

REAPER, INC.

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - NIGHT

SHAMROCK SHAKE [M, 30s], a devil-may-care Millennial, stands on the edge, holding a phone with a selfie stick. He speaks into it, live streaming.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
Hey fam! Love all of the love
you've been showing me. Shout out
to my man, Skuds, who's challenged
me to this wicked route.

He parkours across the roof.

SHAMROCK SHAKE (CONT'D)
Here it comes. The hardest part.

He backflips towards a fire escape, but his feet slip.

He falls and SLAMS into a large trash dumpster stories below.

EXT. TRASH DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Shamrock Shake stands up from the ground. Dusts himself off.

He looks around for his phone. It's in front of him on the edge of the dumpster, still streaming.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
(to the phone)
Skuds wasn't kidding. But that's
why I'm Shamrock Shake--got luck
comin' out my ass.

He squints at the phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

- P00nTANGG: HONLY SHEIT.
- KittysWeekBall: He deaad?
- LIQ_MEH_NUTS: PRAYERS FOR SHAMMY.

BACK TO TRASH DUMPSTER

SHAMROCK SHAKE (CONT'D)
Guys, stop messin'.

He reaches for the phone. His hand passes through it.

He starts to glow gold as his soul separates from his body. A GRIM REAPER with scythe walks out of a VOID [Black Portal].

He turns around. Sees his contorted, dead body. He SCREAMS.

The Reaper approaches. He can't move, petrified.

The Reaper looms over him. He covers his face -- this is it!

The Reaper pulls down their hood. She looks like a human female. This is EPPIE [F, 30s] who wants to be chill, but can never let herself get there. A name-tag on her robe reads: "Eppie, Millennial Death Design".

NOTE: Unless otherwise specified, Reapers wear their hoods down and have human faces.

She puts away an open soda can which reads "Death via Parkour." Pulls out a scroll and quill.

EPPIE

Hello! You've been randomly selected to participate in our research study. On a scale from 1 to 10, with 1 being Extremely Dissatisfied and 10 being Extremely Satisfied, how would you rate your death?

He SCREAMS again.

EPPIE (CONT'D)

Is that a one or a ten?

The SCREAM goes higher in pitch. She waits, quill on scroll.

He stops.

SHAMROCK SHAKE

Wait, I'm dead?

Eppie nods.

SHAMROCK SHAKE (CONT'D)

But I have so much life left!
Please!

EPPIE

Please answer the question, Sir.

SHAMROCK SHAKE

And I can get my life back?

Eppie nods. He calms down.

SHAMROCK SHAKE (CONT'D)
Um. I guess I'd give it a three.

EPPIE
But you died doing what you love.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
It just, like. Felt too obvious.

EPPIE
Too obvious? Really?

SHAMROCK SHAKE
Now that I think about it, make it
a two.

EPPIE
You've got to be kidding me.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
Yeah. A two. For sure.

Eppie jots down what he said, frustrated.

EPPIE
Thank you for your input.

She pulls out a pneumatic canister used at a bank drive-thru.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
What happens now?

EPPIE
I take this data back to HQ,
present the findings.

SHAMROCK SHAKE
I meant to me. What happens--

Eppie REAPS his gold soul with her scythe. It splatters Soul Goo all over, but a small glowing ball remains. This is a Soul Sphere, the tasty food that Reapers eat.

She twists open the pneumatic canister. It sucks in the Soul Sphere. A readout on the side says: "Harvest Retention: 20%".

EPPIE
Sorry Shamrock. No take backs.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. REAPER, INC. - DAY**

A traditional open-office. At each cube, a GRIM REAPER. Each wears a robe with a pin noting their name and department.

If they weren't Reapers, you'd think this was your average consumer products company -- sales people on calls, beautiful marketing execs, finance nerds crunching numbers, etc.

INT. REAPER, INC. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A sea of even more GRIM REAPERS. A small group sits in the front row wearing their hoods up. A slide on a screen reads: "Welcome Interns!"

SMALL ALCOVE IN BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

Eppie sneaks in next to GRIM REAPER JAY [F, 30s], a sporty, bro-y lesbian. She wears a rainbow robe and her name-tag reads: "Jay, Baby Boomers Death Design".

JAY
How'd it go?

Eppie hands Jay the pneumatic canister with "Harvest Retention: 20%" on the side.

JAY (CONT'D)
Twenty percent isn't terrible.

EPPIE
He said it was too obvious! Too obvious!

JAY
Eppie. Chill.

Eppie tucks it back into her robe.

EPPIE
You're lucky. Boomers are easy.

JAY
It wasn't always. Remember when they invented the polio vaccine?

EPPIE

Jay, if I don't get my numbers up before my performance review with Todd he'll recommend me for dismantling. Then we won't be friends anymore because I won't exist.

JAY

It's an empty threat.

EPPIE

I don't think so.

ONSTAGE

GRIM REAPER TODD [M, 40s], privileged but pretends to be woke with a name-tag that reads: "Todd, Director of Research and Design", stands à la Steve Jobs.

He looks over the crowd. Makes eye contact with Eppie.

TODD

Now that we're all here...

SMALL ALCOVE IN BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

Eppie looks to Jay -- See?

ONSTAGE

Todd nods to a GEEKY REAPER.

TODD (CONT'D)

Let's give a warm welcome to our new Interns!

Everyone APPLAUDS. The slide switches to a page about Todd, with photos of him doing middle-aged, mid-life crisis things.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm Thaddeus Maximus. But you can call me Todd. The Director of Research and Design here at Reaper, Inc. I started as an Intern, but quickly climbed the ranks thanks to my visionary ideas.

The slide changes to a picture of Todd smiling next to a prototype of a guillotine with a human head in a basket.

TODD (CONT'D)

In my first role, I helped design the guillotine. Ever heard of it?

The crowd LAUGHS.

SMALL ALCOVE IN BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

EPPIE

I just need something half that good. Why did humans love the guillotine so much again?

GRIM REAPER PHOEBE [F, 50s], high-fashion and sweet as pecan pie, wears a name-tag that reads "Phoebe, Gen-X Death Design". She slides over next to them, handing them coffee cups.

PHOEBE

It was faster than dying of the plague. Or hunger!

ONSTAGE

TODD

A multi-generational jackpot thanks to my genius. But enough about me.

He points to Geeky Reaper. Rolls his index finger in the air to indicate playback. A corporate film WHIRS to life.

INSERT: CORPORATE FILM

A CORPORATE REAPER [F, 50s] addresses the viewer as a "talking head".

CORPORATE REAPER

Hello and welcome to Reaper, Inc.! You're the best of your class and we need your minds to lead us into the new Millennia.

We PUSH IN as the Corporate Video fills the screen.

EXT. NETHER PLANE - ROADSIDE FARM STAND - DAY

It looks like Earth except for a purple sky with lightning.

A FARMER REAPER sells jars with tiny versions of Soul Spheres inside. A HAPPY REAPER buys one.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)

Reaper, Inc. started as any other humble farm, performing the critical task of providing sustenance to our citizens.

Happy Reaper scoops the Soul Sphere out and munches it down.

EXT. CAVE - 2.5 MILLION YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Farmer Reaper hacks and slashes a CAVEMAN with their scythe.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)
But back then, the Harvest process
was inefficient.

With each stroke, Caveman SCREAMS and glows a bit more golden
as the soul separates from the body.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)
And the Crop would suffer.

With one final stroke, the soul separates from the body and
explodes Soul Goo all over. The tiniest Soul Sphere remains.
Farmer Reaper collects it in a jar, exhausted.

EXT. CAVE - 2.4 MILLION YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Two CAVEMEN stand around a dead animal, ready to fight. CEO
REAPER [M, 60s], calm and collected, with a team of SCIENTIST
REAPERS watch closely.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)
But then our visionary CEO
discovered a new way.

CEO Reaper cracks open a soda can in his hand labeled "Death
by Sharpened Stick". A "Sharpened Stick" POOFS into
existence.

Both Cavemen look at it, curious.

Caveman 1 inspects it. Pokes the tip with his finger. Ouch.

Caveman 1 begins to hand it to Caveman 2, but stabs him at
the last second.

Caveman 2 falls down, dead. His golden soul easily separates
from his body. The Scientist Reapers applaud.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)
A faster, easier Harvest. And the
most important insight in all of
history followed that exact moment.

Caveman 2 (as a golden soul) turns to the Reapers.

CAVEMAN 2
(in caveman; subtitled)
Thank you. It was much better than
dying of hunger.

The Reapers look at each other in shock.

SCIENTIST REAPER
You're welcome?

CEO Reaper reaps his soul. This time the Soul Sphere is HUGE.
Everyone is surprised.

CORPORATE REAPER (V.O.)
That became our competitive
advantage. By focusing on Human
Death *Happiness* we are able to gain
a larger, more delicious Harvest.
And that attention to detail is
what keeps Reaper, Inc. running
strong to this day.

The video ends.

INT. REAPER, INC. AUDITORIUM - DAY

ONSTAGE

TODD
Wasn't that fantastic? Okay,
Managers! Make sure to guide your
Interns and give them the tools
they need to succeed. And Interns
don't forget to pick up names and
faces. It's part of the swag bag!

The Reapers disperse.

EPPIE
I'm on such thin ice.

JAY
Try something off the wall!
Couldn't hurt.

Jay bumps Eppie's shoulder in encouragement. The canister
rolls out from her robe.

Phoebe picks it up. She hands it to Eppie, who tucks it away,
embarrassed.

PHOEBE
I'm here too, if you want help.

Todd approaches. He nods at Jay and Phoebe. Turns to Eppie.

TODD
(to Jay and Phoebe)
Give us a second?

Jay gives Eppie a thumbs up. She and Phoebe exit.

TODD (CONT'D)
How's it going with Millennials?

EPPIE
Um. It's okay. Slow, but.

TODD
I know you're struggling. I
thought've something to help.

He turns to the stage and waves over INTERN #1337 [F, 20s],
over-confident and entitled. She wears her hood up.

TODD (CONT'D)
You just need more brain power.

EPPIE
I can't possibly take an intern.

TODD
Nonsense. This is *Intern #1337*. Our
CEO's Favorite Spawn. I told her
you'd take her on the session
today. A little treat.

EPPIE
It's dangerous without training.

TODD
Ah, but of course, you can make an
exception for our future superstar?

EPPIE
Shouldn't she be with someone who
has less on their plate?

TODD
That's the point. She's here to
help.

EPPIE
Yes, but--

TODD

Wonderful! Also keep in mind I will need a report on this research next week. I need to update the C-Suite.

He claps Intern #1337 on the back, encouraging.

TODD (CONT'D)

Do say hi to your Sire for me.

INTERN #1337

Of course.

He exits. Intern #1337 turns to Eppie.

INTERN #1337 (CONT'D)

So, are we going or what?

EXT./INT. USED CAR - DAY

The car has a Lyft decal and smiley face magnet on the door. It rattles and shakes in stop-and-go traffic.

VAUGHN [F, 31] femmey, disaffected Millennial drives an AWFUL PASSENGER [M, 50s] talking on the phone.

AWFUL PASSENGER

Need you to push back my 1 o'clock.

Awful Passenger looks in the mirror at Vaughn.

AWFUL PASSENGER (CONT'D)

She drove right into the traffic.

Vaughn puts a knockoff AirPods in her ear. Switches the phone to Netflix.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN: "Murder Docs" Genre with many choices.

Vaughn picks one. The video plays.

INSERT - THE MURDER SHOW

A perfect, staged family photo in matching outfits with a DAD, MOM, and TWO SONS.

MURDER SHOW NARRATOR (V.O.)

From the outside, the Bennett Family was perfect...

BACK TO THE CAR

The Voice Over drowns out everything. Vaughn closes her eyes, relaxing. *This* is her happy place.

Awful Passenger taps Vaughn's shoulder. Points to the now clear lane of traffic, annoyed.

Vaughn presses the gas. The car lurches forward, then stalls and stops.

Vaughn turns the key, but the engine won't start.

She tries again. Smoke billows out from under the hood.

A Void appears as Eppie and Intern #1337 step through. No one sees them. Intern #1337 has her hood up. They watch closely.

Awful Passenger tucks and rolls out. Vaughn doesn't move.

VAUGHN

Lol.

MURDER SHOW NARRATOR (V.O.)

But one day in November everything--

Intern #1337 steps towards Vaughn, but Eppie stills her --
Not yet.

Vaughn grabs her phone and calmly exits the car.

The car EXPLODES, pieces missing Vaughn by inches.

AWFUL PASSENGER

I hope you can afford a lawyer.

VAUGHN

You're assuming I can afford a car.

Vaughn approaches the still smoking car. Pulls off the smiley-face magnet to reveal that it's a ZipCar (rent by the hour).

Awful Passenger's mouth drops open. Vaughn sticks her thumb out for a ride.

AWFUL PASSENGER

You can't just leave!

A car picks her up. Vaughn waves back as the car drives away.

INTERN #1337

Why's she still alive?

EPPIE

I thought you should see a bit of her life before and get you used to Earth. It's more--

Intern #1337 makes a Void with her scythe, exits.

EPPIE (CONT'D)

--dangerous than it seems.

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN - NIGHT

A Halloween store post Halloween, everything on clearance, quiet except for the hum of fluorescent lights.

Vaughn watches a different MURDER DOC on her phone from behind the register. She now wears her work uniform: a Grim Reaper costume and "Vaughn" name-tag. Soot from the explosion covers her face.

She coughs. Soot falls to the floor at her feet.

A Void appears behind her. Eppie and Intern #1337 glide through. They both carry scythes and wear their hoods up.

Vaughn turns, looks right through them.

Eppie closes the Void and nods to Intern #1337's hood.

EPPIE

You can pull that down.

INTERN #1337

I haven't gotten my face yet.

EPPIE

Oh.

Eppie turns to Vaughn.

EPPIE (CONT'D)

Okay. So. Vaughn Holmes. Thirty-one. No family. On the outs with her roommate for borrowing his razor to shave her pubes. Drowning in debt. Watched a former classmate become an Influencer and uses what little money she has to hire Bots to troll them. Doesn't like avocado toast. Not a perfect Millennial, but--

INTERN #1337

Lazy. Impossible. Barely a functioning adult. Still just a bunch of water in a hideous carbon wrapper.

EPPIE

They're more than that. When I'm designing deaths, my philosophy--

INTERN #1337

Look. We both know whether or not I help you figure out these dreadful creatures I'll get hired. Since you're struggling so much, it'll likely be your job.

Three notifications pop up on Vaughn's phone, rapid fire.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

- LYFT: Your account has been deactivated. Many of your recent passengers have raised serious safety concerns--

VAUGHN

Your car explodes one time.

- SALLIEMAE: Your account ending in 2315 with balance of \$52,089 is past due. You are currently in delinquency--

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Delightful.

- CHASE BANK: A charge of \$3.20 at WHL FD's on 11/2/21 04:32:32 is greater than the amount available--

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Fantastic.

BACK TO SPIRIT HALLOWEEN

Eppie hands Intern #1337 the soda can labeled "Death by Electrocution with Cricket Wireless Phone".

EPPIE

So, you crack this. She'll die.

INTERN #1337

Read the script, take notes. It's not hard.

Intern #1337 cracks open the soda can.

Vaughn's phone electrocutes her. She slumps over, dead.

Eppie hands Intern #1337 the scroll. Intern #1337 puts her scythe on the checkout belt.

EPPIE

Ready?

INTERN #1337

Obviously.

Eppie taps Vaughn. She wakes up, gasping. Her golden soul separates from her body.

INTERN #1337 (CONT'D)

Hello human. Puny, dead human. You've been randomly selected to participate in our research study. On a scale from one to ten, with one as Extremely Dissatisfied and ten as Extremely Satisfied, how would you rate your insignificant death?

Vaughn looks them over in their grim reaper "costumes".

VAUGHN

You're not supposed to put those on before you check out.

EPPIE

Excuse me?

VAUGHN

The costumes. Whatever. Give me the tags.

Vaughn reaches for their robes, glowing but not noticing.

INTERN #1337

Puny, dead human. You've been randomly--

VAUGHN

Just let me ring you up.

INTERN #1337

Insolent human.

EPPIE

You are dead.

VAUGHN

I've been dead on the inside for a while now.

EPPIE

No, you are *dead* dead.

Vaughn looks down at herself, golden soul separated from her crumpled body behind her.

VAUGHN

Oh. That's fun.

Eppie steps back, surprised.

EPPIE

You're not upset?

Vaughn shrugs.

VAUGHN

At least tell me how I went into death's sweet embrace.

Eppie points to the electrocuted/destroyed phone.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

That's the best you've got? My phone electrocuted me?

EPPIE

It's plausible.

VAUGHN

And *basic*. Dying from boredom would've been better.

(chuckling)

Death by boredom. Hilarious.

Vaughn grabs Intern #1337's scythe on the checkout belt, inspecting it.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

So how does this work anyway?

As Vaughn holds it, a Void forms. She's sucked in.

Intern #1337 falls to the ground, unconscious.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. REAPER, INC. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Simple, beige with a white board.

Vaughn tumbles in through a Void. She still wears the Reaper costume from work. Her hood is down revealing her face and she's not glowing, soul back in her body.

She inspects the scythe in her hand -- Huh, fascinating.

She pokes her head out the door. Sees the Reapers at work.

VAUGHN
Corporate Grim Reapers. Cool.

Jay glides by.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
And hot ones too.

Jay turns. Sees Vaughn.

JAY
You're new. An intern?

VAUGHN
Let's go with that.

Jay extends her hand. They shake.

JAY
Jay.

VAUGHN
Vaughn.

JAY
Dig the name. And the face.

VAUGHN
It's the one I was born with.

JAY
Funny.

VAUGHN
And a little lost.

JAY
Totes. What department are you?

VAUGHN
Some human died of a phone shock?

JAY
You're Eppie's intern!

VAUGHN
Yes. Eppie.

JAY
Where is she?

VAUGHN
She had to...stay behind.

JAY
That's her. Dedicated. If you've got time, I could give you a tour?

VAUGHN
That sounds amazing.

Jay offers her arm. Vaughn takes it.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
A Gentlewoman, too.

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN - NIGHT

Eppie pokes Intern #1337 with her scythe. She's out cold.

Eppie paces back and forth.

EPPIE
Ok. Ok. Let's take inventory. My "superstar" Intern is now unresponsive. And the human is gone with a scythe. Ok. I'll just take the Intern back, find the human, and somehow not get caught.

She makes her own Void. Drags Intern #1337 towards it.

Intern #1337 bounces off.

Eppie tries again. Intern #1337 bounces off again.

EPPIE (CONT'D)
Double shit.

Eppie hides Intern #1337 behind the counter.

EPPIE (CONT'D)
It'll be fine. It'll be fine.

Eppie jogs through the Void.

INT. REAPER, INC. - RESEARCH AND DESIGN (R&D) LAB - DAY

Where all human deaths are *designed*. It's a massive artist studio with various media/products creating death mockups. It has arrows pointing to different sections labeled by *Generation of Human* (currently alive).

Jay leads Vaughn to...

INT. REAPER, INC. - R&D LAB (THE GREATEST GENERATION) - DAY

Filled with artifacts from when The Greatest Generation came of age as well as the Generation-defining event: WW2.

JAY
This Harvest is nearly over. But the guy who runs it is a *fucking* legend.

[GRIM] REAPER NOS [M, 80s], a crotchety man who should've retired years ago shuffles out from behind a stack of WW2 helmets with bullets in them. His name-tag reads: "Nos, The Greatest Generation Death Design".

JAY (CONT'D)
Yo, Nos! Didn't see you there.

Nos grumbles in acknowledgement. He nods over to the empty "Gen-Z" section.

NOS
I'm switching Gens. Again.

JAY
Bummer. I'm just taking Eppie's intern here on a tour.

At Eppie's name, Nos visibly softens.

NOS
How's the Millennial Harvest going?

JAY
Not great. Hopefully Vaughn here can help.

NOS
(to Vaughn)
You any good at anything?

VAUGHN
I'm great at everything.

NOS
Full of it, I see.

Nos looks back at Jay.

NOS (CONT'D)
Send Eppie my way. We need to talk
strategy with Gen-Z and
Millennials.

VAUGHN
I know *tons* about Millennials.

Jay and Nos look at her in surprise.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
Just feel like I lived it, ya know?

NOS
Hmmpf. We'll see.

He shuffles away.

JAY
That's about the best you're gonna
get from him.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Is that Jay I hear?

Phoebe walks over.

JAY
This is Eppie's intern.

She squeezes Vaughn in a large hug. Vaughn stiffens,
uncomfortable.

JAY (CONT'D)
Vaughn, you are looking at the O.G.
inventor of--

PHOEBE
Oh, Jay. You know we're as only
good as our last design.

Phoebe pulls back. Looks Vaughn over.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
You're gonna help her crack these pesky Millennials. I can feel it.

She squeezes Vaughn again.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Gotta get back to it. Deaths don't design themselves.

She exits. Jay leads Vaughn towards "Baby Boomer" design.

JAY
Saved the best for last.

INT. REAPER, INC. - HALLWAY - DAY

Eppie jogs through her Void towards the door labeled "Research and Design". She runs headlong into Todd.

TODD
I'm glad I caught you. We need to move up our meeting. CEO wants something later today.

EPPIE
I need more time for...analysis.

TODD
No need for something formal.

EPPIE
Sure, but--

TODD
Great!

Eppie watches him glide away.

EPPIE
Triple shit.

INT. REAPER, INC. - R&D LAB (BABY BOOMERS) - DAY

The best kind of chaos. Posters from The Beatles, trinkets from the Summer of Love, etc.

Jay tours Vaughn around the lab.

JAY
Baby Boomer Death Design aka the best department.

VAUGHN
That's a bit cocky.

JAY
Only if it's not true.

Vaughn picks up an original Yo-Yo.

JAY (CONT'D)
"Death by Yo-Yo Strangling". Had to
abandon it. Boomers didn't like
their toys "malfunctioning".

VAUGHN
So why do we care how much a human
likes their death?

JAY
Wasn't this covered in orientation?

VAUGHN
I'm easily distracted.

JAY
The happier a human is with their
death, the bigger and tastier Crop
you get.

Eppie rushes in.

EPPIE
JAY! Jay! I need your help. They
moved up the meeting and--

Jay and Vaughn turn to her.

Eppie freezes. Vaughn waves.

JAY
You left your intern all alone.

VAUGHN
Yes. You left me *all* alone.

EPPIE
I need her.

Jay pouts. Eppie gives her a look.

JAY
(to Vaughn)
So my department's the best, right?

Vaughn winks at Jay.

VAUGHN
We'll see.

INT. REAPER, INC. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Eppie drags Vaughn in. Plucks at the shabby reaper robe and the name tag. Pokes Vaughn. Pulls at her cheeks.

VAUGHN
Ow.

Eppie notices the scythe in Vaughn's hand. Points to it.

EPPIE
Give me that.

Eppie yanks it away. Inspects it. It snaps to Vaughn's hand.

Eppie yanks again. She can't even get the scythe out of Vaughn's hand. She stands back in shock.

VAUGHN
This feels pretty bonded to me.

EPPIE
No one can separate a Reaper from their Scythe.

VAUGHN
It seems like I'm pretty special.

EPPIE
Do you know what this means?

Vaughn shrugs.

EPPIE (CONT'D)
Me neither! But I'm pretty sure it's not good.

Eppie pulls out her own scythe. Tries to reap Vaughn's soul.

The end of her scythe sticks in Vaughn. She starts to glow. Eppie pulls hard. Vaughn's soul separates from her body.

As Vaughn grips tight on the Scythe, her soul and body snap back together. She pats herself down. She's fine.

EPPIE (CONT'D)
Your soul's still intact.

VAUGHN
I'm not dead?

EPPIE

Technically, you're alive.

Vaughn leans on her scythe, casual.

VAUGHN

This isn't the afterlife, is it?
It's something else.

EPPIE

Heh. What makes you say that?

Vaughn rolls her eyes at Eppie. Eppie deliberates.

EPPIE (CONT'D)

Yes. Everyone you met is an
Immortal Grim Reaper and designs
deaths for humankind. Scary,
gruesome weapons, diseases and
stuff.

She throws her hood over her head and "WOO's" like a ghost.

A beat.

VAUGHN

When can I start?

Eppie pulls her hood back down.

EPPIE

What?

VAUGHN

I've got so many ideas!

EPPIE

Humans can't design deaths!

VAUGHN

Why not?

EPPIE

I lied. This is all a dream.

VAUGHN

Uh huh.

EPPIE

You've got a really creative
subconscious. The most creative one
in the entire world, actually.
Congratulations!

VAUGHN

I love flattery as much as the next person, but you can't out B.S. the master.

EPPIE

Well you won't remember any of this when I get you back to Earth.

VAUGHN

You're gonna send me back to Earth just to die?

EPPIE

You said you were already "dead on the inside"!

VAUGHN

I didn't know there was another option! And...there's nothing really on Earth left for me. Just part-time jobs and "intermittent fasting" because I don't make enough money for food. I want to stay. Please.

Eppie sees a fleeting glimpse of sincerity from Vaughn.

EPPIE

I have to get you back.

VAUGHN

And how would that work exactly?

Eppie makes a Void. Pushes Vaughn through.

EPPIE

Like that.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. VAUGHN'S APARTMENT - VAUGHN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A disaster with clothes strewn everywhere, food on plates, an Ikea dresser misassembled, and a mattress on the floor.

Vaughn tumbles in through a Void, scythe in hand. A patchy Tomcat (CHAPMAN) HISSES at her from the doorway.

VAUGHN

Piss off, Chapman. I know you've been trying to smother me in my sleep.

ROOMATE (O.S.)

Vaughn, that you?

Vaughn looks around. There's nothing left here for her.

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

Some cops stopped by about a ZipCar-

Vaughn grips the scythe. A Void appears. She walks through.

The Void disappears. Chapman stops hissing.

A new Void appears behind Chapman. Vaughn's foot slips through and kicks him across the room.

He lands, unhurt, but pissed.

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN - NIGHT

Eppie steps through a Void. Looks around for Intern #1337. Sees Intern #1337's robe on the floor, next to black soot.

Nothing else.

EPPIE

Where is she?

Eppie rubs her hand through the soot, pensive.

She stands. Paces.

EPPIE (CONT'D)

These are definitely Dismantled Reaper remains. So well. I'm screwed. Might as well come clean. Maybe they'll be nice.

(MORE)

EPPIE (CONT'D)

Or maybe I should go on the run.
Jay'd hide me for a bit. She owes
me after the disaster in
Constantinople.

She wraps up the robe. Makes a Void. Walks through.

INT. REAPER, INC. - TODD'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

An insane extrapolation of Todd's "middle-aged" man things
from the Powerpoint presentation scattered about.

In its own spotlight: A rudimentary guillotine.

Todd leans back in his chair, CHUCKLING at a Hooded Reaper in
the chair across from him.

Eppie enters through a Void with Intern #1337's robe.

EPPIE

Todd, we need to talk about the
Intern.

The chair spins around. The Reaper pulls down their hood --
it's Vaughn.

VAUGHN

Thanks for grabbing my robe!

Vaughn takes the robe. Eppie stares in shock -- What the
ACTUAL fuck?

TODD

You kept us waiting quite a while.

VAUGHN

It's been a long day.
(to Eppie)
Let me take this.

Vaughn gestures for Eppie to sit down. Eppie looks back and
forth between Todd and Vaughn.

Vaughn gestures again, emphatic. Eppie sits. Vaughn stands.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Todd. I'll cut to the chase. The
"Death by Electrocution with
Cricket Wireless Smart Phone"
failed. Horribly.

TODD

I thought it was good news.

Todd looks over at Eppie. Her knee bounces with anxiety.

VAUGHN

I'll get there. So while it was all going to shit, and Todd, let me tell you, it was going to *serious shit*, while all of it was going to shit, Eppie, bless her, was the epitome of calm. And in this serene state, she happened to overhear the human making a dark joke about "Dying via Boredom". I didn't even hear it. And so when we got back, I was a mess, just worried sick. To calm me down, she had Jay take me on a tour to get to really know all of the different generational designs. Some really amazing, inspiring stuff, by the way. And so then when Eppie and I came back together to brainstorm, it was so great, by the way, a manager wanting *my* input. Anyways, during the session she mentioned the "Dying via Boredom".

Vaughn smiles over at Eppie.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

We started laughing. What does "Dying via Boredom" look like? Why would the Millennial say that? And I noticed that all of our previous death designs, while amazing, have been *tangible*. Weapons, Diseases, Animas, etc. I mean, I have respect for the guillotine, Todd. I really do. Pure genius. But we've never done anything freeform or metaphysical. A kind of "Death Experience". So I think we could explore that. The way that the Millennial smiled when she said "Death by Boredom" makes me think that they'd really love it. Maybe we'd get a HUGE crop from these Millennials. Maybe even as much as the guillotine did. And so then, Eppie, being the supportive manager she is, suggested I pitch this to you. She didn't want any credit, but she's the reason this idea happened. So we want to explore this in a formal capacity.

TODD

What am I supposed to tell the CEO
about the previous design?

Vaughn kicks Eppie's bouncing leg. -- Say something!

EPPIE

You. Uh. You could report it out as
is, but pitch this new innovative
project to get out in front of any
concerns.

Todd looks back and forth between them. Eppie gulps.

Todd smiles.

TODD

Inspired. I'll shuffle some things
around in the budget.

(to Eppie)

I told you she would help.

(to Vaughn)

Greatness truly runs in your
family.

VAUGHN

Don't I know it.

They get up to leave.

TODD

Oh, and Vaughn?

VAUGHN

Hmm?

TODD

You've picked quite a bland face.
You should upgrade. Do you want my
help?

VAUGHN

I'll stick with this one.

TODD

Right. Right. No special treatment.

Eppie and Vaughn exit.

INT. REAPER, INC. - DAY

Eppie pulls Vaughn aside.

VAUGHN
"Upgrade my face". Gross.

EPPIE
How are you back here?

Vaughn brandishes her scythe.

VAUGHN
These are super intuitive.

EPPIE
If they find out that you're a
human. A Crop, no less...

VAUGHN
Look, I just saved both of our
asses. And you clearly need help.
Who better than a human?

Vaughn walks towards the R&D Lab, Eppie follows.

INT. REAPER, INC. - TODD'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Todd addresses a retro-1950s TV with CEO Reaper on the
screen.

INTERCUT - TV/VIDEO CONVERSATION

CEO REAPER
This "metaphysical Millennial
Death" project sounds interesting.

TODD
It will also give our Intern
helpful experience.

CEO Reaper rubs his chin, pensive.

CEO REAPER
Now are you sure it's possible to
significantly improve happiness?
Sometimes it's simply a bad Crop
Season and we must cut our losses.
It's not the first time we've done
the Mass Harvest of an entire
generation.

TODD
I'm still keeping that option open.

CEO REAPER

Good. If you go that route, feel free to really make it your own. A sweeping catastrophe or fun new kind of extinction. We love your creativity.

INT. REAPER, INC. - R&D LAB - DAY

Jay, Phoebe, and Nos wait with Soul Sphere cupcakes.

Eppie and Vaughn enter. Eppie looks at all of them, confused.

PHOEBE

We heard the news about the special project!

NOS

Congratulations.

JAY

I'm so proud of you!

They offer Vaughn one. She declines and joins Phoebe and Nos.

JAY (CONT'D)

(to Eppie)

I told you to try something off the wall! She's already doing you some good.

Eppie looks over at Vaughn, laughing easily with Phoebe.

EPPIE

Yes. Doing me good.

Jay joins Phoebe, Nos, and Vaughn. Vaughn walks over with a cupcake for Eppie.

VAUGHN

How could you get rid of me now?

Vaughn offers her hand.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Partners?

EPPIE

We need a plan.

VAUGHN

Don't we have one?

EPPIE

A real one.

VAUGHN

We'll figure it out.

EPPIE

You have to promise to listen to me.

VAUGHN

Scout's honor.

Eppie looks at her, anxious. They shake.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

And don't worry, I'll only crash on your couch for a bit. Just 'til I find my own place.

"*Don't Fear the Reaper*" by the Blue Oyster Cult plays over the credits.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An unconscious body in a hospital dressing gown lies in the bed, the head covered in bandages. A NURSE takes the vitals.

A POLICE OFFICER walks in. Flashes their badge.

POLICE OFFICER
Has anyone been into visit?

NURSE
Unfortunately, no.

POLICE OFFICER
This Jane Doe was found where
Vaughn Holmes was last seen. We've
got a lot of questions when they
wake up.

Nurse looks over the body.

NURSE
If they wake up.

ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE: Vaughn's broken Cricket Wireless phone
and the "Intern #1337" pin sit in plain sight.

END OF PILOT