

THE SERVO CULT.

by

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BLACK.

VOICE

Hearing a lot about these “heroes”, huh?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – EXT. HOWARD UNIVERSITY – MIDDAY

We move, slowly, toward the college's entrance.

CROWD VOICES

Oh my God, what? Are you kidding me?

Are you serious?

We're going back into *this* again?

INT. HOWARD UNIVERSITY – LUNCH ROOM

Silverware clanks and clatters against plates
and trays. Professors eat lunch at one table,
talking when not eating.

PROFESSOR 1

Okay. I've had enough. If I hear one more word
about the “super hero” figures, and this-and-that
public appearance or sighting, or story, I'm gonna –

PROFESSOR 2

Lose your fucking mind?

PROFESSOR 1

Exactly!

PROFESSOR 3

Dang . . . I used to really *like* these hero folks.

PROFESSOR 2

Yeah, but come on, how much is too much? Ya know?
It gets really annoying when seven days a week you hear
about *every* – stupid – little – thing –

PROFESSOR 4

I dunno, I've also had people tell me that they're

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like the cops. That it's like . . . they're just folks doing the job, and it really shouldn't freak you out if you're not being bad.

PROFESSOR 2

Yeah, but I'm just saying. I'd really like the OFF button turned . . . uhh . . . on?
On that? Uhh . . .

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – MIDDLE

An AERIAL ANGLE on the buildings.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

You've got Hatchet out there. You've got Paranormal Girl, of course . . . now you've also got the Jumping Flea, also a vigilante – you've got *all kinds* of these “superheroes” and “vigilante” types running rampant in recent years. Now, while we still may not be able to explain *why* so many of these types are popping up, we *have* been learning of more names, more faces, to be added to the roster . . .

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEAR WHITE HOUSE

People walk, drive, commute through the sidewalks and streets.

RADIO VOICE 1

And our oh-so-great government, yeah, what have THEY been doing about it, huh? You're telling me Congress can spend a whole year debating Obamacare and not ONCE seriously tackle the problem of how it should handle superhero-related legislation?

RADIO VOICE 2

Some would argue they've tried.

RADIO VOICE 1

Ohhhh, come on. It's an old trick that's been around for thousands of years: PRETENDING to give it a little effort, just for a second, to get people to stop or to go away.

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RADIO VOICE 2

Well HERE, smart mouth: did you know that the U.S. government just recently compiled a database list of all the superheroes active in the U.S. as of January 2013?

RADIO VOICE 1

Did Obama order that?

RADIO VOICE 2

It's got nothing to do with Obama. So, now this "wildly unpredictable, changing world" can be understood a bit better. So the list is made . . . *now* the question is, who qualifies? Who makes the list? And who falls short? The whole thing gets so complicated, some say, why not just scrap the whole thing and *forget* it.

RADIO VOICE 3

Well, they say *Hatchet* counts. He's on the list.

RADIO VOICE 2

He's on the list?

RADIO VOICE 3

Yeah. He's on the list. Ain't that crazy? Hatchet made the list. Yeah. Tell all your friends.

INT. CAR – FRONT SEAT

An elderly couple drives through D.C., listening to the radio.

RADIO VOICE 1

And speaking of which, that *scumbag* Hatchet was right here in D.C. about a year ago, you guys remember that?

RADIO VOICE 2

Here in D.C.?

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RADIO VOICE 1

Yeah! Here in D.C.! Mikey Farr talked about having seen him one day, walking around . . .
by himself.

RADIO VOICE 2

Oh, well, hey, I didn't hear *that* part.
What would he be doing *by himself*,
I wonder?

INT. BROADCASTING STUDIO – FILMING ROOM

A comedian/talk show host is talking to the cameras.
We very slowly ROTATE AROUND his body, as he faces the lights and the crowd of blurry audience faces, while he talks into a microphone.

TALK SHOW HOST 1

You know, it's funny, the biggest story lately seems to be how this federal list, this great big federal list that was assembled, that identifies all the superheroes and vigilantes, includes *Hatchet*, who is, for all intents and purposes, just some old man holding a weapon. The big point here, I guess, is that if some old man holding a hatchet can meet the criteria of this epic federal list of who's a superhero, then, it kind of means *anyone* can just try to deal themselves in. Y'know?

(chuckling)

Everyone in this audience could just *hold a wrench* in their hands and be like, "Ahhhhh! I'm the Wrench Man!" Heh heh. Or, hey, you could use a *basketball* as a weapon. Just hold a basketball and throw it at the bad guys' face or something, I don't know.

TALK SHOW HOST 2

Yes, see, this is exactly the problem here. Now we're in the period of post-2012, and now everyone and their *grandmother* can just try to jump in and qualify as a new hero. *Does* everyone really qualify? It's all kinda getting stupid at this point.

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INT. NEWS BROADCASTING STUDIO – MIDDAY

A newscaster is talking into a microphone against a blue screen.

NEWSCASTER

Yes, well, some folks love them, and some folks hate them, and Sheriff Thompson is adamantly warning the public about the dangers of the influence effect, which might possibly follow.

SHERIFF THOMPSON

What we're happy about, is that the criminal Mr. Red has been taken down, and his dangerous Color Red Cult *has* been completely apprehended. However, now, at this stage, we fear what comes next: that other people out there might simply try to *imitate* these famous folks . . . these Hatchets and Mr. Reds of the world . . . that's when it gets *dangerous*, when the youths start thinking this stuff is *cool*. What we really don't want is any imitation vigilantes . . . or imitation cults.

NEWSCASTER

Hmmm, imitators, certainly would not be a good thing.

FADE TO: BLACK.

TITLE SHOT: "The Servo Cult".

PULL BACK to reveal that we are looking at a tan-colored wall, with the name "Servo Cult" spray-painted over the brick in purple letters.

PULL BACK further.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – L ST NW

On L St, we're in between a tan and a red building. The "Servo Cult" graffiti is colored purple against the tan wall.

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One angry police officer, in his late 40s, paces around the scene. He looks at the graffiti again.

OFFICER

Ya see this? Ya see this??

He stops, disgusted.

OFFICER

Un – fucking – believable! The people that did this . . . they spray-paint their God-dang graffiti, and they just run away!

OFFICER 2

Well, we'll find the punks.

OFFICER

Yeah. And *then* what?

OFFICER 2

Then, we book em! Maybe make them *clean up* this mess as part of community service.

(*chuckling*)

You know what they say. When it comes to crime . . . it's like going to Vegas . . . *the House always wins.*

OFFICER

Unbelievable. It's unbelievable, this shit.

OFFICER 2

What's today's date?

OFFICER

Today's date? . . . Uhhhh . . . Sunday, May 5th, 2013.

OFFICER 2

Hmmm . . .

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FADE TO: BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE – MORNING

On Florida Avenue lies a row of houses, each one a different color. We are looking at the homes from their front sides, while FLYING LEFT, until we slow down and stop at Axis' home.

A caption reads: “Three Months Earlier”.

INT. AXIS SPANIEL’S HOUSE – MIDDAY

CLOSE ON Axis’ head as he lays asleep in bed, with both eyes closed.

“Sunday”
“February 10, 2013”

His eyes open. He wakes up.

AXIS
Hmmm . . . ?

He sits up.

Axis Spaniel, 29 years old, with a goatee on his beard and his head shaved bald, wakes up for the day.

Pulls his blankets closer. Grunts again.

Finally waking up, he walks around in a stumble and tries to find his contact lenses.

He finds them, and starts to walk to the bathroom.

INT. AXIS’ HOUSE – BATHROOM – SOON

Axis looks at himself in the mirror. He uses

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his left hand to keep his eye pried open, and his other hand to insert the contact lens on his pointer finger.

AXIS

Ahhh. Ahh hhh. Hmm.

INT. BOOKSTORE – SOON

Axis and his friend Vic are sitting at a table in a bookstore, reading and talking.

VIC

Axis Spaniel. Axis Spaniel.

AXIS

That's me.

VIC

Cocker spaniel.

AXIS

Nah.

VIC

Anyway.

(setting down his book)

Ah, man, I don't know why I always do this. I haven't finished this James Joyce writing yet, but then I started reading that book about Hatchet, by, uhh, Joseph Brownson . . . I read the whole first five chapters at once, I just *couldn't* put it down!

AXIS

Yeah?

VIC

Yeah, it was . . . y'know, it – it kind of covers that whole thought, of just, how could this ordinary fellow become such a figure as *Hatchet*. Jeez.

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Well, anyway.

AXIS

Yeah. Hmm. I don't know. I never really cared much for all these "superhero" figures. Right now, I'm trying to finish some Larry Niven writing, and maybe Louis Carroll after that. I want the original material.

VIC

Yeah?

AXIS

Yeah, I finished the first Wonderful Wizard of Oz book, but, I don't know how long it would take to read all 15 of those Oz books. Seems like a real long saga. But that's Frank Baum. I'm gonna try to read the Louis Carroll soon. I've already read years worth of the Little Nemo in Slumberland comic strips. Maybe I'll read the 7 Godfather books next.

VIC

Boy. That sounds like an awful lot of reading.

AXIS

Yeah. Well. You know. Over time.

VIC

You read anything about Paranormal Girl?

AXIS

Uhhhh, I don't know, I just . . . try to stay away from stuff about superheroes, and vigilantes, I guess.

VIC

Yeah?

AXIS

Yeah. I've never really cared much for them, for some reason. I don't know. Personally, what *I* thought was interesting, was when they had that

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Red-Color Cult in town.

VIC

Yeah?

AXIS

Yeah. Isn't it something? A . . . a *cult*, all dedicated to the color red, it struck me as weird.

VIC

Yeah.

AXIS

Is that in the book about Hatchet?

VIC

No, no, it's not. Nothing in the part that I've read.

AXIS

Yeah. I mean, I've always heard of cults, but, y'know, finding out it was going on out there, across the city . . . wow . . . y'know? Because it's like, I wonder, who does it? Who comes up with the cult? And – and toward what goal?

VIC

Attention. Trying to get on the news, is what it boils down to, you see.

AXIS

Hmmm. I don't know. That criminal, Mister Red. Was he . . . was he imitating that one Sherlock Holmes short-story, "The Red-Headed League"? Where only people with red hair could get in? Maybe that's what he was: a criminal psychopath doing his work based on *that*.

VIC

You seem so interested in the psychopath.

AXIS

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I don't know, it just . . . it just struck me as *interesting*, in some way, that . . . to find out that there was a whole Red-Color Cult in town, all revolving around the color red.
Y'know?

VIC

Yeah.

(closing his book)

Lots of weirdos in the world, huh.

EXT. BOOKSTORE – SOON

Axis walks away from the bookstore, carrying a book with his right arm.

He starts to think . . .

FADE TO:

WHITE.

10 imaginary figures fade into view, one after another, all wearing the same thing: blue outfits.

Back to reality: him walking down the sidewalk.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LATER

Axis sits at his desk, drawing on paper.

He's drawing the 10th consecutive stick figure on the same sheet of paper.

His cell phone rings.

AXIS

Gahhh!

It continues to ring. Sighing, he slides his chair-on-wheels over and grabs the

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cell from the desk.

The screen reads: MAYA BUCKSON.

He answers it.

AXIS
Yeah?

MAYA
Hey. What're you doing?

AXIS
Uhhhh, nothing much.

He eyes the piece of paper again.

A bunch of stick figures.

Sighing, he crumbles it up and throws
it in the trash can.

MAYA
How come you didn't call me?

AXIS
Sorry. No reason.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATER

Axis is flipping through channels.

He stops at the news.

REPORTER 1

Now it's been one month since the U.S. government assembled a list of all known superheroes operating in this country. Earlier, some had predicted there could be a huge backlash, a large ruckus, as a result . . . others say, we all just move on and don't care.

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REPORTER 2

“Move on and don’t care” indeed, Kris. When the goal is to keep the crime rate under control . . .

Axis shrugs his shoulders.

CUT TO – soon:

Axis is drawing on paper again, over a pad.

At the top of the paper, he draws the words: HERO CULT.

He draws a crude outline of a human shape.

Draws an H over the chest.

Shrugs.

Erases the H. Writes 01 in its place.

Draws another crude outline.

Writes 02 over the chest.

INT. AXIS’ HOUSE – KITCHEN

CLOSE ON a blender as Axis inserts the ingredient for a strawberry-banana smoothie.

He closes the blender shut, and turns it on.

SOON – he gulps down the drink.

SOON – on the floor, he does some push-ups.

INT. AXIS’ HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Axis lays in bed, asleep, next to Maya.

INT. BOOKSTORE – THE NEXT DAY

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Back to Axis and Vic at the bookstore.

AXIS

So this is something I thought of last night.

He shows Vic the paper drawing.

VIC

What is this?

AXIS

A cult.

VIC

Occult?

AXIS

Yeah.

VIC

You mean like magic?

AXIS

Huh?

VIC

Magic?

AXIS

What, Magic: the Gathering? No, not like that.

VIC

But you said occult.

AXIS

What? I don't understand you.

(shaking his head)

Anyway.

He sets the paper down on the table.

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AXIS

See? Every person in this cult would wear the same outfit. Except they would have numbers. 1, 2, all the way through, I don't know. 10 or something.

VIC

Hmm. This is sounding an awful lot like that Red-Color Cult you had talked about. Uhhh – didn't you talk about it, yesterday? It was like your favorite?

AXIS

Heh heh. Yeah. I guess it is. I mean, my *favorite*, not like I have all these *favorite* cults, but . . .

VIC

. . . Aaaand . . . why are you showing me this?

AXIS

Hmm. Well, I don't know. I had brought up this point to you last time we were here, eh . . . who just *comes up* with these ideas for cults? And, see, this is one idea *I've* come up with, just for a –

VIC

This is like something you would, like, sit there and draw and doodle in class, instead of doing your schoolwork.

AXIS

(*nodding his head*)

Pretty much. Maybe that's why I got such bad grades in college.

A few moments of silence.

AXIS

I don't know. Just some idea I came up with.

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VIC

. . . You mean . . . an idea that Mr. *Red* came up with?

Another moment of silence.

AXIS

Well yeah, I guess so . . . pretty much . . .

He shrugs his shoulders.

AXIS

Man, you take ALL the fun out of designing cults!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER – NIGHT

A white marquee with black letters reads
“SLUG PROBLEM II”.

LOOK DOWN to reveal Axis and Vic, dressed
for the cold weather, walking out of the theater.

AXIS

THAAAAAT whole thing was just stupid.

VIC

It was NOT! It *really could* happen!

AXIS

Well anyway. I thought they said at the end
of the FIRST Slug Problem that the formula had
been destroyed completely, so it could never
possibly happen again. And now, what, it's just . . .
there again? It was stupid.

VIC

Oh, yeah, great, you're gonna *spoil the ending*
for people who haven't seen it.

Axis shrugs.

AXIS

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They basically just used all the same ideas as from the first Slug Problem. You know? It was like . . . I don't know, just a repeat.

VIC

So? Oh, *you* just take other people's cults.

AXIS

(*shrugs*)

Hmm. Okay. Fair point. Well, ya see, I guess . . .

(*shrugs*)

Should I drop it?

VIC

(*shrugs*) I don't know. You're fine.

AXIS

Yeah . . . well . . . well, okay, see, I've come to a final conclusion about this. If we're talking about a *cult* . . . whatever person designs a cult, they get to come up with their own rules. And, just, *anyone* could do this, at any time.

(*nodding his head*)

But, that's what they had warned about in the news, I guess. Y'know, a thousand people try to imitate, and, you end up with a thousand disasters. All mixing and swirling.

VIC

You don't *actually* want to follow through with this cult thing.

AXIS

No?

VIC

No! I can tell already, you don't got the *gall* to stick through with it. It's just like a – a *cool idea* for a cartoon show, or something.

Axis thinks about it.

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AXIS

Well anyway, I thought Slug Problem II was just *stupid*.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – NIGHT

Axis is lying on his back in bed.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

So what is it you DO all day, anyway?

He sighs.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Fuck, man, you're turning 30 soon!

He sighs.

FADE TO: BLACK.

FADE TO:

A silent image of Axis jamming out with a guitar.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

You're gonna be 30 and you never became that
rock band star you dreamed of being.

FADE TO:

An image of Axis in a cop's outfit, aiming a pistol around.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Or you could have been a cop by now.

FADE TO:

Axis as a firefighter.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

You could have been a firefighter by now.

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Rescuing lives. Going into action.

Back to Axis on the bed, arms folded over his stomach.

AXIS' THOUGHTS
And instead you're nothing . . .
absolutely . . . nothing.

Closing his eyes, he starts to doze off.

FADE TO: BLACK.

We stay in the black for a few more seconds.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE – MORNING

The sky is gray. It's just gotten done raining.

The row of houses on Florida Ave stays still.
Then a door opens, and Axis steps out.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis drives on down the road.

NARRATION
I live in D.C. I love it here. Almost 30 years old
. . . so what is it exactly that I'm *doing* with my life?

EXT. AXIS' WORKPLACE

True-Nuff Records – Axis' place of work,
in a connected row of brick building stores.

INT. RECORD STORE – DESK

AXIS
Is there something I can help you with?

CUSTOMER
Uhhh, yeah, do you have any Death by Snake Bite?

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AXIS

Death by Snake Bite? This is all arranged alphabetically, so, that should be in with the D's. Over this way.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GEORGIA AVE – 8 HOURS LATER

Axis' car drives on down the road.

NARRATION

Can't complain about my job, really. It's a 9 to 5. Monday to Friday. Very routine . . . orderly . . . the way I like it.

EXT. AXIS' HOUSE – SOON

Axis walks back to his house.

AXIS

Except I'm almost 30, and I could have been all these other amazing things by now, and instead I'm just a record store sales clerk . . . I'm still a loser.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Axis is typing on a laptop.

NARRATION

So now there comes this matter of free time, which is why I'm writing this very blog.

SOON – with the laptop put away, he sketches stuff on paper on a pad.

He clears his throat. Gets ready to draw.

He draws the first panel: a regular square.

The second panel: a long rectangle.

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The third panel: a circle.

The fourth panel: another rectangle.

AXIS

Hmm. Mm. AAGH!

He grabs the paper, crumbles it up,
and throws it away.

SOON – he tries again . . .

He draws a stick figure composed of lines and circles.

Adds more lines to make a complete human shape.

Erases it.

Re-draws the human outline shape.

His hand shakes. He's not sure what to do next.
One blank figure of a human outline is done . . .

He draws one line to separate the upper and lower halves.

SOON – he finishes drawing the shirt in all black, but
leaves one white square over the chest, with the number
01 therein.

A WHITE FLASH of light . . . and then:

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – A YEAR AGO – HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Axis and Maya are dressed in Halloween costumes,
Axis as a ninja, Maya as a witch, giving out candy
to trick-or-treaters.

Axis and Maya each hold up a big bowl of candy
for the trick-or-treaters to reach into.

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Another WHITE FLASH of light . . . and then:

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Back to the present: Axis drawing.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Yeaaaaah . . . that's right! It's true! I must still have that ninja costume somewhere . . .

CUT TO – soon – Axis throwing his old ninja costume onto the couch.

He thinks about it.

Puts his hand on his chin.

AXIS

I need *paint*.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

He drives on down the road.

Types into his GPS system: "PAINT".

Presses "GO".

EXT. PAINT STORE – SOON

Axis' car pulls up close to the store.

Then stops.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis thinks about it.

He gives it more thought.

Shrugs his shoulders.

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And then goes to drive away.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – STREET

Axis' car drives on down the road.
Away from the paint store.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis sighs. It's a no after all.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

It's back to the drawing board.

He starts making a call from his cell phone.

AXIS

Vic? . . . Vic?

. . . Hey. You wanna start a cult with me?

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – BACK

Vic and Axis are talking out back, behind the house.

VIC

(shivering)

Jesus . . . it's freezing like Antarctica.

AXIS

Ohhh, it's not *that* bad.

(shivering) Okay, yeah it is.

VIC

You think they'll make a Slug Problem III?

AXIS

God, I hope not.

VIC

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I hope they *do*. All right, so. So. Uhh.
What was it, again, you had wanted to
show me?

AXIS

Well . . . hmmm . . .
(*clearing his throat*)

I'm just – I'm just *not sure* how to say this!

VIC

Just *go!*

AXIS

. . . Hmm. Okay. Well, I was thinking about it.
I've got a 9-5 job. Free time in the evenings.
A girlfriend that I'm devoted to.

VIC

. . . Yeah?

AXIS

So, why not just run a cult in all my free time?

VIC

. . . A cult?

AXIS

Yeah. I mean, I went all the way to a paint store today –

VIC

Honest to God, you mean this? A CULT?

AXIS

. . . Well, yeah! See, I – I even went to the lengths to
go to a paint store today, to get some paint, so I could
paint the numbers over the costumes. But. I dunno.
Then I just kind of stopped. But . . . but now I'm
thinking again . . . why *not* start a cult.

He thinks about it.

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AXIS

The O-Cult . . . has that been done before? Shit, I don't know if that's been done before or not.

VIC

Why? Why start a cult? Just out of . . . out of sheer boredom?

A moment of silence.

VIC

Out of having a shitload of time and wanting to . . . to, like, do more with it?

Another moment of silence.

VIC

The inner desire to just be like this rock star idol?

AXIS

(nodding his head)

Yeah, pretty much.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – KITCHEN

AXIS

It's true. We could be running the . . . the Axis Cult. We work by day, but then, the Axis Cult outside of that.

VIC

All right. Hold on. Hold on. Just so I get an idea of what you're trying to say. Like . . . you want to make a cult, to imitate Mr. Red?

AXIS

In a way, yes, but in a way, no: I don't wanna make a cult that's all about, like . . . CRIME. No. I wanna make a cult that's more along the lines of Hatchet, you know . . . some just guy acting like a vigilante . . . except, like . . . a whole cult *of* vigilantes. Patrolling the streets. Fighting crime. You know?

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VIC

Yyyy . . . this doesn't sound good.

AXIS

Well no, not like Hatchet, necessarily. Fuck Hatchet. He believes in killing the criminals. My cult, the Axis Cult, would be . . . like, a non-killing cult. You know? We would just save people from getting assaulted, and stuff, I don't know.

VIC

(shaking his head)

There's something seriously wrong with you. Seriously wrong with you, if your mind is really working this way.

A few moments of silence.

AXIS

But isn't it worth a shot?

VIC

(sigh) What, you wanna – you wanna be an Internet celebrity? Come on, now.

Another moment of silence.

VIC

Now. I'm not *in*. But. Why don't we go a few rounds in the Boxing King?

AXIS

I think I would whoop your ass in the Boxing King.

INT. RECORD STORE – THE NEXT MORNING

Axis shows up at work.

Tommy Jean, someone he knows, appears at the counter.

TOMMY JEAN

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Hey! What's good? You, uhh, you remember me?

AXIS

Huh? Tommy . . . uhhh . . . Tommy, uh –

TOMMY JEAN

Jean –

AXIS

Jean! Dammit! I had it!

TOMMY JEAN

Ahhh, no you didn't.

AXIS

Man, it's been a long time!

The two exchange a handshake.

AXIS

How long's it been since we've seen each other, what, like, two years?

TOMMY JEAN

Probably. Maybe *more*.

AXIS

. . . Hey, you wanna be in a cult?

TOMMY JEAN

Huh?

AXIS

A cult?

TOMMY JEAN

Do I wanna be in the occult?

AXIS

In A, cult.

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TOMMY JEAN

Oh, *a* cult! Uhhh . . . uhh . . . here. Just write down my number, uhhh, and just hit me up some time, and we'll talk about that, uhh – that cult.

AXIS

All right.

TOMMY JEAN

All right. You ready? . . . My number is –

INT. AXIS CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis is driving down the road again,
off work for the day.

AXIS

Now I'm thinking I can really get something going here. If I could just convince five people. Five. Then I could get this thing started.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Axis is talking into his cell phone.

AXIS

Well, I had thought. Y'know? Why *not* start a cult? Because, wow, if there's a whole cult of people dedicated to crime, then, imagine if there was a whole cult of people dedicated to the opposite . . . to *crime-fighting*. It would be fail-proof.

SOON – Axis and two friends, Tommy Jean and Lee, are standing around out back.

AXIS

So, you know. Hatchet was one guy. Pfff. One guy. Well imagine a whole cult of TEN people! All dedicated to the cause of beating up criminals!

29

TOMMY

Hmmm. The way your mind works.

AXIS

Yeah.

A brief moment of silence.

TOMMY

Well you know what? . . . I'm down. I don't really do an awful lot lately since I got fired anyway.

AXIS

All right, cool. Cool. So. We need to somehow set up some sort of date. Like. A Saturday. Where we all get together and plan out exactly how we're gonna do this operation.

TOMMY

What's this little cult *called*, anyway?

AXIS

. . . Axis Cult.

FADE TO:

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – SATURDAY NIGHT

“April 30, 2013”

15 people are over altogether.

People are walking around, some talking on cell phones. Some couples are hooking up. One person is playing a guitar. One person is rolling a blunt.

TOMMY

(*to Axis*)

Hey, man, this is some party!

AXIS

30

Ahhhh, damn it, no, I didn't mean for this to be like this big "party" thing.

TOMMY

Ahhh, jeez, man. Just live life. You know? Why can't you just *live life*?

AXIS

Because! I don't know.

Axis walks over to his widescreen TV. He uses his remote to get into his list of recorded shows.

AXIS

See. Here. This is just what I meant.

He plays a recorded one-hour TV documentary.

"THE COLOR RED CULT: Why and How?"

by Dan Chapsmere

The TV screen stays on the title shot for a few seconds. Then it cuts to a photograph of the Color Red Cult – almost a dozen members – active in the streets of D.C. at once.

DAN CHAPSMERE

My name is Dan Chapsmere. And I'm here to raise two questions: how, and why, did this Color Red Cult appear? It began in 2002. It ended in 2012. But how and why did all this strangeness happen at all?

Axis pauses the show.

AXIS

GENTLEMEN.

He clears his throat.

AXIS

All of us here. We could be the next big cult.

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As big and powerful as that Color Red Cult.
And I'm serious . . . our cult . . . it could work.

ONE PERSON

YEAH! That's right! We could start robbing
fuckers fearlessly!

AXIS

What? No! No. I'm saying. I'm saying.

(*ahem*)

They have the Color Red Cult? We could be the
Axis Cult. And . . . and that's what it was that I
had . . . wanted to say here.

He looks around.

No major reaction yet.

AXIS

Hmmm. Nobody's down?

Tommy, laying across the couch, shrugs his shoulders.

TOMMY

I don't know, *maybe* we could do this whole cult
thing some time, I'm just fucking tired.

AXIS

Well, look. Whoever is down to be in this cult,
uhh, step with me into the Planning Room.

Axis walks into another room.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM – SOON

ONE PERSON

The "Planning Room"?

AXIS

Pretty much. This is where the Axis Cult will
have the Planning Room . . . me, in here,

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communicating by cell phone with other
cult folks –

ONE PERSON

A cult. You mean, religion.

AXIS

(*shrugs*)

This isn't really that much about religion. This is
more like . . . like . . . hmm. Patrolling the streets
of the city . . . D.C. . . . going on routine patrols,
as a cult. Leaving our name out there, on brick
walls. Graffiti. Routine patrols . . . vigilante
missions . . . a cult!

ONE PERSON

Why? . . . Really, why?

Axis shrugs.

AXIS

Because. Y'know?

He gives it a few seconds.

AXIS

Wouldn't you *want* to be in a cult?

Axis smiles. Shrugs.

ONE PERSON

(*shaking his head*)

Nahhh. I just don't think this . . . nahhh.

At that, all the people in the room leave.

Amazingly loud music starts to play
from the other room.

The night continues full steam, except
for Axis, and his dreams for the cult.

33

He sighs. Sagging his head to the floor,
he realizes he's finished again.

FADE TO:

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATER

Much later, only a few people are left in the house.

Axis is lying across the couch, with Maya.

AXIS

Oh, Maya, I have failed again.

MAYA

Why do you say that?

AXIS

The whole cult thing. I was a fool for
ever thinking it could happen.

MAYA

Hey, you tried your best.

Axis sighs.

AXIS

No one's ever gonna agree. I'm the
stupidest-looking person there ever
was, at this point.

MAYA

Ohhhh so what, you don't need a cult
anyway. You've got *me*. You've got
your job, this house, and everything else.

He nods his head.

AXIS

But I'll accomplish nothing. Forever.

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FADE TO:

BLACK.

EXT. RECORD STORE – MORNING

Another morning at the workplace.

INT. RECORD STORE – SOON

NARRATION

What the fuck is *wrong* with me? I go around trying to design cults. Just because someone else did it. Except, no. The Color Red Cult was a dangerous criminal organization and I don't want to do *that*. And Hatchet, they say he was the good guy, the vigilante . . . except I don't wanna be like THAT either.

He sighs.

NARRATION

“What am I doing with my life”, the answer still remains as *nothing*.

Axis stands up from his barstool and walks around the store.

NARRATION

Except there is *one* thing I can do. Keep living the normal, bland life, as Axis Spaniel. And not talk a lot about the cult. Not overdo it. But . . . but . . . over the course of two weeks . . . try to recruit 15 people to the cause. To the actual, true cause.

CUT TO – later – as he's talking to a 20-year-old guy inside the store.

AXIS

35

Would you want to be in a cult?

20 YEAR OLD GUY

What?

AXIS

Would you want to truly be in a cult?

20 YEAR OLD GUY

What kind of question is that? Seriously,
what kind of question is that?

SECOND PERSON

(*Damn!*)

THIRD PERSON

(You hear -?)

AXIS

Well . . . you see . . . I remember hearing about
the Color Red Cult that was in town about a year
ago. They're, uhh, they're out of commission now.

20 YEAR OLD GUY

Oh, well, I didn't live around these parts
at that time, so, I dunno.

AXIS

Hmm. Well . . . well, I had thought, if only there
was a *new* cult, perhaps the Axis Cult, dedicated
to keeping D.C. safe from criminals. Protection.

Another few moments of silence.

AXIS

Wouldn't *you* want to be in that cult?

The 20 year old guy is not sure what to say.

20 YEAR OLD GUY

Hmmm. Well.

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He shrugs.

20 YEAR OLD GUY

Here. Here's my business card for graphic design.
It's, uhh, it's got my house phone number on it.

SECOND PERSON

Hey, uhh, I wanna be in a cult!
Can I be in this cult?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GEORGIA AVE – LATER

Axis drives on down the road.

OFFSCREEN VOICES

Fucking loser.
Talks about a cult.
What kind of guy does that? Really.
And then HE talks down?
Reaaaaally!

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis drives on down the road.

NARRATION

I have that terrible feeling. I'm torn, half in half.
I'm shaking because on one hand, I'm excited . . .
I'm coming up with all my best ideas . . . and yet,
on the *other* hand, that terrible *other* hand . . .
maybe I'm really just . . . finished.

INT. AXIS' HOME – LIVING ROOM

Axis passes out on the couch, clutching his head.

AXIS

Ahhhh. Oh my God. What am I doing. What am I doing.

He lays on the couch. Finds the remote. And

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turns on the TV.

He starts to sketch out some more ideas on paper.

He writes the word LEADER.

Soon – he finishes drawing a human outline.

Draws 10 small human outline figures.

Numbers them 01 through 10.

Writes the words D.C. CITY THREE-OPERATION PATROL.

He looks around.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE ANGLE on a map of D.C.

PULL BACK to reveal that it is on Axis' desktop computer screen.

CUT TO: SOON – as the D.C. map prints out onto white copy paper.

He takes the printed map into his hands, and looks at it.

SOON – on the couch, he holds one blank sheet of paper over the map.

Starts to trace a crude imitation of the D.C. map.

SOON – with a crude mimic map finished in pencil, Axis takes a red marker and draws an arrow around the streets.

Beside the red arrow, he writes the label GROUP A.

Beside a second arrow, GROUP B.

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Beside a third arrow, GROUP C.

He smiles. Gets comfortable on the couch.

Nods his head. Thinks about it . . .

INT. TOMMY JEAN'S HOUSE – EVENING

Axis and Tommy are hanging out. While they talk, we don't hear their words.

NARRATION

I continue to live the normal life. A person going to work by day. I spend five hours at Tommy's house and don't once talk about the cult.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT – LATER

Axis is driving back home.

NARRATION

And yet I'm still convinced this could go somewhere. Somewhere good. Somewhere interesting. So after hanging out with Tommy I go out to go clothes shopping. Buy ten outfits. Ten black robes. Sort of like the old ninja costume . . . except . . . except I'll need white paint, also.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – EVENING

Axis throws unfolded newspapers onto the floor.

Sets the black outfits onto the newspapers.

Puts a bucket of white paint on the floor.

SOON – he carefully paints the number 01 in white letters over the black robe.

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The robe begins to fold up on its own. Grunting, he stops the shirt with his hand, and pulls on it. The paint job is getting a little screwy already.

SOON – he is done . . . but the number 01 looks a little crooked.

He shrugs his shoulders, smiling.

SOON – the black robe is laying perfectly straight on the floor, so that the painted number 01 can dry.

He gets started painting the number 02.

INT. RECORD STORE – MORNING

Axis walks around, holding and reading a CD.

NARRATION

So I still have a normal life and a job at a record store.

But, damn . . . all these years . . . what I wanted . . . what I *really* wanted, was to be a big name in music. To be a rock star idol. To be . . . to be in music . . .

He sighs.

NARRATION

I really cannot pursue both ideas at once. I can't do it.

My life doesn't have the room for it. I've got a girl I want to marry one day . . . so I'm gonna have to choose between doing the cult, or doing the music . . . the cult, or the music . . .

He sets the CD away.

NARRATION

I choose the cult. If I do this, I'm gonna have to let go, completely, of my dream of getting into music.

He sighs.

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He's trying not to cry . . . but he wants to.

A customer appears at the register.

CUSTOMER

Hey. Uhhh. Axis. Are you . . . uhhh . . . are you still interested in doing that “cult” thing?

He perks up a little.

AXIS

Hmmm?

INT. AXIS' HOME – LATER

Axis and Maya are in Axis' house.

MAYA

Wow, you're getting really into this *cult* thing.

AXIS

Yeah. I need a new plan . . . new approach.
And it takes about ten failures to get to that
one time I get it . . . *correct*.

SOON – Axis takes a sheet of blank
business card paper.

He starts to remove the business cards, all blank.

It seems like he's ruining them . . . but it's part of his
plan. On one card, he writes, in black marker letters:
AXIS CULT.

On the other side of the card, he writes:

VIGILANTES WHO PATROL THE STREETS OF
THE CITY TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – ELSEWHERE

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One man looks over his business card.

It reads: AXIS CULT. #01.

INT. CITY – ELSEWHERE

A second man looks over his business card.

It reads: AXIS CULT. #02.

INT. CITY – ELSEWHERE

A third man looks over his business card.

It reads: AXIS CULT. #03.

ZOOM IN to a sentence written in blue letters:

“Saturday nights, Leader's house, 7 PM”

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM – SATURDAY NIGHT

“May 6, 2013”

9 people, including Axis, are gathered
inside the Planning Room.

AXIS

All right. So. You guys had a pretty fun time
here *last* Saturday, right? . . . So . . . *this* is a
chance to take it to the next level.

(*inhale*)

How do I know jack shit, anything at all, about
the next level, or what it's like? . . . Well, see,
we're gonna have to *bring* it there ourselves.

(*ahem*)

We ARE the Axis Cult. We will prove what we
mean by going out there and making a difference.
There was a whole cult dedicated to crime? Well
we're gonna be a *whole cult* dedicated . . . to the

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good things . . . we'll do a crime patrol.

(*ahem*)

Now. I've got cult outfits.

He walks over to the closet.

He opens the doors, and pulls out one outfit.

AXIS

Here it is. All the outfits are the same. Black robes, basically. But with *numbers*. Since I am the leader, I, myself, Axis, will stay here . . . but you guys are Numbers 1 through 8.

NUMBER 8

Yeah, I'm . . . I'm Number 8.

AXIS

Mm-hmm.

NUMBER 8

No. I'm – I'm out.

AXIS

What?

NUMBER 8

You heard me. I'm out. I'm here because I was promised something VERY different from all this . . . you guys just go on yourselves. I'm not doing it.

Number 8 removes his robe, with the numbers on it, and throws it to the floor. He goes to the door to leave the house.

AXIS

Well hey, come on, don't just throw it on the floor like that!

Number 8 gives him the middle finger on the way out.

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The door closes.

Back to Axis, as a lot of people start to look at him.

AXIS

Okay. That could have gone a lot better. BUT!
Just remember.

A moment of silence.

AXIS

Ummm.

He still can't quite figure out what to say.

AXIS

You see . . .

Still, more silence.

AXIS

. . . Well, you see, when one drops out,
the other seven become stronger!

SEVERAL CULTISTS

YEAAHHH!!

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE – SOON

In front of Axis' house, two drivers step
into their vehicles.

AXIS' VOICE

All right. You guys are my Lucky Seven. So I
want all of you to head out into the city, as I remain
here in the Planning Room.

Both cars leave Axis' house, one heading east, one west.

AXIS' VOICE

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Do a crime patrol through the city . . . one to two hours.
No more. The longer you're out there, the closer you get
to being followed by cops. Just be safe about it, please.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE GOING WEST

We FOLLOW THE CAR that drives four Axis Cultists
down Florida Avenue.

AXIS' VOICE

Both drivers, stay in touch with each other, and also with
me, by cell phone as necessary.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE GOING EAST

A second car carries Numbers 5 through 7.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

Three people are in this car, wearing
the black robes, but no masks.

DRIVER

Yeah, and you notice how this LEADER
of ours is staying behind?

PASSENGER

Well, hey! Axis is the guy who MADE this
cult. He's the reason we're even trying this,
so, ya know? . . . Ya gotta give the man
some credit.

The driver sneers.

DRIVER

I don't gotta give the guy NOTHING. This
guy's a moron, you can tell within two seconds
of talking to him. One of these guys who just
– just – thinks you're the biggest dumbass and
you need extra longer explanations for that reason.
He's a fucking loser.

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PASSENGER

So, what, you're NOT down for this no more?

DRIVER

I don't know, what, what. What am I gonna say, that *I* am part of *his* operation? What does this Axis jackass know? He has no past experience in these things. He has no prior knowledge in these cult subjects. So no. No. I'm not being *led* by this . . . how old is this guy? 25?

PASSENGER

Uhhh, I think he's 30 right now.

DRIVER

Oh, great, that means he REALLY should be too old for this stuff.

The passenger sighs.

The driver sighs as well.

DRIVER

Look, I – I'm just saying. Can you *try* to see my point of view? . . . He has no experience in these things. He's talking about *running the fucking show*, running the cult. And we're just *in it* for him. For free.

(*smiling, shrugging his shoulders*) Y'know?

PASSENGER

I – I can see what you mean.

Another moment of silence.

PASSENGER

I – I can – and I'm not just, like, “gonna agree with every single thing you say”, but . . . uhhh . . . ummm . . . see, I'm just saying. If we *do* go out there and prove that *we*, as this *group*,

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could do it . . . then, wouldn't that *make* it real?
. . . Or something?

DRIVER

Axis Spaniel is a fucking moron, and trust me
. . . a legend, he is not.

The passenger sighs again.

INT. FIRST CAR – FRONT SEAT

Number 1 is driving.

NUMBER 1

So we're looking for a crime to stop. Hey, this
is D.C., you really can't go a day without it.

NUMBER 2

Yeah, maybe we'll find Hatchet. Someone should
go lock *that* guy up.

NUMBER 1

Pff. No. No. Remember, Leader said we're *not*
gonna be like Hatchet. We'll be . . . we'll be . . . non-
killing.

NUMBER 2

What if our foe is the kind who would kill us?

NUMBER 1

(*shrug*)

I guess . . . just . . . try to keep a positive outlook.

NUMBER 2

This is great. I like this! No one could suspect that
THIS car stands out, or that it belongs to a cult. You
know? That's why this will work. No special design.
No sheriff badge sign on the license plate. Just looks
like a regular car going down.

We MOVE TO the backseat. Numbers 3

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and 4 are here, also lacking masks.

We look out the passenger's side window
with Number 4, for a second.

Outside, a girl seems like she's being
attacked by two young guys.

She screams.

The two guys laugh.

Then she jokingly hits one guy in the chest, and he steps back.

GIRL OUTSIDE

That was some funny shit.

NUMBER 4

Man! That was . . . wow.

NUMBER 3

What?

NUMBER 4

Hmm. Well, I thought this girl was getting mugged,
for a second, but then it turns out it was just some
. . . some folks messin' around.

NUMBER 3

Now, ya see? Ya see how stupid it would look,
if we had just jumped in to intervene on something,
and it turns out to be like that?

NUMBER 1

Well . . . we got an hour.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis and Maya are holding each other, while
laying on a bed.

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MAYA

So what IS this cult about, anyway?

AXIS

It's . . . uhhh . . . well, it's a cult of people . . .
I'm trying to have them do a patrol around the
city, and close down on crime.

He sighs.

AXIS

But I wanna retire that subject . . . it's
time for just me and you now.

FADE TO:

“15 MINUTES LATER”

Axis sits up.

AXIS

Okay, that was cool. But I should take
a minute now to see what's up.

He makes a cell phone call.

A SPLIT-SCREEN VIEW begins, with Axis
on the left side, and Number 1 on the right,
talking hands-free while driving.

NUMBER 1

Axis?

AXIS

Hello? Who – which number is this?

NUMBER 1

What?

AXIS

Which number am I speaking to?

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NUMBER 1

Number 1. It's Number 1.

AXIS

Okay. Good.

He looks down, quickly, at a post-it note.

CLOSE ON the post-it note in Axis' hand:
“DRIVERS: 1 & 5”.

AXIS

Okay. Number 1, please patch Number 5
in on the line.

NUMBER 1

Okay.

(to the passenger)

Love this hands-free phone thing!

NUMBER 2

Yeah, glad you like it.

The driver gets started patching a
third person into the call.

Soon, there is a THREE-WAY SPLIT-
SCREEN VIEW, with Axis now in the
middle, Number 1 on the right, and
Number 5 on the left.

AXIS

Okay. So I'm on the phone with
Numbers 1 and 5, right?

NUMBER 1

Number 1 here.

NUMBER 5

Number 5 present.

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AXIS

Okay. So. So tell me, what's up? How is this
– patrol going? How's the city-scouting?

NUMBER 1

I'm not finding anything yet. Uhh – one
of us here *thought* we saw a mugging in
progress for a second. But . . . it wasn't it.

NUMBER 5

I'm not finding anything here either.
You know, it might really *be* like none
of this stuff is our business.

AXIS

Hmmm . . . well . . . keep trying. I'll turn on
the news. See if there's any crimes going on.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – T STREET

A car speeds on down the road, carrying
Axis Cultists.

Red and blue lights flash on. A cop car
is now following the Axis Cult car,
officially pulling it over.

The party is over.

CUT TO a farther-away angle as the Axis Cult,
still driving ahead, slows down and accepts defeat.

It comes to a stop at the side of the road.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEW YORK AVE

The second car goes on down the road.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

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NUMBER 5

Okay, so we've gone from Florida Ave to New York Ave, NOW what?

NUMBER 6

Wow, it's like we're hitting the whole map.
All the states, you know?

NUMBER 5

Okay, so. We're going south-west right now.
You know, we're getting real close to the
White House . . .

NUMBER 6

Never mind that. I think we're not gonna find
any crime here. I really don't think we will.
I mean, you said it yourself, we're on New York
Ave near the White House, who's gonna –

NUMBER 5

IIIII still don't know.

FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – T STREET

The first car is still pulled over on the side of the road.

The cop that pulled it over is finally walking
up to the driver's door.

The driver rolls down the window. The cop
aims a flashlight at him.

COP

So! What do we got going on here? Huh?

The driver squirms around.

COP

Do you know why I pulled you over?

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FADE TO:

SOON – the cop and driver are talking, both standing up outside the car.

COP

Aaaand, if you'll just sign here for me.

The driver sighs.

COP

Okay. So. Now that I know you were *speeding*, you, uhhh . . . you mind telling me what it is, that you're so . . . dressed up for?

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

COP

“Zero-One.” What's *that* mean, you're Number One?

The driver smiles, shrugging his shoulders, looking a little away.

COP

Is this a whole *costume party* going on, or are you just always dressed like that?

DRIVER

Hmmmm . . .

Another moment of silence.

COP

“Hmmm?” Am I gonna get an answer there?

The driver looks away.

The cop sighs.

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COP

Well . . . by law . . . I can't *force* you to talk.
But . . . hmm. Well, work with me. Is, this
thing you're all dressed up for . . . is it . . .
. . . hmm?

Another several seconds of silence.

The driver, Number 01, swallows.

A little more time goes on.

Then, finally, the cop realizes he will
get no further answers.

COP

Well look, pal. Just slow down.
And I mean it. *Slow down.*

At that, the cop walks away. Letting him go on.

He looks at his ticket again.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

AXIS

Damn it! So Number 1 got pulled over for speeding.

MAYA

How do you know?

AXIS

I'm on the line right now with Number 3.

MAYA

(*sigh*) No plan is perfect after all, eh.

AXIS

Okay, great. So that's one car that's a total
failure, but what about the other one, with
Number 5, I wonder? I'd better check back

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on him.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

NUMBER 5

All right, I know where we are. I know where we are. We're on 9th Street now. 9th Street, so, we're heading South.

NUMBER 6

Take a right on L Street.

NUMBER 5

Yeah? Right on L?

NUMBER 6

Yeah. I got a feeling.

NUMBER 5

Okay.

The driver puts on the turn signal.

Soon, he makes the right turn onto L Street.

Both the windows in the front seat roll down.
The sound of wind becomes loud as the car moves down the street.

Then we hear the loud sound of a lady screaming.

The cultists in this car – all three – begin to pay full focus to that.

Indeed, outside: three guys are circling around one lady.

CROWD PERSON 1

Aww, man, you see this? You see this?

Outside, one person takes a camera phone picture.

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In the backseat, Number 7 scowls.

NUMBER 7

There's something going on. Time for the cult!

The car slams on the brakes. We hear the screeching of the car slowing down, quickly, to a near halt.

NUMBER 5

All right, that's it. GO! GO! GO! GO!

The doors open up. Numbers 6 and 7 climb out, both from the passenger's side.

Behind the car, another car honks, trying to get through. The two cult men close the doors, and look at one another one last time before springing into action, to help the girl getting robbed. As they run on foot, the cult car takes off ahead.

NUMBER 6

All right. Let's GO!

The two cultists run up to the men committing the crime.

At the scene of the crime: the lady is still surrounded by three men. One is keeping a tight grip on her throat with two hands, shaking her around.

PIMP

Bitch, I told you to pay me on time!
You knew that! You knew it!

LADY

Let me . . . lemme go . . .

NUMBER 6

HEEEY!

They turn to look. Number 6 runs and swings a right-hand

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punch at the first of the three bad guys. Then ducks and swings left a little to avoid a swinging punch. He quickly stands up and jabs the robber in the chest, then the face.

Number 6 quickly runs away.

Number 7 runs in and kicks the second man in the waist.

And instantly gets pinned down to the ground by the third mugger.

Number 6 runs back into the scene and punches one guy in the jaw. A *CRACKLE* sound is heard, and the mugger instantly screams, grabbing at his face with one hand.

MUGGER

My fuck'uh jaw!

Number 6 gets backhand-slapped in the face by the pimp, very quickly. Number 6 staggers back and moves his arms around a little to regain his balance.

The pimp keeps both hands up, ready to fight. Ready to make the next move.

Number 6 is about to swing another punch, but Number 7 suddenly runs in and pounces on the guy, pinning him to the ground. He punches him once, twice, three times, using both fists.

Number 7 stands back up.

NUMBER 7

Oh, and BY the way?

He punches the third mugger in the face.

At that, Numbers 6 and 7 run off together.

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They run, and run, to catch up
with the getaway car.

It slams on the brakes. Numbers 6 and 7 run
back into the car.

NUMBER 6
Just drive! Just drive!

The car takes off, being driven by #5,
while #6 is still climbing inside.

Soon, the car is getting away successfully.

LOOK TO THE RIGHT, until we come a full
180 degrees, all the way back to the crime
scene. Now, three men are lying on the ground.

Groaning, and rolling around a little,
they face the end of a vicious fight.

The lady who had been attacked before
is lying on the ground on her stomach,
hands on the back of her head. She looks up.

The scene of chaos is over.

She looks around again, then
stands up and walks away.

We FLY DOWN the road, until we catch up with the
second cult car, still making a speedy getaway.

We continue to get closer to the car, until we MOVE
THROUGH THE BACK WINDSHIELD and into
the back seat of the car, then a little farther ahead
into the front seat.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

Number 5 is driving.

58

NUMBER 5

We did it! We *did* it! I mean . . . I mean,
I was just the driver, but –

NUMBER 6

POW, you shoulda seen it! Punched that
motherfucker in the face! He was trying to
hurt that lady, but NO!
(*smashing his right fist into his left palm*)
POW! And that hurts my first just when I do that, but
I don't care, ya feel me, we BEAT THIS PUNK'S ASS!

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis is sitting on a spinning chair, talking
into a cell phone.

AXIS

Number 1?

A SPLIT-SCREEN VIEW begins between
Axis and Number 1.

NUMBER 1

Well, the operations are over for the night.
We got pulled over.

AXIS

“Over for the night”?

NUMBER 1

Yeah, because how on Earth am I supposed
to pay for this speeding ticket now, huh?

AXIS

Well, wait a minute, Number 1. I just got
a call saying that the OTHER group,
Numbers 5 through 7, were successful
in something.

59

NUMBER 1

So? So then just let THEM do it and
ME not have to –

AXIS

No, wait. Wait. This is all right. Uhhh . . .
I have one more mission for you . . . just to
do some spray paint work.

NUMBER 1

. . . *What?*

AXIS

I – I'm just saying . . . even though YOU guys
got pulled over . . . I still have something I
could have you do. I need you to go back to
where THEY had been, and . . . and . . . spray-
paint the message “Axis Cult” onto the wall.

NUMBER 1

WHAT?

AXIS

You heard me. Just spray paint the
message AXIS CULT onto a brick
wall, somewhere near the crime scene,
so that . . . like . . . yeah, AXIS CULT.

NUMBER 1

Axis Cult?

(laughing)

Are you OUTTA YOUR MIND?? You
wanna call your cult AXIS CULT? Then
EVERYONE's gonna know it's you!!

It all hits Axis at once.

AXIS

Dear God, you're right.

He rushes to the desktop computer.

60

AXIS

I need to change the name!

Number 1 looks mad at Axis' incompetence.
He groans.

NUMBER 1

Wasting my time.

AXIS

I'll need to change the name.

Number 1 hangs up on him.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

NUMBER 5

WHOOOOOOO, man. Man, I tell ya.
That was some LIFE stuff right there!

NUMBER 6

Ain't nothing else like it.

NUMBER 5

This cult idea was a GOOD idea!

Number 6 starts laughing loudly.

NUMBER 6

Yeah. This cult idea was a GOOD idea!

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis is still typing on the computer.

CLOSE ON the words he's typing into
a white box: “Latin translation hero”.

“Latin translation protector”.

61

AXIS

Servo. That's it. Servo Cult.

MAYA

Huh?

AXIS

Servo. Latin, for “to protect”, or “to guard”.

Servo. So – so that's it. It can't be the Axis Cult. Shoot. I gotta call him back.

INT. FIRST CAR – FRONT SEAT

NUMBER 1

Okay, so let me get this straight, it's MY job to go back to THEIR scene of the crime, just so I can add graffiti on the wall?

NUMBER 2

Yeah! Leader says it's gotta be exact! Otherwise we won't be leaving a name.

The hands-free phone rings.

NUMBER 1

WHAAAAAT!

Sighing, he answers the call.

NUMBER 1

Yeah?

AXIS

(on the other end of the call)

Yeah . . . uhhh . . . instead of the Axis Cult . . . now it's the Servo Cult.

NUMBER 1

What?

AXIS

62

Servo Cult. S-E-R-V-O.

NUMBER 1
S-O-R-V-O-W?

AXIS
No, no, S-E-R-V-O.

NUMBER 1
S-E-R-V-O? . . . Okay, so, I just spray-
paint “Servo Cult” over a brick wall.

AXIS
Yes. The paint should be –

NUMBER 1
I've got it.

He hangs up the call.

NUMBER 3
(handing #2 some spray-paint from the backseat)
Here. The purple spray paint . . .

NUMBER 2
Thanks.
(to #1)
All right, slow down. Slow down.

INT. L STREET – BETWEEN THE TAN AND RED BUILDINGS

Number 1, still dressed in the cult attire,
walks up to the wall.

He looks around. In the distance, there are
a few people walking about, but only a few.

He starts to spray-paint the message onto the wall.

Spray . . . spray . . . he forms the first letter . . .

63

Forms an entire vertical line.

Makes the diagonal slash of an R.

Spray-paints the shape of an O.

SOON – the message is done . . . Servo Cult.

NUMBER 2

(calling out from the car)

HEY, YO! Come on, man! Come on! Let's go!

Number 1 finishes his work. Then he goes
to run off to the car.

Number 1 climbs back into the driver's seat,
and within a few seconds, the car takes off.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis is yelling into a cell phone.

AXIS

Number 1! And 5! Are you guys coming
back to this house or what?

NUMBER 1

Nah. Nah, man, just . . . nah. It's done for the night.

NUMBER 5

WHOOOOOOO, that shit was hardcore!
I feel like going to a bar now!

Axis shrugs.

AXIS

All right, then. Uhhh . . . I guess . . . night.

He hangs up the phone.

He shrugs his shoulders.

64

AXIS

I guess I *wasn't* really there myself to oversee it. So I don't really know much about how it went down. But.

(*ahem*)

Number 5 just said, to me, that, like . . . that they did get into some sort of fight with three people, who had been in the middle of hurting or mugging some lady.

MAYA

Really?

She thinks about it.

Her goes go wide.

MAYA

Wow. Sounds pretty cool – if they really made a difference somewhere.

AXIS

Yeah. Yeah. If a whole cult could lead people into a religion, or into a – a mass movement – then I see no reason not to do some crime-fighting.

He sighs.

AXIS

Except what am I talking about. I'm just the “leader” who stays at home and . . . does nothing in a fight . . . I . . . I don't even fight.

(*shrugs*)

I'm accomplishing nothing . . . still just hoping I avoid danger myself.

He collapses back onto the bed.

AXIS

This is all just somehow gonna fade away.

65

The short-lived days of the Axis Cult. Oh,
wait, *Servo* Cult . . .
(*clutching his head*)
Ohhhh, God, what was I thinking!! Changing
the name of my cult? Ahhhh!

Maya comes closer to him, and holds him.

AXIS
You know what – I'll forget the subject 100%.
It's time for more me-and-you time.

He pulls a string on a lamp to turn the lights off.

BLACK.

INT. L STREET – BETWEEN THE TAN AND RED BUILDINGS – MORNING

An angry officer in his 40s grunts in disgust
after seeing the purple graffiti again.

OFFICER
Servo Cult. Servo Cult. Ridiculous! Totally
ridiculous! Whoever is doing this, they think
they can just leave their little gang graffiti all over
the place! Just trying to have the whole city . . .
belong to them.
(*shaking his head*)

Servo Cult. You hear it? CULT. That's what
they're calling a gang now. A gang of thugs, who
just, what? Go around, robbing, mugging, taking
purses as they please? And using the word cult.
(*shaking his head*)
Don't believe them when they say it's different.
It's all the same: gang work. And I'll make sure
whichever 20-year-old punk did this gets put away.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – EXT. AXIS' HOUSE

Sunday morning: the day after the big night.

66

INT. AXIS HOUSE – BEDROOM

Axis wakes up.

Looks at the time on the alarm clock. 11:39.

He sighs.

NARRATION

I wake up not even knowing if the cult
is still going on or not.

He walks around.

NARRATION

Last night I had two operations going on for
me. For the team. That *is* pretty amazing.
One went nowhere; one went somewhere.
But the morning after . . . now what?

INT. AXIS HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

He sits down on the couch.

NARRATION

Now I have another day off work,
so what do I do.

INT. GAS STATION – SOON

Axis walks around, to get snacks and drinks.

NARRATION

I am still Axis Spaniel. 30 years old. But
now I've done something, so I can say I
have a little more to my name . . .

VOICE 1

You see this guy?

Axis looks. There are three people in the distance.

67

VOICE 2

What a fucking loser!

VOICE 3

What a total fucking loser! Just walking around
by himself. *No job.*

VOICE 2

Yeah, he can find time to hang out with his friends,
I guess, but not once can't get a job! Look at him.

Axis sighs, and goes on to bring his stuff to the counter.

NARRATION

So this is what it's like to start a cult. Total strangers
look at me and believe other things. HA! Let them.
Let them think that.

VOICE 2

Probably just gets money from Mommy and Daddy.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Back to Axis on the couch. He's typing on a laptop.

NARRATION

I don't know what to do. Don't even know why I'm
keeping this journal. But I feel like I have to write
it. So now I am the Servo Cult.

He stops typing.

Looks it over for a few seconds.

And sighs.

INT. RECORD STORE – MONDAY MORNING

Another dreary day at the job.

68

NARRATION

I managed to get seven people into a cult. Still, they all might simply lose interest. They all might stop. Who knows. Now I'm just going through the normal day at the normal job . . .

He thinks about it some more.

NARRATION

I changed the name of the cult. That kinda shows how much of a failure it is. That I would change the name. Now I've got to make sure all those old business cards get destroyed.

His heartbeat starts picking up again.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Whaaaaat. Whaaaaaat. Those business cards. They had my name on them. They had my name on them. Axis. Oh no.

CUSTOMER 1

(gesturing toward Axis)
Oh, this guy's a *total loser!*

CUSTOMER 2

He doesn't even have any friends. Just does NOTHING all evening! It's *sad*.

CUSTOMER 1

This Axis guy has no friends. I've seen him walk around by himself sometimes.

CUSTOMER 2

Oh, he thought he was gonna *hit it big* with music! Remember that?
(scoff)
What a fucking loser.

At that, the two troublesome customers walk away.

69

Axis shrugs his shoulders.

NARRATION

Wow . . . so THIS is what it's like to run a cult . . . people can still come up with all these false beliefs, these false assumptions. What nonsense.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MIDDAY

He walks around the store.

NARRATION

I've got another week to plan it out better. Another week of time to . . . to get it *right* . . . on Saturday night.

INT. AXIS HOUSE – EVENING

He sets a plastic grocery bag onto his couch.

Pulls from it a black mask, still with the price tag attached.

NARRATION

Each and every day, I should do at least one little thing to get myself better prepared.

He removes the tag, and puts it on.

He turns his head left. Right.

NARRATION

I can see out, but nobody can see in.

He pulls the mask off again.

INT. GROCERY STORE – GARDENING AISLE – MIDDAY

Axis takes five pairs of black gardening gloves from the shelves.

AXIS

70

(to an employee passing by)

Excuse me, sir? Sir? Uhhh – do you have any more black gloves like this?

EMPLOYEE

Uhhhh, no, that would be all we have.

AXIS

DANG it! I have to go to Shell Mart . . . *(sigh)*

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – BEDROOM – LATER

CLOSE ON a plastic white grocery bag on the bed.

Inside: black masks and gardening gloves.

PULL BACK to reveal that Axis is also on the bed, watching TV.

NARRATION

I set the news to record every night, and watch it when I have time. I sit there and watch the entire episode go by, wondering if, at some point, they might talk about it. Talk about *me*. And I watch the whole episode with that scared, paranoid possibility in my head . . . but . . . no. No. I'm not on it. And then it feels ridiculous, looking back.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – SATURDAY NIGHT – 5 P.M.

“SATURDAY NIGHT”

PAN THROUGH the living room as 13 people total, including Axis, pass lit joints, and some drink beer bottles.

NARRATION

I have the whole week to plan it out and get it right. So Saturday night arrives and I am DETERMINED to get this cult together.

71

AXIS

All right. So. So. I am here, and you, my
12 Disciples, *you* are all now honorary members
of the Servo Cult.

PAN AROUND the sea of faces.

AXIS

REMEMBER this! This is actually important!
This is . . . this is . . . something worthwhile.
Something worth being a part of.

Random murmuring comes from all the other people.

AXIS

Now, remember this. Why are we here? . . . Because
we SHOULD be. We ARE the people who SHOULD
be here. We ARE that cult, that good guy crime-fighting
cult, that if only it did exist . . . but now we do.

(ahem)

We are the Servo Cult. We will patrol the
city and keep it all safe.

NUMBER 5

Why? Ain't that what the cops are for?

AXIS

. . . I'm not a cop.

NUMBER 5

Yeah, but like . . .? Eh?

Axis holds up the white plastic shopping
bag with the black masks and gloves inside.

AXIS

Now. There are 12 of you here. I have 12 pairs
of black masks and gloves . . . but . . . please,
guys, try to stick to the same numbers as you
used last time. Y'know – keep some consistency.

72

NUMBER 9

Hey, how are we doing the gas money?

A moment of silence.

AXIS

Uhhh, well –

NUMBER 9

How? I wanna know!

AXIS

Uhhhh . . . there will be two cars –

NUMBER 9

Can't be two cars. Look. There's 12 of us.
There would have to be *three* cars this time.

A little bit of murmuring follows from the crowd.

NUMBER 4

He's right.

AXIS

How much does it take to fill up a whole
tank of gas? . . . For one car, right now,
probably like 30, 31 bucks, right?

He thinks about it.

AXIS

Okay. Wait. Let's make this like when I used
to deliver pizzas. Everyone – write down your
mileage. Write the mileage down. Then write
the mileage again at the *end* of the trip. I will
reimburse you for it myself, later . . . seeing as
I'm the Leader and all.

NUMBER 8

You know what, just . . . forget it. Just, like . . . just . . .

73

AXIS

Hmmm . . . all right . . . uhhhh . . . three cars,
I'll pitch in 10 dollars per car. Ehh? Is that fair?

A moment of mutual talking and murmuring.

The people come to an agreement.

AXIS

Okay. Let's DO this!

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE – 7 P.M.

Just outside Axis' house, three cars
head down Florida Ave, two heading
west, one heading east.

NARRATION

There are three cars – while I stay here
in the Planning Room.

CLOSE ON the first car as it turns North on 14th.

Behind it, the second car turns the
opposite way to go South on 14th.

CLOSE ON the third car as it heads
East down Florida Ave, then turns to
go North on 11th.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis spins around a couple times on
his spinning chair.

AXIS

The night begins. And now I just lay back
here and check back in half an hour, to hear
how the crime-fighting situations have gone.

CLOSE ON Axis as it all hits him.

74

AXIS
It . . .

The full gravity finally sinks in.

He's not ready for this.

AXIS
. . . What am I doing.

A tear comes down one eye.

AXIS
What am I doing. I'm in the MIDDLE of this
. . . and I can't do this.

MAYA
But you wanted this. Right?

AXIS
. . . I . . . wanted it?

He shrugs his shoulders.

AXIS
Yeah, I . . . I wanted to . . . I don't know.
Prove I could . . . create a cult? But what
if it gets out of control?

More terrible realizations continue to hit him.

AXIS
Can the neighbors hear me?

He breathes heavily.

AXIS
Have they been hearing . . .

He hears a siren noise. He shakes terribly,

75

and looks around a few times, trying to
pinpoint where it's coming from . . .

The siren sound continues, outside,
passing by completely.

Axis shakes again.

AXIS
I can't do this.

He falls to the floor, and nearly throws up.

AXIS
Wow . . . look at ME . . . I don't even fight!
I just sit here and give orders! I – I tell
OTHER people to go out and – and get in
the middle of things . . . what have I started . . .

He breathes heavily, clutching the side of his head.

AXIS
They're gonna close in on me.
They're gonna close in on me.
They're gonna close in on me.
FUCK!

MAYA
BABY! BABY! Just . . . calm down!

Axis continues shaking.

Maya pulls him up. He stands back up.

AXIS
(*sigh*) All right. I think I'm all right.

MAYA
Do you need more you-and-me time?

AXIS

76

Yeah.

INT. FIRST CAR – FRONT SEAT

Numbers 1 through 4 are in this car.

NUMBER 1

Okay. Three cars, three operations going on at once. It can't fail this time.

NUMBER 2

Yeah, just make sure you stay driving slow.

NUMBER 1

(irritated) Man, I know how to do this!
(sigh) All right, so WE are Numbers 1 through 4. All right. All right. Let's find us some CRIME going on! Find some lady getting her purse stolen or something. Keep your eyes open.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 14th ST NW

Our angle is a dozen feet above the ground, looking 3/4ths down. The cult car is one of many vehicles here.

We FLY DOWN the street, going North – ahead, there are plenty of slow-moving cars in the road, and pedestrians walking around on the sidewalks.

Trees and buildings on the left;
trees and buildings on the right.
Not an awful lot of crime yet.

INT. SECOND CAR – FRONT SEAT

Numbers 5 through 8 are here, with 5 driving.

NUMBER 7

I think this could work.

77

NUMBER 6

Hey. Mitchell, how old are you now?

NUMBER 7

27. What about you, Martin?

NUMBER 6

I'm 26. Ain't it weird how BOTH of us are . . .
like . . . more experienced than Axis?

Number 7 thinks about it.

He nods his head.

NUMBER 7

I know what you mean.

NUMBER 6

You think *Axis* gets into fights, nahhhhh . . .
I mean . . . the guy sits there, thinks he's
calling the shots . . . but . . . see . . . what
happens when *he* gets into a fight. Hmm?
. . . Suddenly, Mr. Tough Guy, running the
show . . . suddenly he ain't so big. He'll
write about his *feelings* on his *blog*.

NUMBER 7

It's all good, man – that's what *we're* here for.
The fight. We get to whoop some ass, but we
get to do some *good* in the process . . . that's
what I like about it.

Number 6 puts on his black mask.

NUMBER 6

Forget Axis. I bet he's laying around
playing Solitaire right now. It's all us now.

NUMBER 7

(*from the backseat*) DJ!

78

Number 7 puts on loud rap music.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – T STREET

CLOSE ON the second cult car, for a few seconds, as the four people stay inside, still listening to music.

PULL BACK to reveal that the second cult car is heading West down T Street: a pretty tight squeeze, with only one lane of traffic going one way, surrounded by two lanes of parked cars.

INT. SECOND CAR – BACK SEAT

NUMBER 7

We're patrolling THESE streets?

NUMBER 8

Rich neighborhoods.

NUMBER 7

Why are we even bothering with this place? We should be going to –

NUMBER 6

Rich neighborhood. Rich neighborhood. See? . . . I bet this place is a real target for thieves. Bet the robbers would really go for a place like *this*. So I think shit's gonna go good tonight.

INT. THIRD CAR – FRONT SEAT

Numbers 9 through 12 are in here.

#12 is holding a cell phone, with speaker-phone on, to #9's mouth.

NUMBER 9

79

Yeah, hello, Axis?

AXIS

(on the other end of the call) Yes?

NUMBER 9

Hey, it's Number 9 here, in Car #3.
Uhhh . . . just making sure this is all
going the right way, or not . . . we're
on 11th Street right now, going South.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis paces around in circles while
talking into the phone.

AXIS

Okay. Now. I'm trusting you guys to . . .
to pull this off correctly. You know?
Uhhhh . . . take one hour, at least, to do the
patrol, and if there's three teams, then I bet
there could be like *three* crimes stopped
tonight. And at the end, we'll see if it
worked or not!

NUMBER 9

Okay. I – I think I've got it.

AXIS

And remember: spray paint on the wall
. . . just to leave the name.

NUMBER 9

Got it.

The call is disconnected.

Axis collapses back onto the Planning Room's bed.

AXIS

Okay. I'm safe here. I'm safe here.

80

I can just . . . stay in here and wait
for it all to be over.

He sighs.

AXIS

And I sit here *hiding away* . . . just so I
can keep calling myself the leader.

Several moments of silence.

MAYA

Well. (*smiling*) You still have *me*.

AXIS

(*smiling back*) Yeah.

MAYA

I feel like *I* should be a part of these crime-
fighting operat –

AXIS

No. No.
(*shaking his head*) No.

MAYA

What? Why? Why not?

AXIS

No. It's not necessary.

He sighs, getting comfortable on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CAR – FRONT SEAT

NUMBER 1

“Servo Cult”. *That's* the name.

NUMBER 2

81

Yeah, *this* week. What's he gonna call it next week? Yellow Cult?

NUMBER 1

Right? . . . Changing the name.
“Servo Cult”. I think “Axis Cult”
was better, myself.

NUMBER 2

(*shrugs*) Oh, he'll just change it again.
It doesn't matter. Axis . . . Axis is
nothing. You hear me? Axis is nothing.
It's all us now.

He puts on the black hood.

CLOSE ON his hands as he starts putting
on a pair of black gloves.

NUMBER 2

People *forget* the gloves!

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

Axis sits on his spinning chair, sighing.

AXIS

Oh, Maya. In half an hour, I'll call
them back . . . just to find out . . . what?
What will tonight's adventures be?

He spins around on the chair again.

AXIS

Something productive, I hope.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 14th ST NW

We FOLLOW THE CAR, the one containing
Numbers 1-4, as it drives on down 14th Street,
going North.

82

It keeps on going . . . past Clifton . . . past Euclid
. . . and we then MOVE THROUGH the back
windshield and into the backseat of the car,
looking ahead, through the front side.

NUMBER 3

This whole thing is *over*. You know that, right?

NUMBER 4

(shaking his head)

It's *not*. You don't understand. We can *do* this
movement. We can *be* the Servo Cult. And *serve*
the public, instead of detracting from it.

NUMBER 3

You're a real poster-child for Axis, huh.

We LOOK AHEAD, into the front seat.

NUMBER 2

Yeah, we just OWE IT ALL to Axis, don't we?

NUMBER 1

Axis?

(looking around)

Where? Where? *I* don't see him anywhere.

(shrugs)

See? Man like that? Just TRUSTS us to do
all this mission for him?

Number 2 starts to look uncomfortable.

NUMBER 2

Okay. So. We're supposed to be finding, like,
crimes, or something, or a mugging, and go beat
the person up. Right?

(to Number 1) Go left on Columbia! *Left!*

The car takes a left turn onto Columbia,
through a busy four-way intersection.

83

We MOVE OUT the front seat passenger's side window, where Number 2 is sitting.

We FLY AHEAD down the road, shooting East down Columbia Road. There are brown buildings and green trees on both sides of this one-way road.

A man is running and running down the sidewalk, toward us, carrying a purse with both hands.

In the distance, a woman screams.

WOMAN
MY PURSE! MY PURSE!

Now we FLY BACK TO the cult car.

NUMBER 2
Okay. Exactly. Exactly. Let's do this.

The purse snatcher runs on. The cult car draws closer to him. The man starts to run across the street, to get to the sidewalk, yet the cult's car deliberately drives all the way onto the curb and sidewalk to block him off.

The purse snatcher swallows, afraid.
He hugs his stolen purse close to his chest.

NUMBER 1
All right. We doing it or not?

Number 1 parks the car, and everybody steps out, with the car still on the sidewalk.

The purse snatcher starts walking away.

The four cultists start quickly following him.

The purse snatcher walks away quicker, moving east

84

down Columbia, since the cult has him blocked off from the west side. The cultists pick up their pace.

NUMBER 4
HEY!

The mugger finally looks at them.

NUMBER 4
What is it that's going on here?

PURSE SNATCHER
Nothing. Nothing at all! I just got this purse for my sister.

NUMBER 4
Reaaaaaaally!

NUMBER 2
REAAAAAAALLY!

All three men charge at him at once.
Number 5 pins him to the ground.

NUMBER 2
Did you just rob someone?

PURSE SNATCHER
(with a tear coming down one eye) Yes.

NUMBER 3
Who?

PURSE SNATCHER
I don't know, just . . . just some hoe
I don't know . . .

NUMBER 3
You don't know?

PURSE SNATCHER

85

Just – just some dumb hoe I ain't
never met before.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 14th St – FURTHER AHEAD – SOON

Number 1 is talking into a cell phone.

NUMBER 1

Well, the criminal is detained, and ready
for the police.

MAN ON PHONE

Well, can you – can you tell me where you are,
exactly? You know . . . just so I can get an idea
of – of what's going on?

NUMBER 1

Ummm . . . Columbia, by 15th. This is the work
. . . of the SERVO CULT.

He hangs up the call.

NUMBER 1

God, I'm so scared.

NUMBER

How scared?

NUMBER 1

Like shit-my-pants scared. We're
gonna do this??

NUMBER 2

Graffiti. We need it.

SOON – Numbers 2 and 3 work together
on the Servo Cult wall graffiti.

NUMBER 3

Why did we not do this *first*?
Why did we call the police, and

86

then spray paint graffiti?

NUMBER 2

I . . . I don't know. I wasn't thinking.
My mind's just not right, right now.
I just . . . panic. You know?

They continue to spray-paint the name of the Servo Cult.

LOOK AWAY, to Number 4, who is handcuffing the purse snatcher by the wrists.

PURSE SNATCHER

(with tears coming down)
Just let me go. Let me go.

NUMBER 4

We'll let you go in *just one second*.

He looks back to the graffiti job from Numbers 2 and 3; it's almost done.

NUMBER 4

Okay, let's *go*.

He starts to run off down the sidewalk.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – T STREET

The second cult car is slamming on the brakes, facing West on T Street.

Number 5 is driving. 6, 7, and 8 step out of the doors.

They start walking down the sidewalk, toward two young men.

NUMBER 7

Hey-heeeey! What do we got going on here?

87

FIRST THUG

Hey, man, you need any Blues?

NUMBER 7

No.

FIRST THUG

(scratching himself) You sure?

NUMBER 7

Are you a Blues dealer? Huh?

NUMBER 8

We're here to *stop your crimes*.

FIRST THUG

Hey, man, you just *buzz off*. I'm
trynna make me my money, ya feel?
Go somewhere else.

NUMBER 7

(pointing one finger at the first thug)
Pal, you wanna do drugs, you do weed!
You're saying you *sell* Blues out here?

FIRST THUG

Yeah, what the Hell's it MATTER to you, bitch!

NUMBER 6

Oh, that's it.

Number 6 runs forth to swing the first punch
in the fight, hitting the Blues dealer in the jaw.

The second thug runs into the scene
and bites Number 7 on the neck.

Number 7 screams loudly.

NUMBER 7

What? WHAAAAT??

88

He swings around and smashes a fist
into the second thug's chest.

SECOND THUG

I'm sorry.

NUMBER 7

What the fuck did you BITE me??

The first thug headbutts Number 7.

A moment of shock follows.

NUMBER 7

Oww.

Number 8 runs into the scene and leaps onto
the first thug, and punches him once, twice,
three times, then a fourth time.

NUMBER 7

(looking away) Ahhhhh, I can't . . . yeah.

Ugly moment. Ugly moment.

Looking back to the second thug, Number 7
notices that man starting to run off.

Numbers 6 and 7 both run after him.

Soon, they pounce on him,
pinning him down on the street.

CUT TO a farther away aerial angle,
to show that the three men in the cult
are winning over the two drug dealers.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 11th STREET

We FOLLOW THE THIRD CAR as it
drives South down 11th Street.

89

It drives on for a few seconds, and then we MOVE INSIDE the vehicle through the back windshield.

INT. THIRD CAR – BACKSEAT

Numbers 11 and 12 are sitting back here.

NUMBER 11

I'm Number 11. You know what, that's perfect, my birthday is November 11.

NUMBER 12

Yeah? My aunt's birthday is November 11.
That's *amazing!*

NUMBER 11

Yeah. Small world, huh.

INT. THIRD CAR – FRONT SEAT

Numbers 9 and 10 are in the front seat.

NUMBER 9

Okay. So I'm just, gonna, park here, in this gas station, and run the patrol on foot.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GAS STATION – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The car parks into a space in the gas station.

Everyone exits the car, already wearing the black masks.

NUMBER 9

See, this is what we do. We do this patrol.
We do this one on foot.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 11th St – SOON

90

Numbers 9 through 12 walk down the sidewalk together.

They continue walking.

Nothing major seems to happen.

NUMBER 12

Are you *sure* we're gonna find any action here?

INT. FIRST CAR – SOON

Number 1 is talking into the hands-free phone.

NUMBER 1

Axis. This is Number 1 reporting.
The night is over for us. We stopped
some crime.

INT. SECOND CAR – SOON

Number 5 is talking into a cell phone.

NUMBER 5

Axis? Number 5 here. I'm just the driver,
but Numbers 6 through 8 just did some *stuff!*

INT. THIRD CAR – LATER

NUMBER 9

Well, we did the patrol. We did it on foot.
Except we didn't see anything. We didn't
find no crimes going on.

NUMBER 10

Yeah, we looked all over . . .

NUMBER 9

(*shrugging*)

We just didn't *find* anything out there. Y'know?

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

91

Axis is pacing around inside the room,
talking on his cell phone.

AXIS

It's all right, Number 9. I've got a job
for you, if you guys didn't find any crime.

NUMBER 9

Yeah?

AXIS

More graffiti.

NUMBER 9

What do you mean more graffiti?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – ALLEYWAY

Number 9 spray-paints onto a wall,
in red letters, the end of his message:

SERVO CULT IS HERE.

Stepping back, he admires his work.

He folds his arms. And begins to smile.

He walks away, calmly. Just like that,
he's back into the normal identity of a
person walking around.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – FLORIDA AVE – NIGHT

Axis' house sits in silence. It's now a place of normal activity.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM

AXIS

So that's it. It's done for the night.

92

He begins to walk out the door of the Planning Room.

AXIS

I can't believe it. It actually went more smoothly that time. Easier to coordinate.

MAYA

Practice makes perfect, huh.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Out in the living room, Axis sits down on the couch and turns on the TV.

AXIS

And it's retired for the night again.

FADE TO: BLACK.

NARRATION

Impossible, huh? A year ago I was 29. Now I'm 30. And what is it that I've *done* . . . I've formed a cult. A cult with a movement to it.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – BEDROOM – SUNDAY MORNING

CLOSE ON Axis' head as he wakes up.

PULL BACK to reveal him in bed, missing the blankets.

He looks at the alarm clock. 8:08.

He sighs.

NARRATION

So *this* is the morning after.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – KITCHEN – SOON

He walks around the kitchen.

93

AXIS

This is what it's like to be the leader of a cult.
A cult that actually *did* go out and do crazy
stuff . . .

MAYA

You want some O.J.?

AXIS

Yeah.

MAYA

Come on. Let's get to church.

EXT. CHURCH – MORNING

The Sun is fully risen over the church.

INT. CHURCH

Axis and Maya are dressed up.

Organ music is playing. Dozens of people
in a dozen rows of wooden seats are standing
up at once, singing.

AXIS

O come, all ye faithful . . .

All the sound in the scene fades away to almost total silence.

As his mouth continues to move, we hear his thoughts.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

What have I done.

What . . . have I done.

CUT TO an over-the-shoulder angle as all the anxiety
sinks in at once.

94

AXIS' THOUGHTS

I started a cult. I did *that* . . . and then just . . .
came right back into church.

CUT TO a farther away angle . . . Axis is now
truly one insect among over a hundred.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

I can't believe I started a cult.
Does this mean I'll go to Hell?

EXT. CHURCH – FRONT ENTRANCE

Axis leaves the church and walks quickly away.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

No. No. Fuck. *No!* This is a cult meant to
do some good. We . . . we help people . . .
right?

He gulps.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Isn't it . . . against all the rules of my religion,
to start a cult?

He sighs.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

Okay. Wait. It could be a lot worse.
It's not a Satanist cult. It's . . . it's
not really a religion cult at all . . .
it's . . . what *is* it?

MAYA

Axis!

AXIS

Hmm?

MAYA

95

What are you thinking about?

AXIS

Uhhh . . . well, the cult, really.

MAYA

What do you want to do for lunch?

AXIS

I don't know. You want a sandwich?

MAYA

Sure.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – AXIS' HOME

He fixes himself and Maya some sandwiches.

AXIS

Turkey on this, yep. Yep. Hey. Am I gonna go to Hell for starting a cult?

MAYA

Hmm? No, I think you should be fine.

AXIS

Yeah?

MAYA

Yeah, it's not even like a *real* "religion" cult anyway.

AXIS

YEAH! *Exactly!*

EXT. RECORD STORE – MONDAY MORNING

AXIS' VOICE

I'm glad that Sunday was my day off.
Every human being needs to have it like that. Monday morning, it's back to

96

work. Hey – at this point work is just 8 hours of shelter. 8 hours of waiting.

EXT. AXIS' HOUSE – 6 P.M.

Knock, knock! Two young gentlemen are knocking at Axis' door.

AXIS
Uhhhh . . . hello. You're . . .

NUMBER 4
Numbers 6 and 4.

AXIS
R-right . . . uhhh, the thing is, it's Monday evening.

NUMBER 4
And?

Axis isn't sure what to say.

AXIS
Well, the Servo Cult was just in action, on Saturday night.

NUMBER 4
Yeah. So we're overdue for more. And we're overdue for more people getting *in*. Joining the movement.

AXIS
I . . . hold on. Come inside.

INT. AXIS' HOME – LIVING ROOM – SOON

MAYA
Hold on, now. How much “company: is coming over?

AXIS
Just . . . it's just for a few minutes. That's it. I promise.

97

The two cultists come in.

NUMBER 4
You ready?

AXIS
Uhhh, guys, no. It's . . . only on Fridays or
Saturday nights, really, that this cult goes on.

NUMBER 4
Well, here's the thing. Martin is dropping out.

AXIS
What?

NUMBER 4
Number 6? He's dropping out. I called him,
not long ago, to see if he'd come over here. And
he was like, "No! Never again! I'll kill Axis!"

NUMBER 6
What? Come on, it wasn't like *that*.

NUMBER 4
Yeah it *was*.

AXIS
So he's quitting, huh? Hmm. See, that's
the thing. Right now, see, there's, like . . . a
whole lotta danger going on. It's getting too hot
right now. I've really got to stop, for right now.

NUMBER 4
What?? Are you serious?

AXIS
I'm afraid so, yeah. And that means –
this meeting is adjourned.

NUMBER 4

98

The danger? You serious?
I drove all this way.

AXIS

I'm sorry, but, out. Servo Cult is
not going on right now, on Monday
evening. Sorry.

NUMBER 4

Pff! So what that it's Monday.

Numbers 4 and 6 leave.

INT. ICE CREAM PLACE – MONDAY EVENING

As Axis and Maya are walking around in
an ice cream place, a wide TV screen on the
wall plays the news.

REPORTER

Could *your* teenage son be getting into a *cult*?
That's now the question being asked around
certain parts of Washington, D.C. Although
the city –

AXIS

What? *What?*

He steps closer to the TV, examining it to
see if it really is about him or not.

REPORTER

– *has* been known for its crime rate for quite
some time, the threat of fanatic religious cults
may now be re-emerging.

The image on the screen fades to a photo image
of Mr. Red, with the date in the photo reading
7/15/02.

REPORTER

99

You may recall the now-deceased criminal Mr. Red, former leader of the Color Red Cult, which had passed through D.C. in the past.

The image on the screen fades to a photo image of Mr. Red on 10/15/12.

REPORTER

Although that cult *was* thought to be gone completely, it now appears that parts or sections of it might be back in action again, under the name Servo Cult.

Axis' body shakes.

He swallows.

The image fades to the brick wall on L Street, with the name Servo Cult written in purple letters.

REPORTER

Whether this is an entirely new cult, or simply a re-naming of the same group of people as before, remains yet to be seen. These sorts of cults do tend to be extremely religious in nature, and sometimes dangerous both to the general public, and even to the people inside who partake in its “missions of God”. Remember, Servo Cult – *this* is the name of the cult that your very own teenage son or daughter might be sneaking off to.

AXIS

(to Maya)

Come on. Let's get out of here.

And with that, they walk out the door, leaving the place.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – AERIAL ANGLE FROM 200 FEET UP – SOON

From very high up, we can see much of the city from a diagonal angle.

100

NARRATION

Here I am, in D.C. Axis Spaniel – now
the leader of this movement.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT

Axis is shaking while driving.

AXIS

I can't . . . possibly do this.

MAYA

Then stop. You don't *have* to!
You don't *have* to run a cult.

AXIS

Religious fanatic cult? *What?* Now I'm
a religious fanatic? Seems like just an
hour ago I was freaking out that I wasn't
being good *enough* in religion!

MAYA

Religious fanatic? *What?* Are they shitting me?
They weren't there, to see what happened!

AXIS

Ohhhhh, God. If there *is* a God, he probably
wouldn't be all that *thrilled* about me making a
cult . . . a false new religion, basically . . . I
mean . . . that makes me a sinner. I have to quit.

MAYA

What are you freaking out about so much?
You don't *have* to do any cult thing that you
don't want to do. And no one is making you
do anything.

AXIS

Yeah.

He nods his head.

101

AXIS

I guess that's true, yeah. I'll just stop, then.

MAYA

You had a good run.

AXIS

Yeah. But it's better that I stop now, like gambling.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEW YORK AVE

His car speeds on down the road.

INT. EARTH – THE SKY

Hours later, the daytime becomes the late evening.

The evening grows into the night.

Riiiiing!

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Axis answers his call. A square panel
POPS UP with Martin Slash in it.

AXIS

Number 6?

MARTIN

Uhhh, yeah, it's Martin.

AXIS

Oh. Hey. Listen, uhhh, here's the thing.

MARTIN

Yeah?

AXIS

This, uhhh, this Servo Cult . . . I . . . think

102

I better just stop with it for now. I mean –
I don't want too much danger. Y'know?
Try to understand.

MARTIN
What?

There's a few moments of silence.

MARTIN
Are you serious? You – you can't be serious.

AXIS
Yeah, I am, I'm afraid.

MARTIN
But we were, like, the Servo Cult.
We actually made a difference.

AXIS
Well, that's exactly it. It was a good run –
no, a GREAT run – but, of course, these things
tend to end up with police involved, and, me
being arrested, and, who knows.

Another moment of silence.

MARTIN
You're afraid, is what it is.

AXIS
Well, yeah. I would rather *not* be spending
the night in jail. It's just . . . I mean, I think
it's like gambling. You win once, you win
twice, you win three times, hey, better pull out
right then and there. Just . . . know that we did
make a difference, and move on.

MARTIN
Well I'm just getting started.

103

AXIS

Well . . . I'm just about to go to bed.
So . . . good night, Martin.

MARTIN

I am *just* getting started.

Martin's square panel POPS OUT of existence.

AXIS

Yeah, that Martin was always . . . really into it. I was kind of surprised. I really thought nobody would ever get “into it”. I really thought nobody would ever give it the *time of day*. But Martin . . . I don't know. You know? He just really . . . actually got all into it. He beat up these drug dealers that they found. Y'know. So. I don't know.

MAYA

Yeah. Hmm.

AXIS

Well . . . whatever. Now I can just focus on regular work again, and money.

MAYA

Well, yeah.

INT. MARTIN SLASH'S HOUSE – BATHROOM

Martin Slash is looking at himself in the mirror again.

No longer Number 6, he is simply Martin Slash,
wearing a white undershirt and jeans.

Martin starts pacing around, and he makes a phone call to Number 5 in the cult, who pops up in a square panel.

NUMBER 5

Hello?

104

MARTIN
Ronny?

NUMBER 5
Who is this?

MARTIN
It's Martin.

NUMBER 5
Martin? Oh. What do you want?

MARTIN
Well. You remember the whole . . . Servo Cult?

NUMBER 5
. . . What's your question?

MARTIN
See . . . Axis is . . . disbanding the cult.

NUMBER 5
What? . . . I don't get what you're saying.

MARTIN
Well, he's, *not* doing the cult anymore.

NUMBER 5
Tsk! Whaaat! This guy just *changes his mind!*

MARTIN
I know. I know. But listen. Look. It's all right.
I'm just gonna run the cult, from now on.

NUMBER 5
What?

MARTIN
I mean, come on, what did Axis do, really?
He just gave us orders. I'll take over. I'll
organize the crime patrols. We will fight crime

105

– under my watch.

NUMBER 5

. . . All right. Yeah.

MARTIN

Yeah?

NUMBER 5

Yeah. I trust you to know what you're doing with this.

MARTIN

So we're on, then. We'll all be fighting crime.

NUMBER 5

Yeah.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEW YORK AVE

Martin drives down the road. We
FOLLOW HIS CAR as it drives
against the bright day-lit sky.

MARTIN'S VOICE

So now I am the teacher.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

Martin and Number 5 are driving.

MARTIN

It was, what, three days ago, that I had called
you up on the phone? Yeah. Well, it's time to
fight crime again. It's time to make this a regular
thing. So, here's the patrol.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – C STREET

Martin and Number 5 walk together down the sidewalks,
both wearing the black costumes and masks.

106

NUMBER 5'S VOICE

You shoulda seen us, man. It was just me and Martin, walking together down the sidewalk. Just two people, representing the Servo Cult. For today.

The two men continue to patrol the city.
We FOLLOW THEIR WALK down the sidewalk.

NUMBER 5'S VOICE

We might be two men – but what we represent is the cult. We're not the uniformed military. We're not the uniformed police. We're not all the other dozens of different names of different agencies, the different organizations, that work for the counties and the country. We're just the Servo Cult. We're just here to fight crime. We are just here to fight crime.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEW YORK AVE

Martin and Number 5 are both beating up a criminal.

MARTIN'S VOICE

The cult is getting run better under my leadership. If I was the brawn of the cult, then why not take over as leader, too.

MARTIN

You give up yet?

CRIMINAL

Ohhhh . . . kinda . . .

MARTIN

Kinda?? Are you . . . kidding me?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – K STREET

Martin drives down the road. We FOLLOW HIS CAR.

107

MARTIN'S VOICE

This is what's gonna happen. Since I am the new leader of the cult, you guys can come meet at *my* house for a Servo Cult meeting. There, I'll discuss the new changes that my new leadership will be bringing.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Two people are entering the door at once for a meeting of the Servo Cult.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE

The two people enter the house, to join three others who are already here.

MARTIN

All right. Now. I think the Servo Cult will be thriving – *thriving* – if each and every one of you can convince three people to join the cult by our next meeting.

NUMBER 5

Hmm. Wow. You really got to the point fast there.

MARTIN

We'll be fighting crime. We'll be all over. We'll split up into the north, the south, the east, the west. Each split team will help the others. The greater Servo Cult will thrive.

NUMBER 4

This sounds amazing.

MARTIN

We'll go out. We'll make it happen. And I'll explain to you how. Just . . . make yourself numb to it all. Tune out everything except this crime-fighting

108

mission. Axis had the right idea, for a while. I just need to keep the Servo Cult strong.

He pulls a pistol from his pocket.

MARTIN

And that means going all the way. Killing the criminals.

NUMBER 4

What??

MARTIN

Oh, yes. How else do you expect to *stop* crime?

NUMBER 3

That . . . you can't be serious. That *is* crime.

MARTIN

But they are criminals.

NUMBER 2

That's . . . crime.

MARTIN

Yeah? And? Hasn't it been a crime all along?

The cultists remain silent.

MARTIN

Isn't spray-painting graffiti chargeable as some offense or another?

NUMBER 2

. . . Still!

NUMBER 4

I'm not killing no criminals!

MARTIN

No? Then what are you doing here?

109

NUMBER 4

I'm . . . I'm looking to get them stopped.
Get them arrested. Taken off the street –
if they're purse snatchers or car thieves.
But, come on! I ain't killing no one!

Martin aims his pistol toward Number 4.

NUMBER 4

Now what the Hell, come on.

MARTIN

Is this the part where you squeal on me to the cops?

NUMBER 4

No. Come on. You think I . . . you
think I wanna tell on myself about my
own involvement with the Servo Cult?
Huh? Come on. I'm just . . . I'm just
gonna go home and watch a movie.

Martin continues to aim the gun at him.

NUMBER 4

You have no business aiming that thing at me.

MARTIN

Yeah. You're right. I don't.

So he sets the pistol away.

MARTIN

It's not loaded right now anyway.
See, that just shows you. You'll
fall for anything.

NUMBER 4

I'm not having any more involvement
in this, period. Good-bye, I'm out.

110

So Number 4 leaves, after removing his mask and garments and leaving them on the floor.

MARTIN

Hmm. Fine. Then only the strong remain.

NUMBER 2

All right. Yeah, look. This is . . . pretty cool and all, but I'm getting a little tired.

NUMBER 3

Yeah, I know, it's *late*.

NUMBER 2

Yeah. I know.

NUMBER 3

All right . . . well . . . I think I should be out on my way, then.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – DAWN

The night is becoming the day.

Riiiiing!

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – KITCHEN

Martin answers his phone.

MARTIN

Well, hello, Axis!

A square panel shows us Axis.

AXIS

What in the world is going on there?

MARTIN

More than what you could handle.

111

AXIS

What? What in the Hell is *that* supposed to mean? I . . . I'm getting word that you're . . . taking over the cult? Making it run again?

MARTIN

Yeah! Well, you know what? Guess what! I'm running the cult, and I'm doing it better than you had.

AXIS

Define "better".

MARTIN

Stronger. More dedicated. I plan on giving the orders, and yet I plan on going out there, into the "field", so to speak, to combat crime. Hmm. Funny how that works.

AXIS

So. You think this cult will be better your way.

MARTIN

What do you care? You said it yourself, you're quitting your involvement. You're absolved of anything involved.

AXIS

Yes, but anything else done by the cult will trace back to *me!* I . . . I'm just real, you know, sketched out by that news segment.

MARTIN

Axis, you know what, you really worry and stress too much. If only you could see that things are *fine*. I am the leader now. Good-bye, Axis.

112

AXIS
No, wait, but I . . . !

The call is lost. Martin's square panel vanishes.

AXIS
Gahhh!

He throws his phone.

The battery cover and battery come out as it hits the floor.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Martin turns the lights off.

He walks to his recliner chair, and sits in darkness.

He closes his eyes, and meditates.
He remains this way for 5 seconds.
Then he opens his eyes.

He gets his cell phone from his pocket
and starts to make a call.

Riiiiing . . .

Riiiiing . . .

Riiiiing . . .

Number 2 pops up in a square panel.

NUMBER 2
Hello?

MARTIN
Hello. You ready for the cult?

NUMBER 2
Ready for the cult? Umm. Yeah.

113

That's the thing. Hmm.

He waits for a second.

NUMBER 2

See . . . I don't kill people.
I don't kill criminals. So, I dunno.

MARTIN

You . . . “don't know”?

NUMBER 2

I *do* know that I'm not gonna be
killing any criminals.

MARTIN

Are you serious?

NUMBER 2

Very. So, good-bye.

Number 2 hangs up the phone.
His square panel vanishes.

Martin sits, alone, in silence.

He sighs.

MARTIN

It's like I'm . . . the only one
. . . who has what it takes.

He stands to his feet.

MARTIN

I *am* the only one who has what it takes.

INT. COSTUME STUDIO – MIDDAY

A gorilla is sitting in a chair.

114

GORILLA

Hmm. This is kind of hard to breathe.

A costume expert is gently pulling on parts of the gorilla costume.

COSTUME EXPERT

How's that?

GORILLA

I – I guess.

COSTUME EXPERT

Now, remember. Think: “gorilla”.

GORILLA

Gorilla. Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

Me want banana!

COSTUME EXPERT

Well, no, he wouldn't *say* he wants a banana.

GORILLA

Oh. Right. Well –

Riiiiing!

A moment of silence.

Riiiiing!

COSTUME EXPERT

Oh, hey, look! It's my cousin, Martin. Hmm.
(*answering the call*) Yes?

A square panel POPS UP with Martin in it.

MARTIN

Hey! Dave?

COSTUME EXPERT

115

I'm kind of at work here, cuz.

MARTIN

Oh. Yeah. Umm . . . a better time to call back?

COSTUME EXPERT

Well . . . what is it?

MARTIN

Well, I was wondering . . . hmm. Could I hire you, to create a costume of a gray goat?

COSTUME EXPERT

Uhhh, not for *free*, if that's the question.

MARTIN

No, no, that's not the question. No, not at all. But, I mean . . . *would* you be down for that? Creating a costume of a gray goat?

COSTUME EXPERT

A gray goat, huh? Hmm.

Well, you know, it's funny you say that. I just got done creating a gorilla costume. Yeah, I could do a goat. But not today.

MARTIN

When do you think you might be able to get started?

COSTUME EXPERT

Not for . . . at least three weeks.

MARTIN

What??

COSTUME EXPERT

That's how it is! I'm sorry. I've got lots of different types of things going on.

MARTIN

116

All right. Well, fine. Fine. That will work.

COSTUME EXPERT

Now, remember, it's still not free.

MARTIN

Would 400 cover it?

COSTUME EXPERT

. . . Hmm. Tell you what. I'll do it for 300.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR – FRONT SEAT – LATER

We FOLLOW MARTIN'S CAR as it drives down the road.

MARTIN'S VOICE

It's like I'm a king . . . whose kingdom is no more.
My men have all deserted me. What cowards they
are. Everyone's afraid to kill. Well . . . I'm gonna
show them that I *do* have what it takes.

INT. VIRGINIA – ARMY BASE – OUTDOORS – FRONT ENTRANCE – MIDDAY

From a distance, we see the Army base.
Martin's car approaches.

DARRYL'S VOICE

Hello?

MARTIN'S VOICE

Darryl?

DARRYL'S VOICE

Martin? What's up, cousin?

MARTIN'S VOICE

Wondering when would be a good time to
come hang out at your Army base.

DARRYL'S VOICE

Hmm. Yeah. That could be arranged.

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INT. ARMY BARRACKS – SOON

Martin walks in through the front doors.

Darryl is nearby. He approaches the doors.

Martin is holding a thick briefcase. He walks up to the registration desk.

DESK MAN

Hello. You're going to have to sign in, with your name, your time of arrival.

MARTIN

Oh, right. Right.

DESK MAN

Oh, and, uhhh, we're gonna need to see your briefcase, too.

MARTIN

Oh. Right.

So Martin hands the man his briefcase.

The man opens it up, and finds nothing inside but regular things.

DESK MAN

Hmm. Okay. You're good.

So Martin takes his briefcase, and walks on.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Good plans are long-term. It will take three weeks for me to get my gray goat costume finished. In the meantime, I want to get myself a weapon.

INT. ARMY BASE – HALLWAYS

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Martin and Darryl continue to roam the hallways.

MARTIN'S VOICE

It's a long-term goal. First, I go to the Army base. I do nothing bad. I do nothing wrong. I have nothing inside my briefcase. They will learn to trust me.

INT. ARMY BASE – DARRYL'S ROOM

DARRYL

Yeah, Kevin's out right now getting lunch. Otherwise, that's his side of the room.

MARTIN

Wow. You have to roommate with someone?

DARRYL

Of course! Hey. Martin. I mean . . . forgive me if I seem *pushy* . . . but . . . why not just join the military? You know?

MARTIN

Yeah?

DARRYL

I mean, look, you got three relatives in the military. Haven't you ever considered it?

MARTIN

Well . . . a military . . . I mean . . .

He shrugs his shoulders.

MARTIN

Of course I've *considered* it. I just . . .
hmm. I wanna see the RPG.

DARRYL

What? What are you talking about?

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MARTIN

RPG. I mean . . . I've read about it.
I looked it up. Army weapon.

DARRYL

You mean the rocket-powered grenade launcher?

MARTIN

Yeah, that.

DARRYL

Yeah, they do *not* just give that to *anyone*.
Not all front-line infantry necessarily gets
their hands on that advanced-level stuff.

MARTIN

Oh, really?

DARRYL

Well, look, no, I can't be showing you or
letting you touch or even really *telling* you
anything about the RPG. Let's just leave that
door closed.

MARTIN

Okay, gotcha.

(noticing a DVD on the shelf)

WHAT! Girls Gone Wild!

DARRYL

Yeah, that's Kevin's.

MARTIN

Whaaat? He has like 3 of these! 4!

DARRYL

Yeah. He does.

MARTIN'S VOICE

I can't get it tonight. But I plan on taking
three visits total to this Army base.

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INT. ARMY BASE – HALLWAYS

Martin and Darryl are back at the registration desk.

MARTIN

All right, good night, now, everyone!

He leaves.

MARTIN'S VOICE

It will take my third visit until I can smuggle that RPG weapon out of there without anybody knowing. I have to give it time.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Axis talks on the phone with Number 3.

AXIS

Number 3?

NUMBER 3

Yeah, yeah, I'm "Number 3".

AXIS

I would just like to know. Is the Servo Cult still running, under Martin's leadership?

NUMBER 3

It's . . . very hard to say.

AXIS

What do you mean?

NUMBER 3

It *was*, for a while. But . . . Martin, as the new leader . . . he started going all extreme.

Talking about how you got to "*kill* the criminals". And . . . I don't know. I just dropped out from there. So, that's all I

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know. All the other people involved – I don't know about that. I can't say.

AXIS

Wow. Hmm. Let me see.

NUMBER 3

Yeah, but I've not been a part of it. Why? Are you resuming leadership?

AXIS

It depends, I have to see.

NUMBER 3

You have to see what?

AXIS

I have to see what's been happening with Martin. And with the other cultists. All right. Thank you. Have a good one, George.

NUMBER 3

Yeah, you too, Leader.

Number 3 hangs up the call.

So Axis goes to make another call.

NUMBER 4

Hello?

AXIS

Hey. Is this . . . Number 4?

NUMBER 4

Number 4 of the Servo Cult? Yeah. It's me.

AXIS

Hello. I have a question. Is the Servo Cult still running, under Martin's leadership?

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NUMBER 4

It's . . . hard to say, really, a lot of people
have been dropping out since he took over.

AXIS
Really?

NUMBER 4

Yeah. I can't account for other people, though.
That's the whole thing. I can only –

AXIS
Account for me, yeah. I understand.

NUMBER 4

Yeah! Exactly! See, cause other people,
I wouldn't really know *what* they're getting
into –

AXIS
I understand. Yeah. All right, well, thank you.

SOON – Axis is writing onto a notepad with pencil.

The left half of the page is the “Servo Cult Martin” column.

A straight vertical line separates both columns in the page.

The right half is the “Under Axis” column.

But “Under Axis” is crossed out with two lines,
and its replacement is “Dropped Out”.

1, 2, 3, and 4 are under the “Dropped Out” category.

Axis thinks about it.

He sighs, and goes on to make another phone call.

INT. ARMY BASE – DARRYL'S ROOM

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Darryl and Kevin are both lounging around
in their room. Martin is here.

DARRYL

This is your third time coming here
in three weeks. This is pretty cool.

MARTIN

Yeah. It is. You ever go deer hunting?

DARRYL

Deer hunting? Never really just gone out
and hunted, actually. No.

MARTIN

Hmm. Man. Bet you guys have got some
real *firepower* here, in this place.

DARRYL

Is this not the Army?

MARTIN

. . . Hey. Do you think you could
. . . show me that RPG weapon for
a second?

DARRYL

No.

MARTIN

Why not?

DARRYL

It's not like that. You can't just go
around waving it around like a toy.

MARTIN

Yeah, no, no. Never. No. Of course not.

DARRYL

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. . . All right. Well. If I do show you . . .
you would have to promise never to show
anyone else, or even *tell* anyone.

MARTIN

Right, no. Of course not.

DARRYL

Now, I'm trusting you with this.

MARTIN

Yeah.

Darryl takes another second to think.

DARRYL

All right, come here.

He goes to open his closet.

Up, at the top shelf, hidden from normal
sight, lies the weapon.

CUT TO a close view of the weapon.
The RPG. One of the greatest sources
of firepower in the Army.

PULL BACK to reveal the entire closet,
and SPIN AROUND to show Darryl and
an awe-stricken Martin.

MARTIN

I want that thing's autograph.

DARRYL

Ha ha ha, okay. All right now.

He closes the closet doors.

DARRYL

Now, you realize I'm trusting you.

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MARTIN

Hey. Come on. What would I do?

DARRYL

All right.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Looks like I may have to wait a little bit.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Martin sits in his recliner.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Looks like the costume is gonna take longer than 3 weeks after all. It's gonna take about another 10 days at this point. Jeez. Talk about a short stretch of time really feeling drawn out forever. Well. What else can I do? This extra time will just allow me to think more. I'll make it better.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – MORNING

Knock, knock! A postal service worker is at Martin's door. He's delivering something bigger than an envelope: a big cardboard box.

Martin comes to the door.

MARTIN

Hello? . . . *Oh!* Yes! Lovely.

POSTAL WORKER

You are Martin Slash?

MARTIN

Yes.

POSTAL WORKER

I'll just need you to sign here.

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INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – SOON

Martin walks the cardboard box over
to his living room.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Of course. There were so many people in the
Servo Cult – why not expect at least one person
to have these kinds of connections?

SOON – Martin uses a knife to slice open the tape
that keeps the box shut. He opens the cardboard box.

Inside: along with all the packaging peanuts,
he finds a gray costume of a goat.

He holds the mask in both hands.

Indeed, this is a Gray Goat Halloween costume.

MARTIN
Magnificent.

BACK TO the mask in his hands . . .

FADE TO:

INT. ARMY BASE – DARRYL AND KEVIN'S ROOM – NIGHT

We PAN AROUND the room until we reach
the open doors of the closet, in which the RPG
weapon lies at the top shelf.

We slowly MOVE CLOSER to the weapon.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Now. My plan only has one flaw that I could
think of. How would I get the ammo to go with
this neat-o gun of mine? . . . Well, I can get the
ammo separately. The important thing is pulling

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off this magnificent theft, without getting caught.
Then the Servo Cult will actually be armed.

INT. ARMY BASE – DARRYL'S ROOM – LATER

DARRYL

You can't be here past 8:00 p.m.

MARTIN

Oh, I understand. It's all right. Yeah.

DARRYL

All right. Well. I'm gonna take a whiz.

Darryl walks away, to the bathroom.

MARTIN

JEEZ!! Will you close the door??

DARRYL

Oh. Sorry.

MARTIN

I'm gonna go talk to my Dad real quick.

Darryl closes the door.

Martin races, as fast as he can, toward the closet.

We can now hear the sound of Darryl peeing.
Perfect: it will be critical in Martin's theft.

He leans up, and jumps up, and grabs the weapon.

He fails.

MARTIN

Yeah, hey, Dad? Can ya hear me?

He makes a second attempt.
It works! He snags the weapon.

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He grabs it into his hands. He's about to drop the thing. Quickly, he races over to his briefcase.

MARTIN

Yeah, I'm just over here, uhhh . . . yeah.

As fast as he can, he sets the RPG weapon on the floor, and begins to open his briefcase with both hands.

MARTIN

Can you hear me now? Hello? . . . Hello? Dad?

So he opens up the briefcase.
He stuffs the weapon inside.

As quickly as he can, with his hands shaking, he closes the briefcase.

MARTIN

Dad? HELLO?

He locks the briefcase shut.

He quickly races to get his cell phone in his hand.

Darryl comes out of the bathroom.

MARTIN

Damn it. I keep losing signal in here.

DARRYL

Yeah. That's the whole thing.

MARTIN

Whew. Man. I'm starving.

Martin reaches for a bag of fast food, and he starts to eat the fries.

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DARRYL

Hey, now, make sure you got a napkin
to go with all those greasy fries.

MARTIN

I do.

DARRYL

And you should still wash your hands before you leave.

MARTIN

I know.

DARRYL

All right, then.

INT. ARMY BASE – HALLWAYS

Martin walks near the registration desk.

As it gets closer, his heart beats increasingly
louder and faster.

MARTIN'S VOICE

It will be a miracle if I can pull this off.

MARTIN

Oh. Hey. It's me.

The man at the desk nods his head.

Martin passes by. The briefcase is
still in his hands.

He is getting away with an RPG.

INT. ARMY BASE – PARKING LOT

Martin approaches his car.

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MARTIN'S VOICE

I'm amazed that I actually pulled it off. I actually did walk away with a stolen RPG. Now I just have to get out of here safely. But it's done.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – MARTIN'S HOUSE – DRIVEWAY

Martin's car pulls up to his house.

MARTIN'S VOICE

So it's done. I've got the gray goat costume. I've got the RPG launcher. Darryl will probably notice it's missing by now. But I'm far gone.

INT. FABRICS STORE – SOON

Martin looks over a selection of capes to add to his outfit.

STORE WORKER

Why a black cape, exactly?

MARTIN

J . . . Dracula.

STORE WORKER

Dracula? Hmm. Okay. So, would you want black on one side, and red on the other?

MARTIN

Hmm. Actually, how about gray?

STORE WORKER

Gray?? Are you sure? That's so . . . colorless.

MARTIN

Hmm. Well. What about yellow?

STORE WORKER

We may have yellow here, yes.

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SOON – Martin is holding the makings of his new yellow cape.

STORE WORKER
But you said you want it black on the other side?

MARTIN
Yes.

STORE WORKER
We can have that custom made.

MARTIN
Good.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE – BATHROOM

Martin stands in front of his mirror.
He puts on the black mask that he had worn in the cult.
Soon, the mask is on comfortably over his head.
Then he puts on the mask of the gray goat.
Now he's complete. He is the Gray Goat.

CUT TO a side profile. He's in full costume: shirt, pants, sleeves, gloves, feet. His shoes and gloves are designed to look like a goat's hooves.

SOON – he ties the yellow and black cape so that it will be worn comfortably over his shoulders and back.

Now, the Gray Goat is more complete.

SOON – he holds up the RPG weapon, which he aims at the mirror.

He has his finger on its trigger.

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He breathes heavily for a moment.

MARTIN
Firepower.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR – BACK SEAT

CLOSE ON the floor in the back seat.

The floor underneath the front driver's seat seems empty, at first. We MOVE CLOSER to reveal that an object is sitting underneath there, deeply hidden.

At close distance, we can see it as being a rocket-powered grenade launcher.

PULL BACK to reveal Martin, in the backseat, taking the weapon from underneath the front driver's side seat, and placing it on the front passenger's side floor.

Then he climbs back into the driver's seat.

He buckles up and starts to drive.

EXT. MARTIN'S CAR – CONSTITUTION AVE GOING WEST

We FOLLOW THE CAR as it heads on down the road, carrying Martin and the RPG weapon.

His car seems like any other. He travels down the road, ready.

The six lanes of traffic, divided into the north and south-bound halves, are surrounded by sidewalks and trees – lots and lots of trees.

So he slows down, letting go of the gas, as

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he leans down to the passenger's side seat
floor to retrieve his weapon.

He takes the grenade launcher into his
own hands, and says not a word.

He rolls down his window, and aims the weapon
out of it when he fires a grenade, launching it to
hit a tree.

He returns to driving ahead. He aims
the weapon out the driver's side window
and launches it at another tree.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – CONSTITUTION AVE

We now see the street from farther away, from
closer to the sky. We hear the sounds of helicopters
drawing near from behind. Below, many trees are
on fire, in a checkerboard kind of pattern: the shots
fired alternate from left to right.

A helicopter indeed passes through
our field of vision.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

A still-developing story, Constitution
Avenue has come under attack from what
is believed to be a domestic terrorist.
Trees were left burning this evening
as firefighters rushed to the scene . . .

The sound becomes distant – far away.

INT. NUMBER 4'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Number 4 in the cult is talking to Martin.

MARTIN

Yeah. So I set a bunch of trees on fire.
Check it out, you'll see it on the news.

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NUMBER 4

What? What in the Hell are you talking about??

MARTIN

I'm showing a message of importance.
My name is now the Gray Goat – and I
will be the *true leader* of this Servo Cult.

NUMBER 4

I don't know what on Earth you're talking about.

MARTIN

Go watch the news.

Martin hangs up.

Number 4 shakes his head.

NUMBER 4

What . . . what in the world.

INT. NUMBER 4'S HOUSE – SOON

Number 4 watches the news.

REPORTER

His name is the Gray Goat – and what he's
famous for is torching trees with a grenade
launcher weapon stolen from the U.S. Army.

Number 4 shakes his head.

SOON – he's on the phone with Axis.

NUMBER 4

See? Martin Slash . . . he's now the Gray Goat.

AXIS

And THAT'S the leader of the cult??

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NUMBER 4

Martin's taking over. He's gonna turn
the whole city into a killing field.

AXIS

This just can't be happening.

NUMBER 4

Listen. It's all right. Nobody else is agreeing
with Martin, or joining him on his Gray Goat . . .
escapades. It's pretty much just him alone by now.

AXIS

He has to be stopped.

NUMBER 4

I know that.

AXIS

He's torching trees! And we're seeing
it on the news!

NUMBER 4

Look, I know that!

Axis sighs.

AXIS

How did this happen?

NUMBER 4

You quit, is what happened.
And he took over.

AXIS

Okay, well, I'm not to blame for his actions.
I'm not to blame for the RPG launcher.

NUMBER 4

I know. I know that. Nobody's saying you are.

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AXIS

Good, then.

NUMBER 4

But now all you got is the Gray Goat . . .
and . . . just a bunch of people from the
cult that don't have a leader anymore.

AXIS

Do you think people would consider
coming back into the cult, if I came
back as the leader?

NUMBER 4

You're asking me? I don't know!

AXIS

Hmm. Better question. Would *you* join
the Servo Cult, again – under my leadership,
again – to go after Martin and stop him?

NUMBER 4

Well, he's calling himself the Gray Goat now.
He's going around torching trees. So Hell yeah
I'm in. Let's go get him.

AXIS

Yeah?

NUMBER 4

Yeah. Come on, Leader. We gotta stop him.

AXIS

Yeah?

NUMBER 4

Yeah! . . . Well what are you waiting
for? Go make your other calls!

AXIS

Yeah! . . . Yeah!

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Number 4 hangs up the phone.

INT. NUMBER 5'S HOUSE – SOON

NUMBER 5

Look, I just want you to know, I ain't ever
went along with Martin's . . . path. He was
leading the cult pretty good, but he was
leading it towards killing criminals.
Which is what we do not do.

AXIS

Yeah. It's time I came back.

NUMBER 5

Now?

AXIS

Well, better now than never. All right.
The next meeting will be on Wednesday
night. Depending on how many people
will make it – Wednesday night.

EXT. RECORD STORE – MORNING TIME

Another day at the record store.

AXIS' NARRATION

Monday morning, and it's back to work.
Back to the hustle and bustle. Back to
being Axis Spaniel.

INT. RECORD STORE – SOON

Axis walks in.

People look at him in total disbelief.

AXIS

What?

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He looks around.

People seemed shocked by the very fact
that he is walking in here.

VOICE 1

Wooooooooow!

VOICE 2

He just comes back in?
Just walks right back on in?

Axis gulps.

He begins to walk around the store.

AXIS

All right, so! 'Nother day, 'nother dollar! Huh?

Axis' throat constricts.

INT. RECORD STORE – COUNTER – LATER

CUSTOMER 1

You hear about the whole fire on Constitution Avenue?

CUSTOMER 2

Huh?

Axis grows uncomfortable, working behind the counter.

CUSTOMER 1

Yeah, shoot, it was all over the news, I saw it . . .
it was like . . . it was like . . . this *epic* shit happened
around the White House. Not that far from the
White House. This sniper guy! He was just
torching trees on Constitution Avenue!
Calling himself . . . the Gray Goat.

CUSTOMER 2

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Near the White House? No way.

CUSTOMER 1

Oh, yeah. All kinds of crimes happen in fairly close proximity to there.

CUSTOMER 2

Really?

CUSTOMER 1

It's true.

CUSTOMER 2

Yeah, but never, like, *trees on fire* and stuff, within that close distance from the White House!

CUSTOMER 1

Lots of fucked up people in this world, I'm telling you.

CUSTOMER 2

That's *crazy!* Maybe Hatchet would go after him.

CUSTOMER 1

Hatchet? Nah. He's . . . he's gone. He's not in D.C. no more. He left.

Axis is having heavy thoughts sink into his head.

NARRATION

There's one reason I should continue the cult. Because crime is present. Because crime happens. Now I feel like it's my own cult that produced this Gray Goat disaster. I've got to stop him.

AXIS

God. They've got to catch that guy.

CUSTOMER 1

“Got to catch that guy”? Who? Hatchet?

AXIS

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What? No, not Hatchet. They've got to catch that Martin Slash guy. I . . . saw it on the news. Torching trees . . . it's . . . it's just terrible.

CUSTOMER 1

Yeah. What a world we live in, huh.

AXIS

I mean, there's, like . . . no reason for these crimes. No money taken. No money gained. Just . . . crime.

CUSTOMER 2

Well obviously this guy could have used some therapy. But it's too late now. It's too late.

NARRATION

The Servo Cult has to come back.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE – PLANNING ROOM – WEDNESDAY NIGHT

5 cultists have shown up here.

AXIS

Only 5 people, huh? This is bad.

NUMBER 5

Hey, Martin once had this idea. If each person would recruit 3 new people, then . . . it would spread.

AXIS

Well, yeah, I had thought, way earlier than that, to try to recruit 5 new people at a time into the cult. But, I think we've got enough people now.

NUMBER 3

Yeah? Enough people?

AXIS

Yeah. But. Wow. Look at me – ordering *you*

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guys to go out and do all the fighting. And then I do nothing. You know what? I'll go after him myself, too.

NUMBER 5

What? . . . You mean you're thinking of . . . fighting him?

AXIS

I'm thinking of fighting Martin, the Gray Goat, yeah. I think that's what we need to do.

NUMBER 5

All right. Yeah!

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 19th STRET FACING SOUTH

Martin Slash's car drives on down the road.

We slowly MOVE INTO the car through the back windshield, then look into the front seat as Martin is driving, holding his RPG weapon in his lap. He continues to ride in silence.

We STAY STILL as the entire car flies on past us, and continues its travel down 19th Street.

We stay in place for another several seconds.

Then, a shot is fired.

One tree has some of its leaves burst into flame.

The fire begins to spread across the tree, while many cars continue to drive north and south down the road.

We QUICKLY SHOOT DOWN THE ROAD, catching the sight of more trees bursting into flame, in the alternating pattern of left and right.

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Soon, we pass over Martin's car. We continue flying down the road beyond.

We take a sharp left turn onto F Street. Facing West down F Street, we continue to fly ahead down the road.

AXIS' VOICE

Okay, let's make sure I've got this right. Number 1, you're there, with Numbers 2 and 3?

At last, we stop moving, locking our angle onto a car traveling West down the road. Looking into the front seat, we see that Number 1, the cultist, is talking into a cell phone.

NUMBER 1'S VOICE

Aye Aye, Capitan. All three of us are present and accounted for.

AXIS'S VOICE

And I'm here, with Numbers 4 and 5.

NUMBER 1'S VOICE

So you're ready for this.

AXIS' VOICE

Absolutely. And Number 6? Are you there too, driving with 7 and 8?

NUMBER 6'S VOICE

Aye aye, Captain. Number 6 here, along with 7 and 8, in my car.

We move, with Number 1's car, West down the road.

AXIS' VOICE

God, what a series of three-way phone calls. I'm amazed this worked. All right. Now. They're saying the Gray Goat is still out

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at large. And we all know that it's Martin Slash – who used to be Number 6 in this cult. So, all of us – as three teams – we have to make sure to stop him.

INT. 19th STREET – SOON

A gray leg steps out of Martin's car.

He's parallel parked on the side of the road.
But he's stepping out in full costume.

He is the Gray Goat.

He holds the RPG weapon up again, and fires
it down the road, to strike another tree.

He stays in silence while the fire continues
to spread across the tree.

He looks around. Then he turns, and walks the other way.

INT. 19th STREET – EVENING

Number 1's car drives on down the street.
Although we move quickly to keep up,
we move not nearly fast enough to do so.
Number 1's car drives on, away.

NUMBER 1'S VOICE

I'm not finding anything, Axis.

AXIS' VOICE

That's fine. That's fine. We have a while.
But Martin is still out at large. He's *probably*
gonna go out and “try to get one more”. You
know. One last crime. So let's just see if we
can't catch him.

NUMBER 1'S VOICE

Yeah – or die in the process.

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We FOLLOW THE CAR as it drives on down the street.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – ELSEWHERE

We FOLLOW NUMBER 6's car as
it drives on through D.C.

AXIS' VOICE

Come on, guys, it's been 10 minutes! You're
telling me you still haven't found anything?

NUMBER 6'S VOICE

Well yeah, that can't be helped. You know?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – INT. NUMBER 1'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

Number 1 is driving, with nobody in
the front passenger's seat.

NUMBER 1

You really think we're gonna find this guy?

In the backseat, 2 and 3 chime in their views.

NUMBER 2

We have to. We just have to.

NUMBER 3

We can't let this guy go on any
longer. But stay within the speed
limit, please.

NUMBER 2

Hey. What the Hell is that?

NUMBER 1

Hmm? Hey. Wait. Wait! We're finding
something! We're finding something!

There it is: the sight of a tree, burning all over,

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looking especially bright in the night time.

Number 1's car slows down as it comes near the tree, and finally comes to a complete stop.

Martin, the man in the gray goat costume, walks on down the sidewalk, toward the car.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4 step out of the vehicle at once. Number 1 decides to park his car nearby, and as soon as he can he leaves his vehicle.

The Servo Cultists race toward the Gray Goat, but stop when he raises his weapon to them.

NUMBER 2

Are you Martin Slash? Huh?

No response, at first.

NUMBER 2

You used to be one of us? Hmm? Sound familiar at all?

The Gray Goat suddenly aims and fires his weapon toward the people. They leap away, quickly, to avoid destruction.

Another explosion goes off nearby. Luckily, none of the Servo Cultists are hurt, because they all ran or leaped away.

NUMBER 2

All right, pal! You put that thing away right now!

NUMBER 3

Yeah, that's what your ex-girlfriend said.

NUMBER 2

Will you shut up?

The Gray Goat raises his weapon again.

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NUMBER 2

Oh, come on! No!

They all begin to run away again.

The Gray Goat's weapon fires another grenade, setting off an explosion in the street.

NUMBER 2

What in the world do you want??

NUMBER 4

Clearly, *this* is what he wants.

The Gray Goat fires again.

But now he's out of ammo.

He looks at the weapon, confused. This was one detail he forgot about. Now he's out.

The four cultists all start to realize this at once.

The Gray Goat begins to walk away, back to his car, so that he can make his getaway.

NUMBER 2

Oh no you don't.

The Gray Goat is getting closer to his vehicle. So the Servo Cultists all run back to their car.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – 19th STREET – HEADING SOUTH

The cult car continues to follow the Gray Goat's vehicle. Neither vehicle looks like it was built to be the car of any particular hero or villain.

But there are plenty of other cars driving

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through the city. The Gray Goat swerves his car left, then right, to get around the strangers, trying to make himself lost from the cultists.

Shortly behind, the cult car is determined to keep up. So it swerves left and right as well, receiving plenty of honks and curse words in the process.

At last, both cars get to the streets' intersection. They have the green light right now – thank God. So they drive on, and a few pedestrians are nearly hit, as cars continue to honk.

As they drive on ahead, traffic clears up. The street becomes four lanes of traffic facing the same direction. The cultist's car speeds up, to such a point that it is only shortly behind Martin's car.

So Martin's car drives even faster. The showdown is not happening yet.

The cultist car picks up its pace once again, going the fastest it's gone yet, to catch up to Martin's car while driving next to it.

The cultist's car, being driven in a moment of heat, swerves toward Martin's.

Martin swerves away, then back on-track.

Time for another intersection – but this time the light is red. Traffic is approaching from our left, toward our right.

Martin's car continues to drive forward, and is honked at by a car he nearly crashes directly into.

Driving slowly, and honking endlessly the entire time, the car drives on.

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Soon, a whole stream of cars is moving from our left to our right – their turn for traffic. So Martin and Number 1's cars remain in place, stuck, trapped, for now.

Number 1 looks out his window, and sees Martin, driving the car, now unmasked so that he can drive.

NUMBER 1
Martin Slash.

Martin looks at him.

Both drivers step out of the vehicles at once.

NUMBER 1
You and me should settle this now.

Martin raises his weapon again.

NUMBER 1
You're out of ammo. You're all out, big guy!

MARTIN
Really, now. You sure about that?

Martin shows him one extra grenade.

MARTIN
Me, I've got a military-grade RPG launcher. You, you've got, what? Jokes? Wisecracks ready?

NUMBER 1
Just . . . just set that thing down before you get yourself killed.

MARTIN
And where's Axis? Where's your Leader? Hmm?

NUMBER 1

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What do *you* care?

Hooooonk! The lights are green. Number 1 looks around. Then he races back into the car, and gets buckled up.

Martin climbs back inside the car, and continues to drive on.

Looking at their cars from their front, we PULL BACK as both cars drive on, and the cult car takes the lead in the race, while Martin strategically waits and lets himself fall behind. So the cult's car coasts on, and waits for him to catch up.

Soon, they're again driving side-by-side down 19th Street.

Within seconds, another grenade is fired out the window of Martin's car. A grenade goes off at the sidewalks. So the cult's car smashes right into Martin's car, causing a two-car accident, and hopefully stopping him.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

He had not bothered to buckle up. He flies ahead and hits the windshield, cracking the glass.

MARTIN
Ohhhhhh.

He sits back down in his seat.

MARTIN
No. No!!

Sirens are blaring. All the emergency vehicles that are in the immediate area are blaring at once to pull up to the scene of the accident.

INT. CULT CAR – FRONT SEAT

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NUMBER 1

Ohhh-kay, okay. Do we have anything illegal on us?

NUMBER 2

No! Nothing!

NUMBER 1

Remove the masks, remove the hoods.
It's not illegal. Put it all in one pile, together.

NUMBER 3

On it.

NUMBER 4

Got it.

NUMBER 2

Now . . . now it was an ACCIDENT.

NUMBER 1

Wait a minute. No. I crashed into him, cause he was firing that grenade launcher. I'm just gonna have to say the truth.

NUMBER 2

And what – get yourself arrested? THINK!

NUMBER 1

Yeah, *think* what? It was to stop that guy.
Come on. It's self-defense.

NUMEBR 2

Self-defense? . . . All right. Yeah.

The emergency vehicles are all pulling up to the scene.
One single police car, for right now, pulls up to stop
both the cult's car, and Martin's.

We can hear five heartbeats pounding loudly at once.

INT. 19th ST CRASH SITE – SOON

OFFICER 1

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So what happened here?

NUMBER 1

I crashed into him, officer. I crashed my car into him. To stop him from –

OFFICER 1

Did *you* lose control of the vehicle? Were you driving drunk? What happened?

NUMBER 1

No, no, I just . . . I crashed into him. He was going around starting fires – he's got a grenade launcher! . . . So I crashed into him, to *stop* him. You know?

The police officer smiles, and laughs.

OFFICER 1

HAAAAAA ha ha!

NUMBER 1

What is so funny about this?

OFFICER 1

You expect me to believe THAT one? You crashed into him to stop him, because he was just starting fires? Come on now, pal! Just how stupid ARE you?

NUMBER 1

He *does* have a grenade launcher. He was just starting fires in the –

OFFICER 1

STOP TALKING.

Number 1 stops, realizing now that he may be finished.

NUMBER 1

This is WAY important. There IS a

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grenade launcher – in THAT guy's car.
If I'm lying, then . . . may I be struck with
lightning.

OFFICER 1

(sigh) Just calm down, okay, pal?
Let me just talk to this guy. And
STAY right there!

Officer 2 now steps out of the vehicle.

OFFICER 1

(to Officer 2) Go search them for weapons,
drugs. You know. The whole nine yards.
Something *definitely* is weird here. I'll go
talk to this gentleman here.

Officer 1 walks over to Martin's car.

OFFICER 1

Excuse me, sir.

MARTIN

Oh, thank goodness! Officer! *Help!*

OFFICER 1

How did this wreck happen?

The officer looks closer into the car, and eyes
the grenade launcher in the passenger's seat.

OFFICER 1

What's that thing on the seat?

Martin swallows.

Officer 1 leans in closer to look.

MARTIN

It's a . . . what? What do I have? Oh-hhh! It's a toy!

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OFFICER 1

A toy? You mean it's *not* a grenade launcher that starts fires?

MARTIN

. . . Good *heavens!*

OFFICER 1

Look, I'm not sure. I'm not sure if you're right or if you're wrong. So let me just see here. Ohhhh, yes. Yes. It does look military to me.

MARTIN

It's . . . plastic. It's a toy.

OFFICER 1

Yes, I know what this thing is. It's not plastic, and it's not a toy. The Army is allowed to have this thing. But other people are not. *I'm* legally not allowed to have that thing. Wow! That is an RPG grenade launcher! Okay. Let me see your military ID!!

MARTIN

Don't have it on me.

OFFICER 1

Ohhhh, my God. Okay. Social security number!

MARTIN

. . . Hmm. I – I have to take a moment to think.

OFFICER 1

See, this is looking to me, like this is a weapon that *you* are just *not* supposed to legally own! How – how did you get this?

MARTIN

What, this plastic toy? From Giraffe Toys. Why do you ask?

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OFFICER 1

So you didn't beat someone up and steal it from him?

MARTIN

No! I didn't beat *anyone* up!

OFFICER 1

All right, man. Let me see your ID. And give me your social security number, too. Something is just *odd* about this. I *know* this is weird.

Officer 1 returns to Officer 2.

OFFICER 1

You find anything?

OFFICER 2

Nothing, they're clean. I guess they're just smart enough to drive clean in this car trip. All right. Now, here's what happening. The guys that *crashed* the car . . . they all INSIST they were just trying to “stop this guy” from “starting fires with a grenade launcher”.

OFFICER 1

Right. Right. They said that.

OFFICER 2

Do you believe them?

OFFICER 1

Yes. They were right. The guy *does* have a grenade launcher on his seat.

They both look at the fire truck that's now passing by them, rushing to the distant scene of a burning tree. The fire can be seen from a far distance.

Officer 1 turns back to Martin.

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OFFICER 1

(to Martin) IF it turns out you started those fires, on those trees . . . IF that is the case . . . then you will be LUCKY to get out of here alive and arrested. Just pray for prison. Pray.

MARTIN

I ain't going back to prison. I am not.

OFFICER 1

What's your prior history of arrests? Hmm? I mean, we can also just look it up. But why don't you just tell me?

MARTIN

Three times in prison.

OFFICER 1

Okay. And for what? Drug dealing?

MARTIN

No. No drug charges. All just assault and battery.

OFFICER 1

All just assault and battery. Lovely. Okay, asshole, let's just see about your RPG weapon . . . let's just see about getting it back into the right hands.

MARTIN

Okay – now what do you mean by “the right hands”? Please define “the right hands”.

OFFICER 1

The right hands. The proper channels. Military. When the military has the RPG weapon, you don't see them just running around with it, like it's a toy.

MARTIN

Good-bye, officer.

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Martin takes off, making his getaway.

OFFICER 1

Hey! No! No! FREEEZE!!

He turns back to Officer 2.

OFFICER 1

Let's not waste ANY time.

OFFICER 2

What about this car of –

OFFICER 1

It can wait a minute.

Officer 2 approaches the driver of
the cultists' car.

OFFICER 2

Now just STAY PUT!! Do not attempt
to flee the scene! You got that?

So both police officers leave the scene,
to follow Martin.

Number 1 looks around.

NUMBER 1

Are there other police officers here at the scene yet?

NUMBER 2

They will be. Any minute now. Any SECOND!

The police cruiser vehicle is still
driving away, going after Martin.

NUMBER 1

I can't go yet, though. He sees me.

NUMBER 2

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He sees you? What can he do about it?

NUMBER 1

I gotta wait a minute. I just gotta wait –

NUMBER 2

You don't HAVE a minute! You CAN'T wait!

NUMBER 1

... Okay. Now!

So he starts to drive away, with
no police cars around to stop him.

Soon enough, he is reversing his journey down 19th Street.

NUMBER 1

We're gonna be all right. We're gonna be all right.

NUMBER 2

Music!

NUMBER 1

NO, NO! Not right now.

And he drives on. Four heartbeats
are still pounding loudly.

INT. AXIS' HOME – EVENING

AXIS

And this – this Gray Goat is still out there, somewhere.

He bangs his fist on the desk.

AXIS

Some Thursday-night excursion! Man!

MAYA

(shaking her head)

None of this seems very logical.

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None of it really makes any sense.
Why would Martin do all that?

AXIS

(sigh) Yeah, you're right. I guess there was always something wrong with him – if he would just attack random innocents like that.

MAYA

(nodding her head)

Watch, the cops'll catch the guy.

AXIS

Yeah, I suppose so.

INT. AXIS' HOME – LIVING ROOM – SOON

Axis watches the news.

NEWSCASTER

This is the second consecutive attack by the Gray Goat in two days, the first having been yesterday, Sunday, evening's attacks across Constitution Avenue. Whether or not there *is* any particular pattern to this string of crimes remains unclear.

A photo of Noel, Martin Slash's girlfriend, appears on the news.

NEWSCASTER

Information leaked by the sniper's own ex-girlfriend, Noel Vanderson, reveals that he once had a tender and caring side, but grew mentally sick and a danger to everybody. According to Noel, the real name of the Gray Goat sniper is Martin Middle Slash, seen here in this photo at age 26. Martin is currently believed to be responsible for both yesterday's *and* today's tree-firing attacks, and authorities *will* not rest until he is captured.

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EXT. RECORD STORE – TUESDAY MORNING

Another morning at the record store.

NARRATION

So *it* goes on: the ongoing chain reaction, which is here and in place. Now it's Friday morning.

INT. RECORD STORE – SOON

NARRATION

Today I, Axis Spaniel, will stay here at the record store, while the rest of the cult does the Friday daytime operations.

AXIS

(talking into a cell phone)

Okay, so, Numbers 1, 2, 3, *and* 4 will be going to the house, right?

VOICE 1

(Shhh, shh!)

VOICE 2

(Who you think it is he's talking to?)

AXIS

(still trying to remain discreet)

Can't really talk about anything right now.
But if we can be sure that all of them are there tonight . . . we'll go after Martin soon.

NUMBER 1'S VOICE

He got away last night, man! He got away!
And now my car is still damaged!

AXIS

Hmm. Do you have insurance?

NUMBER 1

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Yeah.

AXIS
Well, there you go.

NUMBER 1
All right.

AXIS
I can't talk anymore. I'm sorry.
We'll talk later. So long.

He hangs up.

INT. RECORD STORE – OTHER SIDE – JUST THEN

CO-WORKER 1
(*Woooooow!*)

CO-WORKER 2
I can't believe it! And he just
shows right back up at work the
next day!

CO-WORKER 1
Axis Spaniel, he has these little get-togethers.
These little “social gatherings”. Has all these
people get together, wearing black robes, and
doing these ritual chants. That's what *I've*
been hearing.

Co-Worker 2 gulps.

CO-WORKER 2
Black robes?

CO-WORKER 1
What, I guess it's, kind of like a *ninja*
or something . . .

CO-WORKER 2

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Nnnno. Black robes is . . .

CO-WORKER 1

Oh, no. No. It's not the . . .

CO-WORKERS 1 & 2

. . . *Klan*.

CO-WORKER 2

The Klan.

CO-WORKER 1

What? No. Those guys, the KKK . . .
they wear all *white* robes.

CO-WORKER 2

Sometimes. But, other times, they wear
black robes . . . so . . . ya never know.

They both give Axis another look, from a distance.

He appears immediately shot down by the
fact that they're looking at him. They've
caught on.

CO-WORKER 1

My God! This guy that I work with!
I never would have thought he's in
the Klan!

CO-WORKER 2

Jesus, Christ! Does that mean . . . does that mean
there's a bigger Klan presence around this area
than we thought before?

A moment of angry silence.

CO-WORKER 2

Pisses me off, man. Pisses me off. I could
just *punch a hole in the wall* with how mad I
am right now. I sear to God.

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CO-WORKER 1

Just – just stay chilled. It's all right. It's all right.
It's . . . I don't know.

CO-WORKER 2

“It is what it is.”

CO-WORKER 1

Exactly. It is what it is.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – RHODE ISLAND AVE

The outside of a row of homes.

AXIS' VOICE

One thing we do know, where Martin lives.
He, who is the Gray Goat. He used to be
Number 6 in the cult . . . I still just can't believe
he would . . . go all-out like that . . .

Martin starts to step outside his house.

AXIS' VOICE

What was I thinking. If I wanted to be so origianl,
and make my own thing by starting the Servo Cult,
then why did I not EXPECT someone else out
there to get equally creative, and make THEIR own
thing . . . the Gray Goat . . . one single Gray Goat to
rival my whole entire cult of good people.

Martin, outside his home, is immediately assaulted
by four cultists. They run at him to give him a
beating.

Martin raises both fists, sporting a silver
ring on his right hand.

Numbers 1 through 4 get closer. Number 1 ducks
to avoid the ring-laced punch.

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Then he rises back up and tries to pin Martin to the ground.

Martin slams a fist into Number 1's jaw. Then hits him a second time. A terrible crackling is heard.

Number 1 holds his jaw, groaning.

NUMBER 1

That *hurt!*

Number 2 punches Martin.

Number 3 leaps on Martin.

Number 4 runs in to kick him.

Number 3 punches him.

MARTIN

I was the best fighter out of all of you,
when I was in the cult.

NUMBER 3

But there's four of us.

So they continue to attack him.

INT. RECORD STORE – SOON

Axis is huddled in the corner with a co-worker, talking.

AXIS

And this Martin Slash guy . . . I don't know . . . I
. . . I think he's gonna try and come *here* and kill *me*.

CO-WORKER 3

Are you outta your mind?

Axis swallows.

He's beginning to perspire.

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CO-WORKER 3

There's no way you actually *believe* all this.

AXIS

Look, believe me or not – but – I – I'm just saying.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – RHODE ISLAND AVE

The fight continues. Martin doesn't have his Gray Goat outfit on now, nor is he armed with the RPG. The scene is just five people in a fight.

But Martin's ring works as a weapon. So he punches his way out of one cultist's grip. Then a second. Then a third. Then the second again.

The fourth cultists takes over the fight. He slams his foot into Martin, who responds by jumping at the cultist and nearly striking him again with this ring.

MARTIN

This ring would really hurt.

Numbers 1 through 4 now begin to back away.

Martin starts to leave the scene, going to his car.

MARTIN

(Now it's time to fucking move again . . .)

EXT. HOTEL – AN HOUR LATER

A car quickly drives past a hotel building's front entrance, and slows down to a stop at a parking space.

After five seconds of silence, the driver's door opens up, and Martin steps out. He starts to walk on-foot toward the hotel, as we LOOK LEFT

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at the building.

INT. HOTEL – LOBBY – RECEPTIONIST DESK

Martin approaches the counter.

MARTIN
Hello? . . . HELLO??

A man walks in his direction from behind the counter.

HOTEL MAN
Be right with you, sir.
. . .
Yes. How may I help you?

MARTIN
Yes, hello, hi, I'd like a room here.

HOTEL MAN
All right. Just one day?

MARTIN
Seven. Seven days.

HOTEL MAN
Oh! Yes, then. I'll book you for seven days.
Would you prefer smoking, or non-smoking?

MARTIN
Smoking.

HOTEL MAN
Mm, perfect. You understand, there is a
no-pets policy. Uhhh – no animals.

MARTIN
Right. Yeah. Yeah. Of course.

HOTEL MAN
Very well. Give me one minute,

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let's just see what we've got open.

EXT. HOTEL – DUSK

Martin leaves the hotel building.

He walks on-foot across the parking lot, to get back to his car. Once there, he opens a door and steps inside.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR – BACK SEAT

Martin is reaching from the front seat to the back. He is reaching for a suitcase and a big black garbage bag.

INT. HOTEL – MARTIN'S ROOM – SOON

Martin throws a suitcase onto the bed.

He opens it up to reveal the RPG.

MARTIN

And so the chaos continues.

INT. RECORD STORE – JUST THEN

Axis is getting angry looks from several co-workers.

He gulps, his throat constricting.

It's too late now. It's over. The information is out there. *Some* kind of information. He's just not sure what.

VOICE 1

And you *know* it's probably *all* guys there. *Nothing but* guys at these little . . . Klan rallies.

VOICE 2

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Yeah. All guys.

AXIS

Okay, look, I don't know what you guys are thinking. Or saying.

(*gulp*)

Look, a *cult*? Come on. Ridiculous!

I – I don't even . . .

He sighs.

Then gives up.

AXIS

Hmm. I gotta take a whiz. Be right back, okay?

He goes to walk away.

INT. RECORD STORE – BATHROOM

Axis is talking into a cell phone.

AXIS

I got low battery. Go.

NUMBER 1

Hey, this is Number 1.

AXIS

Hey, Number One. What's up?

NUMBER 1

Martin Slash, we think, is *going* to try to kill you. He just . . . I don't know . . . there was another fight with him, outside his own house.

AXIS

Do you think he would know where I am, right now?

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NUMBER 1

Yyyyyyes, definitely. We really should *not* have underestimated this dude before.

AXIS

Well, then, he should be arrested by the proper folks, the police, then, eh?

NUMBER 1

I'm just sayin', look out. Peace.

The call ends.

Axis gulps again.

AXIS' VOICE

Axis Spaniel, working at a record store. What is this sight now but a pointless cover story. As the secret matters of the cult rage on.

He walks around, disoriented from all the mixed perceptions going around at once.

VOICE 3

Or do you think he hangs out with all girls, nothing but girls, all the time?

VOICE 4

You know what they say about guys always hanging out with nothing but chicks.

Suddenly, Axis finds Vic, who is giving him an angry glare.

AXIS

What?

He's not sure what it is, but *it* is something.

AXIS

God, my life is getting out-of-control-weird.

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VIC

Yeah, *I'll* tell you what's weird. Come over here!

EXT. RECORD STORE – FRONT ENTRANCE

The two are talking in front of the store.

VIC

Come on! You go from wanting to be the next rock band idol, to wanting . . . what? To be the next Mr. Red?

AXIS

What? *No!* What are you talking about?

VIC

Oh, don't ?? me! You . . . you . . . “Oh, I would love to start a cult, I would love to start a cult.”

Axis stops talking.

VIC

“The Serrrvo Cult.”

AXIS

So you know.

VIC

You know what would happen, if I were to tell the truth and just report you??

AXIS

What? Why would you do that?

VIC

Look what kinda stuff is going on around you, man! You've got the Gray Goat sniper, exploding things, threatening people! That, and the Servo Cult graffiti, it's treating this whole city like a . . . like a,

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I don't know, but obviously something bad, and it
ain't your ballgame!

AXIS

Look, I don't know what else to say.

VIC

Yeah, I'll say you don't! You sit here and run
a cult of your house. And what do you do the
day the FBI knocks on your door, huh?

A chill hits Axis.

AXIS

Why are you turning on me.

VIC

(*sigh*) Now. I'm just saying. I would drop *out*
of the cult business if I were you.

AXIS

So what do I do if it's true, that Martin,
the Gray Goat, wants to come after me?

VIC

Well then you get police protection.

AXIS

Can't. I'm in this cult. I . . . I can't ask them for help.

VIC

Come on, now. You can go to the police station
as Axis, and not talk about the cult, and you'll be
just fine.

AXIS

I still don't think that's gonna keep me any safer
from this Gray Goat – he managed to steal an
RPG weapon from an Army base. He could
be sitting there waiting for me to get towards
the police station, for all I know.

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VIC

. . . Well, then, you run. And you run fast.

Vic walks away.

VIC

And the selection here *sucks*, I didn't
find what I wanted.

And he's off.

EXT. RECORD STORE – FRONT ENTRANCE – 5 P.M.

Axis leaves the building.

NARRATION

And I'm off work for the day.

CUT TO a farther-away aerial angle.

NARRATION

And never have I felt more scared to be leaving work.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GEORGIA AVE – SOON

Axis' car drives on down the road. Now he's
driving south down Georgia Ave.

A part of the street suddenly comes under
fire from the RPG, fired randomly.

A small explosion disrupts the nearby cars.
Several alarms are set off.

A parking meter is destroyed by the grenade.

Now the Gray Goat walks on down the street,
right in the middle, dressed in full costume:
the full-body goat costume, and the yellow cape.

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PULL BACK about 500 feet from the Gray Goat to reveal the back of Axis' car, as he approaches the lunatic. We FOLLOW THE CAR as it gets closer to him. Axis slows down his driving.

AXIS' THOUGHTS

He knew where I work . . . he knew my way home.
He knew I'd be driving this way. Dear God!!

Axis keeps on driving. The Gray Goat grows closer.

The lunatic loads one more grenade into his weapon.
He gets himself ready.

Axis crashes right into the Gray Goat.

He slams on the brakes. The Gray Goat goes flying backward through the air.

AXIS

Ohhhh my God, what. What. What.

He parks, and steps out of the car.

AXIS

You okay?

No response.

AXIS

Wow, can't believe I did that.

Now it's time to step forward and inspect the damage.

It's pretty bad: hitting him dented the hood,
and the front bumper.

AXIS

Ooooh. You stupid Goat. You hit my car.

Martin is squirming around on the ground.

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MARTIN

You son of a bitch. You really did have it in you.

AXIS

Of course. Was there ever any doubt?

MARTIN

Ooof . . . I . . . really gotta hand it to you, then.
You really knew . . . how to fight me.

He falls to the ground.

BYSTANDER

Is he dead??

AXIS' THOUGHTS

If he is, you're gonna get charged with *murder!*

AXIS

Yeaaaaah, he's not dead. He's NOT dead!
He's alive. Let's just . . . what's the ambulance's
number? I mean . . . that's not what I meant.

BYSTANDER

Hey. Look, man. You're not gonna believe this,
but right now we're *right* next to Howard University
Hospital Parking. It's *right* that way.

AXIS

Yeah?

Axis thinks about it.

AXIS

Okay. So I'll phone it in. They'll get here real fast.

He takes a second to think about it.

His heartbeat starts racing.

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AXIS

I have to move my car, out of traffic.
I'm not running away, though.
I'm about to phone it in.

Quickly, he climbs back inside his car,
which still has the engine running.

He gets inside, and gets started driving.
Fortunately, very few people are out on
the road right now.

He finds a place to park the car, in a short
time, out of public sight.

SOON – Axis is running, on foot, back to
the Gray Goat, still laying on the ground.
While he is not dead, he is definitely not getting
back up.

Once Axis has gotten all the way to the
Gray Goat, the maniac has gotten his hands
on his RPG weapon again.

There's one last shot left in it.

Axis swallows.

Then he runs forward and grabs the Gray Goat's
hand, the one holding the weapon.

Axis punches the Gray Goat in the head.

He jabs him with a left fist.
A right fist. Another right fist.

Then he grabs the RPG and takes the weapon from him.

Axis aims the RPG at the Gray Goat.

AXIS

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You want me to do this?? Huh??

GRAY GOAT
No!!!

AXIS
Okay, then!

So he throws the weapon away, to land
somewhere on the street.

Both Axis and the Gray Goat flinch as it
hits the street. Yet it manages not to launch
a grenade anywhere.

Axis retrieves his cell phone.

He dials 9-1-1.

Riiiiing.

Riiiiing.

OPERATOR
911, what is your emergency?

AXIS
Uhh, hello. I need an ambulance, please.
There's . . . a man who needs an ambulance.
The Gray Goat. Martin Slash. He does.

OPERATOR
Slow down, sir, slow down. I can't
understand what you're saying when
you talk that fast.

AXIS
Okay. Okay.

OPERATOR
Now, how many people need an ambulance?

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Only one? Or both of you?

AXIS

No, no, only one. Martin Slash.

OPERATOR

Okay. Now, what is your location?

FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GEORGIA AVE – SOON

AXIS' VOICE

The Servo Cult does not kill criminals.
Rather, we turn them in to the authorities.
In this case, phoning in an ambulance
will do the job. Once he's out of the
hospital, he'll be going to prison.

Axis, holding both hands together, finally
notices that an ambulance vehicle is approaching.

It quickly draws closer to him. It slows down,
and comes to a stop, as it gets closer.

GRAY GOAT

I ain't going back to prison for nothing or nobody.

AXIS

You *need* an ambulance. You know that.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

And in local news, Martin Slash, the 26-year-old
D.C. resident now classified as a domestic terrorist,
is in the hospital after getting run over by a car.

INT. NEWS SEGMENT

NEWSCASTER

Once he recovers, he is headed to prison.
Although nobody can really yet speculate as to

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the outcome of his courtroom trial, he may quite possibly face a sentence of life in prison.

INT. AXIS' HOME – LIVING ROOM – LATE EVENING

Axis and Maya are both watching the news.

AXIS

Crazy, huh. The fact that I once allowed that man into my cult.

MAYA

But baby, the cops arrested him. Like I had said the last couple days, you just let the experts take care of it, and do their jobs.

AXIS

Take care of it and do their jobs? Hey, who was the one who ran into him with a car? . . . Exactly.

MAYA

You're so lucky.

AXIS

I know I am. I'm lucky just to be alive.

So the two hold each other.

We MOVE UP, through the ceiling . . .

INT. RECORD STORE – MIDDAY

Axis continues to work as a sales clerk at Tru-'Nuff Records.

NARRATION

Axis Spaniel, the record store man. Ehh. Still there, to be the outlet of sanity.

INT. AXIS' CAR – FRONT SEAT – EVENING

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Axis drives home.

NARRATION

And then comes the moment where I get off work
and start getting the cult ready.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – GEORGIA AVE

Axis' car takes on down the road.

NARRATION

It's not just Saturday nights anymore. It goes all out of
order. Out of whack. But now I've seen what it can do.
What it can accomplish. The Servo Cult took down
Martin Slash. The Servo Cult took down Martin Slash.

INT. TALK SHOW – MIDDAY

TALK SHOW HOST 1

So now they're saying there's a new cult in action. A new
cult in action. And it turns out it's *not* the Color Red Cult
after all. No . . . get this . . . the Servo Cult, is here to *serve*
the city, by doing stuff like taking down the Gray
Goat, a wanted criminal who, at that time, had a way
of just getting away with things.

(clearing his throat)

Okay. So that means that Uncle Sam's federal database
list, identifying all the superheroes, is not up-to-date
enough to include the Servo Cult, who are here to help.
So. So this is where it gets tricky. Does the ENTIRE
cult go on the list, or each person, one by one? What
could one individual cult member be charged with in
court? Should the Leader of the cult be tried as one
superhero? Who knows, really?

A few moments of applause.

TALK SHOW HOST 2

Yes, yes, I think we're all just thankful that the Gray
Goat scare is now over with.

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TALK SHOW HOST 3

And we have a CULT to thank for that? A cult
of people who are good? I just don't get it.
I just don't get it.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – NEW YORK AVE

The D.C. daytime sky begins to fade to night.

Cars zip down the road, and people walk by.

NARRATION

We guard the city.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – ELSEWHERE

Cars drive on down the road. Any one of them
could belong to the cult.

NARRATION

We patrol Washington, D.C. and stop the
people who would spread crime.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – THIRD LOCATION

NARRATION

We keep the good people safe. We beat the
bad people up. We are the Servo Cult . . .

Four cultists run down the street, each wearing a number.

NARRATION

Hey . . . maybe YOU wanna join this cult . . .

BLACK.