

NON-FICTION

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FADE IN:

INT. CANDLELIT HALL - DAY

Ominous chanting fills the main hall of an abandoned church. Hundreds of candles line the walls. A large circle of people in red robes are gathered around the altar.

We pull in closer, each person has a book in hand.

The altar has an artist's rendition of a skyscraper towering over the rest of the Los Angeles skyline, a picture of a man with glasses, and a book titled Tower of Tethetlan.

A MAN, tall and handsome, arises from behind the altar, the chanting subsides as he begins to speak.

MAN

Disciples of Tethetlan! The day of reckoning is near. We will ascend the tower and join our lord in the next realm! The non-believers will be wiped from this earth as Tethetlan ushers in the New Age!

He holds up the book, the disciples begin to chant, growing louder and louder.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BERNIE LARSON (35), as average as they come, wakes up. Bernie puts on his glasses, squinting as the sunlight enters his room. He yawns loudly and slides out of bed.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A small sunlit room, not much furniture besides a desk with a phone, a monitor, and a keyboard on it and an office chair. Framed newspaper clippings and awards adorn the wall.

We pass by one clipping, the headline reads "17 YEAR OLD AUTHOR WINS ESSAY CONTEST" A young Bernie is standing with a man, both are behind a giant check for \$3000 with Bernie's name on it.

We go to another clipping. "HOTSHOT TEEN AUTHOR TAKES FICTION WORLD BY STORM" A picture of Bernie handing a signed book to a fan.

Last clipping, this time it's an editorial. "WHAT'S NEXT FOR BERNIE?" Bernie is standing triumphantly, book in hand.

Bernie walks into the room. He is wrapped in a housecoat and carrying a steaming cup of coffee with a newspaper under his arm.

We go to a clock on the desktop, it says 12:15.

He sits down at his desk, a blank word document is open with a blinking cursor. Bernie stares intently at the screen for a few moments.

His hands go to the keyboard, but stop short and hover over the keys. He pulls back and strokes his chin. His hands go to the keys again, but he shakes his head in dismissal.

The phone RINGS, saving Bernie from himself. He picks up the phone.

BERNIE

Hello?

SCOTT

Bernie! Sounds like you just woke up, classic Bern (laughs way too hard) How's life been treating my favorite Novelist?

BERNIE

Um, fine? Sorry who is this?

SCOTT

It's your agent, Scott! It's been awhile since we talked last.

BERNIE

You still represent me? We haven't worked together in years.

SCOTT

I know we haven't, and that's why I'm calling. I don't know if you've noticed but in the past couple years your book has been picking up traction. I'm hoping we can drum up some extra business with a sort of "Where are they now?" panel with a few of my other clients I'm having in a couple days. Would you be interested in that sort of thing?

BERNIE

People are still buying the book? I didn't know it was even still in production.

SCOTT

We had to put it back in circulation to meet demands! Sounds like you got a second chance here Bern. What do you say I fly you out to L.A. and we see if we can really milk this resurrection?

BERNIE

I don't think anyone is gonna be interested in what I've been doing for the last decade...

The computer screen, blank document, cursor blinking.

SCOTT

Look, Bern-O, Baby. I can't force you to come but you would be the main speaker and I'm confident you can pull a crowd.

BERNIE

I haven't made a public appearance in close to 10 years, what makes you think that?

SCOTT

Well the video of you pummeling that kid has started making the rounds online again...

Bernie opens up a browser and searches for the video, he finds the video with millions of hits. It's Bernie being pestered by a young fan as he tries to ignore him. Bernie has had enough and turns around and decks the kid, knocking him flat on his ass.

BERNIE

Oh god, is this how I'll be remembered? A nut-job that freaks out on his fans?

SCOTT

Not if you set the record straight, come out and do the panel! It's just one day and I'll put you up in a nice hotel in the city, free room service and everything. Just bring some of what you're working on now and maybe we can get some publicity for that too.

Bernie closes the video tab.

BERNIE

I don't know Scott, I've been super busy...

Bernie looks at the screen, the blank document staring back.

INT. L.A.X. - DAY

Bernie's plane touches down, as he walks into the terminal we see a man holding a sign that says "Bernie L." On it and waving furiously in Bernie's direction.

The man is SCOTT TURNER (55), stocky and balding with the last remnants of his hair tied into a greasy ponytail. He has a bluetooth headset in his ear and expensive sunglasses on.

Bernie walks up to Scott, clearly embarrassed. Scott raps Bernie in a tremendous hug that looks like it's squeezing the life out of him, lifting him off his feet.

BERNIE
(struggling)
Hey Scott.

Scott puts Bernie down.

SCOTT
Bern-dog! The Wonder Kid! My
favorite client!

Scott not so playfully punches Bernie's arm. Bernie starts to rub it.

BERNIE
Just Bernie is fine.

Bernie is clearly awkward, looking for something to talk about.

SCOTT
Welcome back buddy boy! I got the
Countach parked out front, any
luggage?

BERNIE
No, just what I've got here. Still
got that Lamborghini?

SCOTT
Sure as hell do! We have to get to
the panel and I'm double parked so
we better hurry up!

As the two walk toward the exit, a woman in black clothing and an earpiece watches them intently.

WOMAN

Visual on the Prophet. He is
leaving site A.

EXT. L.A.X. - DAY

Bernie and Scott walk out of the airport. Sure enough, Scott has parked his once expensive car sideways, taking up two handicap spots. The car has seen better days, the body is more rust than metal now. Scott unlocks it as passersby notice the vehicle. Bernie covers his face in shame as he approaches the car.

Scott stretches his arms out, clearly proud of himself.

SCOTT

(Deep breath)

Don't you just love L.A? (Laughs
too hard at his own joke)

The car starts up with a cough and a cacophony of noise and smoke.

As the Countach pulls away we see the woman again, taking pictures of the license plate and of Bernie sitting in the passenger seat.

WOMAN

Heading east bound in a yellow
Lamborghini, rusted to all hell.
Rendezvous at Site B.

The woman gets into an unmarked black car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see the car weaving through traffic, "I love L.A" by Randy Newman is playing.

L.A skyline is in the distance, a new addition is at the final stages of construction. The new building towers over everything else.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bernie is holding onto the Oh Shit handle, clutching on for dear life. Scott is enjoying a cigar with the window open.

Scott points to the new skyscraper with his cigar

SCOTT

That's the new world's tallest building, the Trident of the Dawn. Fucking massive isn't she?

BERNIE

I didn't know they were so close to finishing it, what's it for?

SCOTT

Some rich prick's son wanted the world tallest building built in his honour, could you get any more vain?

Scott zooms past a stretched limo, in pink and white. Bernie is watching the car go by.

BERNIE

Some people, huh?

SCOTT

Why L.A of all places is my question. Only thing you'll see from the top is smog most of the time. If I were that rich bastard I would have put it somewhere with a much better view.

BERNIE

Not a fan of mountains?

SCOTT

Nah, the snowcaps reminds me too much of my time in the 80's.

Scott flies by a car that's just about to pull out, he lays onto the horn and gives them the finger.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Some real asshole drivers around here, you can never be too careful.

BERNIE

Would you mind slowing down?

SCOTT

We've got to get to you to your panel bucko, no time to lose.

BERNIE

Why are you in such a hurry? My spot isn't scheduled till 3.

SCOTT

Here's the thing about that. On the bright side you're going to be the keynote speaker! At the same time though, you're the only speaker.

BERNIE

What about all your other clients? Am I the only one who showed up?

SCOTT

To be honest with you, I don't exactly have any other clients, I lost my license 5 years ago and I've only been able to manage animal clients. Getting a break-dancing monkey gigs sounds like the easiest thing in the world, but since the damn internet came out no seems to care anymore!

BERNIE

So why have the panel?

SCOTT

A fan club of yours contacted me and said they'd pay for a meet and greet with you, they would book the place and take care of everything else. It was too good to pass up. As I said before business has been slow and I really needed the cash, so I looked you up and the rest is history.

BERNIE

Did they say who they were? That damn novel has caused me way too many problems in the past and I don't want to deal with that again.

Scott looks over at Bernie.

SCOTT

So what are you saying?

BERNIE

I'm saying I want to go home.

SCOTT

What? Before the panel?

BERNIE

Yes Scott! I'm sorry but wasn't this supposed to be about my new projects and you know, "where I am now"?

SCOTT

Bernie, cut the bullshit. I know you haven't published anything in years. You need this gig just as much as I do.

BERNIE

I don't even remember half of the book, I haven't touched it in at least a decade.

SCOTT

These fans of yours seem like they got you covered on that front, they were quoting it like crazy.

BERNIE

Just what I need, a room full of people that treat me like I'm some sort of god.

SCOTT

Look, it's just one day. They offered me four grand and I'm begging you Bern I need this money. I'll split it 50/50 how's that?

Bernie considers this, 2 grand in an afternoon? That's more than he's made in quite some time.

BERNIE

Fine, but if they bring up the incident I'm out of there.

SCOTT

Fair enough, I'll tell them to cool it on the child beating thing.

Bernie shoots Scott an ice cold glare.

The car pulls off the highway.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two men in red stroll around the block, keeping close to a building that looks like it hasn't been used in decades.

Black unmarked cars slowly prowl the opposing street, never turning down the way.

One of the men in red notice this after the third loop. He stops the second man. He leans in and says something inaudible, then heads into the building.

We pull out to see a SNIPER, dressed in black watching the men through his scope. He is sitting on the rooftop of a building across the street. He is talking into an earpiece.

SNIPER

Site A, members have taken notice of the vehicles, back off. No visual on Dawn. Control what is the ETA of the Prophet?

CONTROL

Prophet is still 3 minutes away, keep an eye on back entrance. Do not initiate unless instructed.

SNIPER

God I could take every single one of these fuckers down in 5 minutes.

CONTROL

Do not initiate Joey! We don't have any hard evidence on these sick sons of bitches - yet.

JOEY

Understood.

INT. OLD BUILDING - DAY

Not much is set up, members in red robes mull about, waiting for their prey to fall into their trap. One or two of the members stand by the door with a gun and rope.

The man from outside comes in and walks up to one of the members, he whispers something in the member's ear. The member nods in understanding.

The leader from before stands in quiet meditation. The member slowly approaches him. The leader feels his presences and his eyes open wide. The member freezes, knowing never to bother the leader in his meditation. TRISTAN DAWN (24), handsome with wild, darting eyes, fixates on the cultist.

TRISTAN

What is it Arthur? Has the Prophet arrived?

ARTHUR (40), a spineless husk of a man, cringes when Tristan stares at him. Arthur has learned time and time again that disappointing the Warrior has terrible consequences, and what he's about to say isn't exactly something to write home about.

ARTHUR

No sir, we are still waiting on his arrival.

TRISTAN

What is it then?

ARTHUR

Well, sir our lookouts have noticed unmarked cars circling the area.

Tristan pulls in a deep breath, Arthur waits for his next command.

A long beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Sir, would you like us to- AH.

Tristan back hand slaps Arthur nonchalantly. Arthur accepts the punishment and whimpers back.

Tristan begins to pace in thought.

TRISTAN

This won't do, the prophet is one third of the plan, without him it's all for naught. Tell your sentries to stay put. The rest of us will sneak out the back, if they are able to capture him, good. Tell them to bring him to the church and we will prepare him for the ceremony.

Tristan stops mid stride, locking eyes with Arthur.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

-But if they don't...

He walks right up to Arthur, who cowers in his intimidation.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Then they must die for the cause.
Failure is not an option.

Tristan switches tones on a dime.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Besides, we're all going to be with
our lord soon anyways! Make sure
they understand what roles they
will come to play in the future.

Arthur scurries off, and tells the lookout what is to be done. Arthur hands him a handgun. The lookout goes back outside.

Tristan claps his hands and calls out to the entire room.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Hello everyone! Due to unforeseen
circumstances the Prophet won't be
joining us today.

We hear sighs and complaints in the audience, as if it's nothing more than a simple meet and greet.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I know, I know, I was looking
forward to seeing him too. But now
is not the time to get bogged down
in minor inconveniences! Soon we
will all feel the warmth embrace of
Tethetlan!

The crowd cheers.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Now if I could have everyone vacate the premises and head back to the church, we will regroup and think of something else, how about it?

The crowd mumbles in agreement, they make their way to the back door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The lookout comes out of the building, he hands one of the handguns to his counterpart. He is inaudibly explaining the new plan. The second man understands what is expected of him.

The Sniper is watching intently. He sees the back garage door open and 3 vans pull out.

JOEY

Control 3 vans have just left site
A heading South fast. Two armed men
are stationed outside of the
building.

CONTROL

Do not engage, with Dawn gone our
main target is the Prophet, capture
him at any costs, alive.

JOEY

Understood.

The sniper packs up his gun and heads down the building.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Countach pulls up to a rather rundown street. Two men in red stands outside watching the car. He parks right in front of the men.

Bernie and Scott step out of the car. Bernie takes a look around the street, then the building, then the men. 4 grand and this is the place they booked?

SCOTT

Hello Gentlemen! Are you here to
show us to the
panel?

The two men exchange glances, MAN 1 speaks up.

MAN 1

The panel has been cancelled due
to...

Man 1 looks over to MAN 2. Bernie catches a brief outline of
what looks like a gun on MAN 1.

MAN 2

Bad weather.

Bernie and Scott look up, the sun beating down in the mid day
heat, not a cloud in site.

MAN 1

You will be paid in full inside,
please follow us Mr. Larson.

The two men turn and head inside, leaving Scott and Bernie
outside.

Bernie looks to Scott, who just shrugs and nods to follow.

BERNIE

I'm not going in there.

SCOTT

Why not? You didn't want to do it
anyways, just go and grab the money
and I'll get you on the next flight
out of here.

BERNIE

Scott, look at this dump. Are you
sure this is the right place?

SCOTT

They knew your name didn't they?
Fine, if you don't want to go in, I
will. I'll be out in 5 minutes and
we'll be on our way. Go ahead and
start the car for me.

Scott goes to throw him the keys, but rethinks that idea.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

On second thought, just wait till
I'm back.

Scott walks in to the building, leaving Bernie on the street
by himself.

Bernie leans against the car, he wipes the sweat built up on
his forehead from the heat.

Behind Bernie, the squad of unmarked black cars approach
silently. The Sniper, this time in pedestrian clothes, is
walking towards Bernie, looking at the car.

The Sniper stops to talk to Bernie.

JOEY

Excuse me sir, is this your car?

BERNIE

Hmm? No this is my friends, he's
just inside.

Bernie turns to look at the car, sees the 3 unmarked cars
pulled up close, men in black suits are standing beside them.

He turns to look at the Sniper, but a bag is thrown over his
head and his hands are restrained.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(Muffled)

Scott! Help!

Bernie is lifted up by two men, kicking and screaming. He's
carried over to one of the cars and is thrown in the trunk,
hard. a man unzips a mouth hole for Bernie.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Who are you?! SCOTT-

The trunk lid is slammed close, we hear Bernie's muffled cries for help.

Two of the men in suits head toward the building.

SNIPER

Don't bother, Dawn has fled and our only priority now is the Prophet.

The two men nod and head back to the cars.

All three vehicles drive off, leaving nothing in the street but the Countach.

INT. OLD BUILDING - DAY

Scott follows the two men in, they walk through the entrance hall to the main room.

SCOTT

Interesting venue choice to say the least. I'm sorry we weren't able to make this happen but that's the way she blows I guess.

Scott enters the main room and only sees one of the men. He looks behind him and the second man is standing there with his gun pointed at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Woah, hold on there pal. I'm just here for the money and I'll be on my way.

Scott puts his hands up and backs away from the second man.

MAN 2

There is no money, Mr. Larson. You will come with us to meet the Warrior, and then the prophecy can finally begin!

SCOTT

Wait wait wait, hold on a minute.
I'm not-

MAN 2

NOW!

Scott is pistol whipped in the back of the head by MAN 1.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

We see nothing but a faint outline of Bernie. All we hear is his labored breathing and road noise.

The car slows down, a muffled conversation is heard. a large mechanical whir is heard and the car beings moving again.

EXT. CIA HIDEOUT - DAY

We see the car pulling into a garage as a gate opens up. The gate shuts again, leaving nothing out of the ordinary on your average street.

INT. CIA HIDEOUT - DAY

The car drives in. Once the gate is closed a series of lights come on, it just looks like a normal garage. A panel is on the wall with a keypad. The driver rolls down his window and punches in a code. The floor begins to lower into the earth. We see the car go down into a huge underground facility. The car begins to drive forward. All around are people doing things, some are working with science equipment, others are testing out guns in a gun range with moving targets.

The car arrives at the end of the hall, the Driver and Sniper get out. The Driver pops the trunk and grabs Bernie. Still bound and blinded, but able to breath and talk.

BERNIE

Who are you? Please don't kill me!

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

The Driver carries Bernie into an office where the sounds of the outside facility are deadened. He plops Bernie down in a chair and takes off his hood. Bernie blinks, adjusting to the light. The Driver leaves through the door, silencing the last of the noise from the facility.

Three figures are in front of Bernie. The man who kidnapped him stands on the left, JOEY BERGERON (30), unshaven, a permanent scowl on his face with a silver scar running up his left cheek. In the middle sits GRAN (63), a prim and proper lady with greying hair that hints at a life full of experience and wisdom. On the right stands ALLI HARTFORD (28), striking, with long dirty blonde hair, we know her as the woman who followed Bernie at the airport.

GRAN

Welcome, Mr. Larson.

BERNIE

Where am I?

Bernie looks around wildly. There is nothing else in the room but his chair and the desk.

GRAN

That isn't important right now,
what is important is why you're
here.

A beat.

GRAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Larson you have been taken into
custody after coming into contact
with a terrorist organization who's
ideology is centered around your
novel, The, "Tower of Tethetlan".

BERNIE

I was called up by my old agent to
come do a panel for a fan club only
yesterday. I had no idea how much
of fans they really were.

GRAN

We have reason to believe that these fans of yours are not to be trifled with. Led by Tristan Dawn, the son of the founder of Dawn corporation. You would know Tristan better as the 14 year old child you assaulted 10 years ago.

The left wall lights up, the whole wall is a TV, showing him the video of the fight between Bernie and the child.

Bernie cringes every time that moment is brought up.

BERNIE

I haven't had anything to do with the book in forever, please I just want to go home.

GRAN

I'm afraid we can't allow that Mr. Larson. You have now seen the inside of a CIA hideout, either you will cooperate with us...

Joey takes a step forward.

GRAN (CONT'D)

Or there will be severe consequences.

BERNIE

The CIA?

GRAN

Yes, the Cult Intelligence Agency.

BERNIE

Aren't those initials already taken?

GRAN

The CIA don't even know about the CIA, and we'd like to keep it that way.

An AGENT, Black suit with Black glasses and an earpiece, enters in and waits for acknowledgement.

GRAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

AGENT

You are needed in surveillance,
ma'am.

GRAN

Just as well, Ms. Hartford and Mr.
Bergeron will conduct the rest of
your interrogation. I want full
cooperation from you, or else...

Joey takes another step forward, bumps into desk.

Gran rolls her eyes, then exits.

INT. INTELLIGENCE ROOM - DAY

Gran is escorted in by the agent.

GRAN

What have you found?

AGENT

We just received word that Tristan
Dawn has contacted one of our
undercover agents.

GRAN

Looking for more guns, I presume?

AGENT

He has been asking around for
explosives.

GRAN

Explosives?

AGENT

Yes, Ma'am, but not just any size. Tristan has been asking around for military grade explosives.

GRAN

What? What could he possibly need with something that big?

The Agent shrugs.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Alli sits down in the chair behind the desk.

ALLI

Hello, I'm just going to ask you a few questions about your involvement with the cult. Ultimately we are more interested in catching Mr. Dawn, so any information you can think of will be extremely helpful.

Bernie nods. Alli gives him a reassuring smile.

ALLI (CONT'D)

So, when did you first make contact with the cult-

Alli looks down at the file on the table.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Bernie?

Joey slams his fist on the table. Startling everyone.

JOEY

I swear to fuck if you don't give us the entire truth I'm gonna shit down your neck!

ALLI

Woah! Joey what the hell?

JOEY

What? This old fuck needs to get his shit together and answer the damn question!

Alli pulls Joey off to the side

ALLI

We aren't doing some sort of good cop bad cop thing here, this isn't some low level thug. Either keep quiet or see yourself out.

Alli calms Joey, she returns to her chair, Joey stands beside her, staring daggers at Bernie.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Continue, please.

BERNIE

I didn't have any contact with the cult, Scott set everything up.

ALLI

When did you first meet Scott?

BERNIE

I'd say over 15 years ago, but after my incident...

Bernie nods towards the TV showing the brawl.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I've kept a low profile and haven't really had anything to publish. He called me just yesterday to fly in for the panel.

ALLI

And you trusted him?

BERNIE

I had no reason not too, and besides I could use the cash.

ALLI

Is there any chance that your agent
might be involved in the cult?

BERNIE

Maybe, but he doesn't seem like the
cult type. Speaking of which, he
walked in with the two men who were
standing outside waiting for us.
Did you see what happened to him?

Joey and Alli exchange wide eyed glances.

INT. VAN - DAY

The two men who captured Scott are pulling out of the
building, we see Scott sliding around in the back of the van,
hooded and feet and hands tied.

MAN 1

Tristan is going to be so proud of
us. Give him a call and tell them
we have the prophet.

MAN 2

Good Idea.

SCOTT

(Muffled)

HELP!

MAN 2

Quiet down back there, it will all
be over soon.

Man 2 begins to dial his phone.

SCOTT

(Muffled, can't make out
what he's saying)

You got the wrong guy! I'm not
Bernie!

MAN 2

Arthur? Tell the Warrior the Prophet is taken care of and we're on our way back.

ARTHUR

Excellent, you two have done well.

They hang up.

INT. CANDLELIT HALL - DAY

Arthur scurries up to Tristan, who is sitting down, contemplating his next move.

ARTHUR

Sir, the prophet has been captured and is on his way here now.

TRISTAN

As Tethetlan willed it. Contact the supplier and set up a meeting, it's time to begin phase 2.

ARTHUR

Certainly, sir.

Arthur hurries off again.

TRISTAN

(To himself)

10 years, I'm finally going to meet him again. This time he's the one who will suffer! HA HA HA HA.

Tristan LAUGHS maniacally, echoing throughout the church.

INT. CHURCH INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Scott sits slumped in a chair, nothing else in the room but a swinging light above his head. He is still bagged and tied down.

The door opens, the first member proudly leads Tristan and Arthur into the room.

MAN 1

Oh great one, I present to you, the prophet!

Tristan, finally getting his revenge, is savoring the moment. He waltz in with grace, his noble birth showing.

TRISTAN

Everyone out, me and Mr. Larson have some catching up to do.

Everyone clears out and shuts the door.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You've gotten fat, Mr. Larson.

SCOTT

(Muffled)

You got the wrong guy! Let me go please!

Tristan slaps Scott, hard.

TRISTAN

Do not speak unless spoken too!
It's my turn to teach you something.

Scott cowers in his chair.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I have waited a decade to see you again. You hid well, Mr. Larson. We were nearly ready to leave the city and look for you. We would have covered the globe looking for you, as Tethetlan wills it. Luckily, we found that old agent of yours. It was a long shot but all it took was the smell of money to bring you running straight into our web.

SCOTT

(Muffled)

I'm Scott! I'm Scott!

Tristan slams his knee into Scott's stomach, he doubles over, bringing the chair with him.

Tristan rights him, which is saying a lot with the size of Scott.

TRISTAN

Don't worry Bernie, the pain will soon be over. You will be the Martyr that finally reunites us, the lord's chosen, with our master.

Scott begins to flail wildly, to no avail.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't struggle old man. We can't have your heart giving out before the sacrifice.

Tristan pulls a knife out of his robe, he drives it into Scott's leg. Scott SCREAMS in pain.

SCOTT

(Muffled)

AHHHHHHHH!

TRISTAN

That should teach you to behave.

Tristan leans in, whispering in Scott's ear.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

No one believed me when I said your book was special, not even you.

Tristan twists the knife, making Scott yelp again.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You'll see, everyone will see, I am the chosen one, and I shall lead my people to a better future.

Tristan yanks the knife out of Scott's leg.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Look at me and see the passion and
fury behind the eyes of the boy you
ignored all those years ago.

Tristan pulls off Scott's hood. He can see now that it isn't
Bernie.

SCOTT

I'm not... Bernie.

Scott faints.

Tristan, enraged, kicks Scott square in the chest, knocking
him and the chair backwards onto the ground.

TRISTAN

You sons of bitches! This isn't the
Prophet!

Arthur and the two members rush in, they see Scott toppled
over.

Tristan marches over and grabs the first member by the collar
and lifts him off the ground, reminiscent of When Darth Vader
is interrogating the office of Princess Leia's whereabouts.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

This man is nothing to me! You have
wasted my time and ruined the plan!

MAN 1

We didn't know what he looked like!
I swear we never meant to...

The first man's face goes blank, we see Tristan's blade
sticking out of his heart as Tristan drops him to the ground.

The second man looks at Tristan with true fear.

TRISTAN

Do not worry, you aren't going to
die today.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Run and tell the others what their failure means to me. The prophecy shall carry on with or without them.

MAN 2

Ye-yes, sir.

Man 2 scampers away as fast as possible. Arthur stands there, possibly finally realizing what he has got himself into.

Tristan wipes the blood off his hands on his robe, the dark blood standing out against the bright red robes.

TRISTAN

Has the supplier already set up a time?

ARTHUR

Yes sir, tomorrow at the old shipyard.

TRISTAN

No matter, the Prophet will reveal himself sooner or later, the prophecy says as much.

Tristan walks off, Arthur stands for a second taking everything he just saw in, then follows.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Joey and Alli are still looking at each other

ALLI

We thought your agent was part of the cult to be honest. When we tapped your phone call with him-

BERNIE

You what?

Alli doesn't stop talking.

ALLI

-He seemed so eager to get you to come to LA it seemed suspicious.

BERNIE

You were listening to my calls?

ALLI

Of course we were, its proper procedure.

BERNIE

Why not just do that with, you know, the ACTUAL cult members?

JOEY

Members of the cult aren't stupid enough to have their name in the phone book, and Tristan has the resources to communicate undetected.

BERNIE

Personally I always thought it was normal to have your number in the book. Anyways, it turns out they offered him 4 grand for just the meeting, Scott would never turn down that amount of money. Do you think they took him?

ALLI

From the information we have gathered they are really only after you. If he was captured they probably would have...

Alli coughs awkwardly.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Disposed of him by now.

BERNIE

He may have been a jackass, but he was one hell of an agent.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Gran enters the room, Joey stands at attention, Alli stands up at joins Joey, but just to show respect, not standing at attention.

GRAN

I really wish you would stop doing that, Joey.

Joey relaxes, a bit embarrassed.

GRAN (CONT'D)

Has he agreed to cooperate? Dawn is making his next move.

ALLI

We haven't got to that part yet.

GRAN

Well, Mr. Larson, May I ask a favor of you?

BERNIE

I don't really see any other choice, ask away.

GRAN

I'm afraid we are going to be needing your help with something. We need you to find out what the cult is actually planning.

BERNIE

I can't tell you anything different then I told your associates here.

GRAN

You misunderstand, We need you to establish contact with the cult, and I don't think we can just set up a coffee date.

Bernie is attempting to piece it all together.

BERNIE

But, you said that they're really only after me. If I was to meet with them nothing would stop them from attempting to kidnap me again.

GRAN

Precisely, and that's what we're hoping for. You will be kidnapped by the cult, we'll track your position, raid their base, and defeat these creeps.

This catches Joey off guard.

BERNIE

That sounds extremely dangerous.

GRAN

I never said it wouldn't be, but we are dealing with one of the world's most powerful man's son. He has all of his father's resources, with none of the discipline. He had that new tower commissioned because of his obsession with your book.

BERNIE

I don't think I'm prepared, mentally or physically, to handle another kidnapping.

GRAN

We have no other option, and backup will be seconds away at all times.

Bernie slowly is coming around to the idea.

BERNIE

Okay, okay, we set up a meeting, they take me, lead me to their hideout, you guys come in and rescue me and we're home free? I think I could manage that.

GRAN

A few minor details here and there
and you're right on the money.

BERNIE

I think I could actually do this.

Joey isn't having it.

JOEY

You're going to send him in? Why
the hell am I even here if he's the
one with all the action?

GRAN

Do you see a problem with the
mission, Joey?

JOEY

He has no training! This isn't
going to just be a little field
trip. Something still isn't right
about his story.

ALLI

And what's that?

JOEY

We still don't know if he's apart
of the cult.

BERNIE

Still don't? I've been nothing but
truthful with you since the moment
you clocked me over the head and
brought me here.

Joey loses it, he gets right up in Bernie's face and
explodes.

JOEY

What are you sick fucks planning!

Bernie is frightened, he tries pushing himself backwards.

GRAN

Joey! One more outburst and you're off the case!

Joey's eyes are locked with Bernie, he looks back at Gran, then back at Bernie, who is clearly in fear. Joey backs off, still huffing in anger.

Joey takes aim at Gran.

JOEY

I joined this organization because I felt my skills would actually be utilized to their full extent, yet when a case calls for espionage you ask some washed up writer?

GRAN

Your service to this country is appreciated, but they are not needed in this situation. What do you suggest we do? Raid every building in LA until we find them? Then what Joey? We have nothing that will stick when we haul them in.

Bernie is confused.

BERNIE

I never thought to ask, but what has this cult actually done wrong so far? They were suppose to kidnap me, but a federal organization wouldn't care this much about that.

Gran, Alli, and Joey look at each other, obviously ashamed.

ALLI

That's the few minor details you missed. We don't actually know what they're planning.

Bernie is speechless, still trying to comprehend the situation.

BERNIE

Why are you so intent that this group is evil then?

ALLI

(Sighs)

Ma'am, may I show Mr. Larson around the facility?

GRAN

If you wish, take him down to research and development.

Alli unties Bernie. Bernie rubs at the spots where the constraints dug into his wrist. Joey glares at Bernie, who manages to meet his gaze.

Alli leads Bernie out of the office.

INT. CIA RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Alli and Bernie walk past the car that Bernie came here in. They walk down a hallway, with glass walls dividing up the different rooms. Each room something interesting is going on. Guns being tested, martial arts being practiced.

BERNIE

So how come I've never heard of the Cult Intelligence Agency before?

ALLI

The agency was first created by the United Nations to combat the increasing amounts of cults popping up around the world. The CIA was tasked to keep tabs on emerging cults and assess if they could be considered a threat. Problem with tracking cults is that they tend to kill themselves before you can bring them to justice.

An agent is being shown from a man in a lab suit a grappling hook, which is fired directly at Bernie and Alli, but the glass is extremely strong and doesn't break.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Over time, country after country refused to continue funding the agency, all that's left now is the U.S, and if we don't have a good catch soon, they'll cut funding completely.

BERNIE

Can you not just show your bosses the evidence against the group and ask for more funding?

ALLI

To be completely honest, we have no concrete evidence.

Bernie stops walking.

BERNIE

No evidence?!

Alli turns around to face Bernie.

ALLI

Besides lower level criminal activities and the need to wear matching robes, on the surface they just look like a bunch of devoted fans to a book.

BERNIE

The book had nothing to do with cult though.

ALLI

That may be true but it does center around idolization and destruction.

BERNIE

What makes them different from super-fans of Lord of the Rings or Star Trek?

ALLI

We have sources claiming they have been in contact with black market suppliers.

BERNIE

And that's not enough evidence to extend your funding?

ALLI

It's too risky. If this case is as big as we think it is, there's a chance it will be poached and the hot shots at the CIA will get all the credit, instead of us.

BERNIE

You're really putting all your eggs into one basket on this one then. I don't like that kind of pressure.

ALLI

You're the last hope for this once great organization, and the only one who can do it.

BERNIE

Why me?

ALLI

If there is one thing you personally should know about Tristan Dawn, it's that he will be delighted to share his plan with you. Tristan is a dangerous man, but besides from a few reports of criminal activity he's kept his entire operation under wraps.

BERNIE

He was just a kid then, I was his idol. I don't think if we meet again he's going to have the same enthusiasm as he did.

The two come to the end of the hallway, overlooking a huge swimming pool. Powered swimming equipment propels agents quickly back and forth across the pool.

INT. CHURCH INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Scott is unconscious in the middle of the room, now only wearing his underclothes and bluetooth headset. We can just barely see a figure standing to the side of the screen. A pail of water goes flying into Scott's face. He wakes up in shock, the water is freezing cold. The bucket goes flying into his stomach a few moments after, knocking the wind out of him.

TRISTAN

Keeping you alive has ended up paying off, Mr. Turner.

SCOTT

Please...

Scott won't look up at his captor. His leg wound has not been treated and is looking grotesque.

TRISTAN

You have the honour of being the first fuck up of this entire organization, that's quite a feat.

We pan to see Tristan, lounging on an old church pew.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

And as you know, as is the case with your roommate here, I don't tolerate failure.

The camera pans over more, in the corner of the room is the cult member Tristan shanked.

Tristan gets up with energy, frightening Scott.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

But we all make mistakes, hell even
I made a mistake by trusting
someone other than myself to do the
job properly.

Tristan gets right up into Scott's face, and brandishes his knife. Scott still won't meet his eyes and begins letting out small whimpers.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Mistakes can be made up for,
luckily for you.

Tristan paces around Scott in circles, slowly dragging the knife across Scott's neck as he walks..

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Everybody knows when you get locked
up you get one phone call.

Tristan taps Scott's headset with his knife.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I was looking forward to being
reacquainted with Bernard today,
but instead I just got his fat old
agent. But you can fix that. Give
Bernie a ring and tell him to come
over for a little meet and greet.
If he answers, you're free to go.
I'll even give you a little cash to
make the suffering bearable.

Tristan is up in Scott's face again, crazy eyes like...
crazy.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

But if he doesn't answer, you and I
are gonna have a problem. Are you
willing to betray one of your dear
old friends for your own freedom
and a bit of dough?

Scott meets Tristan's eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Of course you are.

Tristan hurls the knife into the corpse's chest.

INT. CIA RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Bernie and Alli are still watching the swimmers zip back and forth.

Alli motions them to keep walking.

BERNIE

How much of a budget do you guys have to afford such a big place and all this new technology.

ALLI

New? This technology isn't new, this is the hand me downs sent to us a couple years ago by MI6, you should see the stuff they have nowadays.

An announcement comes on an old P.A System. Alli and Bernie stop walking.

P.A.

Would Agent Hartford and company please report to the director's office immediately please.

ALLI

I guess it's time to make a decision, will you help us?

Alli bats her eyes, she looks like a 5 year old asking to go to Disney Land.

A beat.

Now let's not forget, Alli is an extremely attractive woman, and Bernie doesn't come across many of those in his line of work.

P.A.

Today's lunch special will be sloppy jo, thank you that is all.

BERNIE

You're asking me to put my life on the line for a government program that didn't end up working as intended?

ALLI

Well when you put it that way it doesn't sound so good...

INT. CIA OFFICE - NIGHT

Gran and Joey are on opposite sides of the desk. Alli and Bernie enter and see them standing there. A phone is ringing on the table.

GRAN

Come in, quickly. We must act fast.

ALLI

What is it, ma'am?

GRAN

Mr. Larson's agent.

BERNIE

Have you found him?

GRAN

No, but he has been calling your house phone for the last few minutes.

BERNIE

You're still tracking my calls?
What happens when this is all over,
are you still gonna listen in on
everything I do?

GRAN

No time for chit-chat. Mr. Larson
are you positive Scott is not apart
of the cult?

BERNIE

He didn't show interest in my book
even when I was his star client. He
use to call the book "Tower of Teet-
land". If he thinks there is money
to be made though, he's on board
all the way.

GRAN

Alli, Joey, thoughts?

JOEY

I suspect a trap.

ALLI

I agree.

BERNIE

Isn't that what we want though?

GRAN

Yes, but with us in control,
they're forcing our hand. If you
pick it up I need you to stay on
the line long enough we can zero in
on his position, maybe he's with
Tristan. Bernie, what is your
decision?

Bernie puts on his tough guy face, he stares at the phone for
a beat.

Bernie picks up the phone.

INT. CHURCH INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

We hear a dial tone, Scott is sweating profusely, Tristan with his elbows on his knees, staring intently at Scott.

TRISTAN

Anything?

SCOTT

S-still ringing. He would have just went home, there's nothing for him in LA.

TRISTAN

If he doesn't pick up soon Scotty, you and I will have to start playing some games to pass the time. Ever play fingers?

Tristan waggles his fingers in front of Scott. Scott goes pale.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

One of my favorite games, always gets the blood pumping. I've become so good at it I've gotten to the point where I never miss, just ask any of my past play mates.

The line picks up.

INT. CIA OFFICE/CHURCH INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

BERNIE

Hello?

SCOTT

Bernie? Bernie! You answered! How you doing Bucko!

BERNIE

Fine Scott, what happened to you?

SCOTT

Oh, back at the warehouse?

Tristan mimes his hands being tied together.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I just got tied up in something.
Sorry things didn't work out, I can
send you your half of the money.

Tristan gets up close to Scott, miming the game fingers with
his hand, putting a finger down every time he stabs one.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey Bern, what do you say to flying
out here tomorrow and we give the
meeting another shot, huh? They
would offer you twice as much as
last time, they'll cover your plane
ticket and everything.

Bernie looks around the room, everyone nods excitingly.

BERNIE

That much? What's the catch?

SCOTT

No catch, no catch at all.

BERNIE

Where are we meeting this time?

Tristan mouths "same place"

SCOTT

Same place as last time, think you
can make it?

BERNIE

I suppose so...

SCOTT

OH SWEET JESUS THANK YOU. I'll have
everything arranged and you'll be
picked up at the airport, alright?

BERNIE

Sure...

Gran gestures to keep the conversation rolling.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Hey Scott, old buddy old pal, do you still have that break-dancing monkey's contact information? I'm working on this routine and he'd fit in perfectly-

Dial tone.

Tristan takes Scott's earpiece, throws it on the ground and smashes it.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

He's gone, did we get it?

Gran looks at the computer, she shakes her head no.

ALLI

We have a meeting set up at least.

Scott is overcome with relief.

SCOTT

Will you... let me...

TRISTAN

Go? Not quite yet, you haven't delivered me my request yet.

SCOTT

He'll come, I swear.

TRISTAN

I hope you're right, "Bucko".

INT. PREP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gran leads the group into a room, The far wall shows a vast array of technical information.

You got your maps, your radars, your news headlines, your profiles, all right on the wall.

GRAN

Alright, Mr. Larson, you already know what our mission is, now we shall teach you how.

BERNIE

Do I get any of those cool gadgets I saw in the hallway?

GRAN

Of course not, those are for trained agents only. We're just fitting you with a wire.

BERNIE

Oh come on, at least give me a gun.

GRAN

Absolutely not.

BERNIE

Taser?

GRAN

Not gonna happen.

BERNIE

You're no fun.

Bernie looks at the wall of information.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

This looks all for show, what does this stuff even mean?

Bernie taps the radar screen.

GRAN

Don't touch that.

BERNIE

What are you even tracking?

GRAN

That is not important right now.

BERNIE

You know that's the second time
you've said that to me today.

Gran is visibly confused.

GRAN

What are you talking about?

BERNIE

When I first got here, I asked
where I am, and you said.

Bernie does air quotes

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(In english accent)

"That's not important right now"

GRAN

Well, it's not. We're under a very
strict schedule.

BERNIE

An hour ago I'd have believed you,
but now that I know that you guys
are only around because the guys
upstairs forgot you were still a
thing, I'm not too worried about
what you guys anymore.

GRAN

We're still a federal agency.

BERNIE

If you say so.

Bernie walks up to another screen, it shows a profile on
Tristan.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Damn, he got big.

JOEY

He wasn't when you beat his face
in.

BERNIE

Good thing I did that when he was
younger, he might have hit me back
if it happened today.

GRAN

Are you done? Can we continue?

BERNIE

So you guys do anything I might
have heard of?

GRAN

We were instrumental in the
takedown of Aum Shinrikyo.

BERNIE

Never heard of it.

GRAN

They are responsible for the
Japanese subway massacre, and when
we raided their compound we found
enough poison to kill over 4
million people.

BERNIE

Fair enough.

GRAN

Mr. Larson we really must go along
with the prep.

BERNIE

Do you guys have knife shoes?

Gran sighs.

GRAN

What? What are those?

BERNIE

You know, the little knife that pops out the front of your shoe so you can shank people when you kick them.

GRAN

No, we don't, this is real life. Lives are possibly at stake here and you're more worried about what's on our feet.

BERNIE

You're right, I'm sorry. Let's get down to business.

GRAN

Thank you.

Joey nudges Bernie, he points down at his feet. Joey kicks his heel down into the ground and a small blade pops out the front of his shoe.

JOEY

(whispering)

Got them from my last job.

Bernie gives a thumbs up, clearly impressed.

GRAN

Alright, here's the plan.

Gran picks up a remote and turns the wall into one big screen.

GRAN (CONT'D)

We will put you on a plane heading into LAX, where you will be picked up by a cultist.

An animation shows a plane landing at an airport and two people meeting in the terminal.

BERNIE

Why do I have to be on the plane?

GRAN

Save all questions for the end of the presentation please. Once you have met up you will be taken, hopefully, to their compound.

The animation shows a van leaving the airport and driving to another building.

GRAN (CONT'D)

This is where you need to really be careful, you must get Tristan to admit to you what he plans to do. It shouldn't be hard but refrain from doing anything suspicious.

BERNIE

Relax, I used to deal with fans all the time, I know what they'll want to hear.

ALLI

Tristan isn't the little kid you used to know, he's being groomed to run the Dawn corporation, he knows how to manipulate people to get his own way.

GRAN

After we have enough evidence to take this bastard down, we'll raid the building, and extract you.

The animation shows the building being infiltrated by figures on all sides. They are making the figures that were already in the building put their hands up. One of the infiltrators enters and frees the figure from a room that is representing Bernie.

BERNIE

What if they decide to kill me before you can get to the room I'm in?

GRAN

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joey is driving a car, another agent sitting in the front seat. Alli and Bernie are in the back. Alli notices Bernie's hand shaking, extremely nervous.

ALLI

When did you first know you wanted
to be a writer?

Bernie turns to face Alli, attempting to hide the fear in his eyes.

BERNIE

(Clears throat)

Ma-maybe when I was around ten.

ALLI

That young, huh?

BERNIE

Yeah.

ALLI

I can't say I can relate, how come
so early?

BERNIE

My father was obsessed with Lord of
the Rings, he had every book
Tolkien had ever written, he loved
those books more than he loved my
mother and I. When I turned ten he
gave me his old copy of the Hobbit.
I was enthralled by the book,
getting lost in the adventure along
with Bilbo and the dwarves. I
stayed up late every night under
the covers with a flashlight,
soaking in page after page till I
passed out.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

After that I knew I wanted to make other people feel the same joy I did. I guess that's what caused this whole mess.

ALLI

Makes sense, I remember the headlines: "Next Tolkien Takes Fiction World by Storm".

Bernie cracks a smile.

BERNIE

Yeah, they really liked to compare me to him. What they didn't tell you is that Tolkien was in his forties before he became famous for the Hobbit.

Joey looks in the rear view mirror.

JOEY

We'll be there in five minutes, prepare yourselves.

Bernie closes his eyes, rocking back and forth and bouncing his leg, trying to calm his nerves.

Alli gently places her hand on Bernie's leg, he slows down and comes to a stop.

ALLI

It'll be alright, we're not going to let you get hurt.

BERNIE

I know.

Alli smiles reassuringly.

ALLI

So, why did you stop writing?

BERNIE

It's not like I choose to, inspiration just never struck again. It didn't help that the pressure from my agent and fans was crippling, I haven't been able to write creatively since.

Bernie stares out the window of the car.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Scott only kept me on as a client because I was still booking interviews as the "Next Big Thing" three years after I wrote the novel.

ALLI

What was the inspiration for the first book?

Bernie looks at Alli again, sadness on his face, before turning back to the window.

A beat.

BERNIE

Have you read it?

ALLI

Sorry, no. What's it about?

BERNIE

It's about a supreme being named Tethetlan. Tethetlan loved the universe, he marveled in it's beauty and wanted someone to share it with. Tethetlan decided to create a race of people in hopes he could share with them the beauty of the universe.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

He left them to live life how ever they choose, his only command to the people was for them to never put their faith in him above themselves. He did not want to be worshipped for giving them the gift of life. The story culminates with the completion of a tower by a group of people who called themselves Tethetlan's Chosen. The tower was a monument to Tethetlan. The project was built with slave labor, enforced by the Chosen. Thousands died during the construction, and Tethetlan saw this and was furious. The Chosen broke the one command given to them. Tethetlan came down, taking the slaves to live with him in his version of heaven, leaving the heads of the church -and all who supported it- to be crushed under the tower.

ALLI

Sounds intense, how did you think of that?

BERNIE

I came home from school one day to find my mom crying, my father had decided that he had no use for us anymore and decided to leave. My mother was heartbroken, and put all the blame on my father's beloved books. She went through the entire house finding every book she could and throwing them in the fireplace, including the one my father gave me for my birthday. I watched as the one thing I shared with my father went up in flames. I ran out of the house in tears.

Alli is still staring at Bernie, trying to understand what he must have felt.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I was walking along the river that ran through the forest near my house, trying to make sense of it all. I just kept walking, wishing that I could float away, leaving the sadness and pain behind and starting everything over.

Joey is sneaking glances in the rear view mirror at Bernie, clearly encapsulated in his story.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I followed the river downstream, exploring the coves and forests that ran along it. It was like I was Bilbo, out on a grand adventure, leaving my old life behind. Just as the sun was going down I came across a huge stone, jutting out from the earth. Taller than any man and standing upright like an obelisk. As the sun was setting it was eclipsed by this stone, the rays appeared to become directly from it, spreading out like wings of light. It was breathtaking. And that's when it hit me.

A beat. The anticipation is thick in the air.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I thought to myself, no man could ever create something so beautiful. Man creates art for a reason, so his work can be appreciated for it's aesthetics or emotional power. This rock was not put there to be beautiful, yet to me it still was.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Tethetlan only wanted others to experience the same feelings he did.

Joey pulls up to a gate, a guard is waiting in a booth.

JOEY

We're here.

Joey flashes an ID card and the guard opens the gate. Alli wipes away tears and composes herself. Alli looks over, Bernie isn't shaking anymore.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The car pulls up next to a jet bridge, stairs leading up to it. The car is only there for a second when a jet appears, docking with the bridge.

Alli and Bernie get out of the car.

ALLI

Alright, I'm going to go in through the employee entrance. Joey will be in front of the airport watching for the cult member to come in. Go up those stairs and walk out of the terminal as if you just got off the plane. Take this earpiece, I'll give you instructions if need be.

Alli hands over a small device. Bernie sticks the small device in his ear.

BERNIE

Got it.

ALLI

Don't worry, Bernie. We're right behind you every step of the way.

Bernie nods, he heads up the stairs. Alli goes through a door into the airport. The car drives back the same direction it came from.

INT. L.A.X - DAY

People are milling about, Bernie is coming out of a gate. Alli is standing next to a wall, watching people pass by. Alli spots one of the members of the cult, wearing a bright red shirt and sweat pants.

Bernie can hear Alli through the speaker in his ear.

ALLI (V.O.)

We've got a catch, he's walking
toward the gate.

Bernie looks around, he sees Alli.

ALLI (V.O.)

Don't look in my direction! The
last thing we need is for them to
know we're here.

Bernie purposefully looks around in all other directions, he looks pretty stupid.

The cult member stops, he gets out a piece of paper that says "BERNIE LARSON"

ALLI (V.O.)

Walk toward the exit, he has a sign
with your name on it. Act natural.

BERNIE

(whispering)

Got it.

Bernie makes his way towards the cult member. He stops in front of him. The CULT MEMBER recognizes Bernie.

CULT MEMBER

Bernie? Bernie Larson?

BERNIE

Yes, that's me, are you here to
take me to the panel?

CULT MEMBER

Yes, sir. Please come with me, the vehicle is waiting.

Bernie follows the cult member.

ALLI (V.O.)

Bernie, try to get him to say where he is taking you.

BERNIE

Where are we going?

CULT MEMBER

To meet the others.

BERNIE

I meant location.

CULT MEMBER

Don't worry, Mr. Larson, we'll be there in no time.

The two walk out the door, we see that Joey is hanging around outside. The cult member leads Bernie into the underground parking area. Alli exits, she nods at Joey, signalling him to follow. Joey nods and taps the agent on the arm. Joey and the other agent start following Bernie, keeping their distance.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A tight, brightly lit stairwell spirals down, landings open to different levels of the parkade.

The cult member leads Bernie through the stairwell, heading down.

Joey and the agent enter the stairwell, a few flights above them.

Bernie and the cult member exit.

Joey is going down the stairs quickly, trying to keep up. A Cultist opens up a door, blocking Joey's way.

The cultist shoots and the agent goes down, dead. The cultist fires at Joey, hitting him in the stomach.

JOEY

Fuck!

Joey falls backwards, hitting the ground. Joey gets his pistol out and fires back, the bullets ricocheting around the stairwell.

Joey hits The cultist in the forearm, his gun flying out of his hand and falling down the middle of the stairwell. The gun hits the bottom floor and fires a shot.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - DAY

The area is eerily quiet, hundreds of cars, but no one is around.

We hear muffled GUNSHOTS. Bernie turns around, looking for the source of the sound.

BERNIE

Did you hear that?

CULT MEMBER

Just a car backfiring. The vehicle is just around the corner.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The cultist charges Joey, who has managed to get into a crouched position. Joey tackles The cultist. Both tumble down the stairs. Joey's gun sliding down.

Joey gets to his feet, clutching his stomach where he was hit. He limps over to The cultist, who is reaching for his pistol, just out of reach. Joey kicks the pistol away, but The cultist twists his body and pulls a knife out of his robe and slashes Joey in the calf.

JOEY

AHHHH!

Joey buckles. The cultist crawls over and attempts to strangle Joey. Joey slams his hand into The cultist, smearing blood across his face. Joey lands a punch on The cultist's temple and he doubles over.

Joey is coughing up blood, he goes for his back up gun. The cultist is recovering and getting up, using the railing as a balance. Joey fires, hitting the cultist in the back. The cultist falls over the railing, body bouncing against railings, then landing in a sickening crunch at the bottom.

Joey attempts to stand, but collapses. He taps his earpiece.

JOEY (CONT'D)

We've been ambushed, agent 16 is down, I'm losing blood quickly. Get Bernie out of there.

ALLI (V.O.)

Joey? What ambush? Where are you?

JOEY

Stairwell, Bernie exited through the bottom level.

ALLI (V.O.)

Help is on the way, hang in there!

JOEY

(Labored breathing)

Go after Bernie, The operation is blown, they're gonna kill him.

Alli bursts into the stairwell, she looks down, seeing the cultist's mangled body at the bottom. She sprints down the stairs.

She comes across the other agent's body, the bullet hole in his head leaking blood. The blood is dribbling down the stairs, pooling on a landing.

ALLI

Joey!

JOEY
(Quietly)
Down here.

Alli runs down, she rushes to Joey's side, at a loss for what to do. Joey has lost far too much blood to make it.

ALLI
Oh god, oh god.

JOEY
First time losing a partner?

ALLI
We're not losing you, keep pressure
on the wound.

JOEY
Look at me, I know I'm not getting
through this.

ALLI
Don't say that, you've still got
work to do.

Joey coughs up more blood, his time is near. Joey pulls Alli closer.

JOEY
Listen to me, go after Bernie. They
know we're here, the operation is
blown anyway.

Alli knows what she must do, Joey closes his eyes, dying.

Alli stands up, she has to stop Bernie from being taken. She runs down the remaining flights of stairs.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - DAY

The cult member leads Bernie to a a white van with no back windows.

ALLI (V.O.)
 (Crackling, Choppy)
 Bernie... contact... Joey is...
 don't...

Bernie subtly taps his earpiece, he's lost contact.

CULT MEMBER
 Here we are.

The cult member goes around the back of the van, opening the back doors. We see that inside five more cultists are waiting. The cult member turns toward Bernie.

CULT MEMBER (CONT'D)
 First things first, take your shirt
 off.

BERNIE
 (Stumbling)
 Wha- why?

The cult member walks over to Bernie, reaches down his shirt and rips the electronic device off his chest, taking some chest hair with it.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ!

CULT MEMBER
 Perfect. Now, feel free to hop on
 in.

Bernie is confused, how did they know?

Alli bursts out of the stairwell.

ALLI
 BERNIE!

Bernie stops, turning around to see Alli, covered in Joey's blood. The cult members file out of the van and grab Bernie, seducing him.

The original cult member opens fire on Alli, she ducks behind a pillar.

CULT MEMBER

Go, get him in!

The cult members haul Bernie into the back of the van. Alli advances, firing and putting holes in the side of the van.

She ducks behind a vehicle, bullets flying around her, one of the bullets puncture a car's tire.

The cult member gets in the driver's seat and takes off, backing up and into another vehicle.

Alli stands in the middle of the road, blocking the vans path. The van accelerates towards Alli. Alli opens fire, striking the driver in the head. The van veers left, smashing into cars and coming to a stop.

The other members come out the back of the van, 3 of them take tactical cover around the van, firing at Alli. The other two go around the front and remove the now dead driver.

Alli takes out two of the cultists with pinpoint accuracy, before ducking behind the car.

Another vehicle can be heard in the background, another white van pulls up.

Alli sees this and attempts to call for help

ALLI

Control I am under heavy fire with
the agents down, requesting backup!

She nervously awaits a reply, nothing.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Control, come in!

Silence. Alli is alone.

The two cultists attempting to get the crashed van going again give up, it is too far damaged.

CULT MEMBER

Get him to the other van!

Bernie is hauled kicking and screaming to the other van, this catches Alli's attention. While watching Bernie get taken away she is grazed by a bullet on her arm, sending her to the ground.

The cultists pile into the van, and it drives off, tires screeching.

Alli is left alone in the carnage, save for the numerous bodies strewn across the parking lot.

DING, the elevator opens up to reveal an ancient OLD LADY, about five feet tall and a hunched back, with her suitcase. She is completely oblivious to any of the mess and walks past Alli, staring at the ground and humming to herself. She stops at her car and gets her keys out, fumbling with them.

Alli approaches her.

ALLI

Eh-em.

The old lady looks up, suprised to see Alli.

OLD LADY

Oh! You startled me.

A stream of blood is trickling down the side of Alli's head

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Oh darling, are you alright? You're bleeding.

ALLI

Yes ma'am I'm fine, I'm with the CIA and I need your car, please hand me your keys.

Alli holds out her badge.

OLD LADY

One second dear I just need to get
out my reading glasses.

The old lady checks her pockets, then her purse, she pulls
out a pair of spectacles and slowly puts them on. She waddles
a little closer and attempts to read the badge.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Cult... Intelligence agency?

ALLI

Sigh... Yes ma'am.

OLD LADY

I've never heard of it before, are
you sure you're not just yanking an
old lady's chain.

Alli shows the old lady her gun.

ALLI

Why would I need this if I was
joking?

OLD LADY

Oh heavens, alright. Be careful
though I can't exactly afford a new
car on my pension (chuckles)

ALLI

Thank you so much I promise it will
be returned as soon as possible.

The old lady hands over the keys. Alli opens the door and
gets in.

OLD LADY

Now this car is a manual, are you
sure you can handle-

Alli slams the door close and turns on the ignition, the car
springs to life. The old lady is appalled.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Young people, think they're
entitled to everything.

Alli reverses quickly, pulls a J turn and smokes the tires as she takes off.

The old lady waddles out to watch her leave. When the car turns the corner out of the old lady's sight she turns around, only now seeing the mess of bodies and crashed vehicle. Her eyes go wide.

INT. CAR - DAY

A cross hangs from the rear-view mirror, the seats are covered in blankets, pictures of what is most likely grand kids tucked into sun visor.

Alli pulls out of the car park, she sees the van pull onto the highway, she races after them.

Alli feels the side of her head where she was hit, she pulls her hand back and it's covered in blood. The blood is a mixture of Joey's and hers, Joey's already drying and getting darker, hers still scarlet red and wet.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trident building is in the background, towering over the L.A Skyline. We see the van and Alli's car, only a few vehicles in between them.

The traffic slows to a crawl. Alli has an idea.

The car pulls up as close as possible to the van, one lane over and 3 cars behind.

INT. VAN - DAY

Bernie is hog tied, sitting in the back with the other cultists, who are sitting in silence.

ALLI (V.O.)
(Whispering)
Bernie? Bernie can you hear me?

Bernie is surprised, he thought his earpiece was broken.

ALLI (V.O.)
(Whispering)
If you can hear me, don't respond,
just listen. I'm right behind you
in a blue car. Joey is dead, we
can't let him die in vain. It's up
to us.

Bernie looks around, none of the cultists are paying him much attention. He tries to crane his neck to see the passenger side mirror, but the van begins moving again and he can't see Alli.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic is picking up, and the van is weaving through traffic at a break-neck pace. Alli is trying to keep up but keeps getting cut off.

Both vehicles manage to break free from the pack, onto a relatively open stretch of highway.

INT. VAN - DAY

The driver of the van checks his mirror, he sees a car keeping pace with him. He checks his speedometer, he's going 95.

CULT MEMBER
Is that car following us?

The cultist in the passenger seat looks out the mirror, he recognizes the driver as the woman who was shooting at them.

CULT MEMBER 2
That's the woman that was shooting
at us!

CULT MEMBER

Damn, another problem.

CULT MEMBER 2

Don't worry, just keep driving.

The cultist in the passenger seat gets out his pistol, he rolls down the window and leans out.

BERNIE

No!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The cultist fires, bullets flying through Alli's windshield.

Alli swerves to the other side of the van, getting out of his firing area.

The back of the van opens up, two of the cultists kneel and take aim at Alli's car. They open fire and shatter Alli's windshield.

Alli accelerates, pulling up along the driver's side of the van.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alli looks over, locking eyes with the driver of the van.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van shunts the car, grinding it against the barrier. Alli breaks hard, the van shoots forward and the back door of the van is slammed shut.

She accelerates again getting right behind the van, as close as possible. She slams full throttle into the back of the van. The grill of the car is now stuck on the van's trailer hitch. The back door is wedged shut, the cultists trying to open it up again.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alli can see that the car isn't going to hold on for much longer, the engine has been hit by the bullets and sputters to a halt. She climbs over the dashboard onto the hood of the car, the back door of the van slamming into the front of the car as they try and open it.

The van swerves, trying to shake the car loose. Alli has one chance, she leaps onto the roof of the van, clinging on to the cargo rails for dear life.

The cultist in the passenger seat pops out the window again, he takes aim and shoots out the passenger side tires on the car. The car is ripped off and sent into a tumble, rolling on it's side multiple times before coming to a halt, stopping traffic that was behind them.

Alli looks back, if she waited two seconds longer she would have been dead, she takes a sigh of relief.

INT. VAN - DAY

The cultists look out the back of the van at the smashed car.

CULT MEMBER

Problem solved.

Bernie sees the wreck, horrified. The cultists slam the door closed.

The van keeps on driving.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

A run down church, with overgrown weeds crawling up the walls, all the windows are boarded up. Paint is peeling or completely gone in some spots.

The van pulls into the parking lot, just as it is coming to a stop Alli jumps onto an overhang. The car stops in front of the church doors. We see the cultists file out of the van, one of them pushes Bernie out. He hits the concrete hard, his earpiece falling out.

One of the cultists walks up to the device, picking it up.

CULT MEMBER

What's this? Something we missed?
No matter.

He drops it on the ground and stomps it with a sickening crunch. The sound of Bernie's last little bit of hope.

The cultist picks Bernie up, and carries him into the church. The rest follow.

INT. CANDLELIT HALL - DAY

The doors open right into the main hall. The only source of light is the hundreds of candles everywhere, with a large portion of them circled around the altar on the far end of the hall. Tristan is sitting cross legged on the altar, in deep meditation.

Bernie's constraints are cut loose, and he's put down, allowing him to move freely. He looks back at the cultists, who point towards Tristan.

Bernie cautiously walks forward, taking in his surrounding, looking around the massive hall.

He stops at the steps leading up to the altar. He waits a few beats, presumably for Tristan to finish up.

He goes to take the first step up, but Tristan's eyes open, fixating on Bernie.

TRISTAN

Bernard Larson, as I live and
breathe.

Tristan hops off the altar with power, vaulting all the way down the stairs to be face to face with Bernie.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You are one hell of a slippery
snake, you know that?
(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

First time I thought I had you I ended up with your fat agent, god what a disappointment.

BERNIE

What have you done with Scott?

TRISTAN

Oh he's fine, well... alive at least.

BERNIE

What do you want with me?

TRISTAN

Oh, come now, you should know this. "The Prophet shall warn of the end times, and perish underneath his own warnings."

BERNIE

I know my book, kid.

TRISTAN

Yet you still don't see the signs. YOU'RE the Prophet, the warning is your book, and for the perish part...

A beat.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Well that's going to be more in the literal sense.

BERNIE

How did you know there were agents following me?

TRISTAN

I'll give you one guess.

Tristan circles around Bernie, walking over and leaning on a church pew. He taps his fingers frantically and bobs his head side to side, humming the Final Jeopardy jingle.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Well?

BERNIE

Man on the inside?

TRISTAN

Pshhh, I wish, that would have made all this a hell of a lot easier. It's a lot simpler than that, you're friends were careless when they snatched you away from me the first time, we saw them watching us. Why do you think we left only 2 men behind?

BERNIE

Whatever you're planning, you won't get away with it.

TRISTAN

Oh, I think I will, everything is ready to go, today is the day Tethetlan's Chosen finally claim their rightful place, beside our creator!

BERNIE

You're going to the Trident, aren't you.

TRISTAN

"Above the clouds and then some, 3000 cubits of stone, built on the backs of the meek"

BERNIE

It's just a book, Tristan, you've got to let it go before someone gets hurt.

TRISTAN

You haven't changed your tune in 10 years.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Only thing different is this time
it's you who's going to be in pain.

Tristan claps his hands loudly, calling the other cultists.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Everyone to the altar!

Dozens of cult members come out from different doorways,
surrounding the altar.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

The time is near, brothers and
sisters. There will not be a
tomorrow, our souls will continue
on for eternity, with the great
creator. All hail Tethetlan!

EVERYONE

ALL HAIL TETHETLAN!

Tristan turns to look at Bernie, a knowing smirk on his face.

TRISTAN

Everyone make their way to the
Trident. Arthur, come here.

The crowd disperses. Arthur sheepishly steps forward.

ARTHUR

Yes, sir?

TRISTAN

Stay with Bernie till I call you,
there is still a bit of set up to
do before the final moment comes.

ARTHUR

Certainly, sir, may I have Grogg to
help me carry him? I don't know if
I can do it by myself.

TRISTAN

Yes, yes, whatever. Just make sure he's in the proper place when the moment comes, I don't want to take any chances.

ARTHUR

Of course, sir. I agree.

Tristan strides off, exits the hall.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

Alli tries to peek through the boarded windows into the building, but she can't see anything. She looks up and sees an opening in the steeple. She hefts herself up onto the sloped roof. She gets a running start and vaults onto a ledge of the steeple. With cat-like abilities she clammers up the side of it.

She reaches the top, and lifts herself over the edge of the railing.

ALLI

What the hell?

Scott, sunburnt and tied up, is passed out on the floor.

Alli gives him a small kick to the ribs, he grunts and groggily wakes up.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Scott, I presume?

SCOTT

(Muffled)

Ughhhhhh.

ALLI

I'll deal with you later, stay put.

SCOTT

(Muffled)

Wait, wait!

Alli heads down into the church.

INT. CHURCH RAFTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Alli makes her way silently down the steeple, she jumps across onto the beams running long-ways through the main hall, she watches as Tristan orders cultists around and then exits the hall, leaving only Bernie and one other cult member by the altar.

Alli makes her way to the opposite end of the hall, hopping across the rafters. She's right above the altar now.

INT. CANDLELIT HALL - DAY

Arthur walks up to Bernie, meeting someone he's only ever heard about for the first time. He sniffs Bernie, like a dog, for some reason.

ARTHUR

So, you're Bernie?

BERNIE

That's what I've heard, you're Arthur?

Arthur is taken aback.

ARTHUR

How do you know my name?

BERNIE

Tristan just said it?

ARTHUR

Oh, right.

Bernie notices movement in the rafters, he locks eyes with Alli, who up until now he thought was dead. She motions him to back away from the altar. Bernie catches her drift.

BERNIE

What's stopping me from just running out right now?

ARTHUR

Nothing, but you won't, because
then the prophecy would be wrong,
and that's not going to happen.

Bernie casually walks past Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey! Get back here, Tristan didn't
say we could go yet.

Bernie turns around and gives a full arm shrug, walking
backward.

Bernie walks backward into a solid object. Confused, he turns
around to see GROGG, bald and built like a refrigerator,
towering over him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

That's Grogg, he doesn't speak much
but he's a real sweetie. I custom
made that robe just for him!

Grogg takes a step forward, forcing Bernie back towards the
altar.

INT. CHURCH RAFTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Alli positions herself behind the massive Christ on a cross,
feet against the back of the cross. She pushes with all her
might, making it groan. The restraints start to crack and it
breaks loose. Alli is standing on top of the cross as it
comes tumbling down.

INT. CANDLELIT HALL - DAY

Arthur turns around to see the massive figure falling towards
him.

ARTHUR

Oh, shit.

Alli jumps at the very last second, Bernie breaking her fall. The Christ statue crashes on top of Arthur, a sickening CRUNCH is heard.

Alli is on top of Bernie, she lifts her head and smiles.

ALLI

Oh, hello again.

BERNIE

How did you survive the car crash.

Grogg lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM. Alli looks up.

ALLI

Tell you later.

She grabs onto Bernie and rolls the two of them off to the side just as Grogg charges.

Alli jumps up and assumes a fighting stance. Bernie, a little bit slower, joins her.

BERNIE

Should've saved the statue for this guy.

ALLI

I work with what I got.

Grogg charges again.

Alli takes out her pistol, and shoots Grogg in the shoulder. He barely notices.

Grogg tackles Alli, bulldozing her into the church pews, wood splintering.

Bernie looks around for some way to help, at his feet lay half the head of the Jesus statue. He picks it up and throws it with all his might. It simply bounces off Grogg's back. It does divert his attention though.

Bernie runs over to Arthur's mangled corpse. Looking around the rubble and blood for a weapon, he finds a knife but no gun. Bernie ducks under the cross to avoid Grogg.

Bernie is backed into a corner by Grogg, who is in full blown rage mode. Grogg slowly closes in on Bernie.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Ah!

Alli jumps on Grogg's back, hitting him over the head with the butt of her pistol. Grogg is only annoyed by this and shakes her off, throwing her off to the side.

Grogg charges again, directly for Bernie.

Bernie cowers in the corner, holding the knife out.

Grogg runs directly into the knife like a big dumb-dumb. It goes right through his heart.

Grogg crumples into a massive heap. Bernie, realizing what he just did, runs to Alli's side.

BERNIE

Are you alright?

ALLI

Yeah, just bruised.

BERNIE

That was the first time I ever killed anything, let alone a man.

ALLI

Not a bad start, Jesus that's one big dude.

Bernie helps Alli to her feet. Alli dusts herself off.

BERNIE

They're going to blow up the Trident.

Alli stops.

ALLI

What? Like the building?

BERNIE

Yes, Tristan is reenacting the part of my book where Tethetlan comes down and destroys the tower, thinking he's leading the ones who Tethetlan will take up to heaven. Except he's planning to blow it up himself instead of relying on a god.

ALLI

We have to stop them, we need to get in contact with the CIA and warn them.

Arthur's phone goes off, Bernie knows what that means.

BERNIE

I don't think we have the time, that means Tristan is ready.

ALLI

I guess it's just you and me then.

BERNIE

I didn't sign up for this.

ALLI

None of us did, but we can't let that stop us.

Bernie nods. The two run out of the building.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

Across from the church, about a mile away, the building towers above everything else.

BERNIE

We'll never get there in time on foot, we need a vehicle.

ALLI

How were they going to get you
there?

Bernie runs to the side of the building, a van is parked.

BERNIE

I've had enough of these damn vans.

Alli gets in the driver's seat, the keys are in it.

ALLI

What luck.

She fires up the engine and revs off.

EXT. L.A. STREETS - DAY

The van is weaving in and out of traffic skillfully. Alli is one hell of a driver.

The van pulls into the Trident's main entrance, they exit the van and leave it out front.

EXT. TRIDENT - DAY

The building is like something out of a fairy tale, the peak of the tower is obscured in the clouds, making it look like it goes on forever.

Alli and Bernie run towards the building, a VALET tries to stop them

VALET

Hey you can't park here!

Alli flashes her badge and throws him the keys.

ALLI

Federal business, the van's yours.

INT. TRIDENT ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

The atrium is as open as most stadiums. People milling about, admiring the architecture and going about their business.

ALLI

I don't seen any of the cult members, where would they be according to the book?

BERNIE

At the very top.

ALLI

Should we head there first?

BERNIE

No, Tristan is a stickler for details. You can't destroy a building this big by only blowing up the top. In the book the tower falls and is completely demolished. There needs to be explosives on probably over half the floors.

ALLI

Shit, where should we start then?

BERNIE

The basement, that's where I'm suppose to be, the Prophet was locked in the cellars of the tower when it came down. Think that badge of yours can get us down there?

ALLI

I'll sure as hell try.

INT. TRIDENT BASEMENT - DAY

A worker leads Alli and Bernie to the basement floor.

ALLI

I need you to evacuate the building, don't let people get into hysterics, just get them out.

The worker nods, runs off.

Bernie and Alli set to work searching through the different rooms.

INT. BOMB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alli opens a door and switches the light on, in the room is a huge, military grade warhead.

ALLI

Holy shit. Bernie!

Bernie runs over to the frozen Alli, he sees the warhead.

BERNIE

Holy shit.

ALLI

The hell do we do? This thing will destroy the entire block. We've got to call this in, I don't know anything about bomb defusal.

BERNIE

There's no time! It doesn't look like it's set it on a timer, Tristan probably has the detonator with him.

ALLI

We need to evacuate more than just the building, the entire surrounding area needs to get out of here.

BERNIE

I'll take Tristan, you need to get everybody far away from here.

ALLI

How do you plan to stop him?

BERNIE

I don't know, but I can at least stall him. You said it yourself, I'm the one person he'll tell his entire plan to.

ALLI

You might die with them, though.

BERNIE

Just like the prophecy predicted, I guess.

Alli hugs Bernie, as it may be the last time they see each other.

Bernie and Alli run out of the room.

EXT. TRIDENT ROOFTOP - DAY

The top of the tower is vast, big enough to fit a swimming pool. Wind is whipping around violently.

Tristan is on the phone, all the cult members standing around, idly chatting, their robes flapping in the wind.

TRISTAN

Pick up damnit.

Tristan pulls the phone away from his ear, we see that he's trying to call Arthur.

CULT MEMBER

Is something the matter, sir?

TRISTAN

No, just waiting for the Prophet to be in place. Hail Tethetlan.

EVERYONE
(caught off guard, not in
unison)
Hail Tethetlan.

TRISTAN
Well, we might as well get started
with the final preparations.

Tristan pulls out a baggie containing a bunch of black and purple pills.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
For our souls to travel across the
universe, we must dispose of our
corporeal forms. With these pills
you will gently drift off, to be
with our lord.

EVERYONE
Ooooh.

Tristan holds the baggie open.

TRISTAN
Alright, everyone make a line.

The cultists start to form a line.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
It only takes one for it to work,
no matter how big your corporeal
form is, that includes you Johnny.

Tristan leans over and looks at JOHNNY, a larger cult member,
who goes red in embarrassment.

CULT MEMBER
Anyone have any water?

CULT MEMBER 2
They're chewable, taste like
Flinstones vitamins.

CULT MEMBER

Ok, thanks.

The pills have all been handed out, with 3 left for Tristan, Arthur, and Grogg.

The cult members all lay down, the pill taking effect.

TRISTAN

Once your soul has left the body,
make sure not to head towards the
light until absolutely everyone is
ready, we only got one shot at
this. Give me a thumbs up if you
can hear me.

Most of the cult members groggily raise their thumbs up.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Shit, Carl and Jerry are already
gone. Johnny could you tell them to
hold off when you cross over?

JOHNNY

Sure thing, boss.

Bernie bursts through the door, out of breath.

TRISTAN

Damnit, not the man I was hoping to
see.

Some of the cult members try to get up, but collapse back to
the ground.

BERNIE

It's over... Tristan...

TRISTAN

Need a second? I hope I'm not that
out of shape at 35, only 256
floors. Well, I guess I'm never
going to be 35 anyways.

Bernie looks around at the cult members, scattered across the ground.

BERNIE

What's with them?

TRISTAN

We need to shed our corporeal bodies before Tethetlan can take us. Did you even read your own book?

BERNIE

Why are you doing this, Tristan?
There's innocent people down there.

Bernie takes small steps towards Tristan.

TRISTAN

You of all people should understand. This world is nothing but selfish, sub-human scum. I don't doubt that every single person down there is irredeemable.

BERNIE

And you're not?

TRISTAN

None of us are, but it won't matter when we become one with the universe.

Tristan pulls out the detonator from his robe. The wind picks up.

BERNIE

Tristan, just think about this for a second. Kill yourself if you want-

TRISTAN

We're not killing ourselves! We're. Becoming. One. With. The. Universe.

BERNIE

Become one with the universe if
you'd like, but the people down
there don't need to come with you.
Leave them to rot on this planet.

TRISTAN

Doesn't work like that, Bernie. The
prophecy states-

BERNIE

Fuck the prophecy! I'm not in the
basement right now, You're
destroying the tower, not
Tethetlan, the prophecy isn't
happening.

TRISTAN

It will, I know it will. It must.

Bernie inches closer, nearly within reach of Tristan. The
wind is howling, the two are barely standing, leaning heavily
into the wind.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Don't come any closer, old man!

Bernie lunges for Tristan, but the wind is too powerful and
he just goes flying into the edge of the tower.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Tethetlan! We are here!

Tristan faces the sun, his back to Bernie.

The wind is an all consuming force, but Bernie fights against
it with all his might, trying to reach Tristan again.

Tristan raises the detonator, the final moment is near.

Bernie reaches Tristan and grabs him around the waist, trying
to reach up to the detonator. They tumble in the wind.

Tristan loses grip of the detonator, which get's caught
between the side of the building.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(Barely audible in the
wind)

NO!

Tristan lunges for the remote, but overshoots it and goes flying over the side of the building. He is sent hundreds of feet before gradually plummeting, ending up hundreds of feet away from the rooftop.

Bernie is being pulled by the wind across the rooftop, the bodies of the cult members being picked up and thrown off the building.

Bernie tries to reach for the detonator, but Johnny's body crashes into him, nearly causing Bernie to topple off the roof himself.

The wind gradually subsides, the detonator falls to the ground, Bernie can breath again.

TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. TRIDENT - DAY

Bernie and Alli are surrounded by news crews and photographers. They are awarded medals and everyone is cheering.

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. L.A.X. - DAY

Bernie and Scott are standing outside the airport, Scott has a new Lamborghini, still double parked.

SCOTT

Are you sure you don't want to stay? Everyone who's anyone in show business lives in L.A. Hell, it's not like you can't afford it.

BERNIE

I'm sure, I don't want to end up losing it like I did when I was younger. I trust you can take care of things when I'm not here.

SCOTT

Sure as hell can, You're a top priority client.

BERNIE

I'm your only client, Scott.

SCOTT

Well, that too.

BERNIE

I'll be back for the premiere, that's not that far away.

SCOTT

I still can't believe you got John Goodman to play me in the movie, I'm not that fat am I?

BERNIE

Hahaha, no you're not, buddy.

SCOTT

Take it easy champ, I'm proud of you.

Scott gives him a friendly punch on the arm.

Bernie gives him a hug, and walks towards the airport.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey, Bern!

Bernie turns around.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The producers were wondering if you had any ideas for the title.

Bernie stands there for a beat.

BERNIE
Non-Fiction.

Bernie walks off.

EXPLOSIONS

TITLE: THE END

FADE OUT