

**THE LAUNDRY**  
**Pilot Episode:**  
**"The Atrocity Archives"**

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Based on "The Atrocity Archives" novels by  
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**AN IPHONE LIGHTS UP**

With an annoying TRILL and animated red window with text:

**12:30AM - EMERGENCY - REPORT TO THE LAUNDRY IMMEDIATELY**

**WIDER TO REVEAL BOB HOWARD (28) - IN BED**

He's absolutely average - in a series lead sort of way - and tangled in sweaty sheets next to a very beautiful Indian woman, MHARI (27).

**INT. BOB HOWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Neat. Midcentury desk, Jacobsen Egg Chair, nicely framed pictures of beer labels on the walls. A fixed-gear bike hangs upside down on hooks from the ceiling.

Bob gathers a sheet about himself as Mhari awakens.

MHARI

What time is it?

BOB

Oh-dark-thirty. Must be work.

MHARI

Who has an IT emergency after midnight?

BOB

Nerds on Red Bull. Gotta go. I'm sorry.

MHARI

Nah, s'OK. Had to get up. I have a date.

Bob picks shuts off the alarm, grabs some clothes.

BOB

You had a date.

(off her look)

We just had the date. We're having the date right now.

MHARI

What are you talking about?

BOB

What are you talking about?

MHARI

I have a date. At an after hours club.

(off Bob's look)

I gotta go meet this guy I want to fuck.

Bob gets dressed as his confusion and surprise escalates:

BOB

Who?

MHARI

How's that your business?

BOB

You and I just -

MHARI

Yeah. And it was awesome.

BOB

No. I mean - I can't believe this. You said you wanted to get back together.

MHARI

And we did. For like an hour.

Bob's phone TRILLS AGAIN. Bob fishes it from a pocket:

**ON THE PHONE SCREEN**

**REPEAT - EMERGENCY - REPORT TO THE LAUNDRY IMMEDIATELY**

Bob shuts it off, frustration messing with coordination:

BOB

You were NOT specific about that.

MHARI

Don't get all screamo.

BOB

How can you do this to me?  
(off her look)  
Again?

MHARI

Have you met me?

By now he's fully dressed and taking the bike down.

BOB

We are so having a longer conversation about this when I get back.

MHARI

I don't think so.

Barely winning the fight with his own exasperation, Bob hefts his bike and EXITS into:

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Bob barrels through, walking past an open door, beyond which is his room mate PINKY (25, imagine a younger Mos Def) - leaning over a work bench, wearing a welding mask, clearly doing work on some unfathomably complex mechanical project that does NOT belong in a bedroom.

PINKY

Bob!

Bob stops for a moment - looks in the door.

Pinky lifts his welding mask to reveal his face.

PINKY (CONT'D)

You get called in?

BOB

Yeah. Work emergency.

PINKY

Better you than me.

BOB

Uh-huh.

PINKY

Some night you're having.

(off Bob)

I hope you have an exit strategy, 'cuz that is one unhealthy, manipulative relationship. No way she's not playing broomball with your self esteem.

BOB

You heard us.

PINKY

And you didn't?

BOB

What are you making in there?

PINKY

Exactly.

Bob's phone TRILLS again.

BOB

I gotta go.

PINKY

Yeah you do.

He heads for the stairs.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Bod descends the front stoop to the sidewalk, and as he puts his bike down... CRACK!

Thunder. Brisk, wind. Rain.

Bob reacts to this latest kick in the nuts and mounts up.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - MONTAGE**

A JAZZY THEME... like a *Masterpiece Contemporary* episode where Bill Nighy plays a thoughtful spy as Bob powers his way through wind and rain... under blurred sodium lights down deserted streets and beneath:

**EXT. THE DRAGON ENTRANCE ARCH OF CHINATOWN - NIGHT**

Pushing... pushing... pushing until he reaches...

**EXT. THE LAUNDRY - NIGHT**

A dingy white storefront crowded between two large, touristy, neon-lit restaurants.

Bob dismounts, picks up his bike and carries it in.

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - NIGHT**

Commercial facility. Runs 24/7.

Bob carries his bike past rows of WORKERS - hanging, pressing and folding linens - turns a corner toward a MASSIVE INDUSTRIAL DRYER.

He pulls the round glass door of the the massive industrial dryer open and ENTERS.

The workers just keep working.

**TITLE OVER PICTURE: THE LAUNDRY****INT. THE LAUNDRY - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Bob jams his bike into a set of lockers next to the round opening leading in from the dryer.

This is a "blue apron" kind of place, like a printer's workshop: wood panels, green walls, desks and shelves in red, brass.

Worn and workmanlike, not sleek.

On the other side of the room are a brass gate and a reception desk behind a cage, like an old-timey bank.

The RECEPTIONIST behind the cage gives Bob a sour look.

RECEPTIONIST

You're late.

BOB

I'm wet and I'm pissed too.

The receptionist points to a large RETINAL SCANNER poking out of the cage.

Bob puts his face up to it - and is rewarded by a blinding flash that makes him recoil.

A green light bulb goes off over the gate, the receptionist waves him in.

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Shopworn but neat. Lit by cage-lamps.

A grey van labeled WENG-CHIANG DRY CLEANING AND COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY squats over an oil change pit with the hood and rear open... a mechanic works underneath as another slams the hood.

MECHANIC

Good to go!

By the rear stands ALAN BARNES (35, imagine the things you like about Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson - the friendly eyes, the easy, toothy smile - only in the powerful and muscular body of, well, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson).

Dressed in a black tee, grey tactical pants and boots, Barnes takes automatic weapons from a steel cart and hands them to two TOUGH HOMBRES already inside.

ALAN

Bob! You made it - good.

Before Bob can say anything, his vision fills with HARRIET (37, imagine your favorite redhead, permanently frozen in the moment you found out she wasn't nice) - dressed in a suit, holding a sheaf of papers.

HARRIET

You're late. You missed the briefing.

BOB

Why didn't you send a car?

HARRIET

What are we made of, money?  
 (hands over the pages)  
 Now you have to sign this.

BOB

A release?

HARRIET

Of liability should you die on the field  
 from not being briefed properly.

BOB

Takes that many pages to do that?

HARRIET

You only have to sign the one.

ALAN

We don't have time, Harriet. I'll brief  
 him in the van.

HARRIET

What if he dies before you get there?

BOB

Before we get where?

Alan puts a hand on Bob's back and leads him to the van.

ALAN

Major terror op going down. WMDs are in  
 play. We're on tap.

HARRIET

We can't be liable.

BOB

Excuse me. "Major terror op?" WMDs?

ALAN

He won't die. I'm gonna have him  
 surrounded by tough hombres.

The Tough Hombres LOOK UP from inside the van:

TOUGH HOMBRES

Hoo-ah!

ALAN

See? S'all good.

Alan shoves Bob into the van and SLAMS the gate shut -  
 and off his smile to Harriet...

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

The van CAREENS down rain-slicked streets.

**INT. LAUNDRY VAN - NIGHT**

Bob hangs on for life. Alan nonchalantly loads magazines.

ALAN

Bob, we have a real problem on our hands.  
(off Bob's look)  
Your pilsner came out a little bitter.

BOB

I know. Sorry about that.

ALAN

Was it the hops?

BOB

No. Hops are legit. I'm cutting down the  
boil time on the next batch.

ALAN

Have us over when you tap that. This  
little hiccup aside, you're the best  
craft brewer in town.

BOB

Oh. That's nice. Thanks! So hey, what  
about the terrorists?

ALAN

Three man cell. Radical Islamists - Al  
Quaeda splinter group called "The Zeal of  
the Smokeless Fire."

BOB

Sounds like an e-cig.

ALAN

They're holed up in a hotel by the  
airport. Presidential suite.

BOB

Aren't we a little light? Three of them.  
Three of us? We're light.

ALAN

There's four of us.

BOB

I'm not strapped.

ALAN

(hands over a gun)  
Yeah you are.

Bob looks at his gun like it's a feathered fish, then:



BOB

They have a WMD.

ALAN

They trigger it, guns are going to be the least of our issues.

OK. What are they deploying?

ALAN

Unknown. That's why you're here, we neutralize the human element. You identify the WMD.

(off Bob's look)

Hey, you requested this. Welcome to field duty.

**EXT. AIRPORT HOTEL - NIGHT**

The Van enters an UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE.

**INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The team - led by Alan in triangle formation with Bob in the middle, surrounded by muscle, Velcro, and assault rifles - enter through a CARGO ELEVATOR and PLOUGH THROUGH, "badging" the staff.

**INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - BACK STAIRS - NIGHT**

The team RISES from floor to floor.

**INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

The team enters through a pair of service doors.

Alan points to a door at the very end of the corridor.

The four move stealthily - approaching - and then:

**A ROOM DOOR OPENS BESIDE THE TEAM**

A LITTLE GIRL holding an iPad looks at the men.

**ON THE IPAD - THE FILM *THE HUNGER GAMES***

Bob smiles and gives her a "District Twelve Salute" and whistles the "mockingjay call."

The Little Girl responds in kind and CLOSES THE DOOR.

**THE TEAM ADVANCES AS ALAN POINTS BACK TO THE DOOR**

They close the distance. An engraved plaque by the door reads "Presidential Suite."

Bob draws his pistol.

The team FORMS UP for breach.

Alan nods to Tough Hombre #1, who ZZZIPS out a universal magnetic stripe key from a belt fob and SLIDES it into the lock.

The LED on the lock goes green.

Alan nods. Tense. Tough Hombre #1 steps aside.

Tough Hombre #2 OPENS THE DOOR.

**INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

A cheap chain chic impersonation of a living room... but for the massive BANK OF COMPUTERS jury-rigged to vast industrial cables, an incongruous mess of technology at the center of the room.

Behind the computers, three SHADOWY MEN with full beards.

**THE SHADOWY MEN IMMEDIATELY SEE THE TEAM**

And reach for submachine-guns, but before they can fire:

**ALAN AND THE TOUGH HOMBRES OPEN UP - POP! POP! POP!**

Three terrorists. Three bullets. Each finds a head.

The Shadowy Men fall simultaneously.

ALAN

Clear the place and check the bedrooms -  
Bob - WMD analysis - now!

Bob steps over the bodies to the computers as Alan and the Tough Hombres clear the space.

**REVEAL THE COMPUTER MONITORS**

Lit up with MATHEMATICAL GOBBLEDYGOOK - blazing across the screen with INCREASING INTENSITY.

**ONE OF THE SCREENS SHOWS A CIRCLE**

Rapidly glowing up to a close like a countdown timer!

BOB

Oh shit.

ALAN

(from a corner of the room)

What do we got?

BOB

Modified summoning algorithm. Standard Minkowski space derived by setting pi to four. No fractal dimension involved. Looks like the space they mapped this diagram to has a luminiferous ether -

ALAN

Bob! A little less conversation, a little more action, please.

BOB

They're opening a pan universal gateway and summoning a demon.

Alan sighs - like he hears that kind of thing every day:

ALAN

Can you shut it down?

BOB

(typing furiously)

They don't have a fail-safe equation in place... freakin' amateurs...

ALAN

Can't shut it down?

As Bob shakes his head:

**THE GLOWING CIRCLE ON THE MONITOR COUNTS DOWN TO A CLOSE**

BOB

Crap! No! GATE OPENING!

**THE ROOM FLOODS WITH WIND**

Coming from the space between the computers and the windows - A BELLOWING GALE that moves everyone back several steps before their eyes adjust and their footing returns.

The wind coalesces into a maelstrom of "anti-light" - beams of black energy with weight, mass and a spiraling form!

**BOB, ALAN AND THE TOUGH HOMBRES**

All look over as:

**A GATE TO A PARALLEL UNIVERSE OPENS BEFORE THEM**

A fleshy, distended mass of obsidian skin. Rotting grey tendrils - pustulating like a medical textbook's image of crippling psoriasis - stretch across the window bank.

A stream of oily venom oozes from the throbbing gristle. At its center, a SIGMOID TUNNEL STRETCHING INTO INFINITY.

Except that through what remains of the windows can be seen the OBLIVIOUS CITY SKYLINE: the tunnel only exists on their side of the windows!

In short, what the fuck?

BOB (CONT'D)

Don't look at it - there's something coming through, whatever you do, don't look at it!

ALAN

(to the Tough Hombres)  
OK. Boys we're going nuclear.

Alan drops his backpack and fishes out a tactical mininuke the size of a football.

The Tough Hombres SNAP equipment from their backpacks and assemble a launcher.

The mininuke lights up as Alan produces a remote with a Big Red Button and codes in keys to arm and detonate.

BOB

INCOMING!

ALAN

Let's aim the nuke in there, people.

Alan places the bomb on the launcher, and as the Tough Hombres turn to aim the nuke:

**A PAIR OF LARGE LAMBENT EYES**

Gleam from inside the sigmoid tunnel - and the room fills with a hateful, otherworldly SHRIEK!

**THE TWO TOUGH HOMBRES**

SCREAM IN DESPERATE HORROR. Their hair turns white.

They lift their weapons and SHOOT ONE ANOTHER.

**THE DEMON'S BLACK TONGUE LASHES OUT FROM THE TUNNEL**

A thick, forking meat-pipe that GRABS and SQUEEZES Alan's neck, causing his eyeballs to BURST in a revolting nimbus of blood and vitreous humor.

Bob stares in horror as Alan's hand unclenches.

The remote for the nuke FALLS.

The demon's tongue RELEASES Alan - who falls like a wet sack - and goes after Bob.

Bob DIVES under the bench holding the computers - barely getting away as the demon's tongue CRUSHES IT.

Bob reaches for the remote. The demon reaches for him. Bob pushes the Big Red Button.

**FWOOSH!**

The mininuke LAUNCHES into the orifice like an RPG - a THICK GREY CONTRAIL fills the room with smoke.

Bob rolls away, covering his head.

The tongue rushes in after the torpedo.

**THE ROOM SHAKES WITH A MUFFLED EXPLOSION**

The portal ERUPTS in a burst of anti-light - tendrils of darkness that engulf both beast and portal before vanishing into a sucking vortex.

Then silence.

Bob uncovers his face and stands - covered in blood spatter and demon gore - to see the bodies of his fallen friends... and just beyond that awful sight...

**THE BANK OF BROKEN WINDOWS**

Looking out to nothing more than a peaceful city sky.

**VIDEO IMAGE: CLOSE UP OF BOB**

BOB

Hey. My name is Bob Howard. Computational  
Demonologist.

HARRIET'S VOICE

Are you currently a field agent of the  
Linked Authority to Undermine Necromantic  
Devices of Restricted Yield?

BOB

Can we just call it "The Laundry?"

**WIDER TO REVEAL**

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - SOUNDPROOF ROOM - DAY**

Bob - still in blood-stained clothes - sits on a stool  
across from a video camera, behind which sit Harriet and  
BORIS (45, three-piece suit, rakish - always wearing  
yellow-tinted aviator glasses: a mean Colin Firth).

HARRIET

Linked Authority to Undermine Necromantic  
Devices of Restricted Yield. Official  
debriefing of field agent Bob Howard.

BOB

Excuse me. I've been answering questions  
for the last ten hours and now we're  
starting the official debriefing?

BORIS

Better get with the program, Bobby. I  
spent the last ten hours convincing the  
yammering mouth-breathers of the world  
press that all the guests of the Airport  
Regency Hotel and Convention Center  
witnessed last night was a collective  
hallucination brought on by the  
accidental serving of hallucinogenic  
mushrooms in the salad bar.

BOB

Did they buy it?

BORIS

What part of me being a PR ninja did you  
miss?

HARRIET

I'd like to go back to the hours before  
you went on the mission. Please.

(off Bob's nod)

Did you have sexual intercourse?

BORIS

Hey, how about we put that down as  
"fornication" for the sake of brevity?

HARRIET

Are you making fun of me?

BOB

Yeah, I had sex.

HARRIET

With your itinerant lover Mhari  
Chandrasekhar.

BOB

She's my girlfriend, kinda.

HARRIET

(writing)  
Itinerant... lover...

BOB

How is this even relevant?

BORIS

This was your first time on the field?  
First mission? And these Islamist  
wingnuts - "The Zeal of the Smokeless  
Flame" opened a Category Two gateway to a  
parallel reality -

HARRIET

They summoned an entity that could have  
murdered thousands, tens of thousands.

BORIS

Two men of your team went batshit crazy  
and plugged each other. Alan Barnes, our  
Chief Tac officer, with years of boots on  
the ground, had his head squeezed until -

BOB

I was there. Alan was my best friend, and  
I'm still covered in demon gore, so  
forgive me if I don't see my sex life as  
important to figuring out what killed  
him. Maybe you ought to let me go back  
and look at the crime scene -

HARRIET

The two others who saw what you saw were  
driven insane. Their prelims indicate  
that their brains went from functional to  
the MRI of a lifetime of violent paranoid  
schizophrenia in a fraction of a second.

Bob shifts uncomfortably - catching their drift.

BOB

And I didn't.

BORIS

So you can see why we're not leaving you alone with the evidence just yet.

BOB

You think I'm a traitor?

HARRIET

We're looking at every possibility.

BORIS

We're on your side.

(off Bob's head-shake)

See, there's a theory that sometimes, the rush of hormones after the act of physical love can serve as a prophylactic against demonic insanity.

BOB

If I never hear you say "prophylactic" again, it won't be too soon.

BORIS

You never heard of oxytocin?

BOB

I thought that was mostly a woman thing.

Harriet and Boris exchange looks - think the same thing.

HARRIET

Our records show that you never had the mandated physical examination.

BORIS

Do you have secondary female sex traits that you may be unaware of?

BOB

Excuse me?

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - OPEN-ARCHITECTURE MRI - MOMENTS LATER**

Strapped to a gimbal, Bob - naked but for a metallic loincloth - ROTATES while SENSORS ON MECHANICAL ARMS scan his body.

BOB

How much longer is this going to take?

Boris and Harriet standing behind a bank of computers and a large screen showing Bob's MRI-transparent body. ND Whitecoats putter around tape-reel computers behind them.



BORIS

I'd be good letting him spin a couple of hours for an attitude adjustment.

BOB (O.S.)

I heard that.

HARRIET

We have ascertained within a reasonable doubt that he's a biological male.

BOB (O.S.)

Thank you.

HARRIET

Still, I'd like to get a more detailed neurological picture before we -

But Harriet's line is cut short by the ragged voice of J. JAMES ANGLETON (a ragged late 50s, tweed jacket, cigarette - walks with a limp and a cane, looks like he's perpetually close to death).

ANGLETON

What the ever-loving hell are you barbers doing to that poor boy?

Boris and Harriet turn to look at Angleton - busted.

HARRIET

We're performing a standard inquiry.

ANGLETON

Dear lord. In my time we'd have him turn his head and cough, cut the man down.

A white coat pushes a button. The Gimbal stops rotating. Angleton approaches as more white coats unstrap Bob.

BOB

Thanks Mr. Angleton.

ANGLETON

Go home and mourn your losses, old sport. Plenty of work here when you come back.

BOB

So I'm coming back?

ANGLETON

Depends on the inquiry. And on whether you set up our best operatives to die.  
(before Bob can reply)  
You're on paid leave for now. Go...

(MORE)

ANGLETON (CONT'D)

and "pour one out for your homie," or whatever it is you kids do nowadays.

BOB

Can I get my clothes back?

HARRIET

Your clothes are contaminated, you can sign a request to get them back when forensics are done with them.

Bob heads for the door - then looks back to see Angleton, stepping into conversation with Harriet and Boris.

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Same aesthetic as the anteroom - green, paneling, red desks populated by ANALYSTS.

Vintage posters with slogans "Careless Talk Cost Lives," "Loose Lips Sink Ships" and "No Phone Line Is Truly Safe" decorate the walls.

Wearing blue gym shorts, bright yellow tee, and pink flip flops, Bob carries a banker's box to his desk. He looks around - only a few acknowledge him, the rest turn away.

Bob keys open a drawer and removes a bobblehead of the Devil, bright-red face, black horns, natty suit... a beat-up copy of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and a framed picture.

**IN THE PICTURE: BOB, ALAN, PINKY, AND A FEW OTHERS**

At a PAINTBALL RANGE - wearing fatigues - smiling.

Bob puts the picture back in the drawer, along with the bobble head, then jams the book into the elastic band of his shorts and heads out, DROPPING the box on the floor.

Exiting with his back turned, Bob passes the desk of an analyst and SWIPES a tissue from a box on the blotter.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**

Bob rides his bike back the way he came... the jazz a little more morose now as he arrives at:

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - ENTRANCE FOYER - DAY**

Bob carries in his bicycle - but no sooner has he entered that Pinky and BRAINS (25, Matthew McConaughey in *True Detective* reincarnated as Daria) rush in to meet him.

BOB  
Hey Pinky, Brains.

BRAINS  
Bob. Dude. What a shit storm.

PINKY  
They took me and Brains out of our labs.  
Told us to come home on paid leave.

BRAINS  
Thanks to us being roomies at this  
goddamn safehouse, we're about as welcome  
as a porcupine at an orgy.

BOB  
Oh... I'm sorry. See, I went in this op -

BRAINS  
What are we, sub-clowns?

PINKY  
Dining room. Come on.

Brains grabs a hold of Bob and pulls him behind Pinky.

BRAINS  
I told them no way you're selling out the  
stars and stripes to a bunch of Jihadists  
- you're as political as a turnip.

BOB  
OK, thanks.

BRAINS  
You look like a moron.

BOB  
OK, thanks.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bob enters. The chairs pile up against a corner. Art supplies litter the floor.

On the table - A DETAILED MODEL OF THE HOTEL ROOM FROM THE BOTCHED OP, DOWN TO THE PATTERN ON THE CARPET. Dead GI Joes represent the strike team, miniature computers lie on the miniature floor - lit by miniature LEDs.

PINKY  
We only had so much time to hack the  
recording archive, and we're working off  
outdated blueprints from hall of records.

BRAINS

Place was built so long ago, it has a fallout shelter underneath. They probably have Jimmy Hoffa stashed under the floorboards.

PINKY

Anyway, we did a one frame tap on the mainframe - otherwise we'd have built a much more accurate model.

BRAINS

It's frickin' amateur hour here.

PINKY

So these jackasses of "The Zeal of the Smokeless Flame" tried to open a portal to a parallel universe to summon a demon and had no way to shut it down.

BRAINS

Traditional psychological profiling of occultist Jihadists wingnuts indicates that by the time they get around to putting together the tech they need to open portals and summon demons, they all think they are worthy and that the demon will follow their commands willy-nilly.

BOB

Ignoring the truth that most people are immediately driven insane when they look in the face of a demon.

BRAINS

So you never saw it, did you?

Bob reaches down into the model and picks up one of the GI Joes. It looks uncannily like Alan. He lies.

BOB

Guess I lucked out.

PINKY

The power it must have taken to commit the field into existence should have taken out a city block - how did they -

Bob tries to hold his emotions in check...

BOB

Guys. I... I can't.

PINKY

Just trying to save your job here.

BRAINS

And... our jobs too. I mean you know what happens when they throw you back into the pond after working for years in secret? Nothing. No cover story. No alibi. Like we spent the time smoking medical grade and eating Funyuns. No past employment history, no benefits, nothing... and it's not like there were that many jobs out there for philosophy doctorates...

BOB

Guys. Too soon. OK? Too soon.

Brains and Pinky exchange looks as Bob gets out of there. As the two of them turn back to the model...

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Bob opens a bright orange 1950s fridge to REVEAL several neat rows of home bottled beers... Bob looks at them, lets the cold hit him.

BOB

Pilsner... hefe... porter. Stout.

Bob takes out a dark bottle, OPENS IT with the mouth of a brass dog head mounted on the wall... takes a DEEP SWIG.

He leans against the closed refrigerator door and shuts his eyes hard. The tears come fast and furious.

Bob throws the bottle to the floor, where it SHATTERS. Bob looks down at the mess.

**AND NOTICES A SMALL SCROLL AMONG THE SHATTERED GLASS**

Bob squats, moving glass aside to pick up the roll of paper - wrapped in cellophane. Bob peels off the cellophane, opens the small roll of paper over the kitchen counter, and reads...

**THE DEAD GOAT - FIFTEEN MINUTES**

From the words THE DEAD GOAT:

**FADE TO THE WORDS "THE DEAD GOAT"**

On a sign above the entrance to:

**INT. THE DEAD GOAT TAVERN - NIGHT**

FOLLOW BOB'S POV as he walks past the entrance and bar to a booth in the rear, where Angleton sits, smoking.

BOB

How'd you know I'd go for the stout?

ANGLETON

Psychological profiling.

BOB

Mr. Angleton. Why am I here?

Angleton reaches into a manila envelope, hands over a small, old timey X-RAY SLIDE.

ANGLETON

Because you have a serious problem with your head, boyo. I'd have a bourbon if I were you.

BOB

What am I looking at?

ANGLETON

A medical condition heretofore unknown to science. I am thinking of calling it "Angleton's Defect."

BOB

Has a ring.

ANGLETON

It's a fog of tissue running through the *epiphysis cerebri* in your vertebrate brain... in short, it's the reason you looked in the face of a demon and were not driven automatically insane. It somehow blocked the psychic energy. You're one in a million, ace.

A bourbon arrives in front of Bob. He drinks.

BOB

Ain't that some shit.

ANGLETON

And because of this, you will be running a little errand for me.

BOB

I'm on paid leave.

ANGLETON

And this errand will ensure that your leave remains paid. I understand that looking for a job is a little hard when you can't account for the last five years of your employment history.

BOB

How little?

Angleton produces a photograph from the manila folder, slides it over, face down. Bob ignores it.

ANGLETON

Harriet and Boris want to believe that you were not driven insane by the sight of the demon because you're a turncoat and took some precaution. I want to prove it's because of Angleton's Defect. That way I'm not on the hook for identifying you and bringing you into the service.

BOB

Let me guess, looking for a job's hard when you can't account for the last thirty years?

ANGLETON

You truly are a gifted mathematician.  
(indicates the photo)  
Lieutenant O'Brien. You will locate and recruit, just like you were recruited.

BOB

How do you know this O'Brien has your defect? How do you know I didn't sell out the service.

ANGLETON

Please, you're about as devious as a turnip - and the good lieutenant's MRI is in the Navy database. Stroke of luck. One in a million, just like you. Well, you with military training and numerous commendations for valor.

(looks at Bob)

Need I remind you that your little botch job at the hotel took out my only strike team? I could use someone who can kick some ass and look at a demon.

BOB

I had Alan's blood on my shirt now you want me to go out there and recruit his replacement?

Angleton turns the photo over to reveal DOMINIQUE "MO" O'BRIEN - in Navy fatigues, holding a rifle. A cross between a supermodel and an MMA champion.

ANGLETON

She's a gifted officer - part of a pilot program for women in combat. She's stationed in San Diego, where they have very nice beaches. And she is - well, how does one say this politely? Hot.

BOB

I'm in mourning.

ANGLETON

Which won't get in the way of being labeled a traitor, having a hood thrown over your head, and being forced to dig your own grave before you're shot.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A sixpack of Bob's homebrew sits on his desk as he packs a duffel on the bed. Brains sits on the desk chair, feet up, opening a beer bottle...

BOB

OK. Brains. So let's say that while I'm away on my paid leave, I get into a theoretical situation where I have to explain our job to a civilian.

BRAINS

Our top secret job that you get killed for talking about?

BOB

I said it's a theoretical situation.

BRAINS

So who am I in this theoretical situation in which you don't get killed?

BOB

Normal person.

BRAINS

Joe Sixpack?



BOB

Jane Sixpack.

BRAINS

Mr. General Public.

BOB

Broadcast audience.

BRAINS

And you're going to pitch me what we do for a living?

BOB

Ready? Ask me what I do for a living.

Brains holds up her hand... then adopts an "average Joe" pose, chugs a large GULP of her beer, and:

BRAINS

Hey... buddy, what kind of racket you in?

BOB

Me? Oh - well - so you know magic?

BRAINS

Like Doug Henning?

BOB

Yes. So magic is real, and there's actually demons and monsters and spells.

Brains THROWS her bottle at Bob - who DUCKS just in time.

The bottle SMASHES into the wall behind him, SHATTERING.

BRAINS

GET DA FUCK OUT OF HERE, MAN! FUCK THAT SCI-FI BULLSHIT!

BOB

Jesus, don't bury yourself in the part.

BRAINS

Why not?

BOB

Good point. OK.

BRAINS

You were gonna lead with magic? Really? You gotta explain our job to a civilian and you're gonna tell them about demons?

BOB

I thought I could explain that spells aren't really words on a scroll, but mathematical computations.

BRAINS

What were you going to say? "Merlin didn't say 'abracadabra,' he said 'carry the one'?"

BOB

Hey, that's not bad.

Brains makes a "wrong answer/BUZZZ" sound, then opens another beer bottle, drinks, lets out a BELCH, and:

BRAINS

So, buddy, what kinda racket you in?

BOB

Hey... buddy. Ever heard of Alan Turing?  
(she shakes her head)  
See that movie? *The Imitation Game*?

BRAINS

With the gay guy? And the skinny chick?

BOB

Yeah, that one - so anyway, it turns out Benedict Cumberbatch - Alan Turing - didn't just figure out how to defeat Nazis, his mechanical computer and his work in applied theoretical mathematics made it possible to do calculations on so high a level that merely solving certain theorems can cause rifts to open into parallel universes... and because there's an infinity of universes existing in real time, if you open a portal to the right alternate reality, you can make alien creatures come through those rifts - and, under certain conditions, you can control those creatures and make them do horrible things. In fact, it's because of the occasional incursion into our universe that we have legends and myths and -

Brains throws the beer again. Bob ducks. SMASH!

BRAINS

What the fuck's a "Cumberbatch"?

BOB  
You're not helping me!

BRAINS  
Shut up, NERD!

BOB  
Christ, Brains.

BRAINS  
Christ yourself - all this sounds like  
gobbledygook - none of it's grounded.

BOB  
What do you mean "grounded"?

Brains grabs another bottle, opens it, drinks:

BRAINS  
It doesn't refer to anything I  
understand.

BOB  
Oh, come on.

BRAINS  
Demons? Parallel universes? How's this  
affect my life? What are the stakes? Why  
is it happening now? I'm Joe Sixpack,  
home from a hard day at the loading dock.  
I don't want to hear about math and sci-  
fi. Why do I care?

BOB  
You, and a lot of other regular people,  
saw *The Avengers*, that was sci-fi with  
portals - and Norse gods - and you  
thought that was cool.

BRAINS  
Black Widow has a nice ass.

BOB  
Goddamnit - OK - how about this: I work  
for a secret agency that stops terrorists  
from using math to summon demons.

BRAINS  
Bullshit.

BOB  
Aren't you scared of terrorists?

BRAINS  
Yeah, I'm scared of terrorists.

BOB

You how terrorists want to get nuclear weapons to blow up our women?

(she nods)

OK, well, there's other types of weapons.

BRAINS

Like what?

BOB

Like this thing that makes people go crazy and shoot each other.

BRAINS

Oh shit.

BOB

And if terrorists get enough computers and electrical power, and science, they can really fuck some shit up.

BRAINS

Fuck... no.

BOB

Fuck yeah. And I work for a government agency that stops them.

BRAINS

So you're a spy like Jack Bauer?

BOB

Exactly.

Brains stands and goes.

BRAINS

Lead with magic.

Bob lets out a sigh, grabs a file and puts it in his duffel: in the file, THE IMAGE OF DOMINIQUE O'BRIEN.

#### **SMASH CUT TO A MONTAGE OF CLOSE UPS**

Long hair: gathered into an olive-colored elastic.

War paint from a thread-capped steel tube, smeared across a WOMAN'S FACE.

A MAGAZINE - jammed into an assault rifle.

Sidearms and knives - RAMMED into holsters.

The blades of a CHINOOK - SPINNING with thunderous might.

**INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - MAIN BAY- DAY**

A line of eight HEAVILY ARMED WOMAN SOLDIERS stands by the door, connected to a beam by thick ropes with carabiners: ready to rappel out. A FEMALE COLONEL in a beret delivers a lecture:

COLONEL

Ladies, we are here as part of an ongoing exercise to prove the viability of women on the battlefield - your mission is to track and capture an enemy sniper. FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION!

SOLDIERS

HOO-AH!

The Colonel YANKS A LEVER. The door of the Chinook OPENS.

**EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

The Chinook HOVERS. The soldiers RAPPEL DOWN and LAND in a clearing between massive trees, lifting their rifles.

**PFFT! POP! PFFT! POP! PFFT! POP!**

PAINTBALLS blossom on three of the soldiers.

LEAD SOLDIER

Sniper! Go! Go! Go!

**IN QUICK CUTS**

Soldiers #4, #5, #6, #7 and #8 tear ass THROUGH THE FOREST - but no matter how hard they dodge and cover.

**POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!**

More paintballs. The last soldier shot, the Leader, drops her hands in frustration... the other soldiers drag over to her, wallowing in the misery of their fast defeat.

LEAD SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is that sniper?

**THE GROUND THREE FEET FROM THE LEAD SOLDIER**

MOVES to REVEAL the sniper, covered in leaves and a face mask... which she removes to REVEAL herself.

Dominique O'Brien.

MO

Women.

And off her pissed off look:

**INT. PANCHO'S BAR - DAY**

You know the mental picture that you got when you read the words "Pancho's Bar?" That's exactly what it looks like.

Mo sits at the bar with a bottle of Jack Daniel's and three full shot glasses in a row. A couple of JARHEADS drink beers at a nearby booth. Loudly.

Mo grabs the first of the shots, looks back at the jarheads... and shakes her head.

She then turns back and "Marion Ravenwoods" the shot before turning to see Bob, sitting next to her.

BOB

You a squid?

(she ignores him)

OK... So I can tell, just by looking at you. Ever do any counter-terror work?

Mo takes the second, downs it, SLAMS the glass, then:

MO

What are you, fucking kidding?

BOB

No, I'm - just asking, questions -

MO

Look, I know what's happening here.

BOB

You do?

MO

Your pudknocker jarhead buddies know who I am. It pisses them off. They started spouting off about being able to take me and you drew the short straw, now you have to pick a fight with me to prove women don't belong on the battlefield.

BOB

That's not - no - I'm not with them, I'm - you ever see that movie with Benedict Cumberbatch? Where he's gay and... Nazis...

She takes the third shot - SLAM - shoots him a look:

MO

Jesus Christ, it's worse than I thought.

BOB

What?

MO

They didn't bet you could fight me, did they?

BOB

Ever heard of Doug Henning?

Mo upturns and then refills the shot glasses.

MO

This is your idea of "game" isn't it?

BOB

Game?

MO

Buddy, this is some of the most piss-poor cocksman-ship I have ever seen - and I'm a high-value target.

BOB

I'm not -

MO

(looks him up and down)

Still... you're not the most ass-faced numbnuts who's ever tried - in an "any port in a storm" kind of way - drink.

Bob looks down at the shot glass, takes one, wolfs it, then slams it down and smiles.

BOB

So... math. You like math?

MO

Drink.

BOB

Are you going to hear me out? Because I have some stuff I need to tell you...

She pours another two shots. Smiles. They drink. Bob winces, then puts his glass down.

MO

Buddy, you're a long ways from talking to me about math.

She refills it. Smiles. Holy shit she's pretty. Bob drinks again. She refills the glasses:

Bob smiles. They drink. She smiles.

BOB

I'm Bob.

MO

No names 'til the second bottle.

**INT. DOMINIQUE O'BRIEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The shower RUNS in the background. Bob SHOOTs UP from a tangle of sheets on the bed - the mattress half off to the floor. He has a black eye.

His hands go straight to temples - his entire body feels like one big exposed nerve in a polar vortex.

Bob looks up and around - an Iraqi rug hangs from the wall, as does stringed instrument, and a frame holding several arabesque daggers.

Bob sees Dominique through the open door to the bathroom - holding her head under the shower head. She's exceptionally fit, beautiful, and naked.

He stands - wobbling - catches his reflection in the bathroom mirror, and starts.

BOB

How'd - How'd I get this?

MO

(stone cold sober)

You do not want to know. You need to go home right now and put some ice on that.

BOB

Did you and I talk last night? About - you know, about that thing that I need to talk to you about?

MO

Math? Terrorists? Gay Nazis? Fog of tissue in my brain? You tried. Jack Daniels won. Get dressed and go. I need to be on base at oh-six-hundred.

(off his silence)

That was me being nice. I ask again, you're gonna need more than ice.



BOB

OK - so, hey, Dominique -

MO

It's "Mo." You knew it just fine when you were screaming it.

BOB

I screamed? So yeah - Mo - can I get your number or -

Mo pokes her head out of the shower and gives him a look:

MO

I don't think so. You may have screamed, but I sure as hell didn't.

Bob backs away... and as he gathers his clothes...

**EXT. DOMINIQUE O'BRIEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Retrofitted from a 50s motel: U-shaped, stairs leading from the second floor and a kidney bean pool in the courtyard.

A very dishevelled Bob makes his way down the steps, fiddling with his phone as he reaches the parking lot.

BOB

No Uber? Really?

Bob holds up his phone. The door to a black sedan opens and a handsome blond man - looks like a young, slightly more psychotic Nicholas Cage - in a blue suit and regulation haircut and sideburns steps out. This is HAYS.

HAYS

Need a ride?

Bob turns to look at Hays:

BOB

You know, I actually do -

But Hays PUNCHES him across the jaw, sidesteps him, GRABS his arm and pins him arm-to-back against the sedan:

BOB (CONT'D)

What the hell?

HAYS

Shut up. Asshole.

BOB  
What is this?

HAYS  
This is you not talking. Asshole.

BOB  
What is your deal?

HAYES  
CIA business. Asshole.

BOB  
CIA? Bull.

HAYS  
Why would I lie? Asshole.

BOB  
Because, no one who's CIA would ever just come out and say they're CIA. That's CIA 101.

Hays lifts Bob up, releases his arm, then PUNCHES him again. Bob hits the deck. Hard.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Ow! Stop hitting me!

HAYS  
(grabbing Bob)  
Who sent you? Was it Angleton? Does he know about this op? Asshole.

Bob looks up at Hays - maybe he is telling the truth.

BOB  
You know Angleton?

HAYS  
Does. He. Know. About this op. Asshole.

BOB  
Look, you're not supposed to be operating domestically, you're in violation of --

HAYS  
I will rip out your lower jaw and fuck you in the gullet. Asshole.

BOB  
What do you want?

**BANG! BANG! CRASH! KEROOM!**

Battle and demolition - from the second story.

**HAYS RELEASES BOB AND RUSHES UP THE STEPS**

Bob recovers, then breaks into a run, FOLLOWING.

**INT. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob runs in to find Hays standing before a MASSIVE HOLE WHERE THE BACK WALL ONCE WAS...

The shower keeps running, but Dominique is GONE. Bob steps up to the hole to see:

**A PICKUP TRUCK**

TEARING ASS out an ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING.

Two GUN-TOTING MEN IN SKI-MASKS hang on for dear life in the cargo bed: putting the final touches on the duct tape and chains keeping a struggling Mo in captivity.

BOB

We gotta go after them - we gotta -

Bob turns around. Hays is gone.

BOB (CONT'D)

GODDAMNIT!

**CUT TO BLACK**

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - SOUNDPROOF ROOM - DAY**

Bob sits at the end of a wooden conference table - at the other end sit Angleton, Boris, Harriet and two other suit-wearing denizens of The Laundry.

**MOORE AND CORNWELL**

Moore is an Asian woman only slightly less imposing than Toshiro Mifune.

Cornwell looks like an Easter Island statue in a double Windsor.

BOB

At which time I returned to Los Angeles to report the loss of Lt. Dominique O'Brien to Mr. Angleton.

HARRIET

Is there any field operation of yours thus far that doesn't involve some sort of inappropriate sexual escapade?

BORIS

It seems to be the one thing he can complete successfully.

ANGLETON

Everybody shut up. What matters here is that the four of you are the only ones in this entire operation who knew about Mr. Howard's clandestine mission.

Moore, Cornwell, Boris and Harriet exchange glances.

BOB

You said my mission was off the books.

ANGLETON

(ignoring him)

One of you has a leak in your department. Now our enemies have a valuable asset in hand. And the CIA may just have a scandal they can use to prove once and for all that all our black-bag money should really be going to them.

(to the gathered crew)

Find the leak and seal it up - or the next time, so help me Moses I will use the other end of the axe. Now get out.

Everyone FILES OUT, GLUMLY. Bob remains in his seat.

ANGLETON (CONT'D)

Which part of "get out" did you miss?

BOB

The part where you tell me why you set me up to be bait in your mole hunt.

ANGLETON

Well... I have a mole to hunt and I needed bait.

BOB

How do you know I'm not the mole?

ANGLETON

Please, you're about as devious as a turnip.

Bob stands as Angleton closes the door to the room.

BOB

What about Mo?

ANGLETON

What about her?

BOB

Didn't hear anything about  
a rescue.

ANGLETON

Then you heard right.

Bob steps to Angleton - trying to put on his most  
intimidating affect - and puts a hand on his shoulder:

BOB

You son of a bitch.

ANGLETON

You do not want to put your hands on me,  
boy, I killed five men in Al Basra --

BOB

Twenty years ago.

ANGLETON

Last Thursday.

Bob takes his hands off Angleton.

BOB

I'm not gonna have her death on me.

ANGLETON

Securing the chain of  
command is my -

BOB

What about Angleton's  
defect? Is it real?

ANGLETON

Of course it's real.

BOB

And you're not worried they'll find out?

ANGLETON

I told no one about it. Only that we  
wanted O'Brien for an asset.

BOB

So the jihad gets a hold an asset - they  
poke, they prod, they figure it out: what  
if they Patty Hearst her ass and get her  
to talk the demons into doing their  
bidding? Do you have any idea the hell  
they could raise? Literally?

ANGLETON

I crunched the numbers, taking into account her training, loyalty, and military record there's only a 92% chance of that.

BOB

Alan Barnes and your two toughest hombres died trying to stop one of those things from crossing over. The whole point of The Laundry is to keep those things from coming to our world and killing hundreds of thousands of innocent people and you're willing to give our enemies an eight percent chance of bringing about Armageddon to expose a mole?

ANGLETON

That's the long and short of it, yes. Right now, one of those imbeciles is scampering about trying to either find the mole in their department, or erase the evidence that proves it's them - and I have everyone I trust monitoring them. Once I have the mole, then I'll worry about Armageddon.

Bob shakes his head - can tell he's getting to Angleton.

BOB

You don't have me on anything.

ANGLETON

Everyone here thinks you're a traitor. Operationally you're about as viable as -

BOB

A turnip - but you have me and your two best analysts on the bench - you wanna cut out the 8% chance of Armageddon? Let us work independently on finding Dominique O'Brien while you do your little purge.

ANGLETON

Too risky.

Bob finally snaps - pushed to the edge:

BOB

I don't have any prospects - your jackboots kidnapped me out of a Ph.D. seminar for doing applied work -

ANGLETON

That could have been used to open gateways to parallel universes.

BOB

And forced me to work here. We're underfunded, my benefits suck, I have to live in a safehouse with Pinky and Brains, the CIA wants our budget, and if I so much as say the name of the place in public, I'll be shot. I'm volunteering to clear my name so I don't have to go on Monster.com to explain what I've been doing since I dropped out of grad school.

ANGLETON

OK.

BOB

OK? You can live with an 8% chance of Armageddon but that convinced you?

ANGLETON

Armageddon is an abstract to most, fear of unemployment and financial hardship is not. I can't have you and your cohorts running around the office, you'll have to work in the archives.

BOB

We have archives?

ANGLETON

How do you think I keep hold of power in this poison kitchen, high fives and rainbows? Call your friends - I'll bring them in the back door.

BOB

We have a back door?

**EXT. LAUNDRY VAN - NIGHT**

The Laundry Van BARRELS down the streets of Chinatown... past The Laundry to a street corner, turning into...

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE LAUNDRY - NIGHT**

The Van enters, not slowing down as it gets closer and closer to the BRICK WALL on which it dead-ends.

The brick wall RISES to admit the van - like a brick wall-shaped garage door - then SLAMS shut.

**INT. INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The van BRAKES to a stop inside the elevator. A gate CLOSES. Gears TURN. The elevator DESCENDS.

**INT. THE ATROCITY ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER**

The gears on a pair of vault-like doors CLICK-CLACK, drums TURN, levers RETRACT and the doors open to REVEAL Angleton and Bob.

BOB

Hi guys.

**REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL PINKY AND BRAINS**

Outside the van, handcuffed, wearing black hoods. A GUARD removes the hoods and cuffs.

BRAINS

What the hell, man? What's with the kidnapping and the hooding and the - nice shiner -

ANGLETON

Welcome to -

PINKY

The Atrocity Archives? No way!

ANGLETON

You've heard of it?

Pinky advances into the space as the guard steps back into the elevator. As Pinky moves:

**FOLLOW PINKY TO REVEAL THE ATROCITY ARCHIVES**

The size of a blimp hangar - massive girders buttress a vaulted cathedral ceiling in shining metal.

The archives look like the warehouse from *Raiders* as reimagined by Raymond Loewy - stainless steel shelves, glass doors, streamlined passageways, and many, many lockers - each with a window offering a tantalizing glimpse at something both amazing and horrible inside.

Further down the midway of the archives is a round workspace - including several computer terminals, desks, gadgets and chairs. Above it, an obsidian slab of black technology suspended on wires.



PINKY

Worst kept secret in The Laundry - this is where you keep the really nasty shit, isn't it?

Angleton waves the guard away:

ANGLETON

Thank you Lothar.  
(turns to Pinky)  
Who told you about this place -

BRAINS

Ain't that big a secret, hoss, deal.

BOB

Guys - look - uh, Mr. Angleton is being kind enough to let us work here to -

Pinky rushes to a shelf, grabs a book like a child grabs a candied apple:

PINKY

Holy shit! The *Grimoire of Agrippa*?

BRAINS

(to Angleton)  
You just unleashed a pig in a football field of shit.

BOB

Guys - time is of the essence here because of the impending Armageddon -

ANGLETON

As a matter of fact, that was Hermann Goering's personal copy.

PINKY

This binding is exquisite, look, Bob -

BOB

(taking the book)  
Yeah, it's really nice -

ANGLETON

It's human flesh.

Bob drops the book with a resounding THUNK!

BOB

YAAUGH! Jesus! Why?

ANGLETON

I assure you, my boy, Jesus had nothing to do with it.

Pinky and Angleton share an APPRECIATIVE CHUCKLE.

BRAINS

Sorry to dampen the nascent bromance, but did someone say "impending Armageddon?"

Angleton indicates the work area down the midway.

ANGLETON

Right this way.

BOB

What is that?

Angleton leads them down the midway - and the obsidian slab looms larger and larger in their field of vision.

ANGLETON

I call it "The Overhead" - it's a mainframe with unlimited access to all government and private sector records, legal and illegal surveillance across law enforcement agencies, facial recognition databases, satellite imaging... it's essentially a large, magical slab of truth. So.

(a devilish grin)

Shall we play a game?

#### **MONTAGE**

Computers **booting**... hands **banging** on keyboards... the obsidian slab emitting a purple glow... screens lighting up with... **schematics** of the hotel from the opening sequence - **lists and images** of members of the Zeal of the Smokeless Fire and their known associates... a **computerized suspect sketch of Hays** going through a **facial recognition algorithm**...

#### **INT. THE ATROCITY ARCHIVES - THE OVERHEAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Yup. This is a procedural after all. Pinky, Brains, and Bob sit at respective terminals - their faces all at various stages of frustration:

BOB

Brains - how are we doing on known associates of our Jihadists?

BRAINS

Only reason they're known is we caught 'em, which means they're not out on the field kidnapping promiscuous Americans -

BOB

Facial recognition on our CIA guy?

PINKY

Zip. Guy's a spook, so he's also a ghost.

BRAINS

That was a tautology.

BOB

What about police reports, traffic cameras from Mo's apartment?

BRAINS

Sadly, she was every bit as paranoid about surveillance as the next guy - so she moved somewhere without cameras.

BOB

Pinky - any leads from the investigation into the summoning at the hotel?

PINKY

Not looking great.

BOB

Christ - a bunch of occultist agents of terror check into the Presidential Suite of a major hotel -

BRAINS

Paid for in cash.

BOB

With enough computers to hack the Gibson -

BRAINS

Also paid for in cash.

BOB

They tap into the power grid, summon a primordial demonic entity from a parallel universe in the hopes they can and no one knows fuck all? The power spike alone should have blacked out a quarter mile in every direction.

(stops)

Wait a minute... you said the hotel had it's own fallout shelter.

PINKY  
It's in the blueprints.

BOB  
Wouldn't it have its own  
power generator?

BRAINS  
Well dip me in shit. That's how they  
powered the trans-universal summoning  
gate without blacking out half the city -

PINKY  
Where you going with this?

BOB  
There were three men in the truck that  
took Mo - we've been assuming three men  
cells, so what if they run four men cells  
- three running the summoning, one  
running the generator -

PINKY  
The hotel generator's a restricted area.

BOB  
That guy gets away with all the know how -  
he contacts another cell. They get tipped  
off by the mole in The Laundry about  
someone who can make the summoning happen  
without everyone going insane -

BRAINS  
There's a mole in The Laundry?

BOB  
(dismissing that)  
Who had access to that fallout shelter?  
The backup generator in the hotel -

PINKY  
Accessing hotel records -

BOB  
Put it on the Overhead.

#### **THE OBSIDIAN SLAB COMES TO LIFE ABOVE THEM**

Projecting a very nicely designed HR graphic of hotel  
employees with pictures and Social Security information.

BRAINS  
According to the hotel employee records,  
there are six maintenance engineers with  
access to the emergency power plant.

BOB

Give me names and terms of employment.

PINKY

In descending order of tenure: Abu Mohammed Amal, Ghaffar Abdul Hakim, Bashir Al-Zaman, Hamid Husam Al Din, Samir Waleed Zacchariah... and "Biff Corbett."

BOB

That's him. Call up everything you have on Biff Corbett.

PINKY

That's racial profiling.

BOB

No - whoever had the job the shortest amount of time is statistically the most likely to be the plant: got a picture?

The overhead display shows a picture of Biff Corbett: who just so happens to be Hays.

BRAINS

Photo, address, passport, DMV - Biff Corbett, of Corbett and Sons, independent engineering contractor.

BOB

Motherfucker. That's the CIA guy!

ANGLETON (O.S.)

That's no company man.

All eyes turn to Angleton, on a leather chair by a nearby shelf, drinking coffee while swiping away at an iPad.

BOB

How would you know?

Angleton lifts his iPad to show his own dossier on the man known as "Hays" and "Biff Corbett."

ANGLETON

That man was running an op on you, pretending to be CIA... You are looking at The Laundry's third most wanted - Steven Abbott Parsons - illegitimate great-grandson of rocket scientist and occultist John Whiteside Parsons... master of hypnosis and mind control, expert poisoner...

(MORE)

ANGLETON (CONT'D)

(off the looks)

This man is to selling knowledge of computational demonology to the highest bidder as Harland Sanders is to fried chicken.

PINKY

He's got the secret recipe and sells it by the gross?

Angleton fist bumps Pinky.

BOB

And he's hooked up with a Jihadists cell.

PINKY

We have a home address.

ANGLETON

Bitch, please.

BOB

I know how to find him.

**INTERCUT WITH**

**INT. DARK AND CAVERNOUS CINDERBLOCK BUNKER - NIGHT**

Lined with bunk beds, crates and barrels.

Three SHADOWY MEN drag a shackled and gagged Mo to a cot set up in the middle of the room. Laying her down, they attach and lock the shackles to rings on the floor.

Hays enters the room - regarding their work dispassionately: his demeanor clearly different than when he impersonated a CIA Agent.

**RESUME ON BOB AT THE ATROCITY ARCHIVE**

Where he quickly takes control, calling the shots with confidence as Angleton watches:

BOB

Get me city archives, I need a list of every building with a backup power plant - preferably one attached to a bomb shelter - same specs as the one in the hotel.

(to Angleton)

They have to try a second time, they won't take any chances.

**RESUME ON MO**

As the shadowy men set up a series of benches and computer gear in the background, Hays unrolls a cloth filled with metal-lined syringes and vials of fluid.

Hays fills a syringe... Mo struggles.

He shoves Mo's head against the cot and PLUNGES the needle into her neck.

Mo stops struggling. Her pupils DILATE.

Hays leans over, lifts his hand over her face and produces a pocket watch with a distinctive death's head motif on the back plate. He dangles the watch over her eyes on its chain - slowly moving it back and forth.

HAYS

The most important thing you will ever do is at hand. You will do everything I tell you. Say everything I tell you.

(his voice darkening)

Do you understand?

And as Mo NODS, pure submission in her expression...

**RESUME ON THE ARCHIVES**

Angleton and Bob stand over a cabinet that resembles a high-tech gun safe, Angleton keys a sequence into a pad. Brains and Pinky work the Overhead in the background.

ANGLETON

There's no way to scramble a Tac-team without Boris and the Ice Queen of Spreadsheets catching wind of it, and what they know will spread through The Laundry like wildfire, the mole will alert Parsons and they will be ready.

BOB

So... that means that -

(Angleton nods)

And we're gonna have to -

(Angleton nods)

Even though none of us is trained to -

(Angleton nods)

Are you crazy?

The safe OPENS. Angleton retrieves a black box, opens it to reveal a very strange device - half gun, half chalice.

ANGLETON

Crazy enough to give you a weapon as powerful as the horror those agents of terror are about to unleash...

**RESUME ON HAYS**

Stepping over to the computers set up by the shadowy men - the lead SHADOWY MAN looks at him

HAYS

She is drugged and hypnotized... she will say what we want her to say... do what we want her to do.

SHADOWY #1

(in Arabic)

*She will not be necessary, we are the chosen.*

Hays pulls out four black blindfolds.

HAYS

(in Arabic)

*When the generator ramps up to full power, you had better put this on and hope the woman performs her task.*

(off Shadowy, in English)

Begin the incantation.

Shadowy taps a keyboard. Monitors COMES TO LIFE.

**THE SCREENS BLAZE WITH MATHEMATICAL CODE AND ARABIC RUNES**

SHADOWY #1

We are summoning the *djinn*, It will destroy the infidel -

HAYS

My god, you're idiots.

Hays produces a remote, pushes a large red button.

**INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY POWER GENERATOR - CONTINUOUS**

A series of massive, 1950s vintage turbines ramp up with a mechanical GROAN - wheels within wheels, slowly TURNING... accelerating...

**RESUME ON ANGLETON AND BOB**

Still looking over the weapon.



ANGLETON

You aim this bit at the enemy, slide this bit open...

BOB

What's in this thing?

ANGLETON

The eye of a Gorgon.

BOB

What's a "Gorgon"?

ANGLETON

Ever hear of Medusa? Same thing.

BOB

This turns things to stone?

ANGLETON

You can focus the beam narrow or wide.

BOB

And it works?

ANGLETON

How do you think I got this cane?

Angleton taps his right gluteus with his cane, returning a dull, stony sound.

BOB

Medusa checked out your -

BRAINS (O.S.)

We got a hit!

**RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL PINKY AND BRAINS**

Rushing up from The Overhead, tablet computers in hand.

PINKY

Biff Corbett and sons, engineering contractors - only there's no sons, only your man Parsons.

BRAINS

His biggest client, the people with the biggest fallout shelter in town - and the biggest emergency generator.

ANGLETON

(regards her tablet)

St. Ernestine's Catholic Children's Hospital?

BOB

They're gonna blow up a hospital full of sick kids and nuns? Really?

PINKY

Oh shit - satellite imaging confirms - that generator just went online... full power in fifteen minutes.

ANGLETON

Go stop them... and bring me Parsons. I want him alive.

**SMASH CUT TO**

**EXT. LAUNDRY VAN - NIGHT**

Pulling into the rear entrance of...

**EXT. ST. ERNESTINE'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

The van pushes past the large sign with the hospital's name, and past the emergency entrance into...

**INT. HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT**

Pinky and Brains barrel out of the cab - dressed in WENCH CHIANG LAUNDRY jumpsuits.

The two run to the truck's rear entrance, which they open to pull out a wheeled laundry bin which they rush in through the hospital loading dock.

**INT. UNDERGROUND FALLOUT SHELTER - NIGHT**

The shadowy men stand by the computer monitors - faces illuminated by the COLOR SPLASH OF ACCELERATING MATHEMATICAL CODE.

A wind WHIPS the room - the Shadowy Men scramble to keep their matériel from blowing away.

Hays unshackles Mo, out of her mind on drugs and completely in his thrall and as he stands her up... fighting to stand as the wind GROWS TO A HOWLING GALE...

**REVEAL A VORTEX OF ANTI-LIGHT**

Forming at the center of the room, SLOWLY CHANGING FROM ENERGY TO OOZING BIOLOGICAL MASS...

Opening into a vast orifice-like crater spreading across the floor...

A gateway into a dark and hideous beyond.

**SMASH CUT TO**

**INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Pinky and Brains rush the bin down the corridor, not stopping as they step out of their jumpsuits and drop them into the bin.

PINKY

Scared?

BRAINS

Sinner in a cyclone, you?

PINKY

Flop sweating down my spine... hanging  
over my crack... dropping... dropping...

Without them stopping, Bob climbs out of the bin, wearing a black shirt with a priest's collar. He gains his footing and fishes for a duffel bag in the bin.

BOB

Knock it off guys.

PINKY

Just dropped, right down the canyon.

Bob shakes his head and fishes a duffel bag out of the bin as Pinky and Brains let the bin roll away and they turn a corner...

**RESUME ON HAYS AND MO**

Faces crisscrossed by BLAZING LIGHT AND TURBULENT SHADOW.

HAYS

When the beast comes, you will only have  
one chance before it destroys us all. You  
will speak the words I taught you.

MO

(in Arabic)

*We summon you to do our bidding...*

HAYS

I will be blindfolded, but I will be  
standing next to you, and if you disobey,  
there will be punishment.

But a terrible SIZZLING SOUND interrupts Hays -

**HAYS AND THE SHADOWY MEN TURN TO SEE**

The large iron door to the bunker - cut open by a round shape charge MELTING THE IRON!

**THE SHAPE-CHARGED SECTION OF THE DOOR FALLS**

In a still-smoking heap and an ECHOING THUNK!

To REVEAL Pinky and Brains, armed with exotic pistols as Bob Brandishes the Gorgon.

BOB

Shut it down.

The three Shadowy Men turn from their computers, simultaneously drawing their weapons.

**BOB TURNS TO THE SHADOWY MEN**

And FIRES the Gorgon.

The wide beam from Bob's weapon hits the three men - their bones, nerves and muscles HARDEN, their joints FREEZE, their skin turns a sick, marbled shade of grey.

Turned to stone.

**HAYS**

Pulls out a gun, turns Mo, holds it to her head.

HAYS

Put the weapons down or she dies. Do it.

**THE MAELSTROM BEHIND HAYS AND MO**

ROARS - spewing out a black gush of muck as tendrils emerge from a grotesque maw forming on the ground.

HAYS (CONT'D)

Do it or we all die,

**PINKY**

Squeezes the trigger on his weapon - a DART FLIES OUT AND HITS MO'S NECK.

Mo's eyes roll behind her head. She collapses.

BOB

What the fuck?

PINKY

I missed.

Hays shoves Mo to the ground before him then FIRES his weapon, hitting Pinky in the shoulder.

**PINKY FALLS, WRITHING IN AGONY**

PINKY (CONT'D)

SHIT THAT HURTS!

HAYS

Tac-team would have dropped me already - my guess is Angleton told you to bring me in - now put down the Gorgon and the tranquilizer guns.

Bob exchanges looks with Brains, kneels to put the Gorgon on the ground...

**THEN ACTIVATES THE GORGON**

A narrow beam that TURNS HAYS' FEET TO STONE.

Hays SCREAMS.

His stone ankles SNAP under his weight.

He falls, the gun skittering from his hands.

**MO'S EYES**

Flitter open... she slowly shakes off the cobwebs.

Bob heads for the computer banks.

Shoving away the stone bodies of the Shadowy Men - they SHATTER on the floor.

BOB

Get out of here! We got incoming! Don't look at it! Turn away! Get out!

Brains obeys, DRAGGING Pinky out the hole in the door...

**MO STAGGERS TO HER KNEES**

As a hateful SHRIEK heralds the emergence of a horrible creature...

**GLOWING EYES... WRITHING FEELERS... BLACK TENTACLES**

All of it oozing venomous black slicks of corrosive bile.

An awful SHRIEK echoes from its massive, glistening maw: this thing is equal parts horseshoe bat and syphillitic monkfish - and as it struggles to emerge, baby birth-like from the too-narrow orifice:

**BOB LIFTS THE GORGON**

Ready to zap the demon...

**THE CREATURE REARS UP TO STARE AT BOB**

Finally EJACULATING FORTH FROM THE ORIFICE into a bizarre moment of confrontation...

A demon from another dimension, a man of flesh and blood.

**ONE OF THE DEMON'S TENTACLES GRABS MO BY THE WAIST**

An lifts her up. A human shield.

**BOB HESITATES**

His hand shakes.

**MO OPENS HER EYES WITH UNEXPECTED CLARITY**

Then, lifts her hands, miming a catch. Bob stands there - unsure.

MO

Bob! Longbomb!

Bob and Mo lock eyes. He gets it.

Bob throws the Gorgon to Mo. She catches it.

Mo turns, not bothering to free herself from the tentacle, she merely rushes the beast, and DIVES INTO ITS TOOTHY MOUTH.

The monster CRANES ITS NECK, trying to get her out...

**A HATEFUL BELLOW GROANS FROM INSIDE THE MONSTER**

As its insides TRANSFORM FROM FLESH TO STONE in wide, painful SWATHS of marbling grey... working their way out from the inside as great beams of light swirl from its open mouth.

The creature THRASHES...

**ITS TENTACLES SMASH THE COMPUTER BANK**

Bob FLIES across the floor - struggling to avoid the SHOWER OF SPARKS from all the expiring technology.

**THE CREATURE FINALLY FREEZES**

Every inch of its surface now pale grey. Turned to stone.

**BOB STANDS TO LOOK AT THE HORRIBLE STATUE**

And in front of it, Hays... crawling toward Bob... absolute agony on his face...

HAYS

Please... I need help...

**THE CREATURE SHATTERS**

CRUMBLING to the floor in a shower of stone and dust.

And standing in the middle of it... Mo... holding the Gorgon in one hand.

She looks at Bob, then down at Hays. Then back at Bob.

BOB

Mo. What you just did - you were - out.

MO

I got training.

BOB

You OK?

MO

No.

Mo takes a step forward, picks up Hays' gun... looks down at her now helpless captor...

BOB

Mo... don't do it... don't...

Hays looks over at Mo...

HAYS

Please... no...

BOB

Put down the gun, Mo -

**MO SHOOTS HAYES EXECUTION-STYLE**

Hays' body slumps to the ground. Dead.

MO

Now I'm fine.

The two of them stare at one another for an uncomfortably long moment, then...

**ZZZZT...ZZZZT...ZZZZT...ZZZZT...**

A vibration. From Bob's pocket.

MO (CONT'D)

It's your cell phone.

Bob nods, reaches for his pocket...

**ON THE PHONE SCREEN**

An image of - and the words - MHARI...

As Bob shakes his head...

**THE MIGUEL BOSE COVER OF LA MER**

From "*11 Maneras De Ponerse Un Sombrero*" plays...

**CUT TO A MONTAGE**

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Thick with news crews, sun-guns and reporters... and Boris, talking up a storm...

**VIDEO IMAGE OF THE SAME SCENE**

The "lower third" over Boris' talking head reads: FALSE TERROR ALARM AT LOCAL HOSPITAL.

**RESUME ON THE SCENE - RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL**

Bob, Brains, a bandaged Pinky, and Mo, sneaking into The Laundry Van and driving away unnoticed.

**INT. THE LAUNDRY - BULLPEN - DAY**

Bob, Pinky, and Brains... now dressed in their normal clothes to denote the passage of time, carry brown bankers boxes in as the drones HIGH-FIVE THEM.



**FROM A CORNER, HARRIET WATCHES THEM**

Dubiously, making notes on a clipboard...

**BOB**

Takes his box to his desk and unpacks.

**THE PICTURE OF HIM AND ALAN IS STILL IN THE DRAWER**

Bob puts the picture on top of the desk. His phone BUZZES... he looks at the screen...

**MHARI**

And as he dismisses the call with a SWIPE...

**INT. ATROCITY ARCHIVES - NIGHT**

Bob, Pinky (arm now in a sling), and Brains eat Chinese take-out and work feverishly... Angleton stands at a distance, satisfied...

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Bob rides his bicycle across the Chinatown arch... closes his eyes for a moment, lets the wind hit his face...

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Bob cycles up to the front of the townhouse... and as he hefts his bicycle up the front steps...

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN**

Bob enters the darkened space, lit only by the light from the refrigerator door, open but concealing the person crouching into the fridge...

BOB

Brains?

The refrigerator door CLOSES to reveal Mo - hair pulled back, black tank top over fatigue pants - holding two of Bob's beers.

She opens one of the bottles on the brass bulldog... then, as she drinks:

MO  
 Pilsner's a little bitter.  
 (off his silence)  
 Might be the hops.

BOB  
 It isn't the hops. How'd you get in here?

MO  
 I live here. Thanks to my new best  
 friend, Mister Angleton.

BOB  
 You work for The Laundry now?

Mo holds the beer toward Bob, he doesn't move.

MO  
 New Tac-Team leader. Something about  
 seeing monsters without going nuts. That  
 also makes me your boss on the field.  
 (a smile)  
 Roomie.

BOB  
 Look, what happened between -

MO  
 You mean me saving your life?

BOB  
 No. I mean when...

MO  
 When you couldn't hold your  
 liquor?

BOB  
 That was -

MO  
 A recruitment tactic?

Bob steps up to her, takes the beer, drinks.

BOB  
 Not happening again.

MO  
 I'm crushed.

BOB  
 You killed Parsons.

MO

A Scumbag, terrorist murderer who drugged me and wanted to use me as his personal Satan whisperer?

BOB

A wanted asset that you -

MO

Get off your high horse, Bob. I read the report. You didn't even know what he was 'til fifteen minutes before you pointed your weapon at him.

BOB

You straight-up murdered a defenseless man.

MO

He wasn't that defenseless.

(drinks, then)

I'd do it again.

(drinks, then)

And you're welcome, loverboy.

The two stare at one another for an uncomfortable moment - drinking beer as if it were dialogue - but before anyone can break the impasse:

MHARI (O.S.)

Bob?

Bob turns to see Mhari - looking like it's a first date she wants to ace - standing at the threshold.

BOB

Hey - Mhari - uh... hi.

MHARI

I've been calling you.

MO

(a churlish smile)

She's been calling you, Bob.

BOB

I know -

(to Mhari)

I've been busy.

MHARI

Can we... talk?

MO  
She wants to talk, Bob.

BOB  
(a whisper)  
Stop that.

MHARI  
Who's your friend?

BOB  
Oh, she's not my friend. She's a -  
squatter... won't be here long.

MHARI  
New room mate?  
(off the nods)  
I'm Mhari.

MO  
Good for you.

MHARI  
Bob, can we...

BOB  
Yes. We can.

Bob opens the fridge, grabs a few fresh beers and locks eyes with Mo, who gives him a mocking salute.

MO  
See you at the office.

Bob turns and joins Mhari...

**MIGUEL BOSE PLAYS ONCE AGAIN**

As Mo watches them go...

**CUT TO**

**INT/EXT. TOWNHOUSE - BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bob and Mhari reach the doorway to his room, their conversation heated... until she goes in for the kill and kisses him.

Bob doesn't hesitate, he knits his fingers into her hair and kisses her back, hard...

As they STUMBLE into the bedroom... falling into bed,  
ripping off each other's clothes...

**TRAVEL OUT OF THE BEDROOM AND OUTSIDE**

**MOVING PAST THE WINDOW TO BRAINS' ROOM**

Where she sits, reading a copy of Schopenhauer's *Essay on  
the Freedom of the Will*.

**CONTINUING TO THE WINDOW TO PINKY'S ROOM**

Where he - now aided by a ROBOTIC ARM - continues to work  
on a mechanical project of unspeakable complexity.

**AND FINALLY SETTLING ON THE WINDOW TO MO'S ROOM**

As she enters, carrying a standard olive military  
duffel bag. Her room is empty but for a bed and a plain  
wooden desk and chair.

Mo drops the bag and steps to the window.

She pulls the chair from the desk and places it facing  
the bare wall.

And as she sits... waiting for her next duty...

**FADE TO BLACK**

**END OF PILOT**