

CHOENVILLE

"Pilot"

By Jessica Kane

jesskane1331@gmail.com  
(201) 675-0438

TEASER

SUPER: **MAY 15, 2011**

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A blank wall. Machines WHIR and BEEP.

CYRUS HUDSON, 20s, bolts upright. He's in a hospital bed, attached to numerous wires and tubes.

Cyrus is the picture of ill health: gaunt and pale, with unkempt hair slithering out from beneath a BANDAGE on his head. His beard hasn't seen a razor in quite some time.

CYRUS

I saw Him!

A bright-eyed NURSE, 30s, drops an IV bag she was replacing in surprise.

NURSE

Oh my God!

CYRUS

Yes, God! He was beautiful. Like George Clooney and Santa rolled into one.

(off Nurse's shocked look)

Are you okay?

Cyrus notices his surroundings for the first time.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Hey...where am I?

NURSE

In...in the hospital. You've been in a coma for eight months.

CYRUS

Huh. Really? Wow. Must be why I've gotta pee so bad.

Cyrus tosses his blanket off and stands. He stretches, CRACKING multiple parts of his body.

Nurse backs into the wall, terrified.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

What?

NURSE

You were-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Cyrus sits on the hospital bed. A DOCTOR shines a penlight in his eyes. Nurse stands to the side holding Cyrus's chart.

DOCTOR

Dead as a doornail, Mr. Hudson. Or "brain dead," if you prefer technical terms. Tried to kill yourself with a few dozen Aspirin.

CYRUS

Yeah, I don't think God was too happy with me about that.

Doctor shuts the penlight.

DOCTOR

Right. Well we've run multiple tests, and after examining you myself I have to say you're healthy as a horse. I've never seen anything like it before.

Nurse stares at Cyrus in awe.

NURSE

It's amazing. Almost like a-

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

A CROWD OF REPORTERS surrounds the hospital's entrance. Cyrus is in a wheelchair. Nurse steers him through the throng.

REPORTER #1 holds a microphone in Cyrus's face.

REPORTER #1

Miracle, that's what it is! And you claim God spoke to you?

CYRUS

I mean, I talked back. It was more of a conversation, really.

REPORTER #2 pushes her microphone in Cyrus's face.

REPORTER #2

What did He say?

CYRUS

Well I'm just paraphrasing, but it was something like-

INT. MORNING SHOW STUDIO - DAY

Cyrus sits across from two TV HOSTS, 50s. Cyrus's beard and hair have been trimmed and he's put on a few pounds.

CYRUS

"I'm not a huge fan of you trying to kill yourself, Cyrus. But I *am* a fan of you in general. That's why I've chosen you as my shepherd."

TV HOST #1

Ooh, spooky!

TV Host #2 points at his head.

TV HOST #2

Look! Goosebumps! All over my head!

CYRUS

Shhh I'm not done. He said-

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Cyrus is on stage behind a podium in a fancy suit. There's a glow of health (or maybe religious fervor) about him.

A SMALL CROWD stands in the field, listening to Cyrus.

CYRUS

"Show others my light, and they shall never face the darkness again. For the darkness is coming."

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Cyrus stands on an even BIGGER STAGE, behind a BIGGER PODIUM, in a FANCIER SUIT. His beard is now just a goatee and mustache.

The CROWD has grown considerably.

CYRUS

"On May 15th, 2021, the world will face its doom. None shall be spared, save for those I have chosen to enter my kingdom."

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Cyrus stands behind the BIGGEST PODIUM on the BIGGEST STAGE we've seen yet. He's in a tuxedo and his mustache is gone, leaving just the goatee.

The CROWD is now in the hundreds. They listen raptly.

CYRUS

"You must find my chosen. Keep them close. And on the day of reckoning you shall together ascend to join my angels to rest in paradise." I have relayed the Lord's message. But it is up to you to accept it. Will you do it? Will you answer God's call?

CROWD

Yes, Cyrus!

CYRUS

Louder, so the Lord can hear you!

CROWD

(louder)  
Yes, Cyrus!

CYRUS

Then welcome, friends! Welcome to your new life as Chosen!  
(chanting)  
Chosen! Chosen! Chosen!

CROWD

Chosen! Chosen! Chosen!

The CHANTS grow louder. Cyrus smiles, basking in the adoration of his new flock.

END TEASER

SUPER: **MAY 15, 2021**

INT. THE HUDSONS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Hudsons' house is Joel Osteen's wet dream. The most gaudy religious items known to man (gold statue of the Pietà included) are carefully arranged throughout.

Cyrus, 30s, stands behind a makeshift podium. He's filled out over the past ten years. What he's lost in facial hair (no goatee in sight) he's gained in confidence and showmanship.

CYRUS

The end - is - nigh!

STEVEN TULLY enthusiastically applauds, tears in his eyes. We think Steven's in his 40s but his creepy uncle mustache raises some serious questions.

Steven is Cyrus's devoted right-hand man and would gladly be his left-hand man too but, as Steven firmly believes, the left hand is a tool of Satan.

STEVEN

I am in awe. I welcome God to take me right now because nothing will ever be more perfect than what you just did.

MEREDITH

It was fine.

MEREDITH HUDSON, a 30-year-old Barbie doll come to life, scrutinizes Cyrus with her most judgemental glare from the comfort of their plush leather couch.

Meredith's Daddy raised her to be a good Christian woman, marry a good Christian man, and become a good Christian wife and that's just what she did thankyouverymuch.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

But for the hundredth time, you need to punch that last sentence. This is your big speech before the end of the gosh dang world, Cyrus!

STEVEN

I couldn't disagree with you more, Meredith. Like our Mother Mary's conception, that was immaculate.

MEREDITH

Oh hush up Steven. You have to be strong, Cyrus. I won't be known as the wife of a weak prophet. I won't do it!

CYRUS

As usual I appreciate the enthusiasm-

Steven nods, "you're welcome."

CYRUS (CONT'D)

-and criticism.

Meredith glares as she buffs a sparkly set of rosary beads.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

But I agree with Steven.

STEVEN

That literally means the world to me.

Meredith rolls her eyes.

CYRUS

I don't want to sound too authoritative. Imagine if God thought I was trying to challenge Him!

Cyrus laughs. Steven looks terrified but forces an obviously fake chuckle.

STEVEN

That would be so terrible I can't even conceive it.

MEREDITH

Fine, do what you want.

Meredith crosses to their grand staircase.

CYRUS

Where are you going?

MEREDITH

To take a nap.

CYRUS

Now? The world's ending in 12 hours.

MEREDITH

Yes and I don't want to meet God  
for the first time with bags under  
my eyes!

Meredith exits upstairs.

STEVEN

For the record, your eye bags look  
fantastic.

CYRUS

(heard this 100 times  
before)

Steven....

STEVEN

Who's ready for a surprise?!

EXT. CHOSENVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY

Cyrus and Steven stroll through Chosenville. It's quaint,  
with a 1950's vibe: everything you could possibly need is  
conveniently situated on one stretch of road.

A HUGE GROUP stands in the town square. They CHANT and DANCE  
in a strange twist on a mosh pit.

Cyrus graces them with a wave.

DANCER

Chosen Cyrus waved at me!

An OLD MAN AND WOMAN smile, arms around each other. They  
watch as flames engulf their bakery.

The sign above the door, "MA & POP'S CHOSENVILLE CAKE SHOP:  
THE LAST BAKERY YOU'LL EVER EAT IN," crashes to the ground.  
They turn to each other and stare before parting ways.

KAREN, 40s, kneels on the sidewalk, hands raised in prayer.  
She cries and rocks back and forth in ecstasy.

KAREN

I love you God! I! Love! You!

CYRUS

And He loves you, Chosen Karen!



INT. CHURCH OF CHOSENVILLE - DAY

Cyrus and Steven enter the church. Cyrus takes in his surroundings. His face falls.

It looks like a 5-year-old's birthday party took a shit everywhere. Balloons, streamers, banners - you name it, Steven went to the Chosenville Party Store and bought it.

STEVEN

Surprise!

CYRUS

What did you do?

STEVEN

Decorated! For you!

Cyrus walks around, taking it all in. Steven matches his every step, watching closely for Cyrus's reaction.

CYRUS

So many balloons...

STEVEN

It's your big day, you deserve all the balloons!

CYRUS

And the streamers?

STEVEN

God's gonna be disappointed if we don't have streamers!

CYRUS

I can see you've put a lot of thought and effort into this-

STEVEN

I haven't slept in 24 hours!

CYRUS

-but it's gotta go.

STEVEN

Okay! Yes! No problem!

Steven starts to sadly tear down his decorations. He slowly pops balloons one by one. Cyrus cringes.

CYRUS

Okay, you can keep a few balloons.

STEVEN

(instantly perking up)  
Are those wings behind your back?  
Because I think I've just been  
blessed by an angel.

CYRUS

You don't have to make a big deal  
out of it.

STEVEN

But your kindness - this is why you  
were chosen. And here I am, not  
even being completely honest. I  
didn't just decorate for you. I  
thought Rita might like all this,  
too.

CYRUS

Steven, I told you I don't know  
exactly what's going to happen  
tonight. Rita may not show up here.

STEVEN

I know, I know, but even if she  
doesn't appear *here* she'll  
appreciate the gesture once I tell  
her about it later in Heaven.

CYRUS

I'm proud of you, Chosen Steven. I  
know how hard this wait has been.

STEVEN

Eight years since Satan's sickness  
stole Rita from me and you saved me  
from myself. I still remember:

CYRUS AND STEVEN

If you want to enter God's kingdom,  
suicide is a *sui*-don't.

STEVEN

I owe my soul to you. Which is why  
I want this day to be absolutely  
perfect. What can I do to make it  
more special? Prayer circle? Mac  
and cheese? Quick massage?

CYRUS

You know Meredith doesn't like it  
when you offer me massages.

STEVEN

Well Meredith's not here and I'm pretty sure she has weak hands so...

CYRUS

True, the Lord did not bless my wife with strong extremities. One time we high fived...she broke her thumb. But I'm good. Just read me today's to-do list.

Steven takes out his phone and reads from it.

STEVEN

Practice speech.

CYRUS

Check.

STEVEN

Make an appearance in town.

CYRUS

Check.

STEVEN

Say earthly goodbyes to wife.

CYRUS

To-do.

STEVEN

Say earthly goodbyes to Steven.

CYRUS

Did I put that on there?

STEVEN

Nope that was me. Depending on how long your goodbyes with Meredith take we should have plenty of time. We can meet in your office or your house or maybe even the park if it's nice out?

Cyrus's phone BEEPS. He takes it out and reads.

CYRUS

(absently agreeing)  
Mm hm mm hm. Oh shoot.

STEVEN

Ugh sorry I'm babbling again.