

SCRIPT TITLE

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**INT. MESSY STUDIO APARTMENT**

An old TV is sitting on the floor. Dolly out to see more of the room. Strewn around the floor are *Manuals for Honing ESP*, *A Beginners Guide For Preventing Telepathic Leaking* and a magazine for *The Psychically Sensitive*.

On the TV is a morning chat show with a cleanly dressed and impossibly cheerful reporter interview, who is interviewing BILLY COSMOS (eccentric rockstar playboy)

MORNING SHOW HOST

Billy, we're so glad to have you on to talk about the "You Know My Name Tour." Wow, how about that. Tell us more about that?

BILLY

Well...there's not much more to say. (*chuckling*) You know my name, the lovelies at home know my name. They've helped make all my solo albums of my records go platinum, I've become a household name for reckless pop and rock. Actually, right now me and my producers are working on an all original Christmas album.

A half full coffee cup sits on a table. It starts to rattle, floating up and into the hand of EDGAR YOUNG (mid 20s, wild haired, dark circles under eyes, neurotic). Edgar is reading an old copy of 'Slaughter house five". He tosses the few things in his backpack before leaving out the door.

We linger on the TV a little longer. The morning show just holding on Billy's face in the interview

MORNING SHOW HOST (O.S.)

It seems like you've got it all going on. A sold out tour, a die-hard fanbase who love everything you've been doing. I mean what more is there to do? What is the next step in the Cosmos?

**END OF TEASER**

**EXT. CITY STREET-DAY**

An old detective agency with "Psychic Investigators: PI" written on the door- there's a swirling pattern of an eye as the logo. It doesn't even look like it's open.

**INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY**

Edgar walks in and flips a switch. A neon open sign flickers on. A teenage girl is sitting at the front desk playing on her phone. Edgar rolls his eyes.

EDGAR

(Really?)

Claire, I've told you this before.  
If you're going to open you have to  
turn on the sign otherwise we don't  
get clients. Hard to pay rent for  
this place without *money*.

CLAIRE (16, cunning, perpetually annoyed) puts down her phone and rolls her eyes back at him. If looks could insult.

CLAIRE

We literally don't need the sign.  
We already have a client waiting  
inside

EDGAR

(Surprised)

We have a client waiting?

CLAIRE

(Barely caring)

Yeah and he's inside. He's got some  
basic self image problems. Baby's  
first identity crisis.

Edgar drops his stuff and walks into his office with Claire following behind.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Didn't you get my text? I messaged  
you when he walked in. I took all  
the info you needed. Then I didn't  
turn on the sign because he was  
literally just waiting at the door.  
He was literally sitting there.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Like a puppy or something. It was  
super weird

**INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY- INTERVIEW ROOM**

The door opens to show Billy cosmos in the middle of making  
himself a cup of tea

BILLY  
Sorry, I didn't know if this was  
for everyone

Edgar freezes in place.

CLAIRE  
Right so this is our lead  
investigator. Edgar Young

BILLY  
Sorry, I thought this was here to  
see Dr Ben Young

Edgar and Claire look at each other and sharing a pained  
expression. Edgar finally sits down across from Billy.

EDGAR  
(Awkward)  
Nope, just me... Mr Edgar young.  
I'm his grandchild. At least the  
last name is accurate.

Billy points to Claire confused

BILLY  
Okay then who is she?

EDGAR  
Also his granddaughter. I mean I'm  
not a granddaughter, I'm a  
grandson. She's my cousin...but  
also my assistant.

CLAIRE  
Both grandchildren of Ben. Both  
psychics. Eddy got a promotion and  
I got his old job. Any more  
questions?

There's an awkward beat between the three of them.

EDGAR

Glad to have this case from you anyway. Sorry about the mix up

BILLY

Yeah, I was going to go see the Telepathy twins but we had scheduling conflicts and the publicity would have been a *nightmare*.

CLAIRE

(mumbling)

That's rich, I heard their name isn't even true

BILLY

Oh yeah that's all for show

CLAIRE

Shut up! They're not even real psychics?

BILLY

What? No, they're not actually twins. It's just better for alliteration to call them that

EDGAR

Okay! Let's focus here. Enough about people who may or may not *definitely* be faking it for money.

Billy shifts in his seat and finishes his tea before handing it out to Edgar.

BILLY

What do you see?

EDGAR

I see a cup with soggy leaves.

BILLY

What do you see of me?

EDGAR

I...don't know yet. We'll have to investigate first and make you a plan to work on

Edgar stands up and takes the cup to the sink. Claire jumps over onto the couch and sits down across from Billy.

CLAIRE

Eddie will use his psychic abilities to jump into your mind and figure out what's wrong with you. Like a brain plunger

Edgar pokes his head around the corner

EDGAR (O.S.)

(Around the corner)

Stop explaining it like that! It's not like that!

CLAIRE

(Whispering)

It's totally like that. Meanwhile I'll be out here talking to you.

BILLY

So no tea leaves?

Edgar enters again and sits beside Billy

EDGAR

Unless your subconscious is made of tea, I doubt it.

BILLY

I don't think so. I think it's just a regular conscious.

Edgar opens his mouth to say something but lets the thought slide. His head against Billy's.

EDGAR

Take a deep breath, close your eyes and we can start the case. I'll go into your mind to figure out what is bothering you.

Billy closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and finds that Edgar has vanished completely.

CUT TO:

Meanwhile Edgar is falling through a winding kaleidoscope of light and colour.

**INT. INFINITE OFFICE BUILDING**

THUD! Edgar lands in an old 70's office cubicle with FORCE, almost falling out of a swivel chair. He's now dressed in a BEIGE OFFICE SHIRT AND TIE, WITH WIRE FRAME GLASSES. Around him are identical cubicles, LABYRINTHINE. He walks around to try and find someone else to talk to

EDGAR  
(Mumbling)  
Of course it's this. Why wouldn't  
it be this.

In the cubicle next to him seems to be Billy. Now BLAND and CONSERVATIVELY DRESSED. His leather pants and shaggy hair now completely changed to something emotionless.

Edgar taps him on the shoulder

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
Billy Cosmos?

OFFICE BILLY #1  
Yes?

EDGAR  
Fantastic! Now all I have to do is  
figure out the stem of your  
identity problems

OFFICE BILLY #1  
Identity? No, I'm a supervisory  
manager for rumor coordination.  
Identity and self importance is  
down the hall.

We zoom out to see a swarm of Billy's all the *exact same*. Some are chatting over a water cooler, a few are over in a meeting room talking about the appropriate way to thrust hips without damaging your back.

EDGAR  
(ugh)  
Oh my god, this is going to take  
forever

OFFICE BILLY #1  
While I have you here, I'm working  
on this one project. I don't want  
to spoil anything but...the company  
is considering removing a rib.

**INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY**

Claire is laying on the couch texting her friends while Billy sits there.

BILLY

So...does this hurt? Should I be doing anything?

CLAIRE

Just talk. I'm here to listen or whatever

BILLY

So...Do you listen to pop much? I've made my way onto the charts quite a bit.

CLAIRE

Nope, pop isn't really my style.

BILLY

Okay...we're working on a Christmas album

CLAIRE

Who's we? I thought you wrote all your own music

BILLY

Well I'm meant to but I don't have much time anymore. My team is great though. Some say my new stuff is better than my old stuff.

CLAIRE

Right.

Claire goes back to texting. An awkward beat

BILLY

Do you need to know anything more? I haven't done anything like this in the past.

CLAIRE

Look, we don't need to do this whole 'small talk' thing. Edgar can fix this all on his own. He barely even needs me to be here plus I can figure out everything I need about you without even opening my mouth.



BILLY

Wait, Are you *actually* psychic? Or is it just for branding? I don't mind, I'm meant to be self-made but my parents are happily employed.

Claire sits up and glares at Billy. Her fists white knuckling the couch.

CLAIRE

(Offended)

Of course I am. Did you think I was just here for the fun of it?

BILLY

No you're not. It's fine you don't need to impress me just cause I'm a celebrity..

CLAIRE

YES I AM! I AM A REAL PSYCHIC!  
Think of a number!

Claire composes herself and puts a finger to her temple

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(Rattling off answers)

Five, twelve, one hundred and four,  
Not a number, No it isn't, how  
would I even cheat, eight.

A beat of painful silence

EDGAR (V.O.)

(telepathically)

Claire? You got anything we can use?

#### **INT. INFINITE OFFICE BUILDING**

Edgar is walking through the labyrinth looking lost. He has a stack of papers pressed to his chest. Not even his paper

EDGAR

I'm not getting much in here so far. Everything is either *not* in my department or requires me to go see Billy about it. I don't even have a swipe card here and I can't get anywhere without one.

An office Billy slings his arm over Edgar

OFFICE BILLY #45  
Oh looks like someone's got a case  
of the preshow jitters!

OFFICE BILLY #71  
Did someone say a case of the  
preshow jitters?

OFFICE BILLY #23  
Don't even talk to me until I've  
done my morning vocal warm ups.

EDGAR  
Yeah, that's it fellas. Just  
nervous about the next show. Could  
I speak to the head honcho?

The office Billy's look at him in confusing

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
The boss? I just need to find the  
guy who can point me in the right  
direction and square up any  
confusion.

The copies stare at him like he's sick

OFFICE BILLY #71  
It should all be there in those  
reports there. Just follow what  
trends corporate found and we  
should be on track.

OFFICE BILLY #45  
Yeah, it's not like we're *not* going  
to sell tickets. We're Billy  
Cosmos.

EDGAR  
What if we don't though

OFFICE BILLY #23  
How can we not? We're Billy Cosmos.  
All we do is win.

OFFICE BILLY #71  
That's right. We are number one.

OFFICE BILLY #45  
 So right, gentlemen, So. Right.  
 That's the kind of minds we need  
 here. This is why we make our  
 product.

OFFICE BILLY #71  
 It's for the fans.

OFFICE BILLY #45  
 It's for the fans!

EDGAR  
 Yeah...yeah....But just what is it  
 we do here?

OFFICE BILLY #23  
 (profound)  
 What we do? Everything we do is for  
 the fans.

EDGAR  
 Yeah but- I'm not going to get  
 anywhere with you three

Edgar goes off to try and find more clues.

The three copies then KEEL OVER, clutching at their stomachs.  
 Moaning in pain, BULGING, MORPHING--

They stop. They stand up in unison. ALL THREE HAVE LOST THEIR  
 FACES.

#### **INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY**

BILLY  
 So are you a fan of my music?

CLAIRE  
 I mean, I've heard of your stuff  
 but it's more of a background  
 thing. What kind of stuff do you  
 like?

BILLY  
 Well my main inspirations come from  
 the heart and my- sorry, background  
 thing?

CLAIRE

You know, the kind of stuff you hear it at a party or while you're out and it's playing but you don't really pay attention to it.

BILLY

Well, I clearly see it more as that. I have millions of people who listen to my stuff and even buy my merch so-

CLAIRE

Do you?

BILLY

Do I buy my merch? No of course not.

CLAIRE

No, do you listen to your music? Like when you're bored or in the shower do you put on your stuff?

BILLY

What's that supposed to mean?

CLAIRE

Hey, no judgement. I put on punk rock when no one is watching. I'm not innocent either.

BILLY

Of course I don't need to listen to my music. I made the music. Why would I spend time going back to listen to it?

CLAIRE

Yeah but... that wasn't my question. I asked whether you listen to it. Not if you needed to.

Billy clears his throat and seems to physically close himself off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Do you like your music?

BILLY

(Chuckling, nervous)

What? Of course I like the work that is put into my music.

CLAIRE

But do you like it?

BILLY

Do I need to like it? I have millions of fans who love what I do.

CLAIRE

You should be one of them though.

BILLY

I...I don't know. I think so. It's great stuff but it's not mine. I don't think I... like me.

(a beat)

I know everyone loves me but I don't like myself, I don't even know who I am if I'm being honest. It's not William Cosmonetti anymore, it's just Billy Cosmos. Billy Cosmos the fickle party boy. Billy Cosmos the guy who had an entire show of hologram back up dancers. I'm just a thing out there on the stage.

CLAIRE

(Realisation)

Oh. Oh my god. (a beat) Sorry, I straight up thought your parents called you Billy Cosmos. I wasn't going to say anything cause no offence, that's a dumb name.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- MEETING ROOM

Edgar is sitting at a large meeting table. Stuck with a collection of office Billy's all looking FASCINATED with the presentation going on. On a projector is a slide, titled *"Morals and Ethics about our Stance on Lip Syncing"*

PRESENTATION BILLY

Now, the point we need to remember is that we have already sung these words in the past.

(MORE)

PRESENTATION BILLY (CONT'D)  
 How could it be cheating if we've  
 already done the work?

There's a murmur of agreement from the Billys.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
 (telepathically)  
 I found which one you're looking  
 for.

EDGAR  
 If you tell me I'm meant to go to  
 Billy Cosmos I swear I am going to  
 scream.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
 (Telepathically)  
 Billy Cosmos is a stage name.  
 You're looking for William  
 Cosmonetti.

EDGAR  
 Great work Claire bear!

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
 (telepathically)  
 Don't call me that

Edgar gets up to leave but--

PRESENTATION BILLY  
 (Fake office niceties  
 voice)  
 Sorry to be a pain, but we did book  
 this meeting time and we're just  
 looking for a red team for us. A  
 new stance on this that could help  
 poke holes in this strategy.

OFFICE BILLY #58  
 For instance, it could pose a  
 problem with our authentic  
 connection with the fans

OFFICE BILLY #33  
 That's right Billy. It wouldn't be  
 seen as 'Cash' nor 'Money' for us  
 to be under-utilizing the  
 authenticity

OFFICE BILLY #68  
 Sorry do you mind if I just jump in  
 here?

(MORE)

OFFICE BILLY #68 (CONT'D)

Alternatively, this could be the "baller move" that could help us transition our image to a more bad boy look.

PRESENTATION BILLY

That's correct, but I think we are all forgetting that this relies on a failure of performance. And fellas, if it looks real than it is real.

EDGAR

Great talk. Really good stuff but I need to get to another meeting

The room goes silent. All eyes are on Edgar. A beat.

PRESENTATION BILLY

(Trying to remain calm)

You know there's a procedure for this. If we don't consider these things and they go wrong. This whole place could fall apart.

OFFICE BILLY #68

Do you know the drummer from Mangrove Noir? Do you know their name new guy?

Edgar shakes his head, backing away slowly.

OFFICE BILLY #33

Everyone knows the lead singer and guitarist from Mangrove noir. He's a household name.

OFFICE BILLY #58

Yeah, it's Billy Cosmos!

The rest of the room repeats the answer in agreement as if to say "yeah of course."

PRESENTATION BILLY

I'm going to have to have a word with whoever authorised this. I can't have someone going over my head for this. Who booked your meeting?

EDGAR

(timid)

William Cosmonetti?

OFFICE BILLY #58  
(panicked)  
William Cosmonetti?! He was in  
charge of Mangrove Noir!

OFFICE BILLY #33  
That kid couldn't handle a project  
like this. We have an almost sold  
out tour coming up.

PRESENTATION BILLY  
Lets not forget our christmas  
album.

OFFICE BILLY #68  
We can't have that kid attached  
anywhere near this project. He's  
not even a household name. No one's  
going to want to have a Cosmonetti  
poster in their room

OFFICE BILLY #33  
We've talked about this fellas.  
Too! Many! Letters!

PRESENTATION BILLY  
It's a mouth full of letters there.  
No way to market that. You're just  
asking for people to never know how  
to spell it!

OFFICE BILLY #68  
The kid is cute for the local gigs  
but this is the *stadium packers*. No  
one is going to want his stuff  
anymore. It's just too ethnic for  
the global market!

OFFICE BILLY #14  
Sorry gents, Do you mind if I just  
give a quick note here?

PRESENTATION BILLY  
Absolutely Billy, We need more  
opinions to push back and help us  
strive forward with our vision

OFFICE BILLY #14  
Fantastic. That other Billy has  
just left



All the Billy's look over and see that in the chaos, Edgar has left the room without any of them noticing.

CUT TO:

Edgar, frantically running through passing cubicles

INTERCOM BILLY  
 (Droning office lady,  
 heavy smoker but still  
 Billy)  
 Hey team, just a friendly reminder  
 that enacting ego death is against  
 the company mission and is not  
 cool!

Edgar stops at a sign pointing to where department heads are. We offices for roles like *Manager of Prejudice and Preconceptions- Billy Cosmos, Director of Confidence- Billy Cosmos, Self-awareness Ambassador- Billy Cosmos. For further inquiries come see Billy at the front desk.*

INTERCOM BILLY (CONT'D)  
 If you notice anyone trying to  
 shatter a persona, just report it  
 up the chain to management. Mic  
 Drop.

Edgar drops down into a cubicle to hide from roaming Billy's at the cooler. They're talking about his escape like it's a football game they both watched

INTERCOM BILLY (CONT'D)  
 (Slightly off mic)  
 Yeah, I know it says mic drop but  
 how am I suppose to do that? The  
 damn thing is nailed to the table.