

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOT SYSTEM - DAY

A gloved hand pours gasoline over the roots of a massive oak tree. Through an overhead metal grating, we see-

DRESS SHOES shuffle past.

EXT. AFTERLIFE REINCARNATION FACILITY - DAY

A suave silver fox, ELLIOT (45), strides over a GUTTER while exiting a stone building labeled '*The Reincarnation Facility, where old souls meet bright futures.*'

He tucks his briefcase into his side, trying to avoid a swarm of reporters as he descends the marble steps.

REPORTER 1

Elliot, sir, how does it feel to be back from the living?

ELLIOT

I've lived a great many past lives, but nothing compares to coming home to the afterlife. I'm glad to be back, ready to represent a new client...

REPORTER 2

With the reincarnation competition in just two days, who will you be representing?

ELLIOT

(dismissive)

I'll tell you once I know.

He ducks to get into a limosine, but stops when-

VOICE (O.S.)

Would you ever represent a fading soul?

Elliot turns to face the source of the voice, ASTRA (19), a near-emaciated girl in a leather jacket. She nervously flicks a lighter between her fingertips.

ELLIOT

If someone's being forgotten by their loved ones, their impact on the world was minimal, inconsequential. It'd be a waste of my efforts to put them through the competition.

ASTRA
(snarling)
Thank you, sir, for your empathy.

She FLICKS her lighter. DROPS it into the gutter.

Flames BURST up the oak tree. With a harsh glow cast over her features, she grins menacingly at Elliot, and then-

She runs.

INT. A TRASHED APARTMENT - NIGHT (THE LIVING)

DESIREE (36), visibly pregnant and snoring in front of a TV.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
...global population is now down
17%. As cities are being abandoned
and elders are forced to forgo
retirement, we're left wondering,
why have infertility rates spiked?
...Where have our children gone?

The hairs on Desiree's arm PRICKLE. She LURCHES forward to see-

A photo on the wall - her standing with a group well-polished dull-faced teenagers. SUBBED: LaCoste Children's Home for the Gifted. Desiree stands with her arm around Astra's shoulder.

ON THE TV

A mutilated face FLASHES across the screen.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
An hour before his trial, the
notorious LaCoste orphan killer was
found dead in his cell. Overdose
seems to be the cause of death, a
much gentler fate than that of his
victims. Both foster children had
recently been adopted when...

The victims share the screen: LEO(14), a gangly boy with round-framed glasses, and YOUNG ASTRA(16) - with fuller cheeks and a furrowed brow.

AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER

Desiree distressedly FUMBLES with a cigarette and a lighter. She FLICKS the lighter, but before the cigarette can catch, a HUFF OF BREATH stifles the flame.

Startled, she WHIPS around to face the perpetrator, only to lose her footing on the slick tile.

She barrels to the ground, and her cardigan CATCHES on a cabinet knob, breaking her fall.

Her arm PRICKLES with goosebumps as she sees-

Astra glaring eerily, almost all-knowingly, from the TV screen.

INT. HALLUCINOGEN DEN - NIGHT (THE AFTERLIFE)

From a mass of ruffled forms sprawled-out on arabian pillows, Astra BOLTS upright.

Perched on a countertop staring at a computer showing Astra's vitals, Leo FROWNS. Then RIPS a dime-sized computerchip from her temple.

LEO

You caught her sleeve - how did you do that?

ASTRA

He's dead. A week before the trial and the fucker commits suicide...

LEO

You think he knew?

ASTRA

He knew - no one kills kids for fun, then commits suicide out of guilt. He did it to get out of a life sentence, hide away in the afterlife till things blow over...

LEO

But your name...

ASTRA

It never reached the news.

A beat.

LEO

She's forgetting you, Astra. Your soul's fading out. You have to at least try-

ASTRA

They won't buy it.

LEO
You don't know that.

ASTRA
Yes - actually - I do.

LEO
No, you dont!

ASTRA
I'm nothing like a fatekeeper!
They'd catch me before I'd even got
off the train. Have you ever looked
one in the eyes?

LEO
No, but I don't see why it'd be any
different-

ASTRA
It *is* different. The eyes - *there's*
no humanity in em.

Leo SCOWLS. Flips out a mirror. Then opens the door to leave.

LEO
You still see any in yours?

With that, Leo slams the door behind him.

CLOSE ON Astra's face, gaunt and corpse-like, as his words
hit their mark.

She GROANS. Hurls a pillow at the door.

INT. ELYSIUM SKY RAIL - NIGHT

Astra and Leo, dressed in silk fatekeeper robes, pass through
security unrecognized.

LEO
What'd I tell you...

They enter the Sky Rail Cart.

INT. SKY RAIL

Gliding on a smooth steel track hundreds of feet in the air,
the teens watch in awe as the afterworld ZOOMS past.

Astra presses her face against the window.

The slums unfold beneath her in a monochrome patchwork of crumbling complex's -- the very image of lives toppling each other, restless in concrete confines.

HOLOGRAM

Thousands of years ago, the living realm was grossly overpopulated. Our great founder created the Elysian caste system to designate reincarnation slots to those deserving.

An emblem of the founder shows on the hologram.

HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

The afterworld is divided into three rings, the outer-ring, the mid-ring, and the inner-ring, or as you know it, Elysium.

Astra fiddles with the controls, attempting to silence the hologram, but eventually gives up and slinks back into her seat.

HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

The outer-ring is the home of the forgone class, souls being forgotten by the living. This class is the backbone of society, powering all three rings with their factories and powerplants.

Nearing a 300 foot high barrier, the rail cart funnels through a pitch black tunnel. In a flash, they are spit out on the other end.

The mid-ring is a spectacle compared to the outer-ring, full of polished upperclass neighborhoods and shopping malls.

HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

The mid-ring is home of the cultivators, those remembered, but undistinguished.

Astra spots a massive statue as she peers out the window. A man with a halo surrounded by a vast garden.

The world TILTS and BLURS.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS:

A BOY in silk robes runs down the long corridor; halo hovering over bouncing curls.

FROM BEHIND

ASTRA'S HANDS encircle his throat, but then-
He WHIPS around, SLICING her hand with his halo.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Astra HEAVES. Balls her hands into fists.

LEO
(horrified)
Did you just get a wisp?

ASTRA
A what?

LEO
A *memory*. From a past life.

ASTRA
It felt real.

LEO
It *was* real. Listen to me. When your soul fades, it loses it's ability to keep all your past lives separate, so you start getting wisps. Memories, mannerisms, sometimes even new skills from your past selves.

ASTRA
Why are you telling me this?

LEO
It's like muscle memory, you see something familiar and it all starts coming back. If you just got a wisp, you're about to get more of them.

ASTRA
What - why?

LEO
Cause you've been here before--

OFFICER
(over intercom)
ROUTINE CASTE CHECK. ALL PASSENGERS
REMAIN SEATED.

Leo and Astra lock eyes. Loud footsteps echo down the rail cart.

INT. RAIL CART - LATER

Two officers enter the rail cart.

OFFICER POV SHOT

He scans the aisles. Then the cabin bathroom. The door is ever so slightly cracked. *Unoccupied.*

His gaze is just starting to move on from the door when-

Slowly. Gently. The door creaks shut.

The officer nudges his partner. Gestures to the door.

They angle in on the bathroom. One on each side. One begins mouthing a silent countdown to the other.

One. Two. Three-

EXT. RAIL CART

Astra clings to the outside of the train, head ducked beneath the window so she can just barely see whats going on inside.

SLAM. The officers kick open the door. In an instant, Leo is slammed against the glass, hands cuffed behind his back.

Astra YANKS against the door, but it won't budge.

They DRAG him away as she pulls with all her might, trying to get the door open.

Before she can even catch her breath, the train cart reaches another barrier, taller than the last.

Astra trembles, clinging to the door as-

The cart is shot into a pitch-black tunnel.

HOLOGRAM VOICE (O.S.)

Elysium is the inner-ring, home to
the Fatekeepers, esteemed in life,
immortalized in death-

The cart BURSTS out the other end. The jolt causes Astra to lose her foothold and she dangles helplessly from the side of the rail cart. As her face is bathed in neon lights, we see-

Elysium - an architects wet dream. Revolving skyscrapers wrap around marble fountains. Whimsical holograms light up the night sky.

In the square, DANCERS in immaculate silk robes dance atop giant stone hands, rhythmic feet moving in time with the electronic scattering of the stars.

Overwhelming stimulus builds to a creshendo as we reach the station. Fatekeepers angle in on Astra. She sticks out like a sore thumb, clinging to the side of the cart.

She steps off onto the station and an officer spots her from the ticket booth. He begins to walk towards her.

She starts walking faster.

OFFICER

Hey!

The doors of the rail cart slide open and fatekeepers pour out onto the platform.

Astra ducks her head to hide amongst the crowd. A couple paces later and a hand CLASPS her shoulder.

BLAIR

If you're not good at this, you shouldn't be doing it. Head down.

Blair grasps the back of Astra's neck and forces her to look down.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Every time one of you idiots get caught, you make it more dangerous for the rest of us.

ASTRA

The rest of us? But you're a fatekeeper.

BLAIR

(sarcastically)

So are you.

Astra GAPES at Blair.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I know what you're trying to do. You're trying to get remembered.

ASTRA

Yeah, how did you-

BLAIR

We all are. Come. I know where we
can find a headset.

INT. EXTRAVAGANT TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A banner labeled 'Happy Deathday!' hangs over a lavish
staircase. Bodies bounce to heavy bass like breath mints
shaken in a metal tin.

ASTRA

(gritted teeth)
This is a councilors house.

Astra passes two partygoers yelling over the music.

PARTYGOER 1

(to Partygoer 2)
You've gotta meet our host. You can
ask him all about his past lives.
He's got a memory chip cause he's
on the council.

PARTYGOER 2

Lucky government bastard.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who you callin a bastard, kid?

Astra's looks up at the top of the stairs and we see-

PARTYGOER 1

Elliot!

Guests JEER in the kitchen. Strobe lights PULSE to heavy
bass. A chorus of overwhelming stimulus, growing to a
crescendo as-

He FLASHES Partygoer 1 a toothy grin, then starts to asses
the pair of outsiders behind her.

Elliot's gaze passes right over Blair. LOCKS on Astra.

END OF PILOT.