

TRUST FALL

Written by

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SUPERIMPOSE OVER BLACK

"Life is either a daring adventure, or nothing at all."

OVER BLACK

The loud, steady hum of a single-engine plane stirs in the background, the snapping of metal clips click with it.

FADE IN:

INT. CESSNA SINGLE ENGINE PLANE - DAY

Cramped into the seatless fuselage are two SKYDIVING INSTRUCTORS in navy blue jumpsuits and black harnesses, their two millennial aged participants, ROB and CODY, are both strapped in to the harnesses as the plane jostles them around.

Rob and Cody face each other with their backs to the Instructors, they nod their heads and grin at each other with nervous excitement.

The PILOT holds up 3 fingers.

Cody and his Instructor shift over closer to the door, the Instructor taps his hand on each of the harness clips. He adjusts the clear goggles on Cody's face.

The door swings open. The blast of cold air is deafening.

The Instructor puts his thumb up in Cody's face. Cody returns his own thumb up. They slide over to the edge of the open door.

Cody shifts his feet over the edge and dangles them in the air. He gives one more look back to Rob, and smirks.

The Instructor and Cody fall into the thick white air, disappearing from Rob's view.

Several seconds pass. Rob and the Instructor have yet to move closer to the door.

The Pilot shouts over the noise.

PILOT

SCOTT!

The Instructor, SCOTT, an unkempt man of middle-age, stares blankly at the plane wall in front of him. Unaffected by the noise and urgency.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
Scott! You ready!?

The pilot waves his hand in front of Scott's stoic face and vacant eyes.

Without acknowledgement, Scott nudges them forward to the edge. He doesn't look back at the Pilot.

Rob's feet dangle over the edge, 10,000 feet in the air. He turns his head, waiting for the thumbs up signal from Scott.

In a blink they are over the edge and out of the plane, falling in the sky.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

Against the engine's humming the wind whips against their falling bodies.

Gradually the sound of the engine fades, but the sound of the whipping wind remains.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Scott is sitting up on the edge of his bed, his phone alarm ringing behind him. His red stained eyes stare blankly at the wall across from him, seemingly hollow of emotion. He tries closing them and taking a few deep breaths. He slowly lumbers his tired body up from his bed.

He walks over to his phone, swiping it open to shut off his alarm, he puts up his finger to swipe it off but then stops. His shoulders slump as he reflects on the background picture of him and a woman, smiling.

His face tightens with pain, he cautiously places the phone down and then leaves the room, leaving his phone still ringing behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

In his messy kitchen, amid stacks of empty pizza boxes and takeout wrappers, Scott sits at a small round table and leans over an empty bowl. He reaches for a cereal box and pours only a few flakes into his bowl, frustrated he shakes the box in hopes of more and then tosses it aside.

He reaches for the carton of milk beside him, pouring only a few drops into the bowl. Again he frustratingly shakes the empty carton.

His head resting on his one hand, he picks up a spoon with the other and reaches into the nearly empty bowl. He lifts a spoonful and in the process of bringing it to his mouth spills most of it.

Out of frustration he grips the spoon and hurls it across the room, flipping over the bowl of cereal with it.

He then drops his head back in both his hands, leaning over the table in anguish.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A clear blue sky, a perfect summer day, the sun shines down over the highway. It's shine glistening off the trees that line the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rob is driving with Cody in the passenger seat. Both are rhythmically bobbing their heads to the music, chuckling with excitement at their upcoming adventure.

ROB

Honestly I don't know, I just bought it without thinking.

CODY

You sent me the confirmation like 10 minutes after I messaged you.

ROB

Like I said, wasn't thinking.

CODY

That's probably better, just do it.

ROB

And that's exactly what I thought of after, if we don't do it now, I doubt we ever will.

CODY

You think its bad we resorted to jumping out of planes for fun?

ROB

Eh, what else is there to do?

CODY  
Nothing but tempt death.

ROB  
Bee stings and lightning strikes.

CODY  
What?

ROB  
You're more likely to die from a  
bee sting or a lightning strike  
than skydiving.

CODY  
You sure? I've been stung by a bee  
before.

ROB  
Yeah, and you didn't die did you?

Cody puts his palms up and shrugs his shoulders.

ROB (CONT'D)  
My point exactly.

CODY  
You think you'll be nervous when we  
finally get up there?

Rob shrugs.

ROB  
Who knows?

CODY  
They say that's when it hits you,  
that even the most confident back  
out at the last second once they're  
up there.

ROB  
I don't know if it's confidence or  
just stupidity, but I feel pretty  
good.

CODY  
Same here.

ROB  
So to answer your question, I guess  
we won't know till we know.

Cody nods his head and then peers out the passenger window. He points to a store outside.

CODY

Look at that, a psychic, should we go in and ask if we'll survive?

He looks at Rob with a grin and the two excited adventurers laugh together.

EXT. SKYDIVING CENTER - DAY

A large industrial sized warehouse. Just outside the open gate to the warehouse is a narrow strip of concrete runway. Behind the strip of runway is a open field of bright green grass.

INT. SKYDIVING CENTER - DAY

At two picnic-style tables a group of INSTRUCTORS in navy blue jumpsuits are seated.

LUKE, DREW, and TERRY, all in their early 30's, are seated across from each other, waiting for the next round of newcomers to arrive.

Terry sips a steaming cup of coffee.

LUKE

I don't how you can drink so much of that.

TERRY

I'm used to it.

LUKE

Yeah but then don't you have to piss up there?

TERRY

Nah, i'm used to it. I need it to wake me up.

LUKE

It's like your third cup.

TERRY

Sometimes I hold it. We're up and down quick enough.

LUKE

I hate holding in a piss.

TERRY

What about him? He's on his second breakfast.

Terry points at Drew. They both look at him.

Drew looks up mid-bite of his sandwich. He finishes chewing before he answers.

DREW

I can't jump on an empty stomach.

TERRY

(Sarcastic)

You see. Don't judge us Luke.

Luke smirks and shakes his head.

He notices two young WOMEN, both in their early 20's, walking towards the table.

LUKE

Well, one of you better finish, we're up.

Drew and Terry look over at the next two jumpers walking in.

DREW

What-Where the hell is Scott? This is the second jump i'll have to cover for him.

LUKE

I don't know man.

Luke gets up to greet the two women.

Terry sips his coffee, grinning at Drew.

DREW

I know dude.. I know.

TERRY

You better eat that quick.

Drew crumples up his sandwich wrapper and starts to stand up.

DREW

Can you do me a favor and-

TERRY

(Interrupting)

Have a good jump!

Terry places his coffee down and picks up his phone.

DREW  
Yeah, yeah, thanks.

Drew calmly nods his head and walks over to the women.

LUKE (O.S)  
Alright you girls excited!

INT. CAR - DAY

Scott is seated in his car. The car engine is off, the music is off. He stares blankly out at the building in front of him.

A plane engine stirs outside. He glances up in the air, watching the single engine plane lift off into the sky.

He shuts his eyes and grits his teeth.

INT. SKYDIVING CENTER - DAY

The two women have returned from their jump. They are jittering with energy and smiles, laughing almost deliriously.

Luke and Drew follow behind them, calm and cool. This jump was all a simple routine for them.

Scott is quietly changing into his jumpsuit. Lazily throwing on his harness.

LUKE (O.S.)  
Yep just fill out the card and place them in the box.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
Thank you so much!

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
That was awesome!

DREW (O.S.)  
Good we're glad, we'll see you next time!

Scott has not looked up once as they walk in. He sits on the edge of one of the tables, rubbing his head with his hands.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Oh there he is!

LUKE  
Late night Scotty?

DREW  
You owe me two man.

LUKE  
(To Drew)  
What do you care? It gave you some  
extra work.

DREW  
(To Scott)  
You okay man?

Scott continues rubbing his head, ignoring Drew's question.

Drew and Luke look at each other, confused. Drew repeats his question.

Still rubbing his head, Scott either is ignoring them, or doesn't hear them.

LUKE  
Scott!

Luke's yell breaks Scott out of his trance.

SCOTT  
What!

He looks at them with red, strained eyes.

DREW  
Uh, I said are you alright?

Scott continues fixing his jumpsuit.

SCOTT  
Yeah-yeah i'm fine. Sorry.

DREW  
No worries man, just making sure  
you're okay.

Scott doesn't answer and continues fiddling with his suit.

LUKE  
Dam, must have been a real late  
night.

Luke and Drew laugh and sit down at the table across from Scott.

Scott immediately gets up once they sit.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Leaving again?

SCOTT  
Just running to the bathroom.

Scott quickly walks away.

Drew looks at Luke, a faint sense of concern across his face.

Luke shrugs off any sense of his worry. He picks up his phone and swipes with his thumb.

He holds the phone close to Drew's face.

LUKE  
Dude, look at this match I got last night.

INT. SKYDIVING CENTER BATHROOM - DAY

Scott stands with his hands on the sink, staring blankly in the mirror.

EXT. SKYDIVING CENTER - DAY

Rob and Cody are walking towards the door of the sky diving center. They stop just outside the front doors.

ROB  
You ready?

Cody shrugs.

CODY  
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Scott splashes water on his face and glances back in the mirror.

SCOTT  
Are you ready?

INT. SKYDIVING CENTER - DAY

Scott returns to the main preparation area.

Terry is talking with Rob and Cody.

DREW

Oh good, I thought I was going to  
have to cover for you again.

Drew playfully taps Scott on the shoulder as he walks by him.

Scott walks closer to Terry, Rob, and Cody.

TERRY (O.S.)

First time for you guys as well?

ROB (O.S.)

Yep, for both of us.

TERRY (O.S.)

Ah great, you're gonna love it.  
Everyone does.

Terry halfway turns and points to Scott.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ah here he is, the master himself.  
This is Scott, he'll be going up  
with us.

Scott feigns a smile.

Terry sizes up Rob and Cody.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(Pointing to Cody)

Cody right? Ok you're with me.

Cody walks over to Terry.

INT. SKYDIVING CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Terry is explaining the positioning and instructions for when  
they're in the sky.

TERRY

Nice and easy, we're just going to  
step with our right foot, and then  
lean over, and let gravity do the  
rest.

He mimics the motion several times to show Cody.

Scott is quietly adjusting the harness that's placed over Rob. He hasn't said anything, he just keeps tightening the straps.

He doesn't realize Rob has asked him something.

SCOTT  
What was that?

ROB  
I asked how long you've been doing  
this?

SCOTT  
30 years.

ROB  
Wow. What a job, what a life, you  
must love it huh?

Scott takes a moment to respond.

SCOTT  
(Faintly)  
Yeah..

He pulls the last two straps tighter.

The hum of the plane engine is heard and the small plane appears on the runway just outside.

TERRY  
Alright here we go!

The group of four walk towards the plane.

Luke shouts over the stirring engine.

LUKE (O.S.)  
Have a good jump!

INT. CESSNA SINGLE ENGINE PLANE - SOMETIME LATER

The engine stirs, the rickety plane clanks and jostles in the air.

PILOT  
Scott! You ready!?

The pilot waves his hand in front of Scott's face.

Scott nudges them forward to the edge.

Rob's feet dangle over the edge, he turns his head, waiting for the thumbs up signal from Scott. He tries shouting but his voice is drowned out by the noise. Before he can turn more Scott pushes them over the edge. They are falling.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The wind is blistering past Robs face. The cold crisp air flapping against his suit. He picks up his head, gazing in awe and wonder at the view below him. With not a cloud in the sky he can see for miles, across the green land below him to the soft blue of the ocean around him. It's peaceful and tranquil, a feeling he wouldn't have expected to feel falling from such a distance.

It's a complete sensory overload. Time has been dilated, his ability to track it seems broken. The 30 second free-fall has felt like minutes. A minute of weightlessness, a minute of freedom, a minute of full joy.

A MINUTE. Rob's mind calculates. A MINUTE. That's how long the fall has been. And it's not slowing. The view around him is getting closer, the wind in his face is getting faster. A MINUTE. The fall is too long. *When will this chute open?*

Panic creeps in to Rob's mind.

Scott's face is calm, blank, and cold. He doesn't notice the fidgeting and twisting of Rob's neck in front of him.

Rob desperately tries shouting behind him.

ROB  
HEYYYY! HEYYYY!

Scott's face remains cold. He grimaces through the struggle.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A WOMAN paces back and forth around Scott's room, with him trailing behind her, his hands clasped together, pleading.

WOMAN  
How could you! I trusted you!

SCOTT  
I know, I know. Please.

Scott tries grasping her arm but she pulls away forcefully.

WOMAN

You didn't think I would find out!  
You tried to hide it!

SCOTT

I know, it was wrong, a mistake,  
just let me explain, i'm-

WOMAN

(Interrupting)

No! I'm done! I don't need to hear  
your explaining! You ruined  
everything! You ruined us!

Scott tries one more time to hold her hand to calm her, she pushes him away and storms out.

SCOTT

Please.. I'm sorry.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SKY - DAY

Rob tries maneuvering his body to get Scott's attention.

ROB

HEYYYY!

Rob glances down again. He can start recognizing buildings and the model of cars now.

ROB (CONT'D)

OPEN IT! OPEN IT!

Rob flails with his arms desperately trying anything he can to change their course, but the weight of Scott on top of him renders him helpless.

ROB (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

Rob continues flailing his arms, trying to reach behind him. Trying to do something in his desperation.

Scott presses his hands against Rob's arms, forcing them down, forcing him calm.

Rob stares back again at the fast approaching ground. His mind senses the closing in of the earth below him.

The wind stops whipping around him. The cold air stops hitting his arms. The feeling of speed and gravity non-existent. A serene, calm silence breaks through in Robs mind.

In the now quiet air, Rob's body is tired of yelling, his mind exhausted from rationalizing what is happening. In the now quiet air, he makes one more desperate plea.

ROB (CONT'D)  
(Faintly)  
Please..

Their weightless bodies hurl towards the ground, amid the beauty of nature, above the picturesque surroundings.

Scott leans his face closer to Rob's ear and closes his eyes, hoping for one last time to see the woman's face.

SCOTT  
I'm sorry.

Two tears fall from his eyes and then shoot away from his face in the wind.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END