

**CULT CLASSIC**

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

OVER BLACK

WALKER (V.O.)

I've spent my whole life learning  
how to tell stories. After a while,  
you learn that they're all  
essentially the same.

The darkness is broken by a METEOR streaking across the night sky.

EXT. CAVE. - NIGHT

A PRIMITIVE MAN watches the meteor, transfixed.

WALKER (V.O.)

It starts off with a normal person  
who is called to adventure.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

The same man, with a crude pack on his back, heads off in the direction of the meteor.

WALKER (V.O.)

They leave the comfort of their  
home to brave the dangers of the  
outside world.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The man arrives at a SMALL CRATER. He reaches down and picks up a FIST SIZED METEORITE, then looks up to the sky.

WALKER (V.O.)

And they come back changed somehow.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A group of primitive people are gathered around a PAINTED CAVE WALL. The man gestures to pictograms of a meteor coming towards a crowd of stick figures.

WALKER (V.O.)

Sometimes for better...

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A circle of FIGURES IN ROBES huddle around a stone altar. They're holding down a struggling NAKED MAN. Our primitive man rises up behind them, now wearing a HEADDRESS WITH A SHOOTING STAR ON IT. He raises a KNIFE above his head.

WALKER (V.O.)  
Sometimes for worse...

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, what?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WALKER (late 20s), wearing an ill-fitting shirt and tie, stands in front of a desk in a drab office. His arms are raised above his head in a dramatic pose.

Walker's the kind of person whose only tool against the crushing weight of repeated failure is to double down on enthusiasm and optimism, and the dumbstruck INTERVIEWER sitting across from him just got a front row seat.

WALKER  
You asked about my education, so I was just explaining why my degree in comparative literature was relevant.

INTERVIEWER  
You're aware this is a job at Spectrum, right?

Walker gathers himself and sits in the chair behind him.

WALKER  
The job description said "writer."

INTERVIEWER  
For our online help desk. You'd be writing dialogue for a chat bot.

WALKER  
Right! I'm really good with character work.

INTERVIEWER  
The chat bot has no personality. We found that if it behaved like a human, people were more likely to become enraged at it.

(CONTINUED)

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WALKER

Well... HAL 9000 was a computer program and he was one of the greatest villains of all time.

INTERVIEWER

We would like to avoid our help desk being thought of as a villain.

WALKER

Villains can be very compelling. Look at Hannibal.

INTERVIEWER

Hannibal ate people.

They stare at each other for a BEAT.

WALKER

Well, I don't think the chat bot should do that.

INTERVIEWER

I think we're done, here.

TITLE CARD: CULT CLASSIC

The opening credits sequence is a series of title cards accompanied by illustrations of different pieces of cult-specific paraphernalia: The Nike Decades worn by Heavens Gate, Jim Jones' aviators, Charlie Manson's dune buggy, etc. All very specific references that a true-crime fan would instantly recognize, but enough of a deep cut to not tip off the layman.

ACT 1

INT. WALKER'S CAR - DAY

Walker pulls up to an EMPTY SPOT in front of a modest apartment building.

WALKER

No way. Right out front?

He pulls forward to parallel park, when his PHONE DINGS. He glances down to see a text notification from "Mom," then does a double take at the message: "Are you feeling lost?"

WALKER (CONT'D)

What?

He shakes off a brief existential panic and looks back up to find the PARKING SPACE IS SOMEHOW FULL.

WALKER (CONT'D)

NOOOO!

Walker puts his car back in gear and starts driving down the street - not a parking spot to be found. As the scene goes on, he will continue to get progressively farther and farther away from his home.

He opens the text and it turns out to be a link to a webpage - a long text post with the same title: "Are you feeling lost?" He scans it, then goes back to the original message and hits "call." RENEE (50s), his extremely chipper mother, answers.

RENEE

Hi, Honey!

WALKER

Mom, what did you send me?

RENEE

It's a job!

WALKER

That's what this is?

(Reading)

"Seeking forward thinking dreamers to join us in our ongoing quest. Come join STARSHIP ANTARES and help write the story of our future."

RENEE

See? They want writers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walker comes up to ANOTHER PARKING SPOT. He pulls forward to parallel park.

WALKER

I mean, yes, it says 'write,' but it's a little unclear beyond that. Where did you get this?

RENEE

You know my friend Heather?

WALKER

No.

Another car abruptly noses into the spot behind Walker. He tries to back up a little to assert his claim, but the driver honks and yells at him. Walker gives up and starts driving down the street again.

RENEE

Well, Heather's friend's daughter just joined this group. She said they have a show on Channel 8, so I looked them up.

WALKER

I mean, that's network, which is great, and I love Sci-Fi. I don't know, though, it just seems... off.

RENEE

Walker, your father and I have been very supportive of you pursuing writing, but what's the point if you're not actually trying everything you can?

WALKER

Whoah, there. I'm just saying that the listing is weird. I'm sending in my application right now.

With one hand, he swipes and clicks to send off a pre-written application email to the address from the ad. He's done this so many times it's second nature.

RENEE

Okay. I just worry about you.

WALKER

I know. I'm trying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Walker comes up to another EMPTY SPOT and locks eyes with it. As long as he doesn't look away, it can't disappear on him.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I have to go, Mom. I'll talk to you later.

RENEE

Okay, bye. Love you.

WALKER

Love you too.

Walker hangs up. His eyes narrow.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I got you, motherfucker.

Out of nowhere, he VIOLENTLY SNEEZES. When opens his eyes, the spot is FULL.

EXT. STREET - DAY

From outside Walker's car, we hear a MUFFLED SCREAM OF RAGE.

INT. EDISON'S CAR - DAY

EDISON (Late 20s/early 30s) drives while listening to a TRUE CRIME PODCAST. He's the kind of creative who's worked in LA for too long without getting a break. However, under an armor of wary pragmatism, he still has the soul of an artist.

PODCAST HOST 1

When Feb 17, 1989 came around and the doomsday did not happen, Roch Theriault explained to his followers that he had made a miscalculation, due to our timeline and God's timeline not being parallel.

PODCAST HOST 2

Yeah, that makes perfect sense. So he just moved the date later?

PODCAST HOST 1

Yep. It's the classic cult leader move, just shift the goalposts so-

An incoming call interrupts the podcast: "VIDUR MURTHY (McGinnis Agency)." Edison hurriedly hits ACCEPT.

(CONTINUED)

EDISON

Vidur! What's goin on? I've been calling you all week.

VIDUR

Yeah, it's been really busy here.

EDISON

Did you hear back from the casting director for Riverdale? I thought they would call by now.

VIDUR

Sorry. Yeah, they passed. Look, I've been meaning to talk to you, Edison.

EDISON

You got something else for me?

VIDUR

The trail's gone pretty cold lately. I'm not sure how much more I can find for you right now.

EDISON

Just get me in a room with someone and I can land those parts. You know me, I'm always better in person.

VIDUR

I think we might just not be a great fit for each other.

EDISON

Hold on. Are you dropping me?

VIDUR

You know I like you, Edison, but I need to be able to focus on my other clients. Look, if you come up with something, I'll be happy to look at a contract for you.

EDISON

Oh, you'll take ten percent if I find my own work? What a deal.

Edison HANGS UP THE PHONE. He stares ahead for a BEAT, then LOSES IT.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

EDISON (CONT'D)  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He's interrupted by a DING from his phone. The robotic NAVIGATION VOICE pipes up.

NAVIGATION VOICE  
You have arrived. Your destination  
is on the left.

From another angle, we see that there's a FREAKED OUT COUPLE in the back seat. On the window behind them is a LYFT STICKER. Edison pulls over and hits the UNLOCK BUTTON. The couple cautiously climbs out.

EDISON  
Enjoy your time in LA. Don't forget  
to leave a review.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Edison lies on the couch in his and Walker's tiny apartment, blankly staring at the ceiling.

Walker enters the front door, WINDED and COVERED IN SWEAT. As he stops to gather himself, he gets a CALL from an UNKNOWN PHONE NUMBER. On the other end of the line is LYRA (20s).

WALKER  
Hello?

LYRA  
Is this Walker Brinkley?

WALKER  
Speaking.

LYRA  
My name is Lyra. I'm calling from  
Starship Antares.

WALKER  
Wow, that was really fast.

LYRA  
Well, when we got your email we  
just knew we had to talk to you.  
We'd love to have you join us.

Walker silently pumps the air with his fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

That's excellent! So, you want me to come in for an interview?

LYRA

Yeah, that's perfect. Come by today. 7735 Laurel Canyon Drive.

WALKER

Of course. I'll head out right now.

LYRA

See you soon.

He hangs up the phone and turns to Edison, grinning ear to ear.

WALKER

Guess who just got an interview for an actual goddamn show.

Edison tries to be supportive, but the disappointment in his voice is obvious.

EDISON

That's great, man.

WALKER

You okay?

EDISON

Sorry. I really am happy for you, but I just found out my agent dropped me.

WALKER

Ah, damn.

(Beat)

Do you want to come with me? Maybe they need some actors, too.

EDISON

I'm not sure if job interviews normally allow plus ones.

WALKER

You can be my ride.

Walker picks up Edison's KEYS and tosses them to him, but Edison makes no effort to catch and they plunk down next to his head.

(CONTINUED)

EDISON

Yeah, because all I'm good for is driving people around.

WALKER

No, because while I'm in there you can hang back and do some stealth networking.

Edison GRUNTS noncommittally. Walker kneels down to his level.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Hey, bud. You're my best friend and I just want you to know, from the bottom of my heart...

(Beat)

That I don't want to drive myself to this interview, because I'm parked like thirty miles away.

Edison rolls his eyes, then picks up the keys.

EDISON

Alright.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

Edison and Walker exit the car and approach to the entrance to a HUGE MANSION.

EDISON

This is their office?

WALKER

They must be shooting here.

Edison looks both ways down the completely empty street.

EDISON

Doesn't really look like it.

They get to the entrance and Walker raises his fist to the door, then puts it down, concerned.

WALKER

You think it's okay to knock?

EDISON

Well, I wouldn't recommend kicking the door in.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

I don't want to start off by  
ruining a shot. I thought there was  
supposed to be a red light or  
something.

EDISON

Not on a house.

Edison reaches out and tries the doorknob. The door creaks  
open.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

They walk through the palatial house. It's eerily quiet.

EDISON

I don't like it. Something's up.

WALKER

What? We haven't seen anything.

EDISON

Exactly. Where is everyone?

Through a window, they see a group of PEOPLE IN FLOWING WHITE  
ROBES in the back yard.

WALKER

Look. There's a bunch of extras.  
They're probably just getting back  
from lunch or something.

EDISON

Alright, but why aren't there any  
trucks out front? And why haven't I  
seen a single piece of film  
equipment? Is this a TV show or  
what?

WALKER

Are you high?

EDISON

Yes, but in a very functional way.

WALKER

What about that thing?

CONTINUED:

Walker points to a MACHINE sitting on an end table. It looks like a cross between a lie detector and a piece of workout equipment. He picks up two HANDLES connected to it by wires and starts playing with them.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Looks like equipment to me. What is this, some sort of gimbal?

EDISON

Definitely not...

LYRA (O.S.)

You must be Walker.

They whip around to face the voice. In the process, Walker yanks the machine off of the table and it clatters to the ground. As he tries to pick it up, LYRA (20s) extends a hand to Edison. She's wearing the same robes as the 'extras' and has the airy, positive demeanor of a crystal shop employee.

LYRA (CONT'D)

Lyra. We spoke on the phone.

EDISON

I'm Edison, his ride.

Walker, now holding the surprisingly heavy machine, scrambles to his feet and takes Lyra's hand.

WALKER

Great to meet you in person! I hope you don't mind I brought a friend.

LYRA

Of course not! We're always looking for more people to join us. Come with me, we have much to discuss.

Walker hefts the machine back on its table and they follow Lyra out the room.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lyra sits across from Walker and Edison at a MASSIVE DINING ROOM TABLE.

LYRA

So, what are you hoping Starship Antares can do for you?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

I've spent my whole life learning  
how to tell stories. After a while-

LYRA

Perfect, done. You're a writer.

WALKER

Oh, nice.

LYRA

(To Edison)  
What about you?

EDISON

I'm an actor.

LYRA

On Starship Antares, we can help  
you realize that dream.

EDISON

Like, on the show?

(Beat)

This is a TV show, right?

LYRA

Of course. We're rehearsing right  
now, actually.

EDISON

Can we see it?

LYRA

Sure! I'll just have to have you  
sign a non-disclosure agreement.

Lyra takes out two THICK CONTRACTS and hands them to Walker  
and Edison. Walker immediately goes to the end and signs, but  
Edison starts to methodically leaf through the pages. He gets  
to a section that makes him GRIMACE in confusion.

EDISON

This NDA is for a billion years.

Walker flips open the contract and starts actually reading.

LYRA

Yes, its important that we're  
covered for both this life, and any  
other future lives you may have.

EDISON

The what, now?

LYRA

After we pass on to the next level, we're going to live two, maybe even three more lives. So we really have to make sure that we're legally covered for that. We thought about including language to cover past lives, but it got too complicated.

WALKER

Huh?

Suddenly, it dawns on Edison what she's talking about. He leans in to Walker and fake coughs into his hand.

EDISON

It's a cult. They're a cult.

Walker still looks confused, then his eyes go wide. We rapidly flash back to the signs they missed earlier: the **ROBED PEOPLE** in the back yard, Walker playing with the **MACHINE**, and finally, a **PORTRAIT OF A MAN IN A NEHRU JACKET**, with a name plate reading "Father Kepler, Captain of the Starship Antares" on the wall directly behind Lyra, staring down at them both.

WALKER

Ohhhhhhhh.

ACT 2

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A small crew and some actors mill around a large four car garage that has been converted into a GREEN SCREEN SET. RIGEL (40s), the show's harried director, calls out to the room.

RIGEL

Alright, everyone! Let's gather around for the safety meeting.

They dutifully assemble in a circle, join hands and close their eyes.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

We pray to lord Ezral to deliver us a safe and productive day of filming. May his immortal soul guide us in this most important task. Praise Ezral.

CROWD

Praise Ezral!

RIGEL

Alright, let's get to work!

Everyone gets into their places. VEGA (30s), wearing an ornate purple sateen robe, clambers onto the stage.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

Action!

VEGA

People of Theliades, surely a savior will come and help us...

Walker and Edison look on from the other side of the room. The scene continues in the background as they talk.

WALKER

Whaaaat the fuck?

EDISON

So I guess it's less 'Modern Family' and more 'Source Family.'

WALKER

What's that, a Norman Lear show?

EDISON

It's a cult! You took me to a cult!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WALKER

I can see that, but who the hell gave these guys a TV show?

EDISON

What network is it on?

WALKER

Channel 8.

EDISON

Walker, that's public access.

WALKER

Oh, that makes a lot more sense.

Walker looks back at the stage.

WALKER (CONT'D)

They seem to have funding, though. That equipment is top of the line.

EDISON

They probably took it from their members, same with this house. Cult leaders are great at finding people and convincing them to give up their money.

(Beat)

They're actually kind of like producers in that way.

Walker mulls this over.

WALKER

So they have money, a platform and are looking to hire. That's better than most.

EDISON

Don't tell me you already want to join the cult. We just got here.

WALKER

Not join the cult, just like, work for the cult. It'd be like working at Disney.

EDISON

Until they go all Jonestown on us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALKER

This is not Jonestown. They have  
crafty, for God's sake.

A ROBE WEARING CULTIST passes by, wheeling a cart full of  
apple slices covered in peanut butter.

EDISON

Jim Jones killed his followers with  
poisoned Flavor-Ade. Providing  
snacks was the worst thing he did.

WALKER

You're looking at this all wrong.  
What if this turns out to be the  
next Scientology? You could be  
their Tom Cruise and I'd be...  
whoever the most famous writer in  
Scientology is.

EDISON

L. Ron Hubbard.

WALKER

Exactly! Hell, if nothing else,  
they definitely believe in what  
they're making, although I think  
maybe literally.

Edison glares at him, but Walker sees he's winning him over.

WALKER (CONT'D)

It's not like we have any better  
options right now. Let's just feel  
it out and see if there's a good  
opportunity here.

EDISON

Fine, but as soon as someone starts  
hinting that we should cut our  
balls off, we're out.

Walker grabs a peanut butter apple from the craft services  
cart and starts to head for the door.

WALKER

Yeah, of course. Alright, time to  
put on our networking kneepads. I'm  
gonna look for the writer's room.  
You go suck up to that director.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDISON

What do I even talk about, how to pick a sister wife to bring to the premiere?

WALKER

(Shrugs)

Something like that, yeah.

Walker heads off, leaving Edison watching the scene still taking place on stage.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Walker walks down an eerily quiet hallway, still munching on his apple slice.

WALKER

Hello? Anyone home?

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - BEDROOM

He pokes his head in a door to find a room that is just WALL TO WALL BUNK BEDS.

WALKER

Any writers in here?

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Walker wanders up to a door with a sign reading "FATHER KEPLER - PRIVATE." He knocks, to no response, then tries the doorknob and finds it unlocked.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - FATHER KEPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walker walks into a lavishly adorned office with a HUGE DESK, behind which is another ENORMOUS OIL PAINTING of Kepler. The opposite wall is covered in 3X5 NOTECARDS that catch Walker's attention. As he scans from card to card, he finds that they are story beats for the show: "Persecuted by the government," "Builds Neutron Tele-transporter," "Leaves Thestias," etc. However, the last card just has a question mark.

As Walker ponders the last card, A SHADOWY FIGURE comes up behind him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

LYRA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walker YELPS and SPINS AROUND to find himself nose to nose with Lyra. She seems oblivious to the scare she gave him.

LYRA (CONT'D)

This office is private.

WALKER

I was just looking at your story board.

LYRA

Story board?

Walker gestures to the wall.

WALKER

I use an app, but I see the appeal of analog.

LYRA

Those are Father Kepler's revelations. He transcribes them onto cards and assembles them to make the message.

WALKER

Message?

LYRA

Our lord Ezral is currently wandering the Earth, trapped in human form. We're trying to contact him to remind him of his past life, so he can finally return to his home planet and take us with him.

WALKER

Right, okay.

Walker looks back to the board.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Well, you know what. The message might be a little clearer if this part went... here.

He goes up to a card, pulls it off the wall and sticks it in an earlier section.

WALKER (CONT'D)

See, that way the well of lost spirits is what leads him to the tele-transporter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYRA

Oh yeah, you're right.

Walker ponders the wall.

WALKER

Actually, you know what else...

Walker goes and plucks off another three cards off the wall.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Edison approaches Rigel, who's looking at the camera with TARF (Late teens/early 20s) a young cultist who has a shaved head and grey robes with "Initiate" stenciled on the chest.

RIGEL

Alright, Brother Tarf. Show me the footage we just got.

Tarf clicks through the menus of the camera, but can't bring up the footage. He's visibly nervous.

TARF

It's not... It's not there.

RIGEL

Are you kidding me?

EDISON

Hey, so I...

Rigel ignores him and turns to the room.

RIGEL

Everyone! Gather up! We need to have a meeting.

The cultists circle up again. Edison joins in, next to Tarf.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

Guys, Father Kepler left me in charge while he goes to commune with the stars in Palm Springs, and he is going to be so pissed if he comes back and we don't have anything to show for our work. I know you don't want to have to do any solar penance.

Edison leans in and whispers to Tarf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDISON

What's solar penance?

TARF

You have to eat three cans of beans  
while Father Kepler watches.

Edison makes a disgusted face.

RIGEL

This is the third time this week we  
have lost footage. Clearly  
something is wrong here.

EDISON

Did you check-

RIGEL

Has everyone been keeping their  
souls pure?

The cultists nod silently.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

Really. You've all been doing your  
chores.

They keep on nodding.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

And you have cast off all of your  
earthly belongings.

They keep on nodding.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

And nobody has been masturbating.

The cultists stop nodding. Rigel glares at them.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

Raise your hands if you've been  
masturbating.

A few cultists sheepishly raise their hands. Eventually, they  
all do, except for Tarf, who looks around in dismay.

TARF

You were all masturbating?

(CONTINUED)

RIGEL

Father Kepler was very clear about this! We have to keep our bodies pure for our journey.

EDISON

Did anyone-

RIGEL

We're going to have to clear out all our omicrons before we can start filming again. Everyone get out your communicators.

The cultists fish through their robes and take out PINK CRYSTALS. They press the crystals to their foreheads, close their eyes and turn their heads to the ceiling.

EDISON

Did anyone check if the SD card is full?

Rigel opens his eyes and looks down at Edison, then to Tarf.

RIGEL

Tarf, go look.

Tarf scrambles to the camera. He clicks through the settings and gets a message: "SD Card Full."

TARF

It is!

RIGEL

Well done, my new brother. I can see why the stars have brought you to us. Tarf, clear the memory on that card and then fetch six cans of beans.

TARF

Aw, man.

RIGEL

Everyone, get back to work!

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - FATHER KEPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walker enthusiastically runs to and fro on the story board, rearranging cards, while Lyra looks on.

CONTINUED: (3)

WALKER

Okay, so if he explores the Dimensional Teradeck in episode 4, instead of 8, then the motivation is way clearer, because he already knows the secret of the elder-men when he talks to Lin Dekral at the Octomeet.

LYRA

You're right!

WALKER

Oh wait, and I totally know how it should end!

Walker runs to the end of the wall, pulls off the final card and starts searching the desk for a pen.

LYRA

You know how it ends? But you could only learn that from a revelation.

Walker stops in his tracks, then looks up at Lyra for a BEAT, considering how to respond. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and holds his forehead, as if he's having a migraine.

WALKER

Ah! Yes! I hear it!

LYRA

You do!?

WALKER

Ah, fuck! Oh god! There's a voice!

LYRA

What does it say!?

He clutches his head with both hands and drops to the floor. Lyra crouches down beside him, buying in completely. After a few moments, Walker opens his eyes.

WALKER

This is going to blow your mind.

LYRA

We have to gather the others.

WALKER

We do?



INT. STUDIO - DAY

Rigel and Edison watch the cultists set up the next scene.

RIGEL

Your revelation about the SD card-  
Did you work with cameras in a past  
life?

EDISON

Kind of. I worked at a rental house  
for a few years, but I'm an actor  
now.

RIGEL

Oh. Have you been in anything I  
would know about?

EDISON

I mean, I did a pilot for Amazon a  
while back.

RIGEL

The online book store?

EDISON

The network.  
(Off Rigel's blank look)  
You haven't heard of Amazon  
Studios?

RIGEL

We're not allowed to watch outside  
TV. Father Kepler says it's a  
negative influence.

EDISON

So you haven't seen any new shows  
in the past...

RIGEL

Ten years.

EDISON

Wow.

RIGEL

So did your pilot get picked up?

EDISON

(Beat)  
Yeah, two seasons. Great  
experience. Sad to see it end.

(CONTINUED)

RIGEL

Always tough to have to go back out there and find more work.

EDISON

Here's an idea: What if I helped you out on this show?

RIGEL

I think we need someone with a little more experience.

EDISON

What? I just told you I did a show for two seasons.

RIGEL

Yeah, but this is a network show. I can't just hire someone based off a web series.

EDISON

Amazon is not a-

RIGEL

Look, I'm sure it was very professional, but things move fast around here. I just don't want to hire people who I'll have to spend all this time showing the ropes to.

Edison, suppressing a fit of rage, wordlessly walks away. Rigel watches him leave, then looks back to the stage.

RIGEL (CONT'D)

Fuckin' actors.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walker enthusiastically addresses a CROWD OF CULTISTS.

WALKER

-and suddenly it all locks into place. He has finally achieved his purpose. He is the god he always believed he was. Fade to black.

The crowd stands in awe, processing what they've just heard.

LYRA

Is that everything?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Yep, that's what Ezral said.

LYRA

Wait, Ezral?

WALKER

(Beat)

Yes.

LYRA

Ezral, the one true god, Cosmic Wanderer and Gatherer of the Light, Sky Sojourner and Freer of the Lost Souls of the Cosmos, the last remaining son of Thestias who walks our Earth so that we may one day bask in his light, that's who told you this?

WALKER

Uh, yeah, him.

LYRA

So he must know about his past life. It's the only way he could have shown you that.

WALKER

I guess so.

The crowd starts to MURMUR EXCITEDLY. Lyra turns and addresses them. Edison wanders past the door, notices the hubbub and joins.

LYRA

Brothers, sisters, I don't think I have to tell you how exciting this is. Our lord has finally received our message.

(beat)

This is the moment we've all been waiting for!

The crowd GOES NUTS. Walker beams, basking in the recognition he always felt he deserved.

EDISON

This can't be good.

LYRA

Let's celebrate!

CONTINUED: (2)

Some cultists bring out a COOLER and start handing out glasses of PUNCH. Edison clocks this and his eyes go wide. He starts to elbow his way through the crowd towards Walker.

EDISON

Oh, God, they're Jonestowning.

A cultist hands Walker and Lyra CUPS OF PUNCH. Edison calls towards the stage, but the crowd drowns him out.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Walker! Don't drink that!

LYRA

Here's to Walker! We did it!

Lyra raises a toast, then takes a drink. Edison is almost at the front, but gets tangled up in a group of cultists. Walker raises his cup to his lips then STARTS TO DRINK.

EDISON

Walker, no!

LYRA

It can all finally end! We get to cast off our earthly shells!

Just as Edison makes it to the front, Walker SPIT TAKES THE PUNCH all over him. Edison reels in horror.

EDISON

My eyes!

WALKER

I'm sorry, what?

LYRA

Now that we know Ezral has rediscovered his true self, he can return to his home planet, and we're going to go with him!

(To the crowd)

Everyone! It's time!

The crowd snaps into action. Someone comes in with an armload of SILVER LAMÉ JUMPSUITS and the cultists start to put them on. Another two cultists bring out a GIANT CRATE. Walker looks down at his drink.

WALKER

Lyra, what's in this?

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

It's punch. It's refreshing and festive.

WALKER

Oh. Because when you said "cast off our earthly shells..."

EDISON

It sounded a lot like a Heaven's Gate situation.

LYRA

What? You thought it would be poison? That's crazy. We would never do that.

Walker and Edison relax a little. Edison wipes the last of the punch from his eyes.

LYRA (CONT'D)

...Because we're going to blow ourselves up!

The cultists whip off the lid of the crate to reveal a MASSIVE FIRE BOMB.

LYRA (CONT'D)

The fires of Thestias will take us home!

The crowd CHEERS.

LYRA (CONT'D)

Our bodies will be propelled like rockets to meet our creator!

The crowd continues to absolutely lose its mind as Walker and Edison stare at the bomb.

ACT 3

INT. FATHER KEPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Edison and Walker race into the room. Walker locks the door behind them as Edison scans for a means of escape.

WALKER

I was just trying to get a job. How was I supposed to know that it would activate a doomsday scenario?

EDISON

Because this is a cult, not an industry mixer. You have to stop trying to turn every lemon into lemonade.

Edison goes to a WINDOW across the room and starts trying to yank it open, to no avail. He then goes to the DESK and starts searching the drawers.

WALKER

Well, that's all I'm getting lately. I can't just give up.

(Beat)

What are you looking for?

EDISON

Something to pry the window open.

WALKER

Shouldn't we try and stop them?

EDISON

And ruin the best day of their lives?

WALKER

They're gonna die, Edison.

EDISON

Yeah, I know that. You wanna know how? Because they kept on screaming about how excited they were.

Edison gives up on the desk, then goes to a large CABINET and starts emptying its contents: CEREMONIAL ROBES, an ELABORATE HEADPIECE. Finally, he pulls out a LARGE SCEPTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

The worst part is that I really think this could have been a break for us.

Edison starts using the scepter to pry at the window.

EDISON

That's the worst part? You're mental, you know that? These guys want to shoot their corpses into space and you're still talking about getting a writing job. Will you help me get this open?

Walker joins in and the window finally WRENCHES OPEN. Edison pokes his head out and quickly gets a lay of the land.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Alright, If we get on the roof, we should be able to climb down that drainpipe, jump into the bushes and then never tell anyone about the time we auditioned for a suicide cult.

Edison climbs onto the roof and heads for the edge. Walker swings a leg over the sill, then hesitates.

WALKER

I think we should stay.

EDISON

Oh, now you want to meet space Jesus?

WALKER

I think if we leave now, we'll always regret it.

EDISON

Because they're gonna die, or because this could have been our big break?

Walker hesitates for a LONG BEAT.

WALKER

I mean...

EDISON

Oh, come on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALKER

Why not both? We could finally get paying jobs on a kind of legit tv show and they don't deserve to die just because they have a misguided belief system. They're not bad people!

EDISON

(Beat)

Rigel's kind of a dick.

WALKER

Are you really going to let a bunch of people explode just because a director was mean to you? There's no way you've become that cynical.

Edison SIGHS and defeatedly climbs back in the window.

EDISON

Okay, fine, but if we die and wake up on that guy's home planet I will fucking murder you.

Walker looks down at the ROBES, HAT and SCEPTER scattered on the floor in front of him.

WALKER

Don't worry, I have an idea.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Walker kicks open the door, FULLY DECKED OUT IN CEREMONIAL GARB, looking like a deranged space pope. He speed walks down the hallway as fast as he can in the cumbersome robe. Edison follows, holding the cape like a bridal train.

EDISON

Man, this is dumb. I had a good thing going with the window.

WALKER

Trust me, it's going to work. They already think I have revelations. I just need to convince them I had a new one.

EDISON

How did you get both the writing and the acting job?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WALKER

You can help me sell it, like a  
hype man.

EDISON

I am not a hype man. I am a serious  
actor.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edison bursts in, holding his arms above his head and yelling  
like a town crier.

EDISON

Hear ye, hear ye!

The cultists (now all in lamé jumpsuits) look confused. A few  
whisper to each other. Edison points at them and bellows.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Silence! Fools!

They fall silent and Walker dramatically billows in. Now  
Edison really leans into his delivery, like it's Shakespeare.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Lend me your ears, for our day has  
come. Our one true leader has  
returned. It is the Lord...

WALKER

(Whispering)  
Ezral.

EDISON

The Lord Ezral! He has returned,  
and he bears with him a message!

Everyone stares at Walker, expectantly. He suddenly realizes  
that he has never delivered a speech before.

WALKER

That's right, I do. Its, uh... It's  
basically what Edison said. I am  
Ezral, and I have, in fact,  
returned.

Lyra emerges from the crowd.

LYRA

You're saying that you have been  
the lord Ezral this whole time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Yes! I was only pretending to be Walker to test your loyalty, and you passed!

The entire room is deathly silent. Lyra mulls this over.

LYRA

That... Makes perfect sense! Our lord has returned!

The crowd grows GOES NUTS.

WALKER

I have! Now you don't have to come to meet me on my home world.

LYRA

You're right! Now we can all blow up and ascend together!

The crowd starts FREAKING OUT. Walker yells over them.

WALKER

Wait, wait, wait! Hold on a second! We're not going to do that!

They fall silent again. A CULTIST pipes up from the back.

CULTIST

Aw, man.

LYRA

But, Lord Ezral, why? We spent so long looking for you, how could you not want to go back now?

WALKER

Because I have unfinished business on Earth. We must finish the show!

LYRA

The show? But that fulfilled its purpose. It brought you to us.

WALKER

Yes, but it has a new purpose now. It will be a record to leave behind for those who do not get to ascend. It will be a great recounting of my glorious adventures on Earth, as told by me, the mighty and all powerful Lord Ezral!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Edison rolls his eyes.

WALKER (CONT'D)

And I have brought with me the man  
who will carry the great honor of  
playing me: Edison Cabrera!

Walker takes Edison's hand and raises it in the air. He's  
expecting a big reaction, but the crowd remains silent.

TARF

The guy from the web series?

EDISON

Amazon is not-

WALKER

It doesn't matter! It is my will!  
We're making a new season, and  
Edison is going to play me.

The crowd takes some time to process all this information.

CULTIST

And then we blow ourselves up?

WALKER

Yes, fine. Then we blow ourselves  
up.

The crowd GOES NUTS. As they start to celebrate by handing  
out punch again, Walker and Edison share a quick, nervous  
look: "What did we just get ourselves into?"

TAG

EXT. PALM SPRINGS HOUSE - DAY

A MAN wearing a Hawaiian shirt, shorts and flip flops exits a huge Palm Springs house, holding a SET OF GOLF CLUBS. We can't quite make out his face underneath a VISOR and SUNGLASSES. He tosses the clubs in the trunk of a LUXURY SEDAN and slams it shut.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

The man hauls ass down the freeway, listening to a BUSINESS PODCAST. He passes a SIGN that says "LOS ANGELES - 50 MILES."

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - DAY

The man stands behind the trunk of his car, with a suitcase open inside. He's already wearing slacks, and in the process of changing out of his Hawaiian shirt and into a NEHRU JACKET. He takes off his visor and sunglasses and we now recognize him as FATHER KEPLER.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

The car pulls up and Kepler steps out, now completely looking the part of a powerful and mysterious cult leader. From the house, we can hear the cultists cheering.

FATHER KEPLER  
What the fuck?

Father Kepler's face darkens.

FATHER KEPLER (CONT'D)  
I'm going to make them eat so many  
beans.

END OF PILOT