

No Clear Sky: Webisodes

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ACT I

Episodes 1-3

No Clear Sky

Episode One: "Fractured Foundations"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA – NIGHT

Rain pours relentlessly over a dilapidated town. The streets glisten under the glow of a few functioning streetlights. A distant refinery looms in the background, its stacks pumping smoke into the stormy sky.

INT. BECCA'S ALLEY – NIGHT

A young woman, **BECCA** (late 20s, pale, gaunt), shivers in an alley. Her soaked hoodie clings to her thin frame as she hugs herself against the cold. Her eyes dart nervously down the street, scanning for something—or someone.

Headlights cut through the rain. Becca flinches, shielding her face from the light. A beat-up sedan pulls up, idling.

The driver's window rolls down. **ETHAN MCALLISTER** (early 20s, wiry, haunted eyes) sits behind the wheel, his face partially obscured by shadows. He looks detached, his fingers tapping the steering wheel with nervous energy.

BECCA

(pleading)

Ethan... please. Just this once. I get paid Friday. I'll pay you back, I swear.

ETHAN

(flat, emotionless)

You said that last time.

Becca steps closer, her hands trembling.

BECCA

I mean it this time. I—I just need to get through the week.

A tense beat. Ethan reaches into the center console, pulling out a small bag of pills. He hesitates, his jaw tightening, before handing it over.

ETHAN

Last time, Becca. Don't make this a habit.

Becca snatches the bag, clutching it like a lifeline.

BECCA

(whispering)

Thank you.

Ethan doesn't respond. He rolls the window up and pulls away, leaving Becca standing in the rain.

EXT. PARKERSBURG STREETS – NIGHT

Ethan drives in silence. Rain streaks across the windshield, distorting his view. The rhythmic squeak of the wipers fills the car.

Hanging from the rearview mirror is a worn photo of a smiling woman holding a baby—his mother. The photo swings gently with the car's movements. Ethan's eyes linger on it, his expression hardening.

A distant siren pierces the quiet. Ethan grips the steering wheel tighter, his knuckles whitening.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

INT. MADDIE'S APARTMENT – MORNING

MADDIE TAYLOR (early 30s, weary but determined) wakes to the sound of steady dripping. She glances at the ceiling, where water leaks through a crack into a plastic bucket.

LILY (7, bright-eyed, innocent) tugs at Maddie's blanket.

LILY

Mommy, can we have pancakes?

Maddie sits up, forcing a smile.

MADDIE

How about cereal today? Pancakes are for special mornings.

Lily frowns but nods.

LILY

Okay.

Maddie watches as Lily skips to the kitchen, unaware of the pile of unpaid bills stacked on the counter.

CLOSE-UP: Maddie's face. She takes a deep breath, her smile fading.

INT. WVU-P CLASSROOM – DAY

Ethan sits in the back of a small lecture hall, his phone hidden beneath the desk. His professor drones on about ethical dilemmas in modern society.

PROFESSOR

Ethics isn't about right and wrong. It's about the gray areas—the tough decisions that force us to confront our values.

Ethan's phone buzzes. He glances down at a text: *"Need ASAP. Usual spot?"*

CLASSMATE

(leaning over)

You seem distracted.

Ethan forces a grin.

ETHAN

Late night. Work-study shifts suck.

CLASSMATE

(chuckling)

Better than dealing drugs, right?

Ethan freezes for a split second but quickly laughs it off.

CLOSE-UP: Ethan's phone, the text still glowing on the screen.

ACT TWO

INT. STRIP CLUB – NIGHT

The neon lights pulse to the beat of muffled music. Maddie dances mechanically on stage, her expression blank. The crowd is sparse but rowdy, crumpled bills landing at her feet.

Backstage, Maddie changes into a sweater, her movements hurried. Her boss, **FRANK** (50s, obese, sleazy), leans against the doorframe, watching her.

FRANK

If you're so desperate, Maddie, you've got options. Real money's in the backroom.

Maddie stiffens but doesn't look at him.

MADDIE

I'll figure it out. Without you.

Frank smirks, his eyes lingering too long.

FRANK

Suit yourself. Don't come crying to me when rent's due.

Maddie exhales sharply as Frank leaves. She leans against the mirror, her hands shaking.

INT. ETHAN'S DORM ROOM – NIGHT

Ethan sits on his bed, staring at a worn photo of his mother. His phone buzzes on the nightstand.

Text: *"Where are you? People are waiting."*

Ethan types a response: *"Can't tonight."*

He hesitates, deletes the message, and types: *"Be there in 20."*

Ethan tosses the phone onto the bed, running his hands through his hair.

ACT THREE

EXT. PARKERSBURG STREETS – NIGHT

Maddie carries Lily in her arms, her steps slow and deliberate. The city is quiet except for the sound of her boots splashing through puddles.

Her landlord, **MR. GRAYSON** (60s, impatient), waits by the stairwell.

GRAYSON

You're two months behind, Maddie. I've been patient, but—

MADDIE

(cutting him off)

You'll get it. I just need a little more time.

Grayson sighs, shaking his head as Maddie brushes past him.

INT. MADDIE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Maddie lays Lily in bed, tucking the blanket around her tightly. She kisses her forehead before retreating to the kitchen.

She stares at the bills on the counter, her shoulders slumping.

CLOSING SCENE

EXT. PARKERSBURG SKYLINE – NIGHT

Ethan stands on a rooftop, a cigarette dangling from his lips. The glowing refinery stacks dominate the horizon, their smoke blending with the storm clouds.

Across town, Maddie gazes out her window, her face illuminated by the faint light.

AUDIO:

A news report plays faintly in the background.

REPORTER

Parkersburg police are investigating a rise in drug overdoses, with some cases pointing to a new supplier in the region.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Ethan's phone buzzes again. He looks up to see a shadowed figure in the doorway.

SUPPLIER

(cold)

We need to talk.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

EPISODE TWO: "BURNING BOTH ENDS"

TEASER

EXT. PARKERSBURG - ALLEYWAY - PRE-DAWN

Rain pours relentlessly over the desolate streets. Flashes of red and blue reflect off the puddles.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING

ERIN CALDWELL (mid-30s, lean, haunted) crouches over a teenage boy, **JASON (16)**, pale and unresponsive. Sweat trickles down her face as she administers Narcan, her hands steady but trembling slightly.

PARTNER

Breathing's shallow. Pulse is weak.

ERIN

Come on. Stay with me, kid.

Jason jolts upright, coughing violently. Erin leans back, exhaling a sigh of relief, but her expression is devoid of victory.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jason's MOTHER (40s, disheveled) grabs Erin's hand as the paramedics roll Jason inside.

MOTHER

You saved him. God bless you.

Erin pulls her hand away gently, avoiding eye contact.

ERIN

Just get him help.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Erin lights a cigarette, the flame briefly illuminating her exhausted face. She stares at the boy's pale reflection in the glass doors of the hospital, then turns away.

A distant siren crescendos as the screen cuts to black.

TITLE CARD: NO CLEAR SKY

ACT I

SCENE 1 - INT. LIAM'S PATROL CAR - DESERTED PARKING LOT - PRE-DAWN

LIAM BRODY (late 30s, rugged, principled) scrolls through a text conversation with his estranged wife.

TEXT: "You can't avoid this forever, Liam."

He rubs his temples, staring out into the rain-soaked lot. The police radio crackles:

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Robbery in progress at Bowman's Hardware.

Liam drops his phone onto the passenger seat and shifts into drive.

LIAM (to himself)

Watch me.

SCENE 2 - INT. EMS STATION LOCKER ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Erin sits on a bench, staring at a photo of her deceased parents pinned inside her locker. She pulls a flask from her jacket and takes a long swig.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Erin pours whiskey into a coffee mug and scrolls through TikTok videos of teens dancing and laughing. She snorts bitterly, shaking her head.

ERIN (to herself)

Yeah, sure. Life's a party.

Her reflection in the dark screen of her phone looks hollow and distant.

ACT II

SCENE 3 - INT. BOWMAN'S HARDWARE - EARLY MORNING

JACK BOWMAN (50s, wiry, irritable) shows Liam the aftermath of the robbery—broken locks, empty shelves.

JACK

Third time this month. They don't even bother hiding anymore.

LIAM

It's the same crew. I'll run 'em down.

In the alley, Liam spots RYAN BRODY (early 30s, gaunt, jittery) skulking away. He corners him.

LIAM

Ryan. What the hell are you doing here?

RYAN

Nothing. Just passing through.

Liam stares him down, frustration etched on his face.

LIAM

You can't keep doing this. Get it together.

RYAN (snarling)

Spare me the lecture, Officer Perfect.

Liam's jaw tightens, but he lets Ryan go.

SCENE 4 - INT. SANDERS' HOME - AFTERNOON

JUDGE SANDERS (early 50s, stoic, authoritative) sits at the dinner table with his daughter, NATALIE (17, defiant). He holds up her TikTok account on his phone, the screen glowing with a provocative video.

SANDERS

This is what you want people to see? This is what you want them to remember?

NATALIE

At least people notice me. You only care when it makes you look bad.

Natalie storms out. Sanders sits alone, the glow from his phone casting harsh shadows on his face.

ACT III

SCENE 5 - EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Liam exits his cruiser with a suspect in custody. He notices Erin leaning against her ambulance, smoking. Their eyes meet briefly.

LIAM

Long shift?

ERIN (smirking)

They all are.

They share a silent moment of understanding before Liam moves on.

SCENE 6 - INT. RYAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Ryan sits in his dimly lit trailer, stolen tools scattered on the floor. His hands shake as he stares at his phone.

RYAN

(whispering) Screw it.

He dials Ethan's number.

RYAN

I need something.

ENDING SCENE - MONTAGE

1. INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT

Erin drinks alone, her cracked mirror distorting her reflection.

2. INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM

Natalie scrolls through her phone, pausing on a draft TikTok about addiction recovery. She hesitates, then deletes it.

3. EXT. PARKERSBURG SKYLINE - NIGHT

Liam sits in his cruiser, gripping the steering wheel tightly as he stares at an old photo of Ryan as a boy.

4. INT. RYAN'S TRAILER

Ryan sits frozen, his phone pressed to his ear.

RYAN

I need something.

CUT TO BLACK.

A distant siren wails in the background as the credits roll.

EPIISODE THREE: "SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY"

TEASER

INT. RYAN'S TRAILER - EARLY MORNING

Dim light filters through cracked blinds, casting uneven shadows across the chaotic room. PAWN SLIPS, EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, and an OVERTURNED TOOLBOX litter the floor.

RYAN BRODY (early 30s, gaunt, disheveled) sits bolt upright on the couch, drenched in sweat. His breathing is erratic. He scans the room, eyes wide and frantic.

RYAN

Where are they?

He throws objects aside—a lamp crashes to the ground. His trembling hands open a drawer, revealing nothing but useless junk. He slams it shut.

His gaze falls on a SCHOOL PHOTO pinned to the wall: his SON, smiling innocently, wearing a too-big baseball cap. Ryan's breathing slows as guilt flickers across his face.

SFX: A faint metallic WELDING SPARK sound fades in, haunting.

Ryan suddenly tears the photo down, crumpling it.

RYAN (muttering)

Not like he'd be proud, anyway.

He stares at the crumpled photo in his hand, his jaw tightening.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: *NO CLEAR SKY*

ACT I

SCENE 1 - INT. SANDERS' CHAMBERS - MID-MORNING

Stacks of FILES and LEGAL BRIEFS clutter the desk of JUDGE SANDERS (early 50s, composed but weary). CHERYL (late 40s, efficient) stands nearby, flipping through a docket.

CHERYL

You've got back-to-back hearings all day, Judge. And the docket's overflowing again.

Sanders' phone buzzes. The caller ID: *NATALIE'S SCHOOL.*

Sanders stares at the screen, his hand hovering over it. The buzzing stops.

CHERYL (noticing)

You've been off lately. Want to talk about it?

SANDERS (brushing it off)

Not unless you can clear this docket and magically parent a teenager.

He sighs heavily, rubbing his temples.

SUBTEXT:

Sanders' internal conflict bleeds into his work. Cheryl's concern subtly signals that his personal issues are affecting his professional demeanor.

SCENE 2 - EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SHED - NIGHT

Ryan crouches in the shadows, a HOODED SWEATSHIRT pulled tightly over his head. The dim light of a streetlamp barely illuminates the LOCKED SHED DOOR in front of him.

SFX: A dog barks in the distance, then closer.

Ryan flinches but presses on. He jimmyes the lock, which gives with a soft CLICK.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

The small space is cluttered with POWER TOOLS. Ryan grabs what he can—an electric drill, a saw, a wrench set—and stuffs them into a backpack.

A porch light flicks on outside. Ryan freezes.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Who's out there?!

Ryan bolts, his sneakers slamming against the wet pavement. The neighbor's flashlight beam flickers behind him.

EXT. RYAN'S TRAILER - LATER

Ryan collapses onto his porch steps, drenched in sweat. He unzips the bag, his hands shaking as he pulls out the tools.

RYAN (to himself)

One more time. Just one more.

SUBTEXT:

Ryan's theft underscores his desperation and his growing disconnect from morality. The tools represent a fleeting grasp at survival, each act pulling him further from redemption.

ACT II

SCENE 3 - INT. SANDERS' HOME - EVENING

Sanders paces the kitchen, his phone in hand. He scrolls through NATALIE'S TikTok account, the screen glowing with a provocative video.

NATALIE (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Sanders turns to see Natalie (17, rebellious) leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed.

SANDERS

This? This is what you want people to see?

He holds up the phone. Natalie's jaw tightens.

NATALIE

At least people notice me. You only care when it makes you look bad.

SANDERS

You think this is how you get people to take you seriously?

Natalie glares at him, her cheeks flushed.

NATALIE (snapping)

Like you care!

She storms out, slamming the door to her room. Sanders exhales sharply, gripping the edge of the counter.

SUBTEXT:

Natalie's defiance reflects her need for validation, while Sanders' frustration masks his fear of losing his daughter. The slammed door becomes a physical and emotional barrier between them.

SCENE 4 - INT. RYAN'S TRAILER - LATE NIGHT

Liam bursts through the door, his eyes scanning the room. He notices the STOLEN TOOLS stacked in the corner.

Ryan slouches on the couch, his arms crossed defensively.

LIAM

Jesus, Ryan. What the hell is this?

RYAN

None of your business.

LIAM

You can't keep living like this. It's going to kill you.

Ryan chuckles bitterly.

RYAN

Maybe it should. Spare you the trouble.

Liam stares at him, anger flashing across his face, but beneath it, there's sadness.

LIAM

I can't save you if you won't even try.

He storms out, slamming the door. Ryan's smirk fades as he's left alone.

SUBTEXT:

Liam's anger stems from guilt, while Ryan's deflection reveals his deep self-loathing. Their strained relationship adds emotional depth to their respective arcs.

ACT III

SCENE 5 - INT. RYAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Ryan sits on the couch, a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY on the table and a small bag of PILLS in his hand.

He pours a shot, downs it, then pops two pills. He closes his eyes, leaning back as the effects set in.

EXT. RYAN'S TRAILER - LATER

Ryan's EX-GIRLFRIEND (late 20s, determined) pounds on the door, her young son clinging to her side.

EX-GIRLFRIEND

Ryan! Open up!

She shoves the door open to find Ryan slumped over, unconscious.

EX-GIRLFRIEND (panicking)

Stay outside, baby. Just stay outside!

She pulls out her phone, dialing 911 as tears streak her face.

SCENE 6 - INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sanders listens as a young DEFENDANT (early 20s) recounts her struggles with addiction. Her voice cracks with emotion.

DEFENDANT

I just want to do better. I just need help.

Sanders' expression softens.

SANDERS

Sometimes, second chances are the only way we make it through.

The defendant looks at him, relief flooding her face.

SUBTEXT:

Sanders' empathy for the defendant mirrors his desire to reconnect with Natalie, subtly showing his personal growth.

ENDING SCENE - MONTAGE

1. INT. HOSPITAL ER

Ryan is wheeled into the ER. The monitor flatlines briefly, then jolts back to life.

2. EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Ethan walks by, their eyes meeting briefly through the glass.

3. INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM

Natalie drafts a TikTok about addiction recovery, then deletes it.

4. INT. LIAM'S CAR

Liam sits outside the hospital, gripping his badge, guilt etched on his face.

SFX: The hum of fluorescent lights fades to silence as the screen cuts to black.

CLIFFHANGER: The final flatline beep jolts back to life, leaving viewers questioning Ryan's fate.