

An aerial shot of Los Santos. A beautiful daytime shot of a city in constant motion. The camera pans back and we see a man standing on a ledge. He has khaki pants and a tucked in shirt with his sleeves rolled up and a loose tie flapping in the wind. Below the sounds of daytime traffic and distant police sirens can be heard. He has few minutes left to make his decision. He had only come up here for a quick smoke break. He need it after getting grilled from Debbie. Did she not know that it's a recession, of course insurance sales were going to be low this quarter, they been in freefall since the bubble popped.

Of course he'd thought about suicide; who hasn't? It's not like he'd ever actually do it, it was just a thought. But still, he had decided to approach the ledge, just to look down. As he stood there, he stared down at all the small ants crawling to their destinations. He realized in that moment that they were all also people, just like him. Each of them had a Debbie. Fucking cunt, someone who was riding their ass and stressing them to go out onto a roof. It made him wonder if there was any escape from this life of his. Would he ride a desk into his grave? Would he ever find happiness or would he just keep pushing the stupid fucking insurance policies on people who couldn't afford them. He didn't even notice himself stepping up onto the ledge.

As he stood there it felt like time stood still. /whether it had been 13 seconds or 13 minutes he couldn't tell, his mind was racing a mile a minute. Did he want this? What was even the point going back downstairs? He was so unhappy there. Maybe he could quit, cause a massive scene and storm out. That thought made him feel good, but then it was immediately crushed by the worry of how he would provide for himself. This city is expensive he would get thrown into the streets within a month. No. he was trapped and this was the only way out. He had until the cops showed up to make up his mind. once they got there there would be no turning back. No One knew that it was him standing on this ledge right now, but once the police showed up, his suicidal nature would become a matter of public record, no one would look at him the same again.

Through the sound of the wind and the blood rushing through his ears, he heard a strange noise. It was the door leading to the roof, someone had come up here with him. When he looked over his shoulder his heart sank. It was Debbie, now his fate was sealed, he had to jump now that she'd seen him up there.

"Don't come closer! You Don't want to see me do this! I don't want you to watch!" he yelled. The fact that he was up here was so shameful. He was backed into a corner and he wanted his final moments to have a modicum of dignity in them. He wished with all his heart she would just leave. There were tear making their way down his face now. She started inching closer.

"Listen, Tom, its been really tough for the office lately, I know you've been working pretty hard. I know it has to stress you out and i haven;t been helping". Tom stood there looking over his shoulder. He had never heard Debbie talk like this before, she sound like she actually cared, and what was more, she sounded sincere. " I don't know about you, but when I'm stressed, I like

to get out of the office and take a break from it all.” She was next to him now, holding out her hand, offering it to Tom. “Come on, how about we go get a shake or something?”

Tom was absolutely dumbstruck. he thought that since Debbie had seen him his life was over. She was the one who drove him up here and the last person he had expected to help him. Once she saw him up there, he thought she would see him as broken or somehow less human, but that wasn't the case, she was coming to him as a person with sympathy. He was completely speechless. Slowly, he started to turn around. He took her hand and she forcefully pulled him from the edge. He crashed into her with an embrace and broke down. “ A-ah-ah s-shake sounds pa-pretty good,” he forced out after about a minute.

They lingered in their embrace, and once Tom composed himself, they exited from the rooftop, and the rest of the city continued on as if there hadn't been a man who had mental breakdown on the top of an office building.