

# THE DEMONS OF DORIAN GUNN

"PILOT"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. THE ROXY HOTEL - NIGHT

The remnants of a red carpet event after the high-profile guests have moved inside. The marquee reads:

*Red, Hot and Kate* - Album Release Party  
Kate Upton Sings the Standards of Cole Porter

A few black town cars are parked along the curb. A smattering of PAPARAZZI mill about waiting to snap celebrities leaving.

WHOOSH! The main doors swing open.

Out come DORIAN GUNN (29) and LEONIE CROFTON-SEARS (29); two trendy, stylish socialites. Both are buzzed and bored as shit.

LEONIE

Quick, let's get out of here before  
Kate starts singing.

DORIAN

People who stay at release parties  
long enough to hear the music are  
lame.

DORIAN and LEONIE walk to the curb.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

No photos! No photos!

Fortunately, no one was taking any. LEONIE approaches an EVENT COORDINATOR with a walkie-talkie.

LEONIE

I'm looking for my driver. Where is  
he? He's got a tiny bald spot on his  
head and two fat rolls on the back of  
his neck.

EVENT COORDINATOR

Do you know what the front of him  
looks like?

BUZZ BUZZ. LEONIE checks a text message. She scoffs as she reads the devastating, earth-shattering, stupid news.

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

A pissed off LEONIE storms off down the brightly lit street with DORIAN behind her.

LEONIE  
Another driver fucking quit.

DORIAN  
You should have someone call and complain for you.

LEONIE  
Right? We shouldn't be forced to walk down a dark alley in New York City.

A PACK OF PARENTS pushing strollers pass behind them.

After an arduous two-minute walk, DORIAN and LEONIE arrive at her SUV.

DORIAN  
I can drive, if you want. I only had four G and T's.

LEONIE  
Dorian, it's fine. I'll just do a little coke. It makes me a better driver. I'm alert, I'm faster, I'm less defensive. It's great.

DORIAN  
Perf.

They pause for a sec.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, right. We have to open the doors.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LEONIE'S BLACK SUV - WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

LEONIE's SUV recklessly speeds down the road, weaving in and out of lanes. DORIAN and LEONIE cruise to terrible French pop music. She's still reeling a bit and trying to light a cig.

LEONIE  
Thank God it's Wednesday and the week is over. My reality show is taking a lot out of me. They made me get up at 10 a.m. this morning to help cast my ex-boyfriend.

LEONIE barely keeps an eye on the road as she fishes through the glove compartment. The SUV swerves. A car HONKS.

DORIAN  
I've been pretty swamped with  
paperwork myself. I've been trying to  
add an extra "R" to my name.

LEONIE  
How very Mediterranean. I was just  
thinking the other day your name  
sounded too Anglo-Blah.

LEONIE turns to dig for something in the back.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
Can you do me a huge fave and hold  
this?

She means the wheel. DORIAN takes it, and the car makes a hard right in the middle of traffic. A TRUCK HORN blares.

LEONIE snaps back around holding a HIGH-END PLASTIC BAG OF COCAINE (it has a gold ribbon around it!). They hit a pot hole. The cocaine flies out of LEONIE's hands and explodes against the windshield.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, pull over.

DORIAN  
I can't! We're on the highway!

LEONIE wipes cocaine off the dashboard and takes the opportunity to rub it in her mouth.

DORIAN keeps his eyes ahead. Squinting, he spots an ODD FIGURE standing in the distance and at the side of the road. *Weird.*

LEONIE  
Help me clean this up!

DORIAN reaches to wipe cocaine off the windshield. When he turns back to look at the road: BLAM! The ODD FIGURE is right in front of them! At closer inspection, he's an OTHERWORLDLY, DEMONIC-LOOKING CREATURE holding out his arms, shouting at the SUV to STOP.

DORIAN swerves RIGHT. Then LEFT. Then off the road! They SCREEEEAAAAM as the SUV hits hard against a concrete barrier.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. BLACK SUV - LATER

DORIAN's face comes slowly into focus. There's a rivulet of blood coming down his forehead. He's in the driver's seat now, his head resting on the steering wheel. The SUV is totaled. LEONIE is nowhere to be found.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS approach the SUV. The driver's side door is wrenched open by one of the OFFICERS. DORIAN is dragged from the wreckage.

The OFFICERS stare down at DORIAN's bloody face, the cocaine and the shattered window. DORIAN comes to.

DORIAN  
It looks worse than it is.

END COLD OPEN

OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:

An exciting and ruthless journey through glossy tabloid magazines and gossip blogs. (Think: *Gawker*, *Page Six*, *Vulture*, *New York Social Diary*, *SocialLife.com*, *New York Magazine* etc.)

HEADLINES, BLURBS and COMMENTS flash across our screen:

-Erich & Margot Gunn's Yacht Disappears in Atlantic.

-Dorian Gunn Named Sole Heir to Gunn Fortune; Blackout drunk at Memorial Service.

-"Leonie, One and Only" picked up by Bravo. Leonie Croften-Sears on *Vulture's* list of "50 Reality Stars on the Rise".

-DELUSION-AIRE. Cops investigate "mysterious intruder" at Dorian Gunn's residence; find zero evidence.

-Burning through Inheritance. Gunn Spends \$3M on Tribeca Loft Renovation.

-GUNN-INVITED. Dorian turned away at New York Botanical Garden's 50th Annual Pollen Awareness Gala.

-FENDI BENDER! Dorian Gunn slapped with Second DUI; Judge to Dorian: "You need help."

-BFFs: BIG FEUDING FRIENDS? Leonie on Dorian: "We've barely spoken."

END OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SUPER: "ONE HOT MONTH LATER"

EXT. FOREST - ENGLAND - AFTERNOON

VERNON MAYHEW, a rugged badass (late 30s, think Idris Elba), rides a horse, galloping at full-speed along a river bank. He grips the reins in one hand and a net in the other. Inside the net is what appears to be a small, reptilian Furby with a menacing growl - known in this world as a RIVER GOBLIN.

VERNON is chasing down a second RIVER GOBLIN through the branches and mud. The creature dives into the water. VERNON's horse stops short.

VERNON hops down to follow the demon into the river. He smashes the netted one on the ground, crushing it to death in a single blow. He then brandishes an ax.

As he steps into the river, he pulls out what appears to be a duck whistle. When he blows it, it makes an obnoxious, otherworldly wail. The creature pops up.

SWOOP! He dives in and snatches it up.

VERNON

Long way from home, ain't ya, little  
bugger?

VERNON smiles as he holds up his catch. Just then, more little RIVER GOBLINS pop up like Whack-A-Moles, making the same obnoxious wail. There are tons of them. It's trouble.

FARTHER DOWN THE RIVER BANK,

A dozen BRITISH SCHOOL CHILDREN and their TEACHER are releasing a rehabilitated TURTLE back into the wild.

TEACHER

It's taken a whole year, but together  
we nursed him back to health. Say  
goodbye to Toby, everyone.

The TEACHER removes a cute bandage from the TURTLE'S leg as the CHILDREN clap. The TEACHER places the animal in the river.

KIDS

Bye Toby! We love you!

The TURTLE paddles a few centimeters then...

CHOMP! A RIVER GOBLIN leaps out of the water like an evil dolphin, demolishing the TURTLE in one loud bite. The TEACHER and KIDS SCREAM!

VERNON explodes out of the water like an angry Poseidon, with multiple RIVER GOBLINS clamped onto his flesh. With an ax in each hand, he mercilessly hacks each goblin he can in half, spewing thick, tar-like blood all over the white uniforms of the TEACHER and KIDS.

VERNON

River goblins! Ahh! Fuck us all!  
River goblins!

The TEACHER and KIDS SCREAM even louder. Everyone's scarred for life.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DORIAN's housewarming party is in full swing. CHIC GUESTS in their 20s and 30s mix and mingle in the recently renovated Tribeca loft as they await their host's first appearance.

We hear snippets of conversations. We pass a CHIC MAN and WOMAN.

CHIC MAN

Where is he? It's been an hour. Who does he think he is? The Gay Gatsby?

CHIC WOMAN

He's got the driving record for it.

They laugh as we move to TWO PORTUGUESE MALE MODELS.

PORTUGUESE MODEL

Isn't Leonie supposed to be here? The invite said to come "camera-ready." It's like, why did I even wear my TV lashes?

We drift to a MOGUL and a TYCOON, both sharply dressed women in their early 20s.

MOGUL

I heard the government is making him go to *counseling*.

TYCOON

Hot. Like Kate Moss?

MOGUL

Not. Like Mischa Barton.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - SITTING ROOM - SAME TIME

DORIAN stands alone in front of his mirror. He gets a text from LEONIE:

"DEVASTATED I CAN'T MAKE IT. DON'T HATE ME. I'LL COME TO THE NEXT ONE!!! STILL ON FOR TOMORROW? XO."

DORIAN

Shit.

His eyes drift over to a PHOTO OF HIS PARENTS AND HIM. Beat. DORIAN regroups and locks eyes with himself in the mirror.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

DORIAN weaves in and out amongst his guests like a human social lubricant, refilling drinks and never speaking with one person or group long enough for it to be considered a conversation. His is the language of quips, wits and slightly disturbing anecdotes. He thinks he got his stride back.

To a WELL-DRESSED WOMAN across the room:

DORIAN

(in good fun)

Linda, get away from that mirror. I can't stand the idea of there being two of you.

DORIAN cackles and moves on. He is snagged by ERUDITE WOMAN.

ERUDITE WOMAN

Dorian, I love what you've done with the place.

DORIAN

Thank you! I call it a Rustic Maximilist motif. Which is just like rustic minimalist but more of it.

DORIAN slinks over to another group of guests. Among them is notable man-about-town DEREK BLASBERG.

DEREK BLASBERG

Dorian, I was just telling Rinaldo and Merce that you once sold your body for drugs.

DORIAN

Oh, darling, I didn't sell my body for drugs. I was a nude model for a sculptor and got paid in Xanax.



DORIAN gestures to a nearby NUDE STATUE OF HIMSELF.

DEREK BLASBERG  
There you are. Stoned as usual.

DORIAN tries too hard to laugh it off.

DEREK BLASBERG (CONT'D)  
You know, Trip is here.

DORIAN  
What? Where?

DORIAN looks frantically around the room. His eyes land on TRIP CHAPMAN (25, looks like a Winklevoss).

DEREK BLASBERG  
The Greenwich Club Social Benefit is next weekend. But it's never too early to start sucking up.

DORIAN lets that land. His eyes widen as he smiles and excuses himself... We linger on the NUDE STATUE for a moment, just long enough to see its EYES FLASH A DEMONIC RED!

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

DORIAN opens the door to find the otherworldly CREATURE who jumped in front of the SUV a month ago. He's bathed in a PALE, BLUE LIGHT. This is WORMWOOD (think H. Jon Benjamin).

WORMWOOD  
(to Dorian)  
You're in grave danger. Everything you know and love is at stake if--

DORIAN gingerly trots over to his desk and opens a drawer full of PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES. The labels say things like: "Bedtime Uppers," "Two-Day Dance Party" and "Normal Person." He picks one that reads: "Charm!"

WORMWOOD (CONT'D)  
You can't keep ignoring me.

DORIAN  
Okay, thanks!

And that quick, DORIAN is out the door.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, DORIAN is face-to-face with TRIP.

DORIAN

Trip!

TRIP

Dorian, I haven't seen you all night.  
I nearly forgot this is your loft.

DORIAN

Well, it's high tide at the party,  
and I'm getting swept in all  
directions. So good to see you.

TRIP

I'm sure you heard Daddy turned 102  
this year and bequeathed the  
executive reigns of the Greenwich  
Club to me. Impressed?

DORIAN

Yeah, I can't believe he's lived that  
long.

TRIP

No, with my power. It's a shame both  
of your parents passed away; if they  
had lived a few months longer, you'd  
be grand-daddied in. But now, if your  
plan is to even think about being  
inducted this year, then I expect you  
to make a big impression at the  
social benefit next weekend. Because  
*anyone* who's *anyone* is in Greenwich.

DORIAN

No one is dedicated to being *anyone*  
more than I am.

TRIP

Good. Because I'd hate for you to end  
up like Kiki Kardashian.

DORIAN

Who?

TRIP

Exactly.

DORIAN

Oh, no. That's not me. I plan to  
debut a hat I designed with the help  
of Vivienne Westwood.

TRIP

Oh, you're a designer now?

DORIAN

I like to think I've always been a designer on the inside, I just needed Vivienne to bring it out of me... and do most of the work.

TRIP

I must see a preview!

DORIAN

Oh, well, you wouldn't want to see a bride's dress before her wedding day, would you?

TRIP

I *would* and I *have* insisted on it.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - DESIGN STUDIO - LATER

DORIAN sifts through clutter on his drafting table and unravels a poster to reveal his grand design... well, it's more like a crude collage with sizzle phrases like: VIBRANT, HOTT and DON'T MAKE IT HEAVY I HAVE A DELICATE NECK.

WORMWOOD startles him from behind.

WORMWOOD

Dorian, do you know what this is?

WORMWOOD pulls out a glass jar containing a nasty little RIVER GOBLIN. DORIAN ignores him.

WORMWOOD (CONT'D)

Dorian, listen to me!

DORIAN

(snapping)

Why should I? Because of you I almost died on the highway. Everyone I know and sometimes care about thinks I'm a walking Tara Reid. And now I can't even take a midday Swiss bath without some Blue Man reject harassing me.

WORMWOOD

I had to do those things! Not the bath one. Genuinely sorry. The floaty candles covered everything up.

DORIAN

So I would like to go out there and have one little party with all the people I need to be friends with without you ruining it!

WORMWOOD

I haven't interacted with these people at all!

DORIAN

But I can sense it. You're about to say something that ruins my night.

WORMWOOD

Look. Danger is coming and it's your job to stop it!

DORIAN

There it is!

WORMWOOD

This is a River Goblin and it was captured in England, but it originates in New York, the area you're supposed to be guarding!

He sets the jar down in front of DORIAN.

WORMWOOD (CONT'D)

The sheer volume of demons invading the living world is staggering, and you've done nothing to stop it.

DORIAN

Please go away! I just want a normal, regular, extraordinary life.

WORMWOOD

You don't get to choose that anymore. You are one of the Seven Guardians of the Gates of Hell--

DORIAN

Are you listening to yourself?  
"Guardian of a gate to hell"? That's a lot of heavy shit to be throwing at a former Mister Teen Connecticut!

DORIAN goes to take another gulp of wine before WORMWOOD snatches it and hurls it against the wall: CRASH!

WORMWOOD

This isn't a game!

DORIAN  
Hey! If you're going to break  
something, here--

DORIAN picks up an old framed photo of himself.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
It's a picture of when I was fat.

DORIAN hurls it against the wall: SMASH!

Suddenly: TRIP enters. He sees DORIAN alone, having just  
smashed a picture and screamed at no one.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Trip!

DORIAN does his best to hide it but TRIP, disgusted, quickly  
exits. WORMWOOD pops up from behind the desk.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
*That is you ruining my party.*

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

DORIAN exits the design studio to find most of his GUESTS  
following TRIP out the door.

DORIAN  
Hey, where's everyone going?

TRIP  
Most of us came because we were told  
Leonie was going to be here with her  
reality show. And when that didn't  
happen, all we were left with was an  
absentee host who'd rather spend time  
with his pet rat in a jar. I'm taking  
these guests to Daddy's hot jacuzzi  
farm to smoke cigars and bet on  
strippers. You know, for a good time.

DORIAN takes a full glass of red wine off a nearby table,  
downs it and forcefully sets it back down just as we--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

DORIAN is facedown on the bathroom floor with a broken wine  
glass between his fingers.

The PORTUGUESE MODELS are passed out, cuddling in the claw tooth tub. Last night was rough. DORIAN checks his phone.

DORIAN  
I'm late!

INT. LEONIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY (REALITY SHOW)

LEONIE, against a serene background, speaks to CAMERA:

LEONIE  
When your life is "fly there, dance on that, pop one of those, wake up wherever," it's really hard to find time for yourself and the things that matter. You know?  
(tearing up)  
Today will be the first time Dorian and I have spoken in person since... the accident. I was supposed to go to his party last night but I had emotional damage from a Seamless order gone wrong. My hope is we can get back to being the normal best friends who met when they were 15. In Geneva. On high school sabbatical.

DING DONG! LEONIE makes sure the cameras follow as she gets up, walks over to the front door and flings it open, revealing DORIAN. They SQUEAL and hug hard.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
(trilling R's)  
Dorrrrr-rrrr--

DORIAN  
(re: Name)  
Oh, didn't happen. It is so good to see you! Yay!

LEONIE  
I've missed you so much! Yay!

Mid-embrace, DORIAN becomes aware of the CAMERAS. We PULL BACK to reveal LEONIE is surrounded by her REALITY SHOW CREW.

DORIAN  
Look at this!

LEONIE  
Thanks. My dream home. At first, I was like, "Ew, Williamsburg?"  
(MORE)

LEONIE (CONT'D)

Isn't that where the poor one lived on *Gossip Girl*?" But then I opened my eyes and realized everyone here is young and rich as shit.

DORIAN

Yeah, on my way here I was like, "Oh, that isn't a bologna factory; it's a wine bar!"

They giggle.

LEONIE

Let me have my intern grab my stuff. We're going out to celebrate.

DORIAN

Hey, I was thinking that maybe we could talk for just a second.

LEONIE

Just a second? We have, like, eight more hours of shooting.

DORIAN

No, of course I want to hang out. I just meant... without cameras?

LEONIE

Hey guys, can we have a sec?

The CREW scatters as LEONIE locks into DORIAN.

LEONIE (CONT'D)

Mojito? Claire, are you busy?

CLAIRE, a bespectacled college student, stares out the window.

CLAIRE

Um. No.

LEONIE

Can you make Dory a mango mojites?  
(to Dorian)  
She's the best.

DORIAN

*OhmygodIloveher.*

LEONIE

You've got to get an intern. It's like a free assistant. Ask Claire if she has any friends. Here:

(MORE)

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
(to Claire)  
Claire, do you have any friends?

CLAIRE  
Um. Yeah.

LEONIE  
Cool, text them to me.  
(to Dorian)  
So what's up?

DORIAN  
Oh, uh, I feel it might be good to, I dunno, talk privately about what happened after the crash and--

The CREW starts creeping back into the scene.

LEONIE  
(whispering; genuine)  
Listen, I want you to know I've done a lot of reflecting, and I'm ready to admit that there's more important things about our friendship than a bad decision here and there.

DORIAN  
Yeah... Ever since my parents died, I've really needed someone there for me, and I think of you as family--

LEONIE  
Dorian, I promised myself I wasn't going to cry in this eye makeup! Say no more. Knowing how much I mean to you means so much to me. Now, I just want to say...

LEONIE and DORIAN are very connected. A BOOM MIC hits DORIAN.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... for nothing this two-squad does tonight!

They laugh. DORIAN's is forced. CLAIRE hands them the mojitos.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
Yay, Claire! Cameras rolling? I don't wanna have a bunch of fun and not film it!

LEONIE pulls out her gold iPhone. Here we go!!!

SHAPCHAT MONTAGE:



Several PICS flash across the screen! All of them are DORIAN and LEONIE having a night "on the town" but inside her penthouse. Her put-upon REALITY CREW and CLAIRE are occasionally seen in the background. LEONIE and DORIAN drink, dance, have their own fashion photo shoot, drink some more... it's a long night. Vintage DORIAN and LEONIE.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A full glass of red wine resting between DORIAN's fingertips. DORIAN is facedown on his bed. Unbeknownst to him, a corner of his bed sheet levitates and twists into a menacing formation.

CELL PHONE BUZZES. DORIAN snaps awake. The sheet drops. DORIAN ignores the phone. The sheet slithers back into the air. His DOORBELL BUZZES loudly. The sheet drops again.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DORIAN stumbles past the carnage from his party. He opens the door to reveal AMY BUGDA (32, a professional).

DORIAN

Do you have to buzz so loudly?

AMY

I don't think I have anything to do with the volume of the buzzer.

DORIAN

It's never been that loud before.

AMY

Mr. Gunn? Amy Bugda. I'm your court-ordered addiction sponsor. Is now a good time?

DORIAN

Your timing is perfect.

DORIAN downs the wine he's been holding this entire time.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DORIAN lounges on the couch with a designer ice mask.

AMY

I've been assigned to you as part of your plea deal after your latest DUI-

DORIAN

"Latest" makes it sound like I have a problem. Can we just say second?

AMY

Looks like you had quite a party last night.

DORIAN

Thank you. Two nights ago, actually.  
(realizes)  
Oh my God! It's Sunday!

DORIAN starts haphazardly getting himself presentable.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I'm late for an appointment.

AMY

This is your appointment. With me.

DORIAN

No, a real appointment. Is there a paper I can sign? Something that says you showed up so you can get out of here? Like my dad did at my birthday parties?

AMY

Not how this works. If you don't feel like keeping our appointment today, then I guess I'll see you in court.

AMY gathers her papers to leave.

DORIAN

Let's reschedule. Let me prove to you just how seriously I can pretend to take this.

AMY

I'd rather let Judge Corcoran make that call.

DORIAN stops getting ready and levels with AMY.

DORIAN

Please. I'm not normally like this, but I'm stressed because the Greenwich social benefit is right around the corner.

AMY

What's that?

DORIAN

How do I put this? If I don't get into Greenwich I will die. Socially. Which is worse than real death because you're around to hear what people say about you behind your back. My friends, my future, my legacy depends on this. All Gunns have been members of Greenwich since Grover Cleveland was president. *The first time*. I can't break the streak!

AMY reluctantly accepts and writes up a new appointment sheet.

AMY

Mr. Gunn, I'd like to tell you a story. It's about a woman who couldn't admit she was an addict. On her way to rock bottom, she ruined her sister's wedding and crashed a car into a house. Like you, she resisted treatment, but in less than a month she was on her way to recovery, even if that meant breaking off her engagement to her no-good, enabler boyfriend Jasper.

DORIAN

The woman's you, right?

AMY

No. Sandy Bullock. The movie: *28 Days*. Next week. Same time. There's a light at the end of the tunnel, even if you can't see you're in one yet.

She hands him the appointment sheet.

DORIAN

Is that from *Speed*?

AMY

No, but that is a fantastic movie.

INT. UPSCALE DESIGNER'S STUDIO - LATER

DORIAN sits patiently on a chaise lounge. VIVIENNE WESTWOOD appears from the back with an ASSISTANT trailing behind her. DORIAN holds his breath.

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD

Dorian, the conversations you and I have been having over the last six months have been some of the most inspiring and frightening of my long career. Your insistence on using fabrics that don't exist and colors that only you can see have pushed my art to a breaking point. This will be my last design.

DORIAN

(tearing up)  
I'm so honored.

The ASSISTANT opens a HAT BOX and hands DORIAN a tissue.

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD

Please take care of my creation. Keep it away from bright lights and only touch it when absolutely necessary. Dorian Gunn, I present to you the Neo-Wimbledon.

CUT TO:INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

DORIAN dances and poses while wearing the NEO-WIMBLEDON. It's an abstract, colorful work of art. Imagine if Eliza Doolittle designed a hat for Pharell, or vice versa.

MONTAGE: DORIAN gallivants while taking selfies with the hat. He pretends to be Rose in *Titanic*; a scorned lover at a detective's office; the Queen waving in a parade, etc. All of this is intercut with some serious, hard-core praa-aancing!

DORIAN practices speaking to a socialite in the mirror.

DORIAN

Oh this? Just a work of art Vivvy and I created. Vivienne Westwood.

He hears a slow rumble behind him. He turns to see only the STATUE OF HIMSELF. Huh. He goes back to the mirror. It looks as if the STATUE has gotten closer. It can't be.

He turns back around. Nope. It's in the same spot. Weird. He goes back to the mirror...

AAAGGHH! The STATUE is right behind him!

INT. UNDERWORLD - SAME TIME

Gothic meeting hall. Candelabras. A large, stone table. Seven hallways lead to this one central meeting spot.

WORMWOOD is putting the finishing touches on a spread of DEMON FOOD on the table. From off, FOOTSTEPS approach quickly.

WORMWOOD

As per everyone's feedback, I brought refreshments this time.

VERNON storms into the room. He's pissed.

VERNON

I don't give a shit about your demon food.

WORMWOOD

That hurts.

VERNON

No, this hurts.

VERNON lifts his shirt, revealing a huge, sewn-up gash.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Where is he, Wormwood?! You said the New York guardian would be here!

WORMWOOD

Listen, I realize everyone is frustrated -- I'm frustrated! -- and rectifying the situation is a high priority. I reached out to him again two nights ago. He is very resistant.

VERNON

Me and the other guardians can't keep picking up his slack. We're getting eaten alive out there! Something bad is brewing in the Underworld. If this bloke can't do his job, I say we find someone who can.

WORMWOOD

The prophecy says a guardian is a guardian for life--

VERNON

What about the Guardian Supervisor?  
Does the prophecy say anything about  
finding a new one of them?

WORMWOOD

Ummm, probably. If you have suggestions  
for how I can make improvements, you  
can put them on a comment card. It's  
why we introduced the system.

WORMWOOD points to a WOODEN BOX with his face on it. It reads:  
"HOW'M I DOIN?". VERNON picks up a stack of comment cards,  
CRUMPLES them in his fist and smashes them into the box. He  
storms off.

FROM OFF: WORMWOOD hears the faint, echo-y sound of DORIAN  
shouting. WORMWOOD is puzzled.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

DORIAN runs and hops all over his apartment, chased by the  
giant, menacing STATUE.

DORIAN

Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice,  
Beetlejuice! Help me!

He dodges the STATUE's fist as it SMASHES a hole in the wall.  
The STATUE chases DORIAN and traps him in the bathroom.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The STATUE pounds on the door. DORIAN is shaking and sits on  
the toilet. He frantically pulls out his phone and texts  
LEONIE: "OMG about to die."

DING! LEONIE texts back: "Same. Claire effed up my latte. >:/"

DORIAN closes his eyes. The STATUE's fist SMASHES through the  
door! And then... Silence. DORIAN slowly opens his eyes. The  
STATUE is frozen.

WORMWOOD (O.S.)

Dorian!

DORIAN kicks through what's left of his bathroom door,  
maneuvers past the frozen STATUE and finds WORMWOOD standing  
in the living room.

DORIAN

Oh, thank God.

To WORMWOOD's surprise, DORIAN rushes past him to reach the Neo-Wimbledon. He tenderly clutches it to his chest.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
You're safe.  
(to Wormwood)  
Why is this happening? Why?!

WORMWOOD  
Are you ready to listen?

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

DORIAN is sprawled out on the floor with a DESIGNER WET RAG pressed against his forehead. A visibly frustrated WORMWOOD finishes his explanation. He holds a WINE BOTTLE.

WORMWOOD  
This bottle is the Underworld. It's filled with demons. You are the cork that prevents those demons from ruining the world. And if you don't do your job...

WORMWOOD uncorks the bottle and pours out the wine.

DORIAN  
Well, joke's on you: all my furniture's wine resistant.

The red wine easily pools and slides off the couch.

WORMWOOD  
Have you been listening to me at all?

DORIAN  
You're saying that there are demons trying to escape hell and it's my job to stop them.

WORMWOOD  
Yes. Well, more of a destiny than a job.

Beat. DORIAN sits up.

DORIAN  
I decline.

WORMWOOD  
What?

DORIAN

I decline the prophecy or whatever.

WORMWOOD

You can't decline a prophecy.

DORIAN

There's gotta be a better way to keep demons from taking over the earth than putting me in charge. No offense to me. None taken. I just don't think I have it in me. What if I hired an intern? Could they do it?

WORMWOOD

Sure. Hire an intern. Draft up a will with me. Name them your successor and then die. Problem solved.

Beat.

DORIAN

Any other options?

WORMWOOD

The only way this ends well is if you do your job. See that statue -- it was possessed by a Solus.

DORIAN

(pretending to know)

Oh no. A Solus.

WORMWOOD

A Solus is a demon that only attacks when you're alone. It moves from object to object to gain strength. It wants to possess you.

DORIAN

So it's still in this room?

WORMWOOD

Precisely. You need to leave this place. Now. You can't be alone here. I have to go.

WORMWOOD heads to the closet, DORIAN follows.

DORIAN

What?!



WORMWOOD

If a Solus has been brought to Earth  
I have to alert the others. The fact  
that it found you is a good thing.

DORIAN

How is me having to LEAVE my loft  
because one of my precious, precious  
objects is possessed by a DEMON a  
good thing?

WORMWOOD opens the closet door.

WORMWOOD

Because it can lead us to the one who  
summoned it in the first place. The  
Summoner is someone like you but bad.  
Well, bad in a different way. Evil.  
They open the gates that you try to  
keep closed, all for their own greed  
and power. There's a chance the  
Summoner could be closer than we  
think...

(suddenly remembering)

Oh! Before I go.

WORMWOOD produces a card and hands it to DORIAN.

WORMWOOD (CONT'D)

If you get the chance, fill this out  
regarding your experience today.

DORIAN

Are you serious?

WORMWOOD

I received some feedback and I'm  
trying to become better at managing  
you guardians. Any thoughts you have  
could help. Totally anonymous...

DORIAN

You're leaving me alone with a demon  
who wants to kill me.

WORMWOOD

On the card!

WORMWOOD leaves. DORIAN turns and faces his poor loft. His  
eyes dart around the room. Anything could be a demon.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. LEONIE'S WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - DAY

DORIAN and LEONIE put the finishing touches on their outfits. She helps him with his bow tie.

DORIAN

Thanks for letting me crash here for the week. You're a life saver.

LEONIE

Are you kidding? I once found a spider in the sink and made my dad demolish the condo. I completely understand. How many ants were there?

DORIAN

At least five. So embarrassing. I actually have to go back there before the social benefit today. I'm going to get... *the hat*.

LEONIE finishes with the bow tie. It looks like shit. Like the way you would tie a shoelace.

LEONIE

Lit can't wait. Everyone's gonna love you, and I promise, we are BOTH getting inducted this year.

DORIAN heads to the door.

DORIAN

You mean that?

LEONIE

Abso-Leonie-lutely. I just thought of that right now!  
(to Claire)  
Let's trademark that. Claire, can you work on making that a viral meme?  
Thaaaaaaaannnksss.

CLAIRE types on her phone.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DORIAN gingerly enters his apartment, noticing the STATUE in the same position we last saw it. He quickly scampers across his living room. He then scampers back with the NEO-WIMBLEDON HAT in his hand, never taking his eyes off the STATUE.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DORIAN'S LOFT - SAME TIME

DORIAN slowly shuts his door, turns around and-- AH! It's AMY.

DORIAN

Oh my God, it's you. I thought we canceled our appointment.

AMY

No, we rescheduled for today.

DORIAN

Rescheduling is the *polite* way of cancelling. I can't even right now.

He starts to leave. She follows after.

AMY

You can't keep avoiding me.

DORIAN

I've got to get to the social benefit. That's all there is to it.

AMY

What's this benefit for again?

DORIAN

Oh, *everyone* benefits.

He reaches the elevator.

AMY

Fine. I'll come and be your support.

DORIAN

It's a formal event.

AMY

Lucky for you, I keep a blazer crammed in the rolly-case in my car. Field work is part of my job. To use a football metaphor, I got your blind side covered. You're the offensive tackle, and I'm the woman who finds you on the side of the road and raises you like her own. Your sobriety streak starts today!

The elevator door starts to SHUT...

DORIAN

Sorry, can't hear you! The door's shutting!

AMY wedges her foot in the door.

AMY

Either we *both* go to the social benefit. Or we *both* go to court.

INT./EXT. GREENWICH LINEAGE AND RACQUET CLUB - DAY

DORIAN and AMY walk through the large gated entrance of the Greenwich Club, a gorgeous and imposing Stanford White-style building on Fifth Avenue (think the Metropolitan Club).

AMY's in a slightly rumpled bright pink blazer with sensible slacks. Everyone else is dressed like this is the Met Gala.

DORIAN

Look, you can't go in there. I'm sorry but you look ridiculous.

DORIAN places the enormous Neo-Wimbledon firmly on his head.

AMY

If you don't think a badass career woman can fit in with the hoity-toity, then you need to take a good look at yourself and ask why you haven't seen *Miss Congeniality*.

DORIAN

I'm going to need you to NOT tell everybody who you really are.

AMY

I would never violate our confidentiality. We'll just say I'm your friend.

DORIAN

No one's gonna buy that!

They walk though enormous lattice doors that lead into...

EXT. GREENWICH CLUB - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The courtyard is essentially a beautifully manicured French park. A crowd of the WEALTHIEST PEOPLE you could imagine mingle in ostentatious outfits and sip colorful cocktails. GREENWICH MEMBERS are identified by their ivory sashes.

AMY

Oh my God! Is that Tilda Swinton?!  
(squinting)  
(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just a bouquet of orchids.  
But still! Orchids!

DORIAN and AMY awkwardly make their way through the crowd.

LEONIE and a small pack of sashed socialites (TRISTAN, OCTAVIA and NINA) spot DORIAN and swarm him, enamored by the hat. LEONIE's reality show minions follow behind.

LEONIE

Oh Dorian... you've done it. She is abso-Leonie-lutely gorgeous.

OCTAVIA

I heard you designed her.

DORIAN

Yes! With Vivvy Westwood. And feel free to call her a he as well; the Neo-Wimbledon is gender fluid.

NINA

Well, brava! We *must* get a picture with him or her.

LEONIE produces a diamond encrusted iPhone. Everyone crowds in and she SNAPS a pic. She looks at it.

LEONIE

What the...?

INSERT: THE SELFIE. The socialites look great. AMY has totally photo-bombed the pic. Her face is blocking the hat.

She curtsies to introduce herself.

AMY

(to Leonie and others)  
Hi there. Gracie Hart, beauty queen.

DORIAN

(quietly)  
I know her from my pageant days. Gracie, this is Leonie Croften-Sears, soon-to-be reality star and my BFF. Nina Lavin, creative director of Paperless Post. Tristan Haute-Pauquet, heir to the Hot Pocket fortune; and his cousin Octavia Lean-Pauquet.

AMY

(to Tristan & Octavia)  
Love your family's work.

We hear the sound of CHIMES! TRIP, overcome with excitement, makes an announcement from the center of the courtyard.

TRIP

Let the Horsefeather match begin!

EXT. GREENWICH CLUB - COURTYARD - LATER

A CROWD lines the perimeter of the courtyard to watch the Horsefeather Match. What is Horsefeather? It's basically badminton on ponies. The official racquet sport of the Greenwich Club. The most enthusiastic spectator is AMY.

Just off to the side, DORIAN tries to distance himself from AMY. He sidles up to LEONIE at the outdoor bar.

DORIAN

Ugh, I need a drink. Is it too late to pretend like she came by herself?

LEONIE

Yeah, who is that? I thought you had only enemies from your pageant days.

(beat)

Okay, I've been waiting to tell you. Trip told me when I first got here that I'm definitely getting inducted this year.

DORIAN

What?! OMG! Congratulationssss...

(to Bartender)

Four margaritas, please.

LEONIE

Thank you! I'm sure it's going to happen to you too. I feel it.

AMY suddenly pops into the conversation.

AMY

(to Dorian)

I sure hope those aren't for you!

LEONIE looks puzzled.

AMY (CONT'D)

Dorian and I are getting matching colonics tomorrow, so we can't drink anything but saline water.

LEONIE

Right... well, I'm gonna go make sure we have enough b-roll of me watching the Horsefeather match.

LEONIE and her crew head off. DORIAN glares at AMY.

AMY

(to Dorian)

If you're ever worried what to say when people ask why you're not drinking, I find colonic gets the fewest follow-up questions.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH CLUB - GRAND MEETING HALL - LATER

TRIP addresses the crowd from behind a podium on a small stage at the head of the room.

TRIP

(a memorized speech)

A few words before we move to the Grand Banquet Hall. The Greenwich Lineage and Racquet Club of Manhattan was founded in 1772 and has been a second home to the most eminent and powerful world leaders and creators. Presidents, CEOs and dictators have all worn the ivory sash of approval. Your generous donation today ensures that our precious heritage never dies.

(beat)

On that note, it is with deepest pride and greatest pleasure that I introduce Greenwich President for Life... my Daddy.

HENRY CHAPMAN II (102), sits in a wheelchair off to the side. His frail old body looks too tiny for the tuxedo he is wearing. The old man mumbles something. It mostly comes out as a few struggling coughs.

As the garbling continues, DORIAN notices that AMY appears to be getting disastrously chummy with NINA LAVIN. DORIAN shuffles over, interrupts the conversation and pulls AMY away.

DORIAN

Hey. Gracie, can I talk to you a sec?

AMY

Dorian! I was just explaining to Nina how DIY colonics work. Can you believe she pays someone?

DORIAN

Look at me. This is the most important event of my life. I *need* you to not say *anything* for the rest of the day. Please.

AMY

You really think I could say something that would make these people not like you? If that's true, then no one here is worth your time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to le grande toilette.

DORIAN is about to follow her but is stopped by TRIP.

TRIP

Dorian, I've been meaning to tell you something since you got here.

DORIAN

Trip! Yes?

TRIP

I politely suggest you get rid of your uninvited guest. And by politely suggest, I mean intolerantly demand.

TRIP walks off.

INT. THE GREENWICH CLUB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DORIAN frantically searches for AMY. He jostles every door he comes to. Nothing!

DORIAN

(shout whispering)  
Amy! Gracie! Gracie-Amy!

He comes to TWO LARGE DOUBLE DOORS. He shoves them open and...

INT. THE GREENWICH CLUB - GRAND BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

DORIAN is alone in the GRAND BANQUET HALL. Fully dressed dinner tables await the flood of elite guests. Think classic 1960s Golden Globes. It's truly breathtaking.



He soaks it in. This is where belongs. He can feel it. Impulsively, he beelines to a pyramid of shimmering CHAMPAGNE FLUTES. He grabs one. Downs it. And then...

His HAT COMES ALIVE! Giant spider legs sprout from its sides and latch onto DORIAN'S head. DORIAN SCREAMS!

With all his might, DORIAN rips the hat off and throws it against the wall. The HAT is agile, regains its balance and scales its way up to the ceiling.

DORIAN, panicking, throws the first objects he can find at the creature: silverware, carafes of water, soup bowls. Anything! Nothing is working. The HAT launches itself at DORIAN.

INT. THE GREENWICH CLUB - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

AMY slowly makes her way down the hallway. She hears DORIAN scream. She picks up the pace.

AMY  
Mr. Gunn?

INT. THE GREENWICH CLUB - GRAND BANQUET HALL - SAME TIME

DORIAN runs to the other end of the room. The HAT gallops after him, pinning him on the buffet table! Then DORIAN flips over and pins the HAT! His eyes widen... Uh Oh...

The HAT starts glowing. Its demonic spirit emerges and tries to enter DORIAN'S body.

DORIAN pulls back and they both tumble onto the floor. He LEAPS onto a table. And then another. DORIAN leaps from table to table with the HAT in hot pursuit.

Finally, DORIAN corners himself against a wall. The HAT has him trapped. DORIAN reaches for something, anything he can get his hands on.

The HAT HISSES and ROARS at him. Then, just as the HAT leaps into the air, DORIAN manages to get his fingers around a bottle of VEUVE CHAMPAGNE. He tosses it!

SLOW-MOTION: The HAT and the SPINNING BOTTLE meet mid-air, exploding into a shower of champagne, glass and hat.

DORIAN is doused in alcohol.

He pounces on what's left of the HAT, pinning it to the ground. He reaches for more bottles. He smashes them on top of the HAT. He SCREAMS with adrenaline.

AMY (O.S.)  
(almost a whisper)  
Mr. Gunn?

He spins to find AMY in the doorway. Her jaw hangs open.

The SOLUS is gone and DORIAN realizes what AMY sees: a seriously disturbed man, covered in alcohol, attacking a hat in the middle of a banquet hall that he just destroyed.

DORIAN  
I... have a problem.

On the other side of the room, a set of doors BURST open. It's TRIP, surrounded by ALL THE MEMBERS AND HOPEFUL INDUCTEES.

It's quiet. All they see is utter destruction. The doors at the other end of the room slowly close shut. DORIAN and AMY have escaped just in time.

TRIP  
Daddy, look away!

The OLD MAN's SCREAM echoes throughout Manhattan.

INT. DORIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's raining. The living room is dark. A dejected DORIAN wears a kimono and stares out the window at the night. WORMWOOD lurks behind him.

DORIAN  
I'm ruined. It's over. I'm never going to get into Greenwich.

WORMWOOD  
You said no one saw you.

DORIAN  
Not that I know of. But a place like Greenwich *definitely* has little eye holes cut out of the portraits on their walls. It's the oldest mansion security feature in the book. My parents would be so disappointed in me.

WORMWOOD  
No, I think your parents would be proud that you defeated a demon. Or, almost defeated a demon...

Beat. DORIAN hears that and turns. A crash of THUNDER!

DORIAN  
Excuse me?

WORMWOOD  
Your mother was one of the greatest  
demon hunters we ever knew.

WORMWOOD and DORIAN are finally connecting.

DORIAN  
What?

WORMWOOD  
Who do you think named you their  
successor? Demon hunting is in your  
blood.

We hear a COMMOTION from another room. *The Solus should be gone, right?* DORIAN and WORMWOOD rush to check it out.

Through the doorway we see that nasty little RIVER GOBLIN humping the nude STATUE's leg. DORIAN, his mind swimming, takes it in.

DORIAN  
Oh my God. This is my life now.

WORMWOOD  
It looks worse than it is.

More RIVER GOBLIN goin' to town on the STATUE as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT