

# SAVE ME, ALEX BALDWIN!

Chapter 1, Verse 1:  
*"Slain in the Spirit"*

a pilot written by

Morgan Dingle

## TEASER

SPACE! Empty, infinite...

MUSIC! Epic, swelling...

STARS! Like, tons of them.

The CAMERA PANS off the abyssal void onto EARTH.

An ASTEROID floats into shot.

The SUN crests the horizon of Earth and illuminates the asteroid, catching faint metallic flecks of RED and YELLOW from its iron nickle insides.

A far LARGER ASTEROID floats into shot, shimmering hues of GREEN from its olivine interior.

The big asteroid \*COLLIDES\* with the little asteroid.

The small, red/yellow asteroid reels as a SMALL CHUNK of itself breaks off.

The chunk spins away...

...AND HEADS FOR EARTH.

## **EXT. AFRICA, LATE PLEISTOCENE EPOCH - DAWN**

The SUN hangs low over a verdant, prehistoric world. Our EARS FILL with savage, animal sounds.

A tiny ELEPHANT SHREW scurries up a big BOULDER.

It reaches the top and rears back on its hind legs, sniffing the air, a little lord surveying its fiefdom.

A HAIRY HAND SNATCHES UP THE SHREW.

An adolescent DINOPITECHUS (you can just call him "baboon") looks down at the frightened shrew in its clutched fist for a moment...

...then BITES its head off.

A less-hairy HAND enters frame and \*SLAPS\* the baboon on the back of the head.

The baboon drops the headless shrew and darts off, barking.

A hairy HOMO SAPIAN MAN snatches up the shrew and usurps the the rock. He's in nothing but a fur LOIN CLOTH and clutching a bent, pointed STICK he maybe thinks is a spear.

The baboon scurries a safe distance away and turns to sit, facing the man...

The man sends a douchebaggy chuckle the baboon's way before violently BITING the shrew's headless torso in half.

The baboon GRUNTS and turns his head, snout up. He's a bigger man than that dick.

WE HEAR A LOW GROWL O.S. and both man and monkey turn...

A mangy DINOCROCUTA appears from behind a bush nearby... which is just a fancy name for a giant, six-foot, super-hyena we can all be very happy is extinct.

The baboon BARKS and darts off.

The man sits frozen in terror, watching the beast pad closer and closer towards him...

The super-hyena stops and shifts its weight onto its hind quarters; grinning yellow, nightmare teeth; about to pounce...

A \*BOOM\* PIERCES OUR EARS O.S. as a flaming METEOR punctures the atmosphere above.

The hyena and the man look up, watching the FIERY STREAK fall from the sky.

.  
.  
.  
.

AND HIT THE HYENA.

THE HYENA \*EXPLODES\* IN A FLURRY OF FIRE, FUR AND FLESH.

The man FLIES BACKWARDS off the rock.

As the ASH and SMOKE settle, the man peeps up from behind the rock to see:

A cricket ball-sized METEORITE glowing red-hot in a hyena-sized crater.

CHORAL MUSIC STARTS TO SWELL: a guttural, primal choir of ululating voices trying to find harmony without pitch.

The man-- as awed as he is petrified-- approaches the little rock...

In the bushes nearby, the baboon watches on, curiously...  
The CAMERA TRACKS IN SLOWLY on the rock.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. FIRE-SCORCHED, BONE-STREWN CAVE - DAY**

The red/yellow meteorite is on a WOODEN PLINTH in a cave.

Behind it on the wall are CAVE PAINTINGS depicting the little rock and its super-hyena-defeating feats. Hey, look at that: the baboon has also made it into the story glyphs.

The man stands in front of the meteorite, eyes glistening with tears, body smeared with RED AND YELLOW MUD...

THE MUSIC CHANGES, the voices finding synchronicity...

The baboon hops down from a tree outside and peeps into the cave's entrance.

THE BABOON'S PERSPECTIVE:

The man falls to his knees in front of the rock and utters a prayer.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

The baboon watches, head cocked, picking its nose...

The CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY towards the rock from a LOW ANGLE as THE CHORAL VOICES SWELL and finally find their tune:

It's the iconic, choir-sung outro of Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise".

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOUD, PRETENTIOUS, OVERCROWDED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

A DJ is standing behind a plinth (SAME LOW ANGLE AS THE ROCK) in a club spinning a bad EDM SAMPLE of Coolio's one-hit wonder.

**TITLE: 87 659 YEARS LATER**

A MAN (33) gyrates on a crowded dance floor among people much prettier and better at dancing than he is.

This is NICK and he's below average height, above average weight, and completely forgettable. You wouldn't even notice him if the camera wasn't pointed straight at his mug.

Next to him, swaying from side-to-side, is his Best Bud, JEFF (32). Jeff looks like he auditioned for the role of Hugh Grant's roommate in *Notting Hill* but was too gangling and scruffy to land the gig.

Jeff is less interested in dancing than he is with his COCKTAIL: a green, steaming ecosystem in a fishbowl that might actually have fish in it.

Through the writhing crowd, Nick spots a WOMAN (30) across the dance-floor. Tall, tattooed, tanned-- Nick is picturing Jessica Alba as a Suicide Girl.

THE WOMAN LOOKS STRAIGHT AT NICK.

Nick almost evacuates himself and what little rhythm he had in the first place falters.

The woman finds this hysterical. She laughs and mimics his clumsy dance moves.

Nick's cheeks turn the shade Crayola calls "Permanent Geranium Lake."

The woman giggles and shimmies over to Nick. She shouts something into his ear. He chuckles nervously and shouts something back. It would be great if we could hear them, but the decibel levels in clubs are just mental these days.

Jeff is dumbstruck: watching his friend getting chatted up by this goddess is like witnessing Christ rise. If Christ was in a push-up bra and high-cut jorts.

Nick and the woman share a joke... we think... then start dancing again. Together.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WOMAN'S SMALL BUT WELL-DECORATED APARTMENT - MORNING**

The woman is in the shower, her SILHOUETTE made out through the frosted glass.

Nick is lying in the bed-- naked, hair ruffled-- watching her form with a self-satisfied smug on his face. "Gangsta's Paradise" isn't playing anymore, but Nick's HUMMING it like a personal anthem.

He sighs and lies back, arms behind his head, pleased as punch... then double takes as he sees:

ALEC BALDWIN lying in the bed next to him, pumped in a NAVY SUIT and RED TIE, hair perfectly coiffed.

NICK

Fuck me!

Nick lunges/falls off the bed.

Alec Baldwin jerks up into a seated position.

ALEC BALDWIN

(amused)

Whoa! Look at that!

The WOMAN rushes into the room, wet and naked. Okay, she's made it into two scenes so let's give her a name:

MAGGIE

What's going on? You okay?

(beat)

Was it a cricket? I have crickets...

Nick is hyperventilating.

NICK

(points at bed)

The guy! The guy there--  
whatshisname--

(can't think)

One of the Baldwins! Why is he in  
your bed?!

MAGGIE turns to the bed... then turns back to Nick, concerned.

Now that we can see them better, let's talk about Maggie's TATTOOS: thin-lined and laced over random parts of her body, those familiar with Chaos Magick will recognize them as beautifully intricate SIGILS.

ALEC BALDWIN

Baldwins? What's a Bal--

Alec Baldwin notices the nude woman and his brain train derails. His eyebrows betray how impressed he is.

Maggie fishes around the corner of the bathroom for a towel, suddenly very aware of how naked she is.

**PRODUCTION NOTE:** We will be seeing an awful lot of Maggie's body in this series, but none of the bits you're currently thinking of. Shame on you.

MAGGIE

Ummm... a Baldwin? In my bed?

NICK  
 (panic)  
 You don't see him?!

She can't get the towel around herself quick enough.

MAGGIE  
 Gee, this has been swell and all...

Alec Baldwin doesn't like the towel.

ALEC BALDWIN  
 (to Maggie)  
 No, wait, please don't do that--

NICK  
 Stop talking!

Maggie jolts: an awkward situation just turned scary.

NICK  
 No-- no, not you.  
 (points)  
 Him! He needs to stop talking!

Alec Baldwin mimes apologetically and zips his lips shut.

NICK  
 What are you doing here?! Why can't  
 she see you?!

Maggie looks back-and-forth between the bed and Nick, a petrified ping-pong spectator.

Alec Baldwin stares at Nick... blinks...

ALEC BALDWIN  
 (whispers)  
 Can I talk again?

Maggie clocks Nick and her eyes widen.

MAGGIE  
 Whoa. Uh, dude? Is your eye okay?

No it is not: Nick's left peeper has veered off drastically to the left, leaving his eyes as misaligned as Marty Feldman's.

NICK  
 My eye? What's wrong with my--

Nick has a gander into the MIRROR nearby. He sees his new look and cold panic rigors through his body.

Oh, also, Alec Baldwin isn't showing up in the reflection.

ALEC BALDWIN  
 (impressed)  
 Now that's something.  
 (beat)  
 Can you make the other one do that?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GRIMY SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RUN-DOWN CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY**

Nick (now clothed) is walking as fast as his skinny legs can take him down a sidewalk outside a CATHOLIC CHURCH. He's clutching his SOCKS and SHOES in one hand while covering his left eye with the other.

Alec Baldwin is playing catch-up behind him.

ALEC BALDWIN  
 Hey! Wait for me!

Nick turns to see Alec Baldwin following him and UPENDS over a GARBAGE CAN.

Alec Baldwin offers him a hand, laughing.

ALEC BALDWIN  
 Hey, that's some fun. You okay?

NICK  
 Get away from me!

Nick jumps back up and takes an offensive stance in front of the movie star, knuckles loaded.

NICK  
 Look, guy, I don't know what the fuck this is or what the fuck is going on, but you need to get fuck away, 'kay?

Alec Baldwin looks at Nick, amused, then turns to gaze about, more amused.

Okay, so it's getting tiring typing the word "amused" so from here on out you are welcome to assume that EVERYTHING amuses Alec Baldwin.

ALEC BALDWIN  
 Wowee, wowee... Where are we?



NICK

What?

ALEC BALDWIN

This place? What is it?

Nick is now also looking around...

NICK

Um. Shit. I don't actually know.

Alec Baldwin takes in a deep breath.

ALEC BALDWIN

It's wonderful.

An OLD TAXI splutters past and \*BACKFIRES\* a plume of SMOKE into the air.

Alec Baldwin smiles at the taxi, pointing at it like a home-schooled child seeing a little person for the first time.

Tears are welling up in Nick's eyes, the situation too surreal for him to handle...

He notices a PUB across the street. It's called SUNDAYS.

Nick beelines for the pub, leaving Alec Baldwin taking in the scenery behind him.

**INT. SUNDAYS PUB - CONTINUOUS**

The BELL above the pub's door \*TINKLES\* as Nick enters and heads straight for the bar. Behind it is a good-looking MALE BARTENDER (26) taking inventory.

BARTENDER

Hey, ho, buddy, hold up there-- not open yet.

Nick plunks his shoes and socks on top of the bar.

NICK

Double shot of Jack, quick. Please.

The bartender sighs with his head cocked back in a "Why me?" manner and looks at where his watch isn't.

BARTENDER

Why the fuck not-- it's already 8am, right?

He pours the drink... then notices Nick's eye.

BARTENDER  
Not the first Jack this morning, I  
see...

NICK  
You heard me say "quick", yes?

As Nick impatiently drums his fingers on the bartop, the  
BELL above the door \*TINKLES\* again O.S.

Nick winces.

Alec Baldwin walks up and stands next to him.

ALEC BALDWIN  
(chuckling)  
Gee-whiz, you're a spry one!

Alec Baldwin notices the barman and his eyebrows pop.

ALEC BALDWIN  
Now you, sir, are devastatingly  
handsome!  
(to Nick)  
Do you think it fair to assume he  
has a big penis?

Nick sinks his head onto a bent arm on the bar.

NICK  
Jesusjesusjesusjesus--

BARTENDER  
Doesn't hang here, bud. Try across  
the street.

NICK  
Can I ask you something?  
(apprehensive... then)  
Do you see this guy next to me?

BARTENDER  
Who?

NICK  
A Baldwin. One of the brothers.

BARTENDER  
Which one?

NICK  
Alex. I think.

ALEC BALDWIN  
Alex? Is that me?

BARTENDER  
You mean Alec.

NICK  
Alec?

ALEC BALDWIN  
(grandiose)  
Alex.

BARTENDER  
No.

NICK  
No, it's not Alex?

BARTENDER  
No, I mean I don't see Alec Baldwin  
standing next to you.

ALEC BALDWIN  
Alex. I like the name. It's sharp,  
powerful...  
(to bartender)  
I'd like it better if you said it!

NICK  
Awesome.

**NOTE:** From here on out (just so we don't get confused)  
Nick's hallucinatory Alec Baldwin will be referred to as  
"Alex" Baldwin in these pages.

Nick realizes something and fishes around in his pockets. He  
smacks his forehead.

NICK  
Goddamnit. That's just--  
(to bartender)  
Hey, do you have a phone I can use?  
I left mine at a girl's place...

BARTENDER  
Tina Fey?

NICK  
These jokes are very helpful,  
please keep them coming.

The Bartender fishes out his cellphone and hands it over.

BARTENDER

Here, use mine. 'Nother double?

NICK

(stupidest question ever)  
Of course.

Nick starts dialing.

Alex Baldwin looks down at the phone with awe. As Nick hits the buttons, Alex Baldwin playfully mimics along with the cutesy \*BEEP\* sounds they make.

**TIME CUT:**

The bell above the door \*TINKLES\* as Jeff rushes through it. He's wearing SURGICAL SCRUBS with BLOOD SMEARS all over them and has OAKLEY SUNGLASSES on that look like they were handed out free at a paintball expo.

Nick is sitting in a booth with many EMPTY SHOT GLASSES in front of him. He's PLASTERED.

Alex Baldwin is on the dance floor doing a jig to "The Ghost In You" by the Psychedelic Furs croaking out the JUKEBOX.

Next to him swaying side-to-side is a PROSTITUTE (43?) downing her first/last drink of the morning/evening.

Jeff rushes up to the booth.

JEFF

Sorry, came as soon as I could.  
There was this horse, see-- Jesus!  
What's up with your eye?!

NICK

(all hope abandoned)  
I'm unwell.

Jeff slides into the booth opposite Nick, removes the shades, places them on the tabletop.

JEFF

And Alec Baldwin?

Nick gestures to the dance floor.

Jeff looks over. Alex Baldwin sees him and waves.

JEFF

You think that hooker is Alec  
Baldwin?

NICK  
No. He's dancing with her. He seems  
to like the ladies...

JEFF  
I've heard.

NICK  
Jeff, I'm careening here, man.  
Something fucked-up is happening  
*inside* me. Can you check me out?

JEFF  
Dude. I'm a vet.

NICK  
(points at eye)  
Well then what does it mean when a  
dog's eye does this?

JEFF  
Well, it depends on the breed.  
Strabismus is quite common in pugs  
and Boston terriers-- weakened eye  
muscles due to interbreeding. It  
can occur in other dogs through  
injury, though--  
(thinks)  
Oh, wait, you didn't scratch your  
cornea in a fight, did you?

Nick squints at his jackass friend.

Jeff stares back, genuinely keen for an answer.

NICK  
No. Jeff. I'm quite certain I  
didn't scratch my cuntin' cornea in  
a fight.

Jeff takes out his phone and starts dialing.

NICK  
Hey, hold on, who you calling?

JEFF  
(phone to ear)  
Colleague of mine's dad's a  
neurologist down at Little Company  
of Mary-- we're going to go see  
him. Like right now.

NICK  
 (turns wan)  
 Neurologist?

JEFF  
 Buddy-boy, your eye's gone all  
 Chihuahua and you're seeing has-  
 been celebs running about-- want me  
 to call my accountant?

Nick's welling up again...

NICK  
 Oh god, oh god! See?! See I told  
 you! Nothing good comes from going  
 out to nightclubs! And at our age!

Jeff stops dialing and turns defensive.

JEFF  
 Hey, if I didn't drag your lazy ass  
 out of that ratty apartment you  
 wouldn't get out at all! You sit  
 around, playing fucking video  
 games-- I had no choice but to kick  
 your door down and blow the dust  
 off your dick. Oh, and I'm fucking  
 sorry, but did you not get laid  
 last night? By a goddamn goddess!  
 And at your age!

NICK  
 (points at eye)  
 And just look what it did to me!  
 Apparently if you don't use it, you  
 sure as fuck lose it-- my head  
 exploded!

Jeff starts dialing again.

NICK  
 No, please, I'm sorry-- just give  
 me a moment, okay? I need time to  
 process all this. Just, put the  
 phone down for a bit-- and anyways  
 I have to be at work soon, there's  
 WiFi issues.  
 (gestures to bartender)  
 Let's get a drink.

JEFF  
 WiFi? Are you fucking kid-- Oh no  
 you don't, you're doing it again!

Jeff springs up and shuffles into the booth next to Nick, a bit too close. Nick notices the RED SMEARS on Jeff's scrubs.

NICK

Dude, you have horse blood on you.

JEFF

Nick, you do this, yes? This is your thing. With the indecision and the procrastination and the abandoned life goals and such. Something is going on inside your *head*, buddy. This isn't the time to be inert-- you're going to act! For fucking once! Action, action, action!

NICK

Fuck you, inert. You're inerting my feelings.

JEFF

But it's okay. I'm here now. We're going to fix this. Just follow my lead and we'll face this together. I'm all yours. You are my focus. I'm not going to abandon you like your--

Suddenly Jeff's phone \*RINGS\*. He answers it immediately.

JEFF

Dave? How's Vestured Ovis doing?

(listens)

Oh! What a relief!

(cups phone, to Nick)

She's going to make it.

Jeff hops up.

JEFF

I gotta take this-- don't go anywhere. Oh, and whatever you do, don't call your fucking witch of a mother.

Jeff walks off to take the call.

NICK

I don't have a phone! And I do need to go to work!

The song ends and Alex Baldwin comes over, applauding. As Jeff passes him, Alex Baldwin holds out his hand.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Hi, guy! I'm Alex. It's a pleasure  
to--

Jeff, of course, just walks on by.

Alex Baldwin blinks at his outstretched hand, shrugs, walks over to the booth, scoots in next to Nick.

ALEX BALDWIN  
It's the strangest thing, but I  
don't think anyone else can see  
me...  
(chuckles)  
Hey, what's a has-been?

Nick shoots Alex Baldwin an icy glare.

NICK  
Fuck this noise, I'm out.

Nick snatches up Jeff's sunglasses and limbo-bars down under the table to make an exit. Alex Baldwin is delighted with the antic and laughs.

ALEX BALDWIN  
See?! What did I say? Spry!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MAIMAN & SONS OFFICES - OCEAN OF EMPTY CUBICLES - DAY**

Nick looks around the corner of a MARBLE COLUMN to make sure the coast is clear. He has on Jeff's sunglasses.

He's surveying the office space of MAIMAN & SONS, an investment firm that's firmly trapped in the 90s: interior design straight outta *The Gordon Gecko Guide To Feng Shui*.

Nick's relived to see that the place is its usual Saturday morning emptiness...

Alex Baldwin pops his head around the same column.

ALEX BALDWIN  
(gasps)  
Look at the view!

Nick ignores Alex Baldwin and darts off through the cubicles, keeping his head down.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Hey! Why are you hiding?



As Nick passes a cubicle, he jolts as he sees:

A MASTURBATING MAN. This is CHUCK, a 28-year-old Tom Arnold type who's just one Red Bull and Adderall drop away from cardiac arrest. He's dressed like the Paul Smith catalog told him he should.

CHUCK

Jesus!

Chuck quickly tries to put himself back in his pants and minimize the PORN VIDEOS (all NUN/PRIEST themed) playing silently on all three of his PC MONITORS.

NICK

Christ, Chuck!

Chuck looks relieved when he realises it's just Nick.

NICK

Fuck, Puss (*pronounced like the cat, not the discharge*)-- I thought it was someone important!

Suddenly, in the b.g. behind Nick, CHAD pops his head up over a cubicle wall. He looks just like a taller, thinner Chuck and is clearly defiling himself as well.

CHAD

Whozat?!

CHUCK

(to chad)

False alarm! Just Puss!

CHAD

Puss! You piece of shit! Where you been!

CHUCK

We said eight, Puss! Where you been?!

CHAD

We said eight, Puss!

Nick's head is about to pop off from whipping back-and-forth between his two vituperators.

Alex Baldwin is beyond amused at the scene.

NICK

I know, okay, I lost my--

CHUCK  
The WiFi's down, Puss! We're  
tethering over here!

CHAD  
(holds up cellphone)  
Tethering, Puss! Like fucking  
tweens!

Chuck turns inquisitive and hops up, attacking Nick's face.

CHUCK  
Hey what's with the shades?

As he gets close to Nick he reels back, far too  
dramatically.

CHUCK  
Christ on a Segway, Puss! You smell  
like a Homeless Harry!  
(to Chad)  
Hey Chad! Puss' been on a piss-up!

Chad comes over, laughing, doing up his pants...

CHAD  
Lemme!

He grabs Nick by the head and sniffs his mouth.

CHAD  
Fuck me, Puss! You're positively  
fuckin' flammable! You get laid  
too?

Chad EGG FLAPS Nick.

NICK  
Ooomph!

Nick grabs his crotch, bending double, ejecting the  
sunglasses from off his face.

Both Chad and Chuck recoil in horror at the sight of Nick's  
misaligned eye.

CHAD  
Arg! What the fuck is up with your  
eye?!

Chuck is trying to talk but can't stop dry heaving. He's  
turning red in the face-- looks like it might not be the Red  
Bull and Adderall that gets him.

CHUCK  
Put-- *harf*-- put those fuckin'  
things-- *harf*-- back on!

CHAD  
(can't look/can't not)  
Oh God. It's like a marble in a  
bath tub.

Nick snatches up the sunglasses and puts them back on.  
He walks off quickly, turning red. Alex Baldwin follows.

CHUCK  
(after Nick)  
How much did you fucking drink?!  
(then, to Chad, worried)  
Booze can't do that, can it?

**INT. MAIMAN & SONS OFFICES - SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Nick enters a dark, windowless server room lit by thousands of dancing LED lights on the racks-upon-racks of SERVERS.

Alex Baldwin stops and gasps. He cups his hands over his mouth, stifling himself, before lowering them to his heart like an antebellum debutante at a flower show.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Oh, Nick... It's beautiful.

Nick ignores him and heads over to a single CONSOLE of a MONITOR, DESK and CHAIR.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Oh no... Can you not see me  
anymore?

Nick hovers over the back of the chair and starts pounding away at the keyboard like a Redditor. It's too dark for him to see; he stops, lifts the sunglasses to his forehead, then blasts away at the keyboard again.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Hey, Nick. I'm here. Over here.  
It's me. It's Alex.

Nick ignores him.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Alexalexalexalexalexalexalex--

It's futile, Nick's not giving in.

Alex Baldwin huffs and looks at Nick skeptically for a mo...  
 ...THEN SCREAMS INTO NICK'S EAR.

Not a normal scream, a talking Japanese horror flick HOWL.  
 Nick reels back, almost crashing to the ground.

NICK  
 Aaaaah! Just go away!

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Aha! You do see me!

Nick drops down to the chair and starts to whimper into his hands.

NICK  
 What the fuck is this? What is happening to me?

Alex Baldwin looks genuinely concerned and leans down, taking Nick's hands in his.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 It's okay, I'm here now...

NICK  
 Exactly! That's exactly the fucking problem! Why are you here?  
 (looks at hands)  
 And-- oh God-- why can I *feel* you?

Alex Baldwin smiles broadly, shrugs.

NICK  
 And why the hell are you Alec Baldwin?

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Uh uh, Alex. I'm Alex Baldwin. Said so yourself.

NICK  
 (to a toddler)  
 No... you are *Alec* Baldwin. The actor.

Alex Baldwin straightens back up again and ponders this.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Um... don't think so... don't remember that.

NICK  
Remember? Whaddayamean?

ALEX BALDWIN  
I remember being in that bed.

NICK  
...and before that?

ALEX BALDWIN  
Dunno. What do you remember before  
you were born?

NICK  
Um. Nothing?

ALEX BALDWIN  
(eureka)  
Ooh! Yes! That!

NICK  
(through tears)  
I can't actually do this right  
now-- I have to fix the WiFi...

He starts at the keyboard again.

ALEX BALDWIN  
So, this is your work, yes? What do  
you do here?

NICK  
(sniff)  
Head of IT.

ALEX BALDWIN  
I'm sure they give you a lot of  
money. Your mother must be so very  
proud of you.

Nick darts him a glare, the word 'mother' flicking a raw  
nerve.

NICK  
Nope, the masturbators are the ones  
make the money. I make sure their  
financial channeling systems and  
currency protocols are aligned so  
that they can--  
(stops himself)  
What the fuck am I doing? Why am I  
even talking to you?

ALEX BALDWIN  
 They won't give you any of the  
 money? Well that seems hardly fair.  
 I think I'll go have a word with  
 them.

Alex Baldwin heads out the door. There's a beat... before he  
 ENTERS THE SHOT AGAIN FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, startling a  
 YELP out of Nick.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 That's peculiar. Why can't I leave  
 this room?

NICK  
 I'm guessing because you don't  
 exist in rooms I'm not in.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 That's a zinger...  
 (giant revelation)  
 Wait a minute...

Alex Baldwin leans down close to Nick and gets sincere.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Nick?  
 (beat)  
 Nick, are you my daddy?

Nick leans in close...

NICK  
 Yes. That is right. I am your  
 daddy.  
 (beat)  
 And I am very disappointed with  
 you.

Nick \*SLAPS\* Alex Baldwin through the face.

NICK  
 Bad Alex Baldwin!  
 (points to door)  
 Scram! Get!

Alex Baldwin stands, rubbing his cheek.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Well I guess I'm just going to have  
 to do better then...

Nick is turning teary all over again. He stops himself and  
 goes back to working at the console.

NICK  
There. Done.

He gets up and marches out the room, putting the sunglasses back on.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MAIMAN & SONS OFFICES - OCEAN OF CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS**

Nick looks around the corner again:

No Chuck and Chad.

He sighs, relieved. He heads for the door quick-sticks, Alex Baldwin in tow.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Hey, where are your fiends?

SUDDENLY JEFF ENTERS FRAME AND RUGBY TACKLES NICK TO THE GROUND.

Alex Baldwin giggles.

Jeff, sitting on top of Nick, hyperventilates as he brings a SHOCK COLLAR up into frame.

JEFF  
Now... are we going to be a good boy... or do I need to use this?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL - M.R.I. ROOM - DAY**

Nick is lying dead-still inside an M.R.I. machine as BLUE LIGHTS flash over his head.

Squashed-up next to him is Alex Baldwin watching the lights like a Space Camp kid in a planetarium.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY**

CU on an X-RAY OF A BRAIN getting slapped onto a LIGHT BOX.

DOCTOR  
Jesus Christ.

A DOCTOR (65) with a GINGER FRO is standing looking at the x-ray. This is DR. KASSIN. He's sucking on a lollipop and dressed in a lab coat hanging open to reveal a gaudy VERSACE SHIRT unbuttoned far too low, exposing a lush bloom of ORANGE CHEST HAIR. A YARMULKE matching the same pattern as the shirt sits atop his head.

Dr. Kassin turns. Jeff and Nick are sitting across the desk from him. Alex Baldwin is perched on the edge of the desk admiring a JAR OF LOLLIPOPS.

Dr. Kassin sits down and exhales dramatically.

DR. KASSIN

Okee dokes... so we got some stuff to talk about. You sure you want him here?

NICK

Of course I don't. That's why I came.

Dr. Kassin looks perplexed.

Alex Baldwin, more-so.

JEFF

He means me.

NICK

Jeff stays.  
(deep exhale)  
So. What's the diagnosis?

DR. KASSIN

You kidding, right?  
(turns to x-ray)  
Oh, you can't see it from there...

They all get up and walk over to the x-ray.

DR. KASSIN

Well then let me introduce you.

He extends a RETRACTABLE POINTER and taps it to the HYPOTHALAMUS at the base of the brain.

CU on a tiny DARK MASS inside the PITUITARY GLAND.

JEFF

Is that a tumor?

DR. KASSIN

Bingo.



NICK  
I have a brain tumor?

DR. KASSIN  
Goes by the name *pituitary adenoma*.

NICK  
But... but how...  
(wait)  
Am I going to die?

DR. KASSIN  
Of course.  
(beat)  
But most probably not from that. As far as tumors go, you, my friend, have won the lottery.  
(points at x-ray)  
See the faint line around it? That's a sign of calcification-- loss of blood-flow. It means this thing isn't growing anymore. You could have had this for ages, maybe even died an old man not knowing it was there...

NICK  
But my eye-- and fucking Alex Baldwin--

DR. KASSIN  
Alec Baldwin.

NICK  
Try telling him that. Why's he here?

Dr. Kassin steps back and looks around.

DR. KASSIN  
Are you still seeing him? At this moment?

Alex Baldwin looks around the room, confused.

NICK  
Yes!

DR. KASSIN  
Wow. I'm such a fan. Hallucinations are common in cases like yours, but I've never heard of one with such...

(pause)  
Gravitas.

Alex Baldwin shrugs bashfully at the compliment.

NICK  
Well can you gravitas him the fuck  
outta here?

DR. KASSIN  
How do you mean?

NICK  
(taps x-ray)  
The tumor, *Doctor*-- my fucking  
lottery-winning tumor! How are we  
going to get it out?

DR. KASSIN  
Why, through your nose of course.  
(taps Nick's nose with  
pointer)  
But not just yet. There's some  
stuff you need to know first.

Dr. Kassin gestures at him to sit back down. They all do.

Alex Baldwin goes and takes a closer look at the tumor...

Dr. Kassin picks up a SKULL CROSS-SECTION from his desk and  
pokes the middle of it with the pointer.

DR. KASSIN  
This here is your hypothalamus.  
It's the control center for your  
whole body. The tumor in question  
is sitting right here, near the  
chiasm, where your optical nerves  
meet. Now it's very common to get  
visual hallucinations from a  
pituitary adenoma but the fact that  
you're *hearing* him too, whoa now,  
that's a whole different kettle of  
fish. It means this little guy is  
causing a whole bunch of problems.  
Tell me, have you been feeling  
stressed?

NICK  
You joking, right?

DOCTOR  
What about sexual dysfunction?

JEFF  
Just figuratively.

DR. KASSIN  
Well you can expect a whole lot more of both. And some other stuff too. Like I said: control center.

Nick slumps his head into his hands.

DR. KASSIN  
Look, this really isn't that bad. So you have a brain tumor. Things could be worse. All-in-all, I'd say you have an eighty-percent chance.

NICK  
Chance?! What *chance*?! You just said it's not doing anything!

DR. KASSIN  
Not now, it isn't. But, you know... who knows? It could get worse one day.

Nick's head is in his hands again.

DR. KASSIN  
It's not that different from normal life. Any of us could die at any moment, really. You could be crossing the street one day and--  
(smacks fist into palm)  
Bam!

There's an awkward moment of silence.

NICK  
Um... and a bus hits me?

DR. KASSIN  
No.  
(points to x-ray)  
The tumor.  
(concerned)  
Am I not explaining this properly?

ALEX BALDWIN  
(at x-ray)  
It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen...

JEFF

What about his eye? And the Baldwin thing? If the tumor is benign, why is it happening?

DR. KASSIN

(to x-ray)

The little guy most probably got knocked around a bit in there. Pinballed about and pinged some stuff it shouldn't. Did you do anything stressful? Any uncommon physical exertion?

Jeff snorts out a laugh.

JEFF

Very uncommon...

Nick gives Jeff a look that makes it very clear how helpful his comedy is at this moment in time.

DR. KASSIN

Well, try not to do it too often.

JEFF

(can't not laugh)

Shouldn't be a problem.

NICK

Can you fix it? Can we cancel the Alex Baldwin show?

JEFF

Wait, has there ever been an Alec Baldwin show?

DR. KASSIN

You'd think so, but no, there hasn't.

JEFF

Weird, huh? You think of the guy, and you're like, I'm sure he's had his own show, right? But he hasn't?

DR. KASSIN

A travesty! An icon with his stature in the industry--

NICK

Can we just get him the fuck outta here!

Jeff and Dr. Kassin look a little sheepish.

ALEX BALDWIN

Hold on-- what are you guys talking about? Am I going somewhere?

DR. KASSIN

It would be irresponsible to perform surgery just yet. First let's put you on some pills. Drug called *Bromocriptine*. Should shrink the tumor. Might make it disappear all together.

ALEX BALDWIN

But I don't want to leave.

DR. KASSIN

Or not. It really is hard to tell, you know. People are all different.  
(chuckles)  
Bodies are such weird things!

Dr. Kassin starts to laugh. Alex Baldwin doesn't get it but laughs along anyway.

DR. KASSIN

Don't worry. I'll walk you through all of this. We just need to run a few more tests. Let's get going and sort you out.

They all get up and head for the door. Jeff stops and fishes around in the jar of lollipops.

DR. KASSIN

What are you doing?

Jeff freezes with a lollipop in hand.

JEFF

Um... lolly?

DR. KASSIN

Why would you just take that? Those are my lollipops, not your lollipops. This isn't pediatrics!

Jeff slinks out the door, Dr. Kassin snatching the lollipop from him as he does.

Dr. Kassin turns to Nick, wagging the lollipop in his face.

DR. KASSIN  
 You guys need to start taking this  
 more seriously. This is life and  
 death, for God's sake.

A look of shock falls over Nick's face.

NICK  
 But you just said--

Dr. Kassin SHUTS THE DOOR on us.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NICK'S MOM'S BORING-ASS, GRAYSCALE APARTMENT - DAY**

Nick is sitting on a couch looking like he could really use  
 a teleportation device. His eye's still wonky BUT NOT AS  
 BAD.

In front of him his Mother, VERA (who looks more like his  
 grandmother), is pacing back-and-forth, crying.

VERA  
 This is horrible... just ghastly!  
 Why didn't you call?

NICK  
 Because I lost my phone. And  
 because you would have been all  
 rational and shit--  
 (gestures to her pacing)  
 --a la this.

VERA  
 This is my fault. I had you too  
 late. They told me-- they all told  
 me how old I was but I was too  
 selfish to listen...  
 (points at Nick's eye)  
 And now look!

NICK  
 You know what clears brain tumors  
 right up, Ma? Guilt. Works a bomb.  
 (tilts head forward)  
 Why don't you rub some more on.

She sits down next to him, skeptical...

VERA  
 But you said they got it out,  
 right? You're okay now?

Alex Baldwin-- hidden from camera until now-- LEANS INTO SHOT and picks a COOKIE up off the coffee table.

NICK  
 (pants on fire)  
 Yup. All fine. It's outta there.  
 Yanked out my nose.

VERA  
 And you were *hallucinating*? It must have been terrifying! Are you on medication?

NICK  
 Some pills. Bronco-Krypton.  
 (glares at Alex Baldwin)  
 Might need to up the dose though.

Alex Baldwin is leaning back in the armchair drinking tea and eating the cookie like it's got crack rocks in it.

VERA  
 Well, Nicholas, I hope you are going to see this as a wake-up call. You need to sort your self out! You can't just Sam-I-Am your way through life anymore! Jesus has worked a miracle on you and you are not going to wait for the invoice, young man!

NICK  
 Right on cue...

VERA  
 I'm sorry-- do you need *more* incentive? Do you need *another* brain tumor before you invite Jesus Christ into your heart as your personal savior?

As she says this she pokes Nick in the head.

NICK  
 Ow! Christ, Ma!

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Who's Jesus? Did he make this cookie?

NICK  
 Y'know, you're right, let's go to church so I can thank him personally--

(flips out)  
 --FOR GIVING ME A BRAIN TUMOR!

VERA  
 Don't you fucking blaspheme in my  
 home.

NICK  
 Nice mouth, Ma. You pick that up at  
 Sunday school?

Vera slits her eyes at her jackass son and then gets up,  
 gathering her purse.

VERA  
 That's a good idea, actually. Let's  
 get going.

NICK  
 What? Where?

VERA  
 Church. Where else?

NICK  
Now?

VERA  
 Yes, *now*, heathen. It's Sunday  
 morning.  
 (beat)  
 We can still catch the second  
 service.

Nick settles deeper into the couch, arms folded.

NICK  
 Nope. Sorry. Not a chance in any  
 pants.

His mother delivers him a look. You know the one.

There's an awkward moment...

...then Alex Baldwin jumps up, filling his pockets with  
 cookies.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 This is going to be great!

**CUT TO:**



**INT. CATHEDRAL OF HIS GLORY TABERNACLE - DAY**

Nick, Mom and Alex Baldwin are standing in a MEGACHURCH clapping and singing along with the rest of the overeager, thousand-plus CONGREGATION.

Alex Baldwin is having the time of his life. Nick is not.

On a STAGE in the front of the church, leading the song, is a BAND of 20-something KIDS who look like they smile for a living. Dancing off to the side is PASTOR PAUL: a clean-cut, white, 40-year-old MAN in a three-piece suit flashing more teeth than any one man should own.

The song ends and the crowd goes nuts.

Alex Baldwin claps ecstatically and shouts over to Nick:

ALEX BALDWIN  
This is great!

Pastor Paul takes the mic from the lead singer.

PASTOR PAUL  
That was great-- just great!  
Everyone, please thank Caleb and  
the Samaritan-Tans for leading us  
in worship.

Everyone does.

As the band leaves the stage, the FEMALE DRUMMER walks off and Pastor Paul lets his eyes follow her shapely derriere for just a moment... before turning back to his flock.

PASTOR PAUL  
Just great... And now-- now let's  
all close our eyes and let the Holy  
Ghost fill our mouths with his  
spirit...  
(beat)  
Let us speak in Tongues.

Everyone closes their eyes and the church starts to HUM as they all SPEAK IN TONGUES.

Alex Baldwin slams his eyes shut and starts flapping his tongue out his mouth comically, making sounds like a very distasteful Helen Keller impersonator.

NICK  
(whispering)  
Stop. Please just stop this.

Alex Baldwin is visibly taken aback.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Am I doing it wrong?

Mom is babbling away like a pro. She pops one eye open and frowns at her son.

NICK  
Why are you acting like this? Why can't you just be the creepy, quiet kind of hallucination and haunt me in silence? You're making all this so much worse!

Pastor Paul pops his baby-blue eyes open.

PASTOR PAUL  
Beautiful, just beautiful...

The congregation settles back down to silence apart from one or two babbling away in the background, too taken by the fullness of the Holy Ghost to stop.

ORGAN MUSIC KICKS IN. It's a cover of Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now."

PASTOR PAUL  
And now I urge those of you who want to give your lives over to the Host, to come on up here...

A couple of over-zealous TEENS walk up on to stage and put a WHITE ROBE over Pastor Paul's suit.

A low HUMMING SOUND is heard as a PLATFORM moves aside on the stage to reveal a steaming, bubbling JACUZZI underneath.

Random MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION make their way to the stage, removing ROBES and TRACKSUITS to reveal BIKINIS and SWIM SHORTS underneath.

Vera's eyes light up. She nudges Nick enthusiastically.

NICK  
You're pushing your luck, lady...

Alex Baldwin's head is whipping about with excitement.

ALEX BALDWIN  
What's going on?

People line up in front of the Jacuzzi as Pastor Paul steps in up to his waist and stretches his arms out.

PASTOR PAUL  
Let the Light of the Lord fill you!

The first baptisee-- a heavy, happy MAN in a Speedo-- steps into the water. Pastor Paul DUNKS him.

PASTOR PAUL  
I baptise you in the name of Jesus  
Christ our saviour!

Alex Baldwin's face beams.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Coming through!

He starts climbing over the seats towards the stage like an Oscar-winning, Italian auteur.

Nick drops his head back in agony.

NICK  
Why couldn't I have got Brendan  
Fraser?

**TIME CUT:**

Alex Baldwin springs up, dripping wet from the Jacuzzi, arms stretched out.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Halle-palooza!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Nick is sitting on the couch thumbing away lacklusterly at an XBOX CONTROLLER.

ON THE TV IS A VIDEO GAME:

The main character is a ROBOT JESUS running around a CITY STREET and shooting LASER BEAMS out his mouth. He ZAPS a couple of CIVILIANS to ASH before stopping in front of MAN and BEAMING him up into the sky with a tractor beam. The word *RAPTURED!* appears on the screen before the ROBO-CHRIST goes back to zapping other not-so-lucky people.

Alex Baldwin is pacing back-and-forth in a bathrobe, drying his hair with a towel.

ALEX BALDWIN  
I'm telling you-- I'm feeling it  
already. Everything is going to be  
better now.

NICK  
Oh yeah? That's great man, I'm  
really glad for you.

ALEX BALDWIN  
For us. For us, Nick. You heard the  
pretty man: eternal life, Jesus'  
love, and, and... that place...  
whatsit?

He snaps his fingers trying to think of the word.

NICK  
Heaven.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Heaven! Yeah, baby! That place  
sounds great! Y'know, back there at  
the hospital, I was pretty worried  
about being canceled... but now  
I'm...  
(all tingly)  
I'm a little excited about it!

He plops down next to Nick on the couch.

ALEX BALDWIN  
(aglow)  
Now all we have to do is wait.

NICK  
Why waste time? There's the  
window-- be a good boy and hop on  
out. Heaven's not getting any  
warmer.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Nick, you should maybe think more  
about this Jesus guy. He really  
makes sense. Why wouldn't you want  
to join his club?

NICK  
Uh-uh, not a club, a cult. A  
fairytale and diversion from real  
life.

That shit's just an excuse to drone your way through existence and live life stuck on your ass, not committing to anything in this reality.

Alex Baldwin smiles and looks at Nick, just sitting there, playing video games... He ejaculates a little chuckle.

Nick turns and gives Alex Baldwin the stink eye.

NICK

I'm fucking sorry, but why am I telling you shit from my head when you LIVE IN MY HEAD!

ALEX BALDWIN

I'm going to be riding on a pony with Jesus.

Nick tries to rub the frustration out his temples.

NICK

Okay, guy. Think it's time we got real. You are not going anywhere on a pony. You do not exist!

ALEX BALDWIN

What do you mean?

NICK

You are a glitch! My brain got all fucked-up and now I'm imagining you!

Alex Baldwin gets up and starts pacing again.

ALEX BALDWIN

So... I'm not real?

NICK

Nope.

ALEX BALDWIN

But... I feel real. I can think, I can talk... Just like you.

(beat)

Jesus loves me no matter who I am.

NICK

Emphasis on am! You are not am! You am not!

Alex stops pacing and realizes something.

ALEX BALDWIN

I am...

NICK

Don't you dare fucking say it.  
You're not--

ALEX BALDWIN

(grandiose)

...that I am.

Nick flings the controller aside and gets up.

He walks over to his BOOKSHELF and retrieves a KING JAMES BIBLE.

He blows the dust off it and puts it on the coffee table. He sits down and picks up the controller. He continues playing.

NICK

There you go. You so keen, have at it.

Alex Baldwin sits back down and lifts the Bible, frowning at it.

ALEX BALDWIN

What's this?

ALEX BALDWIN

Your instruction manual. You want to join the club, there are the rules.

Alex Baldwin picks up the Bible.

ALEX BALDWIN

Rules...?

NICK

Oh yeah. Tons. You think its that easy to get into Heaven? Think again. Jesus' club has bouncers.

Alex Baldwin starts flipping through the Good Book, stopping at random pages...

ALEX BALDWIN

What's circumcission?

NICK

(chuckles)

Don't get me started.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 (nose in Bible)  
 You've read this?

NICK  
 Cover to cover. And back again. My  
 Mom's shoved that shit down my  
 throat my entire life.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 It says here I can't eat owls...

NICK  
 And goats and deer and pork and  
 shellfish and bats... Oh, and watch  
 where you sit. You're not allowed  
 to sit where a menstruating women  
 has sat. Leviticus fifteen.

Alex Baldwin lifts his rear and gives a quick glance at the  
 couch underneath him.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 You knew about all of this? And you  
 don't believe it?

NICK  
 You want a surefire way to make an  
 atheist? Send him to a  
 Fundamentalist Christian school for  
 the seminal years of his education.

Alex Baldwin takes a NOTEPAD and PENCIL from out his jacket  
 pocket and starts jotting down.

NICK  
 What the fuck are you doing?

ALEX BALDWIN  
 I'm keeping myself in check. I  
 don't want Jesus to get mad at me.

Nick just stares at his hallucination...

NICK  
 My God.

He tosses the controller aside and heads out the door.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Where we going?

Nick glares back at him briefly before shutting the front  
 door behind him.

Alex Baldwin looks like he might explode from giddiness.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Oh! Yeah, baby! Action, action,  
action! I knew Jeff was wrong about  
you!

Alex Baldwin pockets the notepad and jumps up, Bible in hand.

He opens the front door and runs after Nick.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Hey, wait, how do I look?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A DOOR opens to reveal Maggie. She's wearing a tight, zipped-up Lycra TRACKSUIT TOP. It's flattering.

Nick and Alex Baldwin are standing in the hallway.

Alex Baldwin has his nose in the Bible. He looks up, sees Maggie, and TOSSES THE BIBLE AWAY.

**NOTE:** Throughout the whole scene, Alex Baldwin only ever looks at Maggie's chest.

MAGGIE  
Oh. Hi guys.

Nick is shocked and turns to look at Alex Baldwin, thinking Maggie can see him. He turns back to Maggie and deflates when he clocks her mischievous grin.

NICK  
That's not funny.

MAGGIE  
You here for your phone?

NICK  
Yes. Sorry 'bout that. I got a bit  
side-tracked.

She steps aside and they both enter the apartment.



**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Maggie goes over to the kitchen counter and picks up a CELLPHONE.

MAGGIE

Two days is a long time to go without a phone... you too scared to come back for it, Nicolas Salvador?

Nick is taken aback.

ALEX BALDWIN

(laughing)

Waaaaaay too scared!

MAGGIE

You should really put a passcode on your phone, btw.

(beat)

I like your profile pic. You looked happier back then...

NICK

You often go snooping through guys' personal stuff?

MAGGIE

Only guys whose names I can't remember.

Nick is offended.

MAGGIE

Oh, like you remember mine.

Nick is blushing. She's right: he can't remember her--

ALEX BALDWIN

Maggie.

NICK

(whispers)

What?

ALEX BALDWIN

(points at her chest)

Her name is Maggie.

(beat)

Maggiemaggiemaggiemaggie--

NICK

Maggie. Your name is Maggie.

Maggie is impressed.

MAGGIE

Wow. Now I'm the asshole.

NICK

Don't worry about it.

(thinks)

Wait-- I was an asshole?

MAGGIE

You might want to charge your phone. It died while I was talking to your mother.

NICK

You called my mom?!

MAGGIE

Relax, I was trying to find you. We just spoke this morning.

(looks at his eye)

You doing okay now? She told me all about your cancer thing.

NICK

Tumor, not cancer. Just a benign, little tumor. Lottery-winning. I'm fine.

MAGGIE

I take it that's what that whole Alec Baldwin thing was about?

NICK

Yup, it was just pin-balling-- Hey. Wait a minute. How do you...?

(suspicious)

I never knew it was Alex Baldwin when I saw him here... I just said it was a Baldwin.

MAGGIE

It's Alec. And I doubt you would be hallucinating Stephen, he hasn't done anything in ages.

(beat)

He gone now?

Nick clocks Alex Baldwin and sighs. No point in lying anymore:

NICK  
 (life sucked out)  
 No. Still here...

MAGGIE  
 Sucks.

Alex Baldwin looks up from his chest-staring and frowns, crestfallen.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Hey...

MAGGIE  
 Think I could get an autograph?

NICK  
 Very funny. He has no connection to the real Alec Baldwin. I'm just perceiving him that way.

MAGGIE  
 So who is he?

NICK  
 Dunno. He's whatever part of my brain the tumor decided to poke.

MAGGIE  
 You talk to him?

NICK  
 He's the one talks. Won't shut up...  
 (rubs temples)  
 And now this whole Jesus thing-- it's all driving me a bit crazy.

MAGGIE  
 (chuckle)  
 Jesus?

NICK  
 My hallucination's been born again.

MAGGIE  
 Whoa. That's some meta shit. You think your subconscious is trying to tell you something?

NICK  
 What? That my soul's in danger of damnation?

ALEX BALDWIN

Yup.

MAGGIE

Could be your Super-Ego has scrutinized your after-life itinerary and found it lacking. Like your idealized self-image is desperately trying to stay afloat in a sea of rationality while your moral agent's secretly hammering together a life raft for the hereafter.

Both Nick and Alex Baldwin look at her as if she just broke out in fluent Polynesian.

MAGGIE

I'm a Psych major.

NICK

You're a student?  
(cautious)  
How old are you?

Maggie rolls her eyes and folds her arms with a sigh.

MAGGIE

Relax, R Kelly, you're in the clear. I'm just one of those late-bloomers when it comes to tertiary education.

Alex Baldwin doesn't like the folded arms.

ALEX BALDWIN

(points at arms)  
Ask her to please unfold those...

Nick needs to leave.

NICK

Well, good luck with all that.  
Could I get my phone back now?  
Please?

Maggie realizes she's still holding his phone. She hands it over.

MAGGIE

You know, I could maybe help you out...

Nick looks skeptical. Alex Baldwin is happily back to his bosom-beholding.

NICK

Howzat?

MAGGIE

Hypnosis. I've got a bit of a talent for it...

(beat)

If you want I could try get in there and cancel the Alec Baldwin show.

Nick is intrigued.

ALEX BALDWIN

I thought I never had my own show.

NICK

You think you can?

Maggie shrugs.

MAGGIE

Could it hurt?

Nick taps his foot in hesitation... He stares down Alex Baldwin.

ALEX BALDWIN

I want my own show.

NICK

Okay-- Let's do it.

He turns to Maggie, who is smiling, excited, and pulling two dining room CHAIRS out from the table to face each other.

NICK

But I don't want you to fiddle around with other shit, 'kay? Just get in and get him out.

Maggie sits and gently taps the seat of the chair opposite her.

Nick sits.

ALEX BALDWIN

What is this? Some sort of parlor game? Can I play?

NICK  
 (to Maggie)  
 Hang on.

Nick pulls out another chair and lines it up right next to his.

NICK  
 (to Alex Baldwin)  
 C'mon. Hop in.

Alex Baldwin flutters a giddy little clap and plops onto the chair, writhing with delight.

Maggie's smile broadens. She unzips her tracksuit top, removes it, tosses it on the couch.

She's wearing a skimpy BRALETTE underneath, revealing most of her intricate tattoos... as well as most of her in general.

Alex Baldwin perks up like Augustus Gloop entering the Chocolate Factory for the first time.

MAGGIE  
 Now. I want you to scan my sigils  
 and pick one.

NICK  
 Your what?

MAGGIE  
 My *sigils*. My tattoos. Let me know  
 which one you choose.

Alex Baldwin doesn't waste any time.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 (pointing)  
 That one. The one on her shoulder.

NICK  
 What do they mean?

MAGGIE  
 Nothing to the beholder-- only to  
 those who create them. They're  
 constructs of a desired outcome.  
 Will made manifest.

Nick frowns.

MAGGIE  
 But that doesn't matter...

She leans forward, arching her back, exposing herself more.

MAGGIE  
Just... pick one.

NICK  
(pointing)  
That one. The one on your left  
shoulder.

The sigil he's pointing to:



Maggie is slightly taken aback. She looks at her shoulder.

MAGGIE  
Really? That one?  
(beat)  
Interesting... Makes sense.

NICK  
What? Why? What's it mean?

MAGGIE  
Nothing, don't worry about it.  
Okay, so focus on it. Get it good  
in your head.

Nick does so. Alex Baldwin likewise.

MAGGIE  
Got it? Good. Okay... eyes closed.  
(beat)  
Both of you.

Alex Baldwin deflates.

NICK  
(whisper)  
Just do it...

Alex Baldwin obeys but does so unwillingly.

Nick shuts his eyes.

MAGGIE

Now try empty your mind and bring  
the sigil to foreground,  
concentrating on it...

Maggie shifts in her seat, places her hands on her knees,  
straightens her back, closes her eyes.

MAGGIE

Follow its lines... slowly...  
tracing its angles and contours  
with your mind's eye...

Nick's eyes are aflutter under his lids...

MAGGIE

I want you to assign each sharp  
angle with a number... one to  
five... And hop to them as I count  
down.

On Nick's knees, his hands clench, white-knuckled.

MAGGIE

Five...

Gently, Alex Baldwin reaches over and places his clam hand  
on top of Nick's.

MAGGIE

Four...

Nick's eyes aren't fluttering anymore. They're still, at  
peace...

MAGGIE

Three...

Slowly, Nick's clenched hand on his knee relaxes. He turns  
it over and holds Alex Baldwin's hand.

MAGGIE

Two...

Alex Baldwin yawns.

MAGGIE

One...

Maggie opens her eyes.

MAGGIE

Open your eyes.



Nick opens his eyes.

He blinks, stares ahead...

Maggie is staring at him, dead-still, a wry smile on her face.

She's FROZEN IN TIME.

The chair next to Nick is EMPTY.

Nick stands, leaving Maggie frozen, facing two empty chairs.

He goes to the window and looks out.

It's NIGHTTIME. Up in the starry heavens, a FLAMING STREAK arcs across the sky.

.  
.  
.  
then fades away.

A PIANO INTRO BEGINS TO PLAY.

Nick is now standing in the middle of a DESERTED CITY STREET.

In front of him is the bottom of a six-storey high, GIGANTIC DRESS SHOE, the sole of a COLOSSAL MAN lying down, supine.

Nick walks past the giant shoe, his distorted reflection skating across the shiny, buffed surface of the polished leather.

Nick grips the huge AGLET and begins to climb up the SHOELACE.

The piano intro leads us into Kenny Rogers and The First Edition's "All God's Lonely Children."

On the SHIN now, Nick clambers slowly over the NAVY LINEN SUIT PANTS, wading through the fabric's bulges like an intrepid explorer traversing soft, hand-stitched Italian dunes.

Nick climbs over a big, shiny BELT BUCKLE and walks onto the bottom of a RED SILK TIE, a Lilliputian movie star at a red carpet premier...

Halfway along the tie, he looks up:

The base of giant man's HEAD.

Nick climbs over the chin... then the lips...

He stands in the center of the PHILTRUM and sees:

Cavernous NOSTRILS looming over him; portals to gaping chasms of darkness.

Nick peeps into the right nostril, clutching on a NOSE HAIR. A gentle EXHALE OF AIR wafts over him, moving his clothes and hair.

He enters, swallowed up by the darkness.

**IN THE DARK:**

A faint SHAPE traveling towards us...

As it grows larger, a galloping HORSE comes into view.

On its back is JEFF and TINA FEY, sucking lollipops.

They pass Nick, laughing in SLOW MOTION. Nick turns and watches them gallop away, completely nonplussed at the spectacle.

His back is suddenly ILLUMINATED BY A BRIGHT LIGHT.

He turns and is nearly blinded by a 40-storey high GLOWING CHRISTIAN CROSS.

The cross dims and is replaced by a same-sized, BEHEMOTH ALEX BALDWIN, standing, arms outstretched in the cross shape, eyes closed and smiling blissfully.

THE COLOSSAL ALEX BALDWIN BEGINS TO FALL...

Nick turns and runs as the falling SHADOW CHASES HIM.

Alex Baldwin falls in slow motion, his arms still outstretched, his tie flapping in the wind, his smile growing wider...

The shadow casts over nick and he's engulfed in

**DARKNESS.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Nick blinks awake, slowly. HIS EYE IS ALL BETTER NOW.

He's lying in a hospital bed. He looks around...

WIDEN OUT to show an empty room. You-know-who in absentia.

A FEMALE DOCTOR enters the room cleavage first. She's a bedazzling, bespectacled brunette who's role is all Gina Gershon's if she's up for it.

Her name tag reads: "DR. ARCHELON."

DR. ARCHELON  
Good. You're awake. Okay, so  
recovery should be quick...

Nick is still reeling from the anesthesia.

NICK  
Wait... where am... who are...  
Where's Dr. Kassin?

Nick gently pads at his nose.

NICK  
Did... did you get it? Is it out?

DR. ARCHELON  
Out? You mean off.  
(chuckle)  
Yeah, we got it. And you're going  
to be tender, so move about with  
caution, 'kay? Tender, tender,  
tender...

Nick moves himself up to a seated position and a JOLT OF PAIN SHOOTS THROUGH HIS BODY.

NICK  
Jaaaarrrrr!

DR. ARCHELON  
(irritated)  
What did I just say? Tender!

Nick gingerly pads his crotch.

NICK  
What the fuck happened?! Why'm I  
sore down there?!

Dr. Archelon takes a PAMPHLET from out her coat pocket.

DR. ARCHELON  
(smirk)  
Where did you think it would hurt?

She tosses the pamphlet onto Nick's lap.

DR. ARCHELON

That's everything you need to know about your convalescence. Follow it and you'll be healed-up lickity-split. Remember, movement is your friend. Try to walk a little bit more every day. Other than that, short showers, loose jocks, no hanky-panky--

(pointing, stern)

That includes with yourself.

(back to cool)

And you'll be fine.

Nick picks up the pamphlet:

## **YOUR GUIDE TO ADULT CIRCUMCISION RECOVERY**

I'll let your imagination describe Nick's face.

NICK

Circum... *circumcision*?

Nick tries to sit up again but the wound encircling his penis protests.

NICK

Aaaaargh!

DR. ARCHELON

Okay, now, see, I wasn't joking about the tenderness.

NICK

Why... why, oh God, did you circumcise me!

Dr Archelon looks vexed for a brief moment and then looks around, quizzically.

DR. ARCHELON

Is this... is this one of those things? Like *Punk'd*?

(grins)

Am I on camera?

Dr. Archelon scans the room, excited, fixing her hair... then stops when she hears Nick WHIMPERING O.S..

Nick is crying.

DR. ARCHELON

Um...

Dr Archelon catches the malodorous whiff of a lawsuit and quickly snatches up Nick's chart at the foot of his bed, scanning for signs of malpractice.

She frowns at the chart and then goes over and sits down next to Nick, her demeanor turning sympathetic.

DR. ARCHELON

Oh, oh now honey don't worry, it's perfectly normal to have remorse. I see it all the time. But trust me, you made the right decision. Soon you'll appreciate the improvement. Both aesthetically and...

(goddamn that's one sexy smile)

...sexually.

Nick's mind's a maelstrom. Dr. Archelon's cleavage and her uncomfortable maternal bedside manner seem to have opposing views on how Nick's situation can be assuaged.

DR. ARCHELON

And we do offer postoperative counseling if you would like someone more discreet than your own therapist.

She leans forward, more intimately.

DR. ARCHELON

Do you have someone you can talk to?

As she leans forward, she reveals Alex Baldwin standing behind her holding a FRUIT BASKET and a floating, metallic "GET WELL SOON" BALLOON.

But here's the thing: Alex Baldwin is YOUNGER. Before, he was all 30 Rock, now, he's full on *Glengarry Glen Ross*.

Nick peers over her at Alex Baldwin, panicked.

He looks back to Dr. Archelon, in the eyes. Then down to her cleavage. Then back up. Then down again--

NICK

Yoooooow!

Another bolt of pain electrocutes Nick because, y'know, dicks don't care much for stitches when called to duty.

DR. ARCHELON  
 Okay, now, I see there's just no  
 talking to you.

Dr. Archelon huffs, stands, heads to the door, pointing to  
 the pamphlet as she leaves.

DR. ARCHELON  
 Read the literature.

Nick lowers his head back. Again with the whimpering.

Alex Baldwin sits down next to him, basket in lap, balloon  
 in hand.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 I'm so proud of you, Nick. We're  
 one step closer to heaven now.

NICK  
 (soft, sucked-dry)  
 What the fuck are you talking  
 about?

ALEX BALDWIN  
 (singing)  
*Oh you can't get to heaven...  
 With a skin o' fore...  
 'Cause a skin o' fore...  
 Is against God's law!*

NICK  
 Jesus.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 (finger wag)  
 Uh-uh. Blaspheming. Also a no-no.  
 Gotta stick to the rules, Nick.  
 Heaven's not for half-assers.

Alex Baldwin places his gifts on the sidetable and lies down  
 next to Nick, the self-satisfied look on his face not  
 dissimilar to Nick's very own back in Maggie's bed, oh so  
 very long ago.

He remembers something and reaches into his pocket. He takes  
 out his NOTEBOOK and pen. He TICKS something off with  
 dramatic flare.

ALEX BALDWIN  
 Circumcision.

He pockets the notebook again.

ALEX BALDWIN  
Ooh, lookie--

Alex Baldwin leans over and picks up a little blue GIDEON'S BIBLE lying on the sidetable.

ALEX BALDWIN  
It's all in here, Nick. Always has  
been. Salvation. Just waiting for  
us in these pages.

Alex Baldwin drops the Bible for a second and starts BEAT-BOXING before SPITTIN' STRAIGHT FIRE:

ALEX BALDWIN  
(rapping)  
*As I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death,  
I take a look at my life and  
realize there's nothin' left!  
'Cause I've been blastin' and  
laughin' so long, that,  
Even my mama thinks that my mind is  
gone!*

He stares Nick in the eyes, gangsta, before ejaculating a little giggle. He taps Nick gently on the knee before going back to the Good Book.

ALEX BALDWIN  
(nose in Bible)  
Don't worry, Nicky Boy, ole Alex's  
got us covered.

The outro to "Gangsta's Paradise" kicks back in.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - WINDOW SILL - CONTINUOUS**

As the MUSIC SWELLS, through the hospital room's window we can see Nick lying there, shellshocked, Alex Baldwin reading next to him.

A SMALL BIRD hovers down and alights on the sill.

THE MUSIC CHANGES: The "Gangsta's Paradise" choir voices transform back to the guttural, primitive ululations from the first scene.

The bird looks like a quail with long, skinny legs. It's a SPOTTED CRAKE, and as far as spectacular avians go, this little guy's as unremarkable a bird as Nick is a man.

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER... CLOSER on the crake... until we are in an ECU OF ITS FACE.

The crake looks STRAIGHT AT US... and \*CHIRPS\*.

And back inside the room,

Nick wept.

**CUT MUSIC.**

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

And, because we blanket-booked Coolio for the whole episode, "C U When U Get There" plays the CREDITS out.

### END OF EPISODE 1

#### SERIES OVERVIEW

*Save Me, Alex Baldwin!* is a seven-part limited series. Over the course of the sequential six episodes, Nick sinks further under the influence of his A-list hallucination, relenting more-and-more control to Alex Baldwin as the figment joins every religion conceivable in order to hedge his chances in the afterlife.

On his quest for salvation, Alex Baldwin begins to draw similarities between religions, establishing his own set of 'rules' one should abide by in order to achieve Life Eternal: *The Alex Way*.

Aided by the duplicitous Maggie, Alex Baldwin goes public, founding a blog that posits *The Alex Way* as a new creed for a new age. And when all of humanity falls threat to a possible (80% chance of survival) mass extinction in the form of a planet-killing meteor, the world's masses clamber towards Alex Baldwin and his doctrine for their own personal seat on his celestial lifeboat.

Meanwhile, Nick, finding himself host to a new messiah, is thwarted at every attempt to rid himself of Alex Baldwin as more people become aware of his imaginary parasite's importance. But his biggest adversary is ultimately Maggie, a complicated antagonist with one goal in mind: to create a God.



In the series finale, Nick loses his battle as Alex Baldwin takes over control totally and Nick disappears completely, only waking back to consciousness thirty years in the future to find all of humanity congregates of *The Alex Way* and he himself preserved as vessel to The One True God.

Nick, his whole life now behind him, must find a way to finally rid himself of Alex Baldwin by combating an entire populous of acolytes led by Maggie, self-proclaimed Psychopomp Supreme and Preserver in Perpetuity of *The Alex Way*.

Along the way to the finale, Nick not only has to battle with himself, but an overbearing Mother, a cult-stricken best friend, a nemesis he secretly lusts after, and many many cease and desist letters from the real Alec Baldwin's attorneys.

Oh, and then there's also that fucking crake...