

Whackheads Pilot

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Final Draft

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**INT. LIVING ROOM OF TYPHON.**

Typhon looks out his window and takes a sip from his glass of brandy. He sees a raging fire visible across the city, with buildings burning and people in panic. He has a tattoo of a serpent on his face.

He is slightly startled by loud banging on the door. He smiles weakly and opens it. A bunch of FBI commandos barge in, render him unconscious, and escort him away.

**EXT. GLIMPSES OF THE CITY**

There's screaming, chaos and panic everywhere.

NEWS REPORTER

And now, a special report. A terrible tragedy just unfolding in the city of Los Angeles as we speak, in what has been called "the biggest attack on United States soil since 9/11." Sources close to us say that this was possibly an act of domestic terror, causing intense panic...

Ambulances are escorting dead bodies away and people are seen jumping from skyscrapers. Police sirens everywhere.

**INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM.**

Typhon is sitting with a slight smile on his face. He shouts into the camera.

TYPHON

See this, Graham? I made this, we made this, or destroyed, depending on which side of the chaos you're on!

Agent Graham, a bald guy with a rough build, and an imposing persona, watches this from his surveillance room and takes a deep breath.

GRAHAM

Yeah, cut the guru speak, and give us names, asshole!

TYPHON

I'll talk, I just need a bit of time to tell you my story.

GRAHAM

This isn't a talk show and you don't get to do 'polite requests' anymore, Typhon, Clown, whatever you go by. Give us something, and maybe we'll consider your weird pleas. You're dead, and so is your motley crew.

TYPHON

Motley Crue were from LA, right? I expect them to be dead at this point.

Graham addresses him by his real name.

GRAHAM

I didn't bring you here for banter, Clark Williams.

TYPHON

Ahh, but I like these little moments. I gave myself away expecting some of that, Graham. You can drown me in hot oil, and I can take it slow. There no stakes for me. I'm only doing this as part of the play. Gotta admire your arm twisting, Graham. Going straight for the Gods to find the goats, eh?

GRAHAM

Whatever, Chief Clown. Keep telling yourself you weren't caught. (to his assistant), Harvey, I'm going in.

Harvey nods and Graham leaves to talk to Typhon.

#### **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Graham storms into the room, quickly pulls a chair, and sits in front of Typhon.

TYPHON

(with a straight face)How does it feel to sit in my divine presence, Graham?

GRAHAM

Like smelling fresh horseshit.

TYPHON

Be above feeling Graham. I expect better from you.

GRAHAM

Shut the fuck up, Nicholas Cage. I'm not Alvarez. Your charm ain't gonna work. Question number one. Where did you acquire your bombs? Very broad, very straightforward. Start where you want, say as much as you like, stick to the point, no time limits. Go.

TYPHON

(sighs)Quite the charmer Graham. I'm but a lowly instrument of the hellfire... And Alvarez, would have been perfect for Amsterdam, too bad he got mopped up by you gu-

GRAHAM

Yeah, there's more mopping to be done. Stop wasting my fucking time and tell me who was the procurer of the explosives in your little cult.

TYPHON

Our community was definitely explosive. Vibrant, full of life, (whispers) we were fucking-

GRAHAM

Whackheads and killers. Stop running in circles or we'll burn you. You're a goddamn domestic terrorist with ties to foreign hostile actors. No tea and cakes for you, Queen.

TYPHON

(in jest) I know. I'm the one who made it easy. You see, playing with chaos is like playing with fire. Chaos is good, but it makes you weak, it burns you. That's where I fell off. A surfing accident, if you will.

Graham suddenly slaps Typhon and he falls off his chair. He has a bloody lip. Typhon sits back up, shakes his head, and sighs.

TYPHON

I thought violence wasn't allowed. I thought we were friends, and we already came to blows.

GRAHAM

(angrily) You don't get to preach non-violence, motherfucker!

TYPHON

Neither do you guys. At least clowns are fun and..disciplined. The material world on the other hand, just pisses on them while pooping on each other. I'll give you everything, just hear my story. You won't understand the bomb unless you unfold me. I'll tell you everything, but I need to do it right.

GRAHAM

You think we're lining up to sing carols of the fucking exploits of a mass murderer? We can, and will, resort to "law enforcement," if we don't *feel* cooperation. I hope you understand.

TYPHON

(sighs) You call us whackheads, Graham, but whackheads run the world. Without whackheads, there's no world. See the irony in that, (pauses)  
The world's mavericks, deities, heroes, villains, rulers, are all 'whackheads.' You know who's sane? The ruled, the victims, the slaves, the petty masses.

GRAHAM

Cold fear.

Typhon gives a slightly puzzled look as Graham mouths those words out of nowhere. Suddenly, a group of commandos barge in and forcefully escort him out of the room. Graham just sits still.

#### **INT. TORTURE CHAMBER.**

Typhon is escorted into a dark room he sees a big block of ice placed right in the middle. He starts breathing deeply as he has a slight look of panic but he suddenly calms down.

He is hung over the large slab of ice and his bare feet placed on it. Typhon screams loudly and his eyes are bloodshot.

Typhon smiles weakly and closes his eyes.

TYPHON

Now I feel no pain, no fear, only longing. I have caused havoc, brought forth hell, and unleashed the modes of chaos. Heaven was always a lie, a tool of fear to keep us from exploring the possibilities of this universe, this cosmic gift.

All this time, Harvey is watching Typhon and listening carefully, his face expressionless.

HARVEY

Stop running in circles and give us

names.

TYPHON

(laughs) Caught a lion, still grovelling.

HARVEY

(daftly) We don't actually believe in violence you know, but certain circumstances leave us, umm, helpless.

TYPHON

(chuckles) Take it easy, Harvey.

Harvey slaps Typhon in the face and begins to walk out of the room.

TYPHON

Consider my proposition.

Harvey turns back.

HARVEY

Listen here you little shit, we don't do 'plea deals' with terrorists.

TYPHON

Not a plea deal. I want only one small thing. No amnesty. Just hear me out.

I will tell you everything.. my soldiers, my community, their whereabouts, the operations, the roots, branches and leaves. All I ask in return is for my entire story to be recorded. I need my life to be known, just a little stroke in the giant painting of the cosmos. Its nothing extraordinary, for nothing really is; the Universe is an indifferent father after all.. I just need you to hear me out in full. I have nothing left to lose at this point. I was never attached to a grand plan, always saw myself as an instrument of this



distant father.

HARVEY

You DO know that if the information turns out to be false, we could-

TYPHON

There's no one I need to save, not even myself, Harvey. So I don't need to lie.

HARVEY

Half of the shit you say makes no sense.

TYPHON

What does?

Harvey sighs.

**INT. GRAHAM'S OFFICE.**

Harvey enters the room while Graham sits stone-faced, staring at a computer.

HARVEY

Sir,-

GRAHAM

Harvey, do you think this guy is some David Headley character who's just acting kooky?

HARVEY

David Headley? More like, Unabomber if he was crazier and more powerful. He is definitely an Osho wannabe with bombs.

GRAHAM

Hmm, so, what have you got?

HARVEY

He wants to talk, but he won't talk straight. He only talks in his, 'narratives'.

GRAHAM

We're not making a fucking biopic, Harvey. It's gonna take too much time. Why would we listen to his fucking 'story' while LA burns?

HARVEY

He's not responding to psy-op, torture, incentives, nothing. He's a complete maniac. This is the only way that he talks. It may take a bit longer, but I think we can analyze what he's saying, pick it apart, get clues, take it from there..

GRAHAM

Yeah. Guy's bizarre. But the way he operates, he has put havoc on autopilot. He is a major lead, but because he is so.. 'chaotic', anything could happen. God knows what other minions are planning what.

HARVEY

It's like he's the ringleader, we gotta catch his entire circus. If we indulge him for a while, we can track the rest of his network down. Besides, we already have all the agencies on it. Inputs will come, and they'll come fast.

GRAHAM

From our little analysis, it seems that whoever he's touched has been involved in some kind of hostile activity tied to him over the years.

HARVEY

Exactly, sir. He's a complete maniac. Maybe the reason he's being so forthcoming is he wants to destroy whatever he's made. And there seems to be no larger motive, intent.

GRAHAM

He makes Manson look like a small timer.

HARVEY

Sir, as I said, he's a complete maniac. He calls himself a 'bringer of hell' and what not.. I am betting on his insanity..He may be giving everyone away just to cause even more, 'chaos.' He does that just for the heck of it.

GRAHAM

Let's be on it then, we are short on time.

Harvey nods and leaves. Graham takes a deep breath and puts his hand on his chin.

#### **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Graham enters and sits opposite Typhon.

TYPHON

Call it Stockholm Syndrome, but I had started to miss you.

Graham takes a deep breath.

GRAHAM

Now here's the deal, Hellboy. We are gonna record your profile in our database each day, you're gonna give us names and details of each of your junior clowns. Digression will be met with pain. Very, intense, pain. Even the President won't save you.

TYPHON

A devotee of raging fires worships pain. This fire moulds all that's precious, Graham. You're a smart man. You know what I've started is bigger than me, bigger than good or bad, and you know that catching me wasn't enough. You had to hear me, and I set myself to be heard by you. I don't care about my clowns. The circus will go on without them, at least for a while. My work on this speck of dust in the Universe is pretty much done. My role, fulfilled. I don't think much of my life, pain, pleasure, love, hate, I am nothing and everything.

GRAHAM

You're what?

TYPHON

You'll understand this in time, Graham. Consider my arrival a gift, a spectacle, a jolt to the veins for this already burning world. I am not a villain, hero, saint, sinner, Satan, Jesus. I am a speck of the Universe.

GRAHAM

You really are a whackhead. A criminal, evil one.

TYPHON

Your labels won't touch me. What you call the good and the bad. Aah, I digress. We should probably begin.

Typhon smiles weakly.

TYPHON (V.O.)

When I was born, the nation was in malaise.

**INT. TYPHON'S CHILDHOOD HOME**

A Television set plays a bit from then-President Jimmy Carter's "crisis of confidence" speech.

JIMMY CARTER

...It is a crisis of confidence.

It is a crisis that strikes at the very heart and soul and spirit of our national will. We can see this crisis in the growing doubt about the meaning of our own lives and in the loss of a unity of purpose for our nation...

TYPHON (V.O.)

The malaise apparently left our gated home in Santa Monica alone, as I was treated to a rich father, and a revolving door of mothers...

An old man in a bathing suit gives a kiss to a woman dressed in a bikini as she jumps in the pool.

He opens a newspaper and engrosses himself in it while a small child sits and watches in the distance.

TYPHON (V.O.)

..And we were told the malaise ended when a cheery old man brought Morning in America.

The year 1984.

A woman who looks like a model comes home, announces her arrival and kisses a five-year old Clark Williams playing with his toys on the forehead. He sits there, indifferent, almost untouched.

He then gets up and walks to his father.

David Williams is sitting on a couch with his television on, watching the news. An ad for Reagan's 'Morning in America' is playing on the television set.

CLARK

Dad, where is mommy?

The father doesn't look at his son.

DAVID  
You just met her, son.

CLARK  
But that's not mommy!

DAVID  
She is, and if you bring this up again,  
I will throw you in the pool.

Martha, his girlfriend, calls him.

MARTHA  
Dave, we need to talk.

DAVID  
(under his breath) What now... Coming  
honey!

There are sounds of distant shouting in the distance. Clark walks out of the living room and goes to the pool. He just stands at the edge, looks down at the water, and stares at it.

#### **INT. THE HOSPITAL**

Clark is lying on the hospital bed surrounded by the doctor, David and Martha.

DOCTOR  
You are really lucky, Mr. Williams. The state he was in, it took us an hour to revive him. We thought he was in a vegetative state until he started reacting to light and sound. He should be alright now. Just take care he stays away from the pool for at least 2 months till his body recovers. There is still risk of ulcer formation. I'll leave you to it.

The doctor smiles and leaves them alone. Martha goes to Clark and holds his hand.

MARTHA

Clarky boy, my baby, how do you feel?

Clark, meanwhile, just stares at the ceiling. Numb, unresponsive, occasionally blinking.

David interjects.

DAVID

We were really worried, son. What happened was dangerous.

CLARK

I wanted to see what the pool was like before you threw me into it.

David is startled.

DAVID

What are you talking about, son?

MARTHA

Dave, What the hell is going on?

DAVID

Martha, it's nothing..just..

CLARK

I wanted to know about mommy but dad wouldn't tell me. He said if I ask, then he'll throw me into the pool. So I stepped in to see what it's like.

MARTHA

DAVID! ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY INSANE?

DAVID

Of course, I didn't mean it, Martha, I..

MARTHA

Let's go outside for a moment. (To Clark)  
We'll be right back, sweetie.

Outside the room, we can hear faintly what the couple are arguing about.

MARTHA

Can you not just talk to your son? You're making this harder for me..I am exhausted with your rich, tough guy bullshit..

DAVID

Rich tough guy? I'm doing this so he accepts you..

MARTHA

This will make him accept me?

Clark is lying in bed and listening to all this.

**INT. CLARK'S BEDROOM.**

Clark is lying on his bed, absentmindedly playing with his toys, while Martha walks in with some soup.

MARTHA

Baby, you alright now?

She runs her hand through Clark's head and kisses his forehead. Clark stares emptily and nods.

MARTHA

Don't think too much, Clark. You know I love you. I always have. I'm like your mommy too.

She smiles. Clark nods gently.

CLARK

Maybe.



Martha takes a deep breath and walks out of the room. Sound of broken glass is heard in the background.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY**

TYPHON (V.O.)

Now that I think of it, I always loved  
scratching itches and watching the  
follow up.

The year 1989.

A group of children finish lining up fireworks across the school hallways, all the while keeping an eye out for authorities or other students. Suddenly the bell rings. Marcus, a friend of Clark's suddenly speaks up.

MARCUS

Oi, Clark, hurry up, man. What are you  
doing?

Clark hasn't finished setting up the last thread. He takes out a matchbox and struggles to light a match.

MARCUS

Yo, yo, yo, not now man, that's not what  
the plan was man, you're whack!

Clark ignores Marcus' grievances and lights a match. As the students are coming out, he lights up the fireworks and that suddenly sends the students into panic. There's screaming and shock. Marcus just runs off. Clark stands there laughing, like an innocent, giggling child.

**EXT. THE CITY**

Present day.

Police vans, firetrucks, ambulances, and news broadcasting vans show up to a large burning building. A reporter walks out of a van with "Century News" writ large on it.

ANNA GUAREZ

This is Anna Guarez reporting live from the Beverly Hilton. It seems that the city-wide terror attack hasn't spared one of the city's most iconic hotels as police and firetrucks try to rescue as many people as possible. Hundreds have been reported dead with many more injured, either by jumping off the building or by the fire itself. Currently we have no information about the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of these attacks, as we await intel from the authorities. We will keep giving updates. Anna Guarez with cameraman Philip, Century News.

Anna gets inside the van and speaks to Philip.

ANNA

What happened to that Miller lead that you talked about?

PHILIP

Turned up dead. Was a flake, apparently.

ANNA

Something like this was on the books for long. Nothing is so "sudden." Nothing. And they couldn't stop it? What happened to all the tracking, tracing, the spying bullshit that these agencies do? What happened now?

PHILIP

No one's giving anything. It's domestic terror, so everyone is kinda shocked. They don't have reference points or this kind of thing, except for global terror. Although my guys at the FBI tell me that this, guy, whoever he is, has worked with all sorts of people. Neo-Nazis, jihadis, Russian spies, what have you.

ANNA  
What does he want?

PHILIP  
Don't know. Act seems too big for  
personal vengeance. But there's no  
political undertones. No clue,  
honestly.

Anna sighs.

ANNA  
Alright, all of us will keep looking.  
Nate will want leads real quick.

PHILIP  
Got it.

**INT. FBI OFFICE**

Graham is sitting with his head in his hands at a desk while he waits for an employee to finish searching up something. Harvey walks in.

HARVEY  
Anything yet, sir?

GRAHAM  
Not yet. There are many Marthas, and she  
wasn't married to old Dave, so hard to  
know which one. Typhon says he doesn't  
remember her fucking surname. Guy  
practically arsoned his own fucking  
school, who the hell cares about such  
trivial details, right? Actually, ahh,  
Jayesh, look up schools near the Santa  
Monica area. And check which one had  
some, 'firework incident' happen in '89.

Jayesh nods and starts searching. Graham turns to Harvey.

HARVEY  
Sir, we got something on David.

GRAHAM  
Yeah, what about him?

HARVEY  
Was some real estate guy. Two broken  
marriages, some womanizing in between.

GRAHAM  
You sure he's the one?

Harvey nods. Graham gets up and takes a file from him and leaves.  
Harvey looks back at Graham as he walks.

#### **INT. WHITE HOUSE**

President Christopher Johnson gives a speech on the eve of the  
tragedy.

PRESIDENT CHRIS  
My fellow Americans. Our country is  
under attack. From forces outside and  
within, there is evil lurking to  
threaten our great republic and our  
freedoms. My heart goes out to the city  
of Los Angeles and the recent tragedy  
that has befallen its people, costing  
thousands of lives. My team is working  
hard to find the culprit, the  
treacherous soul who has dared conceive  
of such an unspeakable crime. I assure  
the people..

The White House Chief of Staff enters the Presidential Office.

KEVIN  
Mr. President, we have new intel on the  
perpetrator.

CHRIS

Shoot.

KEVIN

Goes by Typhon. Is a US citizen. LA local.

Chris stares outside the window of his office. He lets out a deep sigh.

CHRIS

Anything on who did what? The plan, what have they found?

KEVIN

Apparently Typhon is doing a full narration of his life in random order and they are joining the dots from there.

CHRIS

What? Is this a joke? We're supposed to find who did it. What the hell's happening? Call Graham. Now.

Kevin nods and leaves.

Chris picks up a pen and starts fiddling with it absentmindedly.

**INT. GRAHAM'S OFFICE.**

Graham is sitting in his desk sipping coffee while Harvey enters. He gives Harvey an expectant look and arches his eyebrows.

HARVEY

I've asked around, the name of Parker High keeps coming up. They had fireworks lined up and it almost caused a fire but they hushed the incident at the time.

GRAHAM

Well, this Typhon guy talks in stories.. We need his characters to give their own 'narrations.' Who was the principal at the time?

HARVEY

Some guy named Matt Calwell.

GRAHAM

Let's pay him a visit.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (1989)**

Matt Calwell is at his table with Clark Williams sitting in front of him. He stares at Clark for quite a while before speaking up.

MATT

Clark, what you did was not just some cute mischief. You could have burned the entire school.

Clark just stares at him.

MATT

Why'd you do it? What was on your mind? You clearly are from a good family.

Clark starts giggling and suppresses his laughter.

MATT

Am I joking here? Is it some circus I'm running? What are you, some, (sighs) ghetto kid?

CLARK

What's a ghetto?

MATT

What made you practically burn an entire school? I am being very patient with you, boy, because of your background.

CLARK

I didn't wanna burn anything. I just wanted to celebrate.

MATT  
Celebrate what?

CLARK  
Nothing at all.

Matt takes a deep breath.

MATT  
You are being suspended for a month. Be lucky, because this kind of thing usually leads to straight up expulsion. I need a written apology and you will be sent to the counselor. Now leave.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM.**

TYPHON  
Peanut farmer, Sunshine man, and now a boring old toot. At the time, I didn't really understand this kind of stuff, Graham. I didn't care or know about the Presidents, the make-believe kings of America. They didn't even run everything. But later, as I knew more, I used the knowledge more, and I got fascinated with it. I only got passing imagery from the T.V. But that helped me a lot. (laughs)

GRAHAM  
What the hell are you talking about?

TYPHON  
I'm continuing where I left. That little firework thing. Even losing my virginity wasn't as good as that first rush.

GRAHAM  
Why do you keep referencing Presidents? They aren't even a part of your pathetic story.

TYPHON

Oh you know they are. Well, its your job anyway to join the pieces. I'm pretty sure you're expanding the plot aside from what I'm telling you.

GRAHAM

Shut the fuck up.

Graham gets up to leave.

TYPHON

Say hi to Chris for me.

Graham is slightly startled.

TYPHON

Oh don't look startled. I know that you know that he knows.

Graham turns back and leaves. Typhon chuckles.

**INT. THE OFFICE AT CENTURY NEWS.**

Anna is sitting at her cubicle working. She is interrupted by her boss, Nate, who stops by her desk.

NATE

Any leads?

ANNA

Nothing yet, except dead ones. The agencies are being slower than usual.

NATE

Well, they're never slow, and this isn't usual. Must be some insane stuff that they're hesitating to release.

ANNA

Well, Philip told me that he has worked with every hostile force imaginable. How



can one man be so chaotic?

NATE

Maybe he identifies with it.

Anna doesn't respond.

NATE

Let's wait for the unfolding. You keep at it.

Anna nods as Nate leaves. She lets out a huge sigh.

Suddenly she gets a phone call from her colleague, Philip.

ANNA

Hello?

PHILIP

Hey, so I did some digging.

ANNA

And?

PHILIP

Turns out this guy has a history and this was his, "magnum opus" to say the least.

ANNA

Well, we kind of had an idea though, didn't we?

PHILIP

Yeah, but the reason he was hard to catch is because there is no clear pattern as to what he does. He is very random.

ANNA

So, a psycho killer?

PHILIP

Yeah, kind of like that, but on mass scale. Terrorists usually have an agenda. He just wants to burn it all down.

ANNA

Oh God. But he's in custody right?

PHILIP

Yeah, but he has empowered all kinds of separate hostile channels and it may cause more senseless mayhem.

ANNA

And how do you know all that?

PHILIP

Very simple. I asked  
Mr.I-don't-reveal-my-sources.

ANNA

Aagh.. Alright, talk to Nate.

PHILIP

Fine.

**INT. SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE**

The year 1994.

Clark is in counselor Greta's office.

CLARK

There is nothing about anything that will make anything better. Just get a life already!

GRETA

Oh, trust me, five years dealing with you

have killed all hopes of that. I have tried working with you, given it all, I've tried soft love, tough love, anger, empathy, I just can't get through to you. And you won't even let me try!

CLARK

And five years of this bullshit hasn't taught you anything Greta. You won't accept the randomness that life brings you. Its a present and you see it as a curse.

GRETA

You are definitely a curse, Clark. I am sorry to say. I wish I could be nicer, but my willpower has been depleted. I don't know why you do what you do. You think that is randomness? They are planned hostile actions. Don't try and make me run in circles.

CLARK

Oh, so bringing a gun and waving it at students for a joke is a hostile action?

Greta just stares at Clark.

GRETA

Let me be very clear: We don't expel you or call the police because of your father's support for our school. How many times do I have to remind you?

CLARK

Oh yeah, the endowments. At least Dave's good for something.

GRETA

Clark..

CLARK

Eh, he's lucky I don't call him a cuck.  
I feel bad for Martha, in fact.

GRETA

Oh, so this is about Martha, your  
stepmother who always meant well and you  
didn't give two shits about, huh? And you  
take it all out on everyone else?

CLARK

Oh, no no no. I don't have it in for  
anyone. I just do all I do out of boredom.  
I'm pissed at the monotone hum of things.  
Besides, I don't hate her. I just  
couldn't see her the way she wanted me  
to. I appreciate her "love," whatever  
she calls it.

GRETA

You don't open up, and you expect me to  
understand you.

CLARK

I don't know what opening up is, and I  
don't wanna be understood. (smirks) I  
don't even wanna be here. That Calwell  
moron..

GRETA

Get out then.

CLARK

Thank you, Greta, I appreciate your..

GRETA

Out.

CLARK

Good idea.

Clark gives a sly smile and leaves Greta's office.

He arrives home. A woman can be heard moaning in the background. She is apparently making love to someone.

Clark takes a small bag, packs some clothes in, and picks it up. He's about to leave, but realizes he has forgotten something. He goes into the room where Martha is making love to another guy.

Martha and the guy are startled and they quickly cover themselves up.

MARTHA

Clark, what the hell!? What are you..

Clark signals them to keep quiet. He opens a cupboard, takes out a gun from inside it, and packs some ammo kept with it. He puts all of that in his bag and heads out.

He has a smirk on his face as he heads out of the house.

TYPHON (V.O.)

I left with two guns, who'd known they'd turn into millions.

#### **INT. FBI OFFICE**

Graham heads out of the interrogation room and into his office. He signals Harvey.

GRAHAM

Come with me.

Harvey and Graham head to their office. Harvey sits down at the seat in front of Graham.

GRAHAM

Well, what have you got so far?

HARVEY

Basic stuff, really. Whatever info he has given, connected some dots, but nothing huge yet.

GRAHAM  
Any trace of Dave?

HARVEY  
Is in New York at the moment. Will send  
for him.

GRAHAM  
When are we speaking with the Calwell  
guy?

HARVEY  
Next on the list.

GRAHAM  
You think he had some involvement in all  
of this? Or Dave?

HARVEY  
I highly doubt it Sir, considering guy  
was bothered by "Clark" most of his time  
at Parker. And Dave, from what we've  
learned, he didn't give a shit back then,  
why would he now?

Graham sighs.

**INT. NEWSROOM - CENTURY NEWS**

REPORTER  
"Trust the chaos", said a sign outside  
the nearly-burned Griffith Observatory  
as the attacks on the city last night  
unfolded. The Observatory has been  
closed down to give time for recovery.  
Meanwhile, varying accounts have been  
given of the perpetrator who has proved  
to be more dangerous than any foreign  
hostile force...

**EXT. THE SUBURBS**

Two cars stop outside a modest suburban home and Harvey comes outside. He rings the doorbell of the house and an old Matt Calwell opens it. He shows his ID and barges in.

**INT. MATT'S HOUSE.**

MATT

Uh, is there something I can help you with, officer?

HARVEY

Oh, you can definitely help a lot, Mr. Calwell.

MATT

Uh..I..uh

HARVEY

Take a seat.

Matt sits down on a couch and Harvey sits in front of him. Harvey takes out a mugshot of Typhon when he was captured.

HARVEY

Recall the face?

MATT

No clue, sir. Never met this man.

HARVEY

He's a proud alumni of Parker High.

MATT

Oh, I left in the early 2000s, so I..

HARVEY

Remember Clark Williams?

MATT

Clark Williams, Oh my God, yes. One hell of a troublemaker. More than that, in fact, he had, some kind of demonic tendencies or something..How can I forget him. Gave me a real hard time, I tell ya, then suddenly, out of nowhere, just ran off to God knows where..

HARVEY

(pointing to a mugshot) This guy right here, is Clark Williams.

MATT

Oh, so, what did he do? Hope he didn't murder someone,..(sighs)

HARVEY

He burned an entire city, and is responsible for all kinds of hostile actions on United states soil and abroad.

MATT

(shocked) He's the one behind..

HARVEY

Yes.

MATT

Heaven help us, Oh Lord.

Matt buries his head in his hands.

HARVEY

We need to know everything there is to know about this guy. He goes by Typhon now. We haven't made this information public, yet.



MATT

I..will cooperate Sir, to the best of my  
abil-

HARVEY

Good. Either I come personally, or an  
agent will be sent to record all his  
little exploits in your school. Typhon's  
and your stories will be corroborated.  
Understood?

MATT

Yes, uhh..definitely.

HARVEY

We'll have a chat soon.

**INT. IN THE CAR**

Harvey is on the phone with Graham

HARVEY

Yes, he'll cooperate.

GRAHAM

Hmm, good. As we add more people, You are  
gonna go to each one of them and bring  
them in our fold.

HARVEY

Most definitely, sir. What else has  
Typhon spoken about?

GRAHAM

Will speak to him again. Gotta patch some  
outside intel we're getting.

HARVEY

Is it helpful or..

GRAHAM

Very hazy, as of now. We're connecting the dots. There's more to come. It's only been a day. Report to the office now. Help me out on this other stuff. I won't be in LA for a couple days. Will be heading to Washington. Got a rendezvous with the President.

HARVEY

Alright, Sir. I'll keep things smooth here.

GRAHAM

Good.

**INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM**

President Chris is presiding over a meeting with members of his administration.

CHRIS

I have recently spoken to Levy and he has promised full cooperation with intel to catch Typhon's global network. We have already nabbed the guy. In no time, we must be able to eliminate all his operations. Foucault, where are we with the corporate fraud guy, Simon Cohen?

FOCAULT

His accounts have been frozen and the agencies have been put on high alert.

CHRIS

Fantastic. Peterson, What's the status on recovery aid?

PETERSON

Sir, we haven't been able to ascertain

the exact number of injured. But additional funds and personnel are on the way and I am positive that we may be able to save a significant number of people and get started on restoration soon. A meeting will be set up with the Governor.

Chris sighs.

CHRIS

That's encouraging. Gentlemen, we'll meet soon to discuss further intel and plans of action.

Everyone gets up to leave. Chris calls Kevin.

KEVIN

Sir.

CHRIS

What did Graham say about his real name was?

KEVIN

He hasn't revealed it yet, sir. Says he needs more confirmation.

CHRIS

What do you mean needs confirmation? I'm the fucking Commander-in-Chief and I need to know every detail!

KEVIN

He's sounds like he's hesitating, Sir. Not sure why.

CHRIS

He's up today right?

KEVIN

Yep. He's in Washington.

CHRIS

Yeah. He better fucking be.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

Chris is sitting at his desk, fiddling with a paper weight as Graham enters.

CHRIS

Sit down, Anthony.

GRAHAM

Sir.

CHRIS

What are you hiding?

GRAHAM

I don't understand.

CHRIS

You don't usually hesitate with information. Tell me what's going on.

Graham hesitates a bit, then speaks.

GRAHAM

It's Clark Williams, Sir.

CHRIS

What!? Clark fucking Williams?

Graham nods.

**EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY**

The year 2004. "Chris for Senator" signs everywhere.

Chris shakes hands with a bunch of people, including a young Clark Williams.

CHRIS  
Nice to see you again, Mr. Williams.

CLARK  
Remember our arrangement.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

Chris comes back to the present.

CHRIS  
And you think hiding this would have served me any better?

GRAHAM  
I just wanted to wait a little. Don't worry sir, he wasn't who he is at the time and you didn't know.

CHRIS  
Yeah but the connection's there and it doesn't make me look good. A country attacked by the one of President's former friends? Holy shit.

GRAHAM  
There is nothing to worry about. They can't trace this to you. The connection isn't as significant.

CHRIS  
But it was, and it is significant enough to screw me in an election year.

GRAHAM  
Silence is a virtue, and no better time to practice it than now.

Chris sighs and nods.

CHRIS

Also, when were you gonna tell me you're making a documentary of the exploits of the great Typhon?

GRAHAM

Wha..Oh, it's about our long-tail methods.

CHRIS

Stop acting like a monkey and just find the goddamn guys who burned one of our major cities. How do you think this bullshit's gonna help?

GRAHAM

Look, trust us, Sir. We have adjusted the machinery according to whatever inputs we have. As we get more inputs, we need to take less shit from this circus Lion.

CHRIS

Yeah, just don't end up wasting everyone's time. Keep me updated, and make sure *certain things* don't leak out.

GRAHAM

You have my word.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS.**

An old Dave Williams is walking down the streets of New York. Suddenly, some police cars rush at him and block his way. He is startled. Some men get out of the car.

POLICEMAN

You need to come with us, Sir.

DAVE

Officer, is there a..

He is nabbed and taken inside the car.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

HARVEY

Welcome to LA, Mr. Williams. Must be tired. Long flight, coast to coast.

DAVE

I have no clue what's happening officer, all my dealings are legit..I've done nothing wrong.

HARVEY

Oh no, no, I'm sure you're a saint, Dave. This is about the recent city-wide arson in LA.

DAVE

And you think I-

HARVEY

Not you, but your progeny. Clark.

DAVE

Clark? He's my runaway son who I haven't seen in decades..He's the domestic terr-

HARVEY

Yes, the mystery man.

DAVE

But what does this have to do with me? As I said, I haven't seen him in decades. I've been too busy involved in my deal-

HARVEY

Ah but you see, in a case like this, which happens to be way bigger than 9/11, we need to keep a close watch on any

possible wear and tear that might occur.

DAVE  
This makes no se-

HARVEY  
You are not to leave LA unless we say so.  
And you are to give us full cooperation.

DAVE  
You can't threaten me like that, and on  
what grounds are y-

HARVEY  
Maybe we can't. But we can *help* you, with  
*not* pursuing the 20 or so lawsuits  
against you for extortion and eviction  
of tenants on your properties.

Dave is startled.

DAVE  
I don't even have anything to do-

HARVEY  
You give us whatever you have.

Dave thinks for a moment, and then lets out a huge sigh.

DAVE  
What do you need?

**INT. CENTURY NEWS OFFICE.**

Anna is sitting at her desk searching for old news reports and articles on her computer. Suddenly, one of her colleagues comes up to her.

ANNA  
Hey, Katie.



KATIE  
Hey, that's Cohen.

ANNA  
Yeah, the guy who got nabbed recently for  
suspected fraud.

KATIE  
Yeah, he laundered millions for shell  
companies and God knows for whom.

Anna suddenly has a realization.

**INT. NATE'S OFFICE**

Anna enters Nate's office hurriedly and closes the door.

ANNA  
Nate, you think this Cohen guy had  
anything to do with the L.A. burnings?

NATE  
I highly doubt it. It's a stretch. He  
committed massive fraud but it's a  
corporate crime.

ANNA  
It's just..I have a feeling. This guy is  
national news the same time as the L.A.  
thing.

NATE  
Coincidence, Anna. I know, the country  
is going through troubled times, doesn't  
mean..

ANNA  
Just to be sure, I think we should look  
this up. I mean, if we break this, could  
be huge. Whatever it is, it's a massive

conspiracy.

NATE

Hmm..You're overthinking this, but ok,  
I'll bite. Don't let it affect the job  
that you have now. Now go.

Anna gives a formal smile.

She leaves the office and takes out her phone to call someone.

ANNA

Yeah, my work ends at eight.  
Eight-thirty then? Okay.

#### **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

SIMON COHEN

I'm a disgraced lawyer, why would I lie  
about something like this anyway, now?  
You think I'm some kind of terrorist?

GRAHAM

We do, as a matter of fact.

COHEN

I received cuts through back channels to  
help a bunch of people park their  
millions. I have clue about anything  
else. They were secretive.

GRAHAM

What was your specific need to work with  
secretive people? Your fancy-ass law  
firm paid you minimum wage or what?

COHEN

I...uh..

GRAHAM

You know, we'll continue this later.  
I've got other engagements lined up.

Graham leaves the room. He sighs and rubs his face. He then starts walking across the hallway looking lost. Everything's blurry to him. Suddenly, Jayesh interrupts.

JAYESH  
Sir, I was looking for you.

GRAHAM  
(startled) What is it, y..you found something?

**INT. JAYESH'S DESK.**

JAYESH  
Typhon has operated like a cult-leader without a proper, consistent cult. But he must have gotten some initiation, background, connection previously. I looked into our database for cults, their activities, their, whatever, ideas, and..I *might* have an idea of the Martha you asked me to look up. Although, I'm not entirely sure as to what she might know.

GRAHAM  
Well, you can never be too sure. For one, even though Typhon left home when he was fifteen, his former "family" was rich and the members too *quirky* to just be left alone. They may not reveal it, but one of them most likely made every effort to reconcile and be involved in some way or another with whatever bullshit he was involved in.

JAYESH  
I see..where..you're going with this.

GRAHAM  
Compile your findings and whatever

"hunches" you have. Print them out, bring them into my office. We'll take it from there. You seen Harvey?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

DAVE

You see, that wasn't the first time he ran off. But it was the final. He...ran off to some cult a year before, and..out of nowhere, he just came back. He looked..weird..He was already angsty, but now, it's like, nothing meant anything to him. He had become extremely snarky and..bizarre. We tried sending him to different people, gave him pills, and what not, he just wouldn't respond. He just wouldn't stop his drama. It was more than just teenage angst. That fucking brat!

HARVEY

He hasn't mentioned a cult yet.

DAVE

My first wife, she left without notice. And years later, she was found murdered in there. And God knows what happened to *him*, but he somehow ran off from there, and came back to bother us for another year before he left for good. I don't even know this guy anymore..Typhon, and what he thinks.

HARVEY

You care about *your* thoughts. You're gonna be on a long sabbatical, Dave.

Harvey leaves the room and calls Graham.

HARVEY

Sir, what did the President say?

GRAHAM  
Gave me the usual flexing. Screw that.  
You talk to Dave yet?

HARVEY  
Yeah, I found something.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Graham sits across Typhon and looks him in the eye.

GRAHAM  
The cult thing.

TYPHON  
What cult?

GRAHAM  
You know what cult.

TYPHON  
Ohh. Look, I was coming to that, but let  
me keep my own pace. You know I don't  
believe in linear narration.

GRAHAM  
Yeah, totally. You tell us shit like a  
rambling, drunk man, with completely  
random timelines. The only reason we put  
up with your nonsense is to get an  
expedited investigation. I'm asking  
*really nicely*, what happened there?

TYPHON  
See, now that kind of changed  
everything. I wanted to keep it for a  
while, but OK, I'm the one in chains.

The year 1993.

Clark takes a bag and enters an eerie looking place. He sees a group of people sitting and looking up to a bearded, goofy looking man who is giving a sermon of sorts. He notices a confused Clark and smiles at him.

WHISPERER

Come, right in the front. Sit down.

Clark goes all the way to the front and sits beneath the man. He addresses everyone in the room.

WHISPERER

Here's a child, in search for a family,  
and he's found it.

Everyone raises their palms and start chanting "Hey! Hey! Hey!"

#### **INT. WHISPERER'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS**

Clark is taken inside. Whisperer sees him and smiles.

WHISPERER

How did you find us?

CLARK

That's on me.

WHISPERER

Snappy. I like that. You come from a broken home, and you found a mansion of love. You'll love it here.

CLARK

I hope I do.

WHISPERER

They call me the whisperer. I give people all they need to feel whole.

CLARK

Why are you called the whisperer? And how do you know about my family?

WHISPERER

(sarcastically) I have superpowers.  
(laughs). Why else would you leave your comfortable suburban home and arrive at this humble community? Come here.

He caresses his face with his hands.

WHISPERER

We'll take care of you. Really good care.

CLARK

What do I need to do?

WHISPERER

Nothing.

He smiles.

WHISPERER

This community is freedom. Freedom from the emptiness, chaos of the modern world that we built for ourselves. The only law we follow is the law of love. Among everyone. And we oppose any law that restricts any form of love. There is no black, white, man, woman, young, old. There is only love.

Clark just stares at the Whisperer for a while and then smiles weakly.

CLARK

Why do they call you the whisperer?

WHISPERER

Because I'm mellow and everyone loves me.

Whisperer has intense, serious eyes but he smiles at Clark.

WHISPERER

You should meet my partner.

Clark is confused. A woman comes out from a room and Clark is shocked to see her.

CLARK  
Mom!

AMY  
Clark!

CLARK  
Wh..how? I don't..

WHISPERER  
Oh, I see you two are familiar with each other. You're her son, from her previous life. This is an amazing Union of love.

He has a strange twinkle in his eye.

Amy comes up to Clark and holds his face in her hands. She hugs and kisses him.

AMY  
My baby, how have you been?

CLARK  
Where have you been? All this time, Ma,  
I..waited and..

AMY  
It's a long story..Come inside.

She smiles. Clark accompanies her into her room while Whisperer follows them. As they enter, he smiles and closes the door for them.

CLARK  
So..

AMY  
Oh my boy, you've grown so much  
and..we..I don't know where to start?

CLARK



Well, let's start with what happened.  
Did dad..Was it..me..

AMY  
No, No, baby. Forget it. It's the past.  
Doesn't matter now.

She looks at him expectantly and starts rubbing his chest. Clark just stares at her.

AMY  
Let's just say, that your Dad, was empty,  
and here I felt whole..And with you..

She brings her face close to his ear and whispers.

AMY  
...I can just...

She kisses his ear softly and becomes more aggressive with her touches.

CLARK  
Mo..Mom..

#### **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

DAVE  
Fuck does it matter now? It's been decades. She was always neurotic and loved to just whine like a bitch. One day she left. What did I not give her? She was just deranged I think.

HARVEY  
Yeah, you know, this isn't marriage counseling. Anything specific?

DAVE  
She was..very possessive about Clark.  
And uh..used to just scream and yell  
either at him or me, for the smallest  
of..uhh

Harvey receives a message on his phone. It says "2004."

HARVEY

Okay, we'll continue this later.

Harvey leaves the interrogation room and heads to a room where recordings of the conversations between Graham and Typhon are archived on a system. He heads to the computer, types a password and plays an old recording.

.. "Say Hi to Chris for me.." .... "I know that you knows that he knows.."

He plays it two more times.

**EXT. A PARKING LOT**

Anna arrives at a parking lot and walks slowly towards a red car. The woman inside doesn't come out.

ANNA

A parking lot? Seriously?

WOMAN

Shut it. I could be fired, you know. I'm only doing this because of an old favor.

ANNA

The city nearly burned.

WOMAN

My firm hasn't. Look, I could be blacklisted in every law firm in whatever is left of Los Angeles for revealing such classified documents. So I would really appreciate some gratitude. Enjoy my services while they last.

The woman takes out an envelope and hands it to Anna. She starts her car and leaves.

Anna peeps into the contents of the envelope, looks around her, and seals and keeps the envelope in her bag. She then starts to leave the place.

END OF PILOT.

