

TEASER

We see nothing, but we hear, distantly:

MONET (V.O.)
Let me--you have to let me in, he's
my *brother*.

FADE IN:

INT. IU BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL - EVENING

The picture is so blurred that it looks like an abstract painting, but the sun is at the back of a hospital campus, the sky painted in hues of red that might be apocalyptic if they weren't so beautiful against the stark concrete.

MONET (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is he in critical condition?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Well, no, but--

MONET (V.O.)
Then you have to let me see him!
I'm his family, he doesn't...

Her voice fades around the word "see him," fully gone by the time we once again

FADE OUT.

AUGUST (V.O.)
Jay?

MONET (V.O.)
August--holy shit, they didn't even
want to let me in here--what
happened to you?

FADE IN:

INT. IU BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL - AUGUST'S ROOM - EVENING

AUGUST CARAWAY lies in a hospital bed. Everything is blurry, but particularly his face--we see the shading of a beard, the furrow of eyebrows, but details are elusive.

Over him stands JADE CARAWAY, expressive and a complete mess. Later, she will become MONET. Now, she's the only thing that's in focus. She's in her twenties, aged by fatigue;

her hair a mess, her makeup smeared. She wears all black--her waitressing outfit.

AUGUST
(overlapping)
Jay--Jay, calm down, I'm *fine*.

MONET
(overlapping)
No, no I won't calm down, you've been gone all week, no one knew where you were, I couldn't *find you*-
-

AUGUST
Jade. You found me. I'm okay.

The image begins to fade around Jade, and as August disappears, we hear her voice say:

MONET
Of course I did, I'm your sister, August--finding you wherever you get into crazy shit is kind of my job.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BARE ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

MONET CARAWAY comes to in the middle of a dark, empty room on a plush leather chair. The room isn't completely devoid of light, but there's no clear source. Although it's hard to make things out clearly, she's not cuffed, and this surprises her--she raises her hands to affirm that in disbelief. There aren't any visible doors into the room. As she looks around, out of seemingly nowhere--

MALE VOICE

(amused)

Ms. Caraway. I wasn't sure if you were ever going to wake up.

MONET

(beat)

Sorry for the inconvenience, I hadn't meant to fall asleep to begin with.

She stands up, walking along the walls to try to see where the audio is coming from--it seems to originate nowhere and everywhere at once.

MALE VOICE

Yes, I'm aware. My apologies for the unscheduled nap, but it was necessary given the circumstances.

MONET

The circumstances?

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN in a floral print shirt leans back in his chair, his back to us. He has a phone in one hand and a stress ball in the other. He's squeezing it at regular intervals. In front of him are three monitors. On the left monitor, there's a series of personnel files. On the right, there's some sort of messaging service. He's blocking the middle screen, but the visible parts of the screen are dark.

MAN

Don't play coy, Ms. Caraway. We might have rendered you unconscious, but we did not erase your memory of the specter encounter you streamed live.

SCUT TO:

INT. BARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monet freezes with her hand on the wall, where she had been feeling for seams, or any sign of a door. There don't seem to be any, nor is there any apparent place that speakers could be hidden.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

You really should make yourself more comfortable. We need to have a rather serious conversation.

Monet sits down as petulantly as a five-year-old who's been sent to time-out.

MONET

Then let's talk.

MALE VOICE

Thank you for your cooperation, Ms. Caraway. I do hope that you can maintain--

MONET

Please get to the point. And please. If you want me to feel comfortable, call me Monet.

MALE VOICE

(beat)

I won't insult your intelligence by beating around the bush, Ms. Caraway: I represent some people who are responsible for the moderation of sensitive intelligence, and, well. We've been keeping tabs on you for quite some time.

MONET

And you just now decided to check in on me?

(MORE)

MONET (CONT'D)

I wish I could've prepared some tea
or something. *At my place.*

MALE VOICE

(slightly annoyed)

There wasn't any need for us to
bother you before.

Suddenly, the wall in front of her shows two parallel video feeds: one with Monet, on-screen, looking shocked, and another where we see overexposed night vision footage that transitions into full-color feed of a phantasmal white specter, glowing in the midst of the dark forest. Immediately after this figure appears, the feed cuts to black and the room seems even darker.

Monet's expression is one of thinly veiled terror, and she pinches her arm lightly. *This is all really happening.*

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

You're put is in a
rather...difficult situation, I'm
afraid.

MONET

(beat)

I'm sorry?

MALE VOICE

We don't need an apology, Ms.
Caraway. We need a way forward.

MONET

(beat)

I don't suppose letting me out of
this room is an option.

MALE VOICE

(beat)

Not in the way you're thinking.

MONET

...The literal one?

MALE VOICE

The one where leaving this room
equals returning to your life like
nothing's happened.

Monet stares up at the bare ceiling, where there should be a light but isn't one.

MONET

Damn. I liked that option.

MALE VOICE

It was never an option. You really only have two.

MONET

Do tell.

MALE VOICE

The first one--the easier one--would be that we kill you right now. There are a few dozen kinds of gas hooked up to the ventilation systems of that room. Several of them could end your life within a minute. Or, we could stage your suicide. That would be believable enough, considering your history.

Monet recoils as if struck.

MONET

You...

MALE VOICE

I told you, we've been keeping tabs on you for a while.

MONET

(beat)

You said there was a second option?

MALE VOICE

You're not stupid, Ms. Caraway.

MONET

Thank you.

MALE VOICE

You're resourceful, and you've managed to be a low-level security threat for the past four years with almost zero resources or connections. Of course, you jumped up to medium-level after the events of last night.

MONET

(quietly)

Last night.

(louder)

I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be flattered or threatened.

It's hard to be sure, but there's a noise that almost sounds like...faint laughter?

MALE VOICE

Ideally, you should be both. You could be a real asset to us if you could manage to keep yourself under control and *keep your mouth shut*. Do you understand me?

MONET

I can't tell if you're trying to get me to scamper off with my tail between my legs or if you're trying to hire me, honestly.

MALE VOICE

You're not scampering anywhere, Ms. Caraway--I thought that was clear. But we are always in need of new employees.

MONET

(sarcastic)
High "turnover" rate?"

MALE VOICE

Yes.

MONET

(beat)
Ah.

MALE VOICE

(beat.)
Yes. We...we are in constant need of recruits.

MONET

So my options are certain death or probable death after having my real life taken away?

MALE VOICE

(amused)
More or less.

MONET

Not much of a choice.

MALE VOICE

(beat)

Were you really not expecting any consequences, considering the information you just broadcast?

Monet stands and begins slowly pacing.

MONET

I wasn't really expecting to find a ghost. Specter. Whatever.

MALE VOICE

(unconvinced)

Interesting.

There is a noise like the clacking of a keyboard.

MONET

Why can't you just make me sign an NDA or something?

MALE VOICE

Would you honor it?

MONET

(beat)

You don't have something to modify my memories or anything like that?

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The man drags a file onto the list on the left screen, labeled: "JADE 'MONET' CARAWAY." It's right below one labeled: "CC 613: 'AUGUST CARAWAY,'" and right above one labeled: "AGENT TYLER CASEY."

MALE VOICE

Don't believe everything you see on television, Ms. Caraway. Besides. Would you want your memories modified if we were capable of such a thing?

MONET

(beat)

No.

MALE VOICE

No.

(beat)

(MORE)

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

We either need you on our side about this having been a publicity stunt, or your stunt needs to have gone *fatally* wrong.

MONET

(sarcastic)

Couldn't just tell the people the truth, of course.

MALE VOICE

(sincere)

Of course. Now, this has already gone over schedule, Ms. Caraway. Do you have a decision?

MONET

I don't have a decision, since I don't have a choice.

MALE VOICE

(upbeat)

Death is a perfectly valid option, Ms. Caraway. Many with more information than you have chosen it.

CUT TO:

INT. BARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monet stands behind the chair, clutching the back with both hands.

MONET

I don't want to die.

MALE VOICE

Then you accept our job offer?

MONET

I wouldn't use those words exactly, but--

MALE VOICE

I have to input a gas code within the next thirty seconds or it will default to one of the lethal ones.

MONET

Okay, yes. I accept.

MALE VOICE

Excellent.
(beat)
You may want to sit down.

She does, hesitantly.

MONET

Okay, so then what are the next steps? Is this chair going to plummet down like an elevator into a top secret facility?

MALE VOICE

You're already in a top secret facility. And you're *not* in a move. We don't go for flashy gimmicks like that.

Monet's head throbs as a gas whose appearance she didn't notice hits her system.

MONET

Then what...what happens...

If there's a response, we don't hear it as she falls asleep and we--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SUB ELEVATOR - UNKNOWN TIME

Monet comes to in what seems to be a fairly standard elevator, save a few things: there are no buttons to press, and although there are occasional pings like they're passing floors, there aren't any lights to indicate what floor they're on.

Oh. And there are about four plastic chairs. Only two of them are taken, on opposite ends of the elevator. Monet is on one side, and on the other side is TYLER CASEY, wearing a crisp suit and slouching. As Monet stirs, he sits up straight.

MONET

(to herself)
Is...is this an elevator?

TYLER

I mean. It looks like one.

MONET
That motherfucker.
(beat)
Wait.

She looks at him and is so shocked that it takes a moment for her to find her words again.

MONET (CONT'D)
Tyler?

TYLER
(nervously)
Hi, Monet.

MONET
What are--what the hell are you
doing here? What's going on?

TYLER
I'm, uh. Here for work.

The elevator dings again in the awkward pause that ensues.

MONET
(beat)
Work?

TYLER
(uncomfortable)
I told you I work for the FBI.

MONET
I was kidnapped by the fucking *FBI*?

TYLER
No, this isn't--you were *kidnapped*?

MONET
You weren't?

Ding!

TYLER
(flabbergasted)
No?

MONET
Then what are you...?

TYLER
I applied for a transfer. I don't
work for the FBI anymore.

MONET

You don't...

(beat)

Tyler, what department did you work
in at the FBI?

TYLER

(beat)

Paranormal Research and
Investigations.

Ding!

TYLER (CONT'D)

I wasn't supposed to start here for
another month. I was going to tell
you I was moving. They moved up my
timeline...um, very suddenly.

MONET

(beat)

Right.

TYLER

(beat)

You said you were *kidnapped*?

MONET

I...

Another *ding*, but this time the elevator doors slide open,
and standing in front of them is MARVIN, a pretty close
approximation of a stereotypical Martian--pale green skin,
short, bizarrely large, black eyes.

MONET (CONT'D)

Fuck.

MARVIN

(deadpan)

No, thank you. Please follow me.

Monet looks at Tyler, who shrugs. With no better options,
they follow Marvin.

The hallways they walk through look strangely plebeian,
although there aren't any windows and the whole place seems
inordinately immaculate.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBROSIA BASE 248 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marvin is silent as he walks, aside from his footsteps, which sounds uncomfortably squishy. Monet and Tyler look at each other frequently as they walk, but neither one of them breaks the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBROSIA BASE 248 - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eight people are seated in a semicircle in what looks disarmingly like a normal classroom, but no one is talking. There are two open chairs.

LINDSEY O'HERON, a tall, muscular woman with a curly pink pixie cut, sits in the chair furthest from the door, looking like she might vibrate out of her chair from excitement.

PERCY MAINE, the oldest-looking person in the room, sits scratching his grey beard apprehensively.

FRANC WILSON, wearing a backwards baseball cap over her blonde curls, leans back in her seat with her arms crossed. She's actively leaning away from the man next to her: ZACH VELAZQUEZ, easily the youngest person in the room, with floppy blonde hair and an eager expression.

REBEL SENAI, their dreads pulled up in a bun, watches the door expectantly.

AMELIA KANEVSKY looks for all the world like a vampire stereotype. Her skin is almost translucent, her hair is black, and her makeup is dramatic and very, very goth.

BARON JACKSON, their hair pulled back to reveal small hoop earrings, wears a simple plaid shirt over a t-shirt stares blankly at the front of the room.

BAILS O'CONNELL, her dark red bangs falling in her face, shakes her leg and looks at her watch.

At the front of the room stands SRAVANTI CHAKRABARTI - or, as she is called, SAVI. She hair is pulled back but not up, and she wears a chic sari.

Marvin opens the door, waving Monet and Tyler through.

TYLER

Thank you.

Marvin doesn't respond, they simply close the door behind them.

Franc and Lindsey both perk up at the sight of Monet, although Lindsey seems happy and Franc just seems confused.

SAVI

Ms. Caraway, Mr. Casey. I'm so glad you both made it.

TYLER

Thank you, it's good to be here.

MONET

(passive-aggressively)
I have no idea how I got here.

SAVI

(amused)
I'd be impressed if any of you knew how you got here, Ms. Caraway. You're only probationary employees at the moment.

Monet does not respond. Tyler looks uncomfortable.

SAVI (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat. My name is Sravanti Chakrabarti, but you may call me Savi. I'm the personnel director here.

TYLER

It's nice to meet you, Savi.

Monet shoots him a glare--*cut it with the niceties.*

MONET

Pleasure.

They both sit in the two seats nearest the door. Monet notices Lindsey and her eyebrows shoot up for a moment.

SAVI

Now that everyone's here, we may begin.

She clears her throat. Time for the pitch.

SAVI (CONT'D)

If you're sitting in this room, you may suspect this already, but: every conspiracy theory you've ever heard is true.

(beat)

(MORE)

SAVI (CONT'D)

Yes, there are not one but many secret civilizations hidden underneath the ocean. You are currently in one of them.

Franc looks completely unimpressed. Percy, sitting right next to her, looks like his eyes might pop out of his skull.

SAVI (CONT'D)

Yes, the moon is hollow and is currently being used as a base for our Pejorian allies. Yes, the illuminati are real and no, I wouldn't recommend joining.

Bails looks excited for a moment, but her face falls at the end of that sentence.

SAVI (CONT'D)

And yes, JFK was assassinated by one of our own time traveling agents. But you don't have to worry about any of that now. You're new here and it is my pleasure to announce that you've all been hired!

Monet rolls her eyes at the word "hired." Tyler looks at her worriedly.

SAVI (CONT'D)

Your meaningless lives have finally turned into something important and wonderful. I assure you all that every single worker here in Ambrosia Base 248 is essential to our cause, from a measly janitor to our brave field agents.

Savi claps her hands together suddenly, causing everyone to jump.

SAVI (CONT'D)

Now, agents, welcome to the best time of your life! Make sure not to share it with anyone, or face the repercussions of the Askar Foundation. And remember, there's free pastries for everyone in the break room every Friday!

Monet lets out a slightly strangled chuckle, but Savi doesn't acknowledge it, as some faint chiming noises come from her phone, which was tucked away.

She silences it and picks up a bag off of the table, removing a series of opaque glass rectangles.

SAVI (CONT'D)

Here are your company-issued phones. Hopefully, you should find them to your liking. Your login is your primary email address and your social security number. Take one and pass the rest on. I'm actually late for something. Follow the directions on your phones after you get logged in.

She hands the phones to Lindsey and, with that, leaves the room.

PERCY

(beat)

Is this some kinda elaborate ruse?

Monet laughs and keeps laughing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE