?

DEATH
In time. For now, keep an eye on him, lost soul. I will be nearby.

Death, now wearing the same pair of sneakers as Robin, walks away, fading into smoke as he goes.

END OF PILOT