



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY

Episode One: We Only See Each Other at Weddings and Funerals

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TEASER

EXT. POLISH VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

A picturesque European village, quaint and charming. We follow a pretty young TEENAGE GIRL down the street.

FX: RUDKI, POLAND. OCTOBER 1, 1984

Suddenly the girl stops, alarmed, clutching her stomach.

Gritting her teeth, she stumbles on, holding her belly.

And is it our imagination, or is her previously-flat stomach EXPANDING by the second?

EXT. POLISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Night has fallen. A violent thunderstorm rips through the heavens. Rain sleetng down. Throughout the village, nervous TOWNSPEOPLE huddle in groups, whispering, sharing gossip.

INT. POLISH HOME - NIGHT

The Teenage Girl yowls in pain. Her belly is wildly distended. The doctor emerges from between her legs, holding a perfectly healthy NEWBORN BABY BOY. The new mother begins to SOB. In the corner, her parents hold each other.

TITLE CARD: "On the first day of October, 1984, forty-three women around the world simultaneously gave birth."

EXT. POLISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

A mob forms. The villagers are scared. Demanding answers.

TITLE CARD: "None of the women showed any prior signs of pregnancy."

The mob surrounds the house. Suddenly they are struck by a BLINDING SPOTLIGHT from above!

A massive STEAM-POWERED DIRIGIBLE hangs in the sky above them, its rotors churning the air.

The villagers back away in terror as a ROPE LADDER unfurls.

A tall figure descends the ladder. Turns to face the mob.

REGINALD HARGREEVES (40s). World famous explorer, industrialist and philanthropist. Torchlight reflecting off his distinctive SILVER MONOCLE.

Hargreeves coldly surveys the gathered crowd. Then wordlessly enters the home.

TITLE CARD: "Sir Reginald Hargreeves, eccentric billionaire and playboy adventurer, made it his personal mission to find and adopt as many of these children as possible."

INT. POLISH HOME - CONTINUOUS

Hargreeves enters the birthing room. The family stares, too confused to protest, as he approaches the Teenage Mother.

He examines the newborn in her arms. Pokes it with one slender finger. Satisfied, he looks to the mother.

HARGREEVES

How much do you want for it?

TITLE CARD: "He got seven of them."

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

New York. A darkened concert hall. A beautiful young woman takes the stage, violin in hand. She begins to play.

TITLE CARD: 30 YEARS LATER

This is VANYA. Like all our main characters, she is in her EARLY 30s. Shy. Sweet. Perhaps a bit too fragile for her own good. Despite this, she plays with an easy confidence.

Her haunting MELODY carries through the rest of the teaser...

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Paparazzi on motorcycles race after a black Escalade with tinted windows. Weaving in and out of traffic.

The SUV pulls into the driveway of Los Angeles's famed Chateau Marmont. The photographers abandon their bikes, rush to snap pictures of the woman stepping out of the Escalade.

ALLISON emerges, hidden beneath dark glasses. Perhaps the most famous woman on the planet. Her BODYGUARDS attempt to shield her from the flashing cameras--

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A quiet suburban neighborhood. We zero in on a specific house. The back door has been broken. Glass everywhere.

Through the living room window, we see the FAMILY, seated in the center of the room, bound and gagged.

We rise higher. Through the second story window, we see MASKED INTRUDERS ransacking the bedroom. A home invasion.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

One of the HOME INVADERS makes his way down the hall, a shotgun held loosely in his grip. Checking each room in turn.

A FLICKER OF MOTION catches his attention. He spins, gun raised...but there's nothing there. Just the darkened window.

Slowly, he lowers the gun. Must have been his imagination.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT

A rave in Amsterdam. Pulsing lights, sweaty bodies. Vanya's violin solo BLENDING SEAMLESSLY with the pulsing electronic music. We DRIFT through the club--

Rising past the spiral staircase--

And finally entering the VIP area, where a pale, emaciated man LEVITATES in a mid-air lotus pose. Meet KLAUS. Think David Bowie crossed with Hunter S. Thompson.

EXT. THE MOON - NIGHT

Jagged spires of stone rise from lifeless soil. High overhead hangs a brilliant blue orb: the EARTH itself.

We're on THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.

And we're not alone.

A massive SHAPE sits hunched atop one of the rocky bluffs, staring out across the desolate wasteland. The details are hard to make out: he's definitely wearing some sort of protective suit...but his body proportions are all wrong. The figure is gigantic, misshapen, grotesquely muscular.

ANGLE on his face. LUTHER. Perhaps the single loneliest man you've ever seen.

The communication device at his side BLINKS to life. Luther scans the incoming message. His expression shocked.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Now the MONTAGE picks up speed, INTERCUTTING at will--

Vanya launches into a feverish violin solo, the bow moving almost too fast to see.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The home invasion is still in progress. One of the robbers standing over the helpless family.

Behind him, a section of the darkness breaks free, glides closer. Taking on the proportions of a man, clad in a sleek COMBAT SUIT, wearing a simple DOMINO MASK. This is DIEGO.

The robber senses something, starts to turn. Too late.

Diego disarms the intruder with brutal efficiency, SHATTERING the man's elbow in the process, raining punches into his kidneys, before finally SLAMMING him face-first through a glass coffee table. Think Batman, minus the self-control.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - NIGHT

Allison sits at a table, surrounded by people but somehow still alone. Everyone else is laughing, drinking, enjoying being young and famous. Allison just stares straight ahead.

One of her assistants leans in, whispers something in her ear. Frowning, Allison checks her phone. We PUSH IN--

As her expression changes.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT

The same thing is happening in Amsterdam. A manager enters the VIP area and whispers something to Klaus, who is still levitating in mid-air. He THUMPS back to the ground, stunned.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

We return to Vanya, still playing her heart out. As we PAN AROUND HER, the cell phone in her back pocket suddenly LIGHTS UP, vibrating.

Her concentration breaks; she plays the wrong note. The solo comes to a crashing halt.

Vanya stands there, her face burning, knowing she just bombed the audition. Nevertheless, she manages a polite bow to the unseen judges watching from the balcony.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

Vanya hurries down the sidewalk, violin case in hand. Suddenly she stops short, staring at a STOREFRONT TELEVISION.

The screen shows a picture of a DISTINGUISHED OLDER MAN wearing a gleaming SILVER MONOCLE. The news crawl reads *Eccentric Billionaire and Founder of The Umbrella Academy Reginald Hargreeves dead at 63.*

We PUSH IN on Vanya's face, as she speaks the only word of the teaser:

VANYA

Dad.

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY

ACT ONE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A taxi winds its way down a series of twisting gravel roads. Dense forest on all sides. Vanya sits in the back of the taxi, gazing out the window. Her mind a million miles away.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - GROUNDS - DAY

A sprawling Gothic mansion. Chilly and austere. This is the fabled UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

The taxi deposits Vanya outside the mansion. She watches as it pulls away. Feeling very small. Very alone.

INT. MANSION - GRAND HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Once upon a time this was a magical place, a wonderland of cutting-edge technology and strange archeological artifacts gathered from around the globe. But Hargreeves spent the last decade of his life alone, and the once-great manor has fallen into disrepair.

Nowhere is this more evident than the AUTOMATONS that Hargreeves created, robotic creations imbued with some small degree of intelligence. Now these malfunctioning robots litter the manor, broken and crippled things.

Vanya enters the lobby. A broken AUTOMATON comes limping toward her, an ancient TEDDY BEAR, its face sloughing off, arms extended for a hug.

TEDDY BEAR
MY PURPOSE IS LOVE!

Vanya kicks the bear over, steps past. The bear's legs continue to scissor mindlessly.

TEDDY BEAR
WHHHHHhhhhyyyyy...

ALLISON
Would ya look at that.

Vanya turns to find Allison standing in the doorway.

ALLISON
Everyone was like taking bets on whether you'd show.

VANYA

Did you win?

Allison gives a small, rueful shrug. *Nope*. Then she steps forward to embrace her sister. It's an awkward moment. Neither of them quite ready to make physical contact.

ALLISON

Are we supposed to...how's this go?

VANYA

I have no idea.

Allison gives Vanya a quick, obligatory hug. Then she reconsiders, pulls Vanya in closer. Vanya closes her eyes, rests her chin on Allison's shoulder. *God, she needed this.*

ALLISON

I'm glad you're here.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Least someone is.

They break apart to reveal DIEGO, glaring at Vanya. Unlike the others, Diego is wearing his usual attire: a Kevlar-reinforced black bodysuit, complete with domino mask.

ALLISON

Eat shit, Diego.

DIEGO

You're seriously gonna defend her?
After what she did?

ALLISON

You're seriously gonna do this
today? At Dad's funeral?

DIEGO

Dad knew what she was.

He turns away in disgust. Vanya stares after him, dismayed.

INT. MANSION - HARGREEVES' ROOM - DAY

Hargreeves' bedroom, chilly and austere. Luther runs his hand along a FAINT INDENTATION left in the mattress. The spot where his father slept for the last 30 years.

Luther's body is hidden beneath a massive OVERCOAT that does little to disguise his monstrous, unnatural proportions.

(NOTE: In later episodes we will learn that Luther's head has been grafted onto the body of a GORILLA. Yes, really.)

Luther moves to the window, examines the locking mechanism. Behind him, Diego saunters into the room.

DIEGO (O.S.)
If you're looking for the will,
you're wasting your time.

Luther glares at his brother. No love lost between these two.

LUTHER
Diego.

DIEGO
But you're not looking for the
will, are you? Mmm. You're looking
for something else.
(touches Luther's
overcoat)
Nice monkey suit, by the way.

Luther irritably slaps his hand away. Diego flops down into Hargreeves' favorite armchair, one leg thrown over the side.

LUTHER
What do you want?

DIEGO
To save you some time.

Diego hands Luther a crumpled MEDICAL REPORT.

LUTHER
What is this?

DIEGO
Dad's autopsy report.

LUTHER
And you have this why?

DIEGO
Because I broke into the county
coroner's office. The point *is*, it
was normal, boring old heart
failure.

LUTHER
I know that.

DIEGO

So you're checking the windows and doors for...fun?

(Luther ignores him.)

All locked, by the way. No forced entry, no evidence of a struggle.

LUTHER

Were you the first one on the scene?

Diego stares at his brother. A flicker of grim amusement.

DIEGO

No. Pogo found him.

LUTHER

What about Dad's monocle?

DIEGO

What about it?

LUTHER

Do you know where it is?

DIEGO

(ignoring this)

Why are you doing this, Luther?

LUTHER

Asking questions?

DIEGO

Looking for a fight.

(gestures around)

There's no mystery here. There's nothing to solve, or avenge, or anything else. Dad got old, and he died alone, just like we always knew he would. End of story.

(quieter)

I'm trying to help you.

LUTHER

You should leave.

Luther's voice is gravel, broken glass. The voice of a man struggling to keep his fury in check. Diego recognizes this. He tips an imaginary hat, then strolls out of the room.

Luther remains at the window, his massive body silhouetted against the soft orange light.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY

Vanya enters Hargreeves' library. She scans the wall-to-ceiling shelves, searching for a specific title.

To her surprise, she actually finds the book: "*Extra Ordinary: My Life as Number Seven*," by Vanya Hargreeves. The back cover shows an author photo of Vanya herself.

VANYA
I'll be damned.

Vanya turns to the inscription page of her book, where she finds the dedication she wrote to her father:

Dad: I figured...why not? V.

She smiles softly to herself.

POGO (O.S.)
Welcome home, Miss Vanya.

She turns to find an ELDERLY CHIMPANZEE limping into the room. He's dressed in a natty tweed jacket. This is POGO.

VANYA
Pogo!

She kneels and embraces Pogo. He returns the embrace warmly.

POGO
It's so good to see you.

She pulls away, beaming. He notices the book in her hand.

POGO
Ah, yes. Your book.

VANYA
I never knew if he got it. Did he...did he ever read it?

POGO
Not that I'm aware of. Then again, your father was a very private man.

Her expression hardens. She returns the book to its shelf.

Hand in hand, they leave the room together.

INT. MANSION - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Vanya and Pogo pause before a FRAMED PORTRAIT on the wall. It shows the young boy we met earlier in the story. The placard at the bottom of the painting reads **NUMBER FIVE**.

VANYA

How long has it been?

POGO

Twenty-two years, seven months,
sixteen days.

VANYA

I used to leave the lights on at
night, in case he came back. I
didn't want him to be scared.

POGO

Your father used to insist he could
feel Number Five's presence. That
he was still out there, somewhere.
He never gave up hope.

VANYA

And look where it got him.

INT. MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Allison enters a cavernous room filled with UMBRELLA ACADEMY MEMORABILIA. Posters and news clippings of their exploits. Merchandised toys and costumes.

Allison turns in a slow circle. Her gaze falls on--

A LIFE-SIZED MURAL, painted across the far wall. It shows Allison and her siblings as CHILDREN. They're wearing matching costumes and domino masks, each one striking a different heroic pose. Only Vanya is missing from the mural.

Allison browses the memorabilia room, her expression wistful, perhaps just the tiniest bit embarrassed. She picks up a stack of old TEEN MAGAZINES. (Think: Tiger Beat.)

YOUNG ALLISON graces every cover, glamorous, already a star in the making. *"Have You Heard The Rumor?" "Rumor Has It!"*

ALLISON

Jesus.

LUTHER (O.S.)

Allison.

She turns to find LUTHER standing in the doorway.

LUTHER

I...wasn't sure you'd come. Where's Patrick?

ALLISON

Filed for divorce eight months ago.

LUTHER

What about Claire?

ALLISON

(avoiding eye contact)
He got sole custody.

LUTHER

I'm sorry.

Allison picks up another magazine. Hargreeves on the cover.

ALLISON

He's really gone, huh?

LUTHER

When's the last time you talked to him?

ALLISON

God, who knows. Before Claire was born, so, what, maybe seven years ago? Eight? What about you?

LUTHER

He called me every day. Every single day.

KLAUS (O.S.)

You know what I love about funerals?

Klaus FLOATS into the room, doing a lazy mid-air backstroke.

KLAUS

Everything I own is black.
(noticing Allison)
If it isn't my baby sister. Ooh,
and the mighty Spaceboy.

LUTHER

The name's Luther.

KLAUS

The old man kicks it and the code names are the first to go. Shame.

He drifts backwards out of the room, humming merrily.

LUTHER

So he's still insane.

She grins back at him.

ALLISON

Is it weird that I find that strangely comforting?

LUTHER

Did you see Diego?

ALLISON

With his stupid little mask? God.

LUTHER

You think he wears it in the bathroom? Like in the shower?

ALLISON

Oh, one hundred percent.

Their smiles gradually fade. Both of them remembering the task still at hand. Luther sighs heavily.

LUTHER

Okay. Wanna get this over with?

She nods. Luther starts toward the door. Allison hesitates.

ALLISON

Hey, Luther...? It's...it's really good to see you again.

LUTHER

Yeah. You, too.

He holds her gaze, longing and regret in equal measure. Allison senses the pull just as strongly. Then Luther remembers what he has become. Breaks the connection.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Diego, Vanya, Klaus, and Allison are seated at the long dining table. Luther enters, moves to the head of the table.

DIEGO

Can we hurry this along?

LUTHER

I thought we could have the memorial service at sundown. Out by Dad's favorite tree.

ALLISON

Dad had a favorite tree?

LUTHER

The big elm? He, um...he used to take me out there and we'd sit and...and talk about...

Luther trails off, awkward, as he realizes none of the others were ever privy to this particular side of Hargreeves.

LUTHER

It doesn't matter. What's important is: there are things we still need to discuss.

KLAUS

Question. Will there be food?

ALLISON

(ignoring Klaus)
Like what?

LUTHER

Like Dad. The way he died.

DIEGO

Aaaand here we go.

VANYA

I thought it was a heart attack?

LUTHER

According to the coroner.

ALLISON

Yeah, well, I think he'd know.

LUTHER

His heart stopped at 4:32 in the morning. We know the exact moment, because of his pacemaker.

VANYA

Why does that matter?

LUTHER
There are over 250 cameras on the
property. You know how Dad was.

ALLISON
Paranoid?

DIEGO
Insane?

KLAUS
Tall.

LUTHER
He died at 4:32. Three minutes
before that, the cameras stopped
recording. All of them. There's a
ten minute gap before they come
back online.

A moment while this sinks in.

KLAUS
Wait, sorry, I wasn't listening.
What?

They ignore him. Allison mulls this over.

ALLISON
You're saying someone killed him.
Made it look like natural causes.

LUTHER
And then erased the footage.

VANYA
Okay, hold up, confused. Who had
that kind of access?

LUTHER
It's the same system from when we
were kids. Retinal scan grants full
access. I tested it to make sure.

A beat to process that.

VANYA
What...what does that mean?

DIEGO
Please. Like it's not obvious.
(looks to Luther)
You're not telling us this because
you want our help. Are you?

DIEGO (CONT'D)
(Luther is silent.)
You think one of us did it.

The news sinks in around the table. Vanya looks to Diego,
Allison to Luther. Luther stares back, impassive.

KLAUS
But there's *definitely* no food?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MANSION - TRAINING ROOM - FLASHBACK

We follow Hargreeves as he prowls the Academy TRAINING ROOM. A futuristic cross between NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the X-Men's Danger Room.

We pass an exercise area, where YOUNG LUTHER is effortlessly bench-pressing more than 500 pounds--

HARGREEVES

Mind your form, Number One.

YOUNG LUTHER

Yes, sir.

He passes a WATER TANK where YOUNG DIEGO floats, submerged, arms crossed, looking bored. A TECHNICIAN monitors the boy.

HARGREEVES

How long's he been in there?

TECHNICIAN #1

Going on six hours.

HARGREEVES

Tell him he can come out at ten.

Inside the tank, Young Diego gives Hargreeves the finger.

Hargreeves continues on, passing YOUNG KLAUS, who stands motionless, trembling, eyes shut tightly in concentration.

Hargreeves sees the boy is struggling, leans down.

HARGREEVES

(quietly)

Clear your mind.

YOUNG KLAUS

But...the voices...

HARGREEVES

*The voices are there to serve you.
Not the other way around. Your fear
is a weapon, and I want you to use
it. Now. Clear your mind.*

Young Klaus takes a deep breath, his face going slack--

Behind them, every object in sight slowly *LEVITATES* off the ground. Bobbing and hovering in mid-air. Hargreeves nods curtly, claps Klaus on the shoulder, continues on.

Hargreeves passes *YOUNG ALLISON*, curled up on a bench reading a paperback novel.

HARGREEVES

You're supposed to be training,
Number Three.

YOUNG ALLISON

I heard a rumor I didn't have to.

HARGREEVES

(agreeing instantly)
Quite right.

Hargreeves keeps walking, pushes through a pair of doors--

INT. MANSION - TRAINING ROOM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

We follow Hargreeves down a narrow corridor, past a series of individual training rooms. (Think racquetball courts, modified with floor-to-ceiling bulletproof shielding.)

Inside the first court, a group of frightened-looking *ARMED SOLDIERS* react with terror to something headed their way. They open fire with *BEANBAG SHOTGUNS* and *STUN RIFLES*--

A *MONSTROUS, LOVECRAFTIAN HORROR* rampages into view, tentacles flailing. We realize the hapless soldiers are actually sparring partners for this thing.

Without breaking stride, Hargreeves nods his approval as the monster flattens the guards.

HARGREEVES

Excellent work, Number Six.

YOUNG VANYA (O.S.)

Ben.

Hargreeves turns. *YOUNG VANYA* stands behind him, defiant.

YOUNG VANYA

His name's Ben.

Hargreeves makes a sour face. In the b.g., one of the guards gets *SLAMMED* face-first into the observation window.

HARGREEVES

You're not supposed to be down here.

He turns, keeps walking. The little girl calls after him.

YOUNG VANYA

We have names!

Hargreeves arrives at another testing room. Another UMBRELLA TECHNICIAN stands before an observation window.

HARGREEVES

How's he doing?

TECHNICIAN #2

See for yourself. Should be arriving in 4...3...2...

Through the window, we see an empty training room, filled with PLASTIC DUMMIES dressed like armed terrorists.

For a moment, nothing happens.

Then the room explodes into CHAOS. Every dummy violently WHIPS BACK AND FORTH. Heads vanish, limbs snap. KNIVES appear, buried to the hilt in the plastic bodies.

At the same time, a small, serious boy BLINKS into existence, standing in the center of the room, quite bored. This is NUMBER FIVE. A ruthless little war machine.

HARGREEVES

Slow it down.

The Tech replays the footage in SUPER-SLOW MOTION. We see that Number Five is actually TELEPORTING around the room, moving almost too fast to follow. Stabbing dummies, brutally snapping their necks. Hargreeves smiles, impressed.

HARGREEVES

He's perfect.

TECHNICIAN #2

He's reckless. One miscalculation and he could get lost in time.

HARGREEVES

That won't happen. Will it, Number Five?

Number Five fixes his father with a cool stare.

NUMBER FIVE

No, Father.

We DISSOLVE back to THE PRESENT...

INT. MANSION - SITTING ROOM - DAY

A CERAMIC URN is opened. It's filled with CREMATED ASHES.

Klaus dips his hand into the urn, lets the ashes spill through his fingertips. Glances around the room.

KLAUS

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

(leans in closer:)

Luther says you were killed. I don't know about that, but...if you were...and you wanted to, I don't know, give me some kind of sign...

He waits a moment. Then sighs, disappointed.

KLAUS

You always were a stubborn bastard.

INT. MANSION - HARGREEVES' OFFICE - DAY

The walls of Hargreeves' office are covered with hunting trophies. Some we recognize--elephant, bear, rhino--and some we do not. Some don't look like they came from this planet.

Luther sits behind a massive mahogany desk, ransacking the drawers. He's searching for something...but what?

POGO (O.S.)

Master Luther.

Pogo limps into the room. Cradling something in his paws.

LUTHER

I'm looking for Dad's monocle. Have you seen it?

POGO

No. I would assume it's with the rest of his personal effects.

LUTHER

(distracted)

It's not. Already checked...

Pogo clears his throat. Tries again.

POGO

Your father left me with a specific set of instructions. In the unlikely event of his passing, he wanted you to have this.

Pogo gives Luther a small RUBY GEM, intricately cut. Luther takes the gem, smiling softly to himself.

LUTHER

The Eye of Anubis. We took it from Boss Tutankhamun. First mission I ever led.

(quieter)

It was the best day of my life.

POGO

Perhaps that's why he wanted you to have it, Master Luther.

Luther is silent for a beat, turning the gem in his hand.

LUTHER

The others think I'm crazy.

POGO

In their defense, you *did* accuse one of them of patricide.

LUTHER

So you don't believe me either?

POGO

In my short time on this earth, I've seen incredible things from the children of the Umbrella Academy. I've seen courage and imagination beyond all reckoning. Moments of weakness, yes, of course. But what I have not seen is cowardice, or treachery. And to kill a man in his sleep is the ultimate act of cowardice.

Pogo limps away. Hesitates a moment in the doorway.

POGO

You should have faith in your family, Master Luther. They still have faith in you.

INT. MANSION - VANYA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Vanya sits on her childhood bed, surrounded by dolls and stuffed animals. The room hasn't changed in twenty years.

The overhead lights begin to FLICKER. We hear a RATTLE--

An old SILVER LOCKET on the table has begun to VIBRATE. As Vanya stares, the locket is suddenly flung across the room and PINNED IN PLACE against the far wall!

INT. MANSION - MASTER BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Allison has changed into her funeral attire: black dress, mourning veil. As she studies herself in the mirror, the reflection VIBRATES. We hear a RUMBLE--

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Klaus, watching in confusion as various metal objects are magnetically hurled across the room. Dozens of pieces of SILVERWARE are already pinned against the nearest wall.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - GROUNDS - SAME TIME

Diego bursts out of the mansion. Pogo follows close behind.

A BLAZING ELECTROMAGNETIC DISTURBANCE hovers just above the driveway, hissing and crackling like a fireball. The air around them is alive, ripped by gale force WINDS.

The others emerge, one by one. Vanya. Klaus. Allison. And finally Luther.

Klaus takes one look at the fireball, then ducks back inside.

VANYA
(shouting to be heard)
What is it?

LUTHER
Get back. Don't touch it!

DIEGO
Yeah, no shit.

POGO
It appears to be some sort of
temporal anomaly. Or possibly a
black hole.

DIEGO

Pretty big difference there, Pogo!

Klaus returns, holding a tiny FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

ALLISON

What the hell are you going to do with that?

KLAUS

(freaking the fuck out)

I don't know! Do you have a better idea?!?

The disturbance is getting brighter, more powerful. The observers are forced to shield their eyes.

VANYA

Umm...running? I vote for running?

LUTHER

Everyone get behind me.

Instinctively, Allison reaches out, takes Luther's hand. He glances down, surprised despite himself.

WHOOOOOOM! Without warning, the disturbance seems to IMplode, folding in upon itself. The winds abruptly subside.

The disturbance is gone. In its place is a TINY FORM, smoke rising from his body. The figure straightens up.

It's NUMBER FIVE. Still ten years old. Although we haven't seen him in twenty-two years, he hasn't aged a day.

ALLISON

Holy shit.

KLAUS

Dooooooes anyone else see the little Number Five? Just me?

Number Five calmly scans his surroundings.

NUMBER FIVE

Anyone care to tell me what year this is?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Number Five enters the kitchen, heads straight for the fridge. The others follow him, still hopelessly confused.

LUTHER

What are you doing?

NUMBER FIVE

Making a sandwich. Do you know how long it's been since I've eaten solid food?

Number Five opens the fridge door. Luther slams it shut again. Number Five glances up, annoyed.

NUMBER FIVE

You look ridiculous, by the way.

LUTHER

It's been 22 years, Number Five. Where have you been?

NUMBER FIVE

It's been a lot longer than that.

He opens the fridge again, digs out some ingredients.

VANYA

What happened to you?

Number Five stands on a chair so he can reach the counter. He begins slathering mayonnaise on bread.

NUMBER FIVE

What do you think happened? I decided to test the limits of my time jumping, see how far I could go. Turns out, pretty far.

Klaus elbows Diego. Diego grudgingly passes him FIVE BUCKS.

NUMBER FIVE

Dad always warned me not to go too far into the future. On account of my jumps only working in one direction. This time, he was right.
(takes a bite)
Christ, I needed that.

Allison sits down across from the boy, studying him.

ALLISON

Then how did you get back?

Number Five answers through a mouthful of sandwich:

NUMBER FIVE

By projecting my consciousness
backwards into a suspended quantum
state version of myself that exists
in every possible instance of time.

DIEGO

That makes no sense.

NUMBER FIVE

It would if you were smarter.
(another bite)
Granted, it did take me a *little*
time to work out all the nuts and
bolts of it...

ALLISON

How much time?

NUMBER FIVE

Ahh...52 years. Give or take.

DIEGO

You're sixty-two?

NUMBER FIVE

No, my consciousness is 62. My
body's still ten. But, the point
is, Dad said it couldn't be done
and I did it. So.

(looks around)

Where is the old bastard, anyway? I
want to rub it in his face.

LUTHER

He died three days ago.

The boy stares at him, chewing, his face impassive.

NUMBER FIVE

Natural causes?

DIEGO

Yes.

LUTHER

We don't know.

NUMBER FIVE

Well. That complicates things.

LUTHER
What kind of things?

NUMBER FIVE
All kinds of things. What's today's date? The exact date?

ALLISON
The, uh, 14th. I think.

NUMBER FIVE
Of what?

ALLISON
July.

The boy frowns, dismayed. Slides off his stool.

NUMBER FIVE
Hmm. Doesn't leave us much time.

Gnawing on his sandwich, the boy strolls out of the room.

LUTHER
Time for what? We're not done here!
(no answer)
Number Five!

Number Five climbs the stairs, disappears. Luther glances around the room helplessly. The others look just as confused.

Except for Klaus. He points to the sandwich ingredients.

KLAUS
Is there more pastrami?

INT. MANSION - NUMBER FIVE'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanya goes looking for Number Five, finds him standing in his old bedroom, staring at his old toys and books, forlorn.

NUMBER FIVE
He kept all my things.

Vanya kneels behind him, wraps her arms around him. The boy pulls away at once, flinching angrily.

NUMBER FIVE
What are you doing?

VANYA
It's called a hug.

NUMBER FIVE

Hug. Right.

(considers this)

I may have reacted...poorly
downstairs. Side effect of 52 years
without any physical contact.

VANYA

What do you mean?

He gazes at her for a long beat. Struggling with some
internal decision. But instead of answering, he turns away.

NUMBER FIVE

I read your book, you know. Found
it in a public library. That's how
I knew how bad things had gotten.
How Number Six died.

VANYA

(gently correcting)

Ben.

NUMBER FIVE

How we failed.

(angrily)

This is the wrong time. I came too
late. Delores always said my
equation was off. Must have forgot
to carry the second two...

VANYA

Who's Delores?

NUMBER FIVE

(ignoring the question)

There's another option. Someone, or
something, pulled me out of the
timestream early. Brought me here
to this exact moment.

VANYA

But why?

The boy doesn't answer. He stares out the window, haunted.

NUMBER FIVE

They know I'm here.

INT. MANSION - HARGREEVES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Allison enters her father's old office. Luther is studying
the AUTOPSY REPORT that Diego stole from the coroner.

We glimpse EVIDENCE PHOTOS of Reginald Hargreeves lying dead in his bed, hands clasped peacefully across his chest. It's the first time we've seen Hargreeves without his trademark silver monocle.

ALLISON

It's time. If you wanted to, you know. Get changed.

LUTHER

You do realize I can't just buy suits off the rack, right?

(noticing)

Are you mad at me?

ALLISON

Am I mad? Do you even know how messed up that was back there? You can't just drop a bomb like, *hey, I think one of you might have killed Dad*, and just leave it like that.

LUTHER

I didn't--

ALLISON

That's exactly what you did.

LUTHER

(ticking on his fingers)

I'm just saying, look how we turned out. Vanya, insecure wreck. Diego, 'roid rage poster boy. Klaus, barely keeping it together--

ALLISON

What about Allison? "*Tabloid disaster?*" "*World's worst mom?*"

LUTHER

I didn't say that--

ALLISON

You gonna blame Dad for the way I turned out? Or what about Number Five? He just showed up, maybe you wanna go accuse him of murder!

LUTHER

Yeah, and he just happens to show up *today*? That doesn't seem like a hell of a coincidence to you?

She shakes her head, disgusted.

ALLISON

Dad's not the victim here, Luther.
We were. We all got screwed over.
That doesn't mean we have a motive.
(leans in closer)

Why are you doing this? What, like
all of the sudden we're going to
break out the spandex again? Maybe
go beat the shit out of Dr.
Terminal?

LUTHER

You think *that's* what this is
about? The Academy?

Luther angrily brushes past her.

INT. MANSION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Allison follows Luther out of the office.

ALLISON

Then what? Why do you even care?

Luther spins around. **CRUNCH**. Puts his fist through the
nearest wall, hard enough to leave a basketball-sized hole.

LUTHER

(in a rage)
Because he sent me up there! He
said, *Watch for threats, Number
One*. He said, *No one else can do
this but you*. And I trusted him!
Four years, by myself, staring at a
bunch of goddamn rocks. And every
single morning I had to tell
myself, 'Don't worry, Dad must have
had his reasons. One day this will
all make sense.' And it was for
nothing.

Allison gazes up at him sadly. Reaches out to touch his arm.
Luther irritably slaps her hand away.

LUTHER

You wanna talk motive, how's that
for getting "screwed over"?

He turns and storm away. Allison stares after him, unhappy.

INT. MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Diego saunters down a different corridor. He pauses outside the grand ballroom. His jaw drops.

The ballroom is filled with FLOATING CLOTHES. Men's suits and women's dresses, all performing a slow, elaborate BALLROOM WALTZ. Klaus stands in the center, spinning and pirouetting, conducting this madness.

DIEGO

Klaus.

Klaus whips around, startled. All the clothes COLLAPSE to the floor at once.

KLAUS

Certainly not dancing with Mother's old clothes!

(uncertain beat)

You *did* ask what I'm doing...?

DIEGO

No.

KLAUS

Well, then. I wasn't doing anything. At all.

(awkwardly)

And you, what about you, brother, what's been keeping you busy these days? Fun in the sun? Maybe some light beach volleyball?

DIEGO

My job.

KLAUS

Ah, yes. Beating criminals senseless. Breaking bones and cracking skulls.

DIEGO

Saving lives. What have you been doing?

Klaus just grins. Behind him, the clothes LEVITATE back into the air, forming the word **DRUGS** in giant letters.

Diego shakes his head, keeps walking.

DIEGO

Idiot.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - SUNDOWN

One by one, the siblings emerge from the mansion. Single-file, they start across the field.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The funeral takes place beneath a towering elm tree. All six surviving Umbrella siblings are in attendance.

Luther is carrying the URN containing Hargreeves' ashes. The others form a loose semi-circle around him.

Nearby, a trio of ANCIENT AUTOMATONS play an especially shitty rendition of *Amazing Grace* on their trumpets.

Pogo is the last to arrive, supporting himself on his cane.

POGO

Whenever you're ready, dear boy.

Luther inverts the urn. The ashes slide out in a clump, landing in a pile at his feet. It's kind of pathetic.

KLAUS

Probably would have been better with some wind.

Pogo glares at Klaus. Then clears his throat.

POGO

Does anyone wish to speak?

We pan around the circle. Luther. Diego. Allison. Number Five. Klaus. Vanya. No one speaks.

POGO

Very well. In all regards, Reginald Hargreeves made me the creature I am today. For that alone, I shall forever be in his debt. He was my friend, and my master, and I shall miss him very much. He was a...a complicated man--

DIEGO

(quietly)

He was a monster. He was bad as a person and worse as a father, and the world's better off without him.

ALLISON

Kraken, you ass.

DIEGO

My name is not Kraken! Don't you get that? We're more than the names he gave us!

(points to the mansion)

This entire place is a lie. *That's* his legacy.

LUTHER

We're his legacy.

DIEGO

Well, I hope he's proud.

(pointing to Klaus,
Allison, Vanya)

Drug addict. Fame whore. Traitor.

(re: Number Five)

Whatever the hell you are.

(and finally Luther)

And the mighty *Spaceboy*.

LUTHER

At least I didn't turn tail and run.

DIEGO

No, you sat on the moon like a good little doggie. He had to send you 240,000 miles away. That's how much he couldn't stand the sight of you.

Luther loses his temper, lunges for Diego--

But Diego is faster. Ducking Luther's giant fists. One lucky shot and Luther will take his head clean off.

VANYA

STOP IT!

KLAUS

(halfhearted, kind of
enjoying this)

Yeah, no, stop it...

Now Diego turns the tables on Luther. Luther may have the size, but Diego certainly has the speed. He strikes Luther several times in quick succession--

Luther grabs Diego's jacket, HURLS him through the air--

Diego flips around in mid-air, springs off the wall--

KICKING Luther in the face--

POGO
Boys! Stop this at once!

Luther BULL-RUSHES Diego, slamming him into the elm tree--

Number Five rolls his eyes, starts walking back toward the mansion. Klaus lights a joint and settles in to watch.

Meanwhile, Luther hauls back, delivers a haymaker--

Diego ducks away. The punch cleaves the tree in half--

ALLISON
Aaaaand there goes Dad's favorite
tree.

KLAUS
(exhaling smoke)
Best funeral ever.

As the tree crashes down, Diego and Luther continue to fight. But it's becoming apparent they're too evenly matched; neither brother can gain the upper hand.

Diego pulls something from his belt: a CURVED FIGHTING KNIFE. As Luther swings again, he whips the knife through the air--

The blade tears open the sleeve of Luther's overcoat. But we don't see bare skin underneath. We see COARSE ANIMAL FUR.

The fight goes out of Luther at once. He stumbles backwards, clapping a hand over the fur, hiding it from sight.

DIEGO
There's your legacy right there.
Thanks, Dad.

Luther looks around wildly. Meets Allison's gaze for a heartbeat. Then turns and lumbers back toward the mansion.

Vanya gets in Diego's face, shoves his chest.

VANYA
You're an asshole.

DIEGO
And you're trespassing. Why did you
even come back, Vanya?

ALLISON
Diego, shut up.

DIEGO

No, no, let me guess: writing a sequel! I hope you got enough material.

Vanya's eyes fill with tears. She storms away, heading not for the mansion, but for the gate at the bottom of the hill.

POGO

Oh, dear.

Allison heads after Luther. After a moment, Diego wanders away, leaving Klaus alone. Klaus kneels, pokes a finger into the pile of HARGREEVES' ASHES on the ground.

KLAUS

Bet you're just loving this.

Birds cry overhead. There is no other answer.

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Deep in the forest, figures are moving. We catch flashes of ORANGE-AND-BLACK BODY ARMOR. Leather boots tromping through mud. Sunlight glinting off FUTURISTIC WEAPONRY.

Slowly, the figures emerge from the underbrush. Each is wearing a GAS MASK HELMET with reflective ORANGE GOGGLES. These are the TEMPS AETERNALIS.

The LEAD TEMP surveys the Academy grounds. His flunkies consult their high-tech scanning equipment.

TEMP #1

Target's definitely inside.

TEMP #2

No sign of defensive measures.

The Lead Temp motions to an agent we'll call DEAD MEAT TEMP.

Dead Meat starts forward, moving cautiously. He climbs through a gap in the crumbling stone wall--

The second he steps foot onto Umbrella property, a MASSIVE BOOBY-TRAP explodes from the soil! It looks like a LASER-GRID FLYSWATTER. The Flyswatter SLAMS down on the luckless Temp, bisecting him into hundreds of tiny cubes.

The other Temps stare. No one seems particularly heartbroken.

LEAD TEMP

(deadpan)

All right, well. Let's not do that again. All units, fall back.

TEMP #2

What about the target?

LEAD TEMP

We can wait. We've got all the time in the world.

One by one, they melt backwards into the forest.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Another FLASHBACK. A quartet of NINETIES YUPPIES--two guys, two girls--clown their way down the sidewalk. This looks like the intro to your typical 90's sitcom.

They reach a BANK. One of the guys holds the door open for his friends as they all enter--

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

--And the lead Guy promptly GETS HIS NOSE BASHED IN by the butt of a combat shotgun! The Yuppie Girls SCREAM as several ARMED BANK ROBBERS grab them and haul them inside.

ROBBER #2
GET DOWN! ON THE GODDAMN GROUND!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Hours later. The bank is under siege. We follow a ROBBER #4 as he patrols the floor, AK-47 in hand. Various CUSTOMERS and BANK EMPLOYEES huddle on the floor, sobbing, terrified.

We approach ROBBER #1, currently in the process of losing his shit as he talks to a hostage negotiator over the phone.

ROBBER #1
I don't give a shit! You are out of time! I told you what would happen, didn't I? Didn't I tell you?

He gestures angrily. Robber #2 yanks a frightened BANK TELLER to his feet, drags the man over.

ROBBER #1
Get him over here. C'mere.
(back to the phone:)
I want you to listen real careful.

He holds out the phone to the Bank Teller.

ROBBER #1
Yo. Tell him your name.

BANK TELLER
Craig. Craig Davis.

ROBBER #1

(into phone)

You go home tonight, your wife asks, "how was work," you tell her, oh, not bad, got a guy named Craig Davis killed.

(the negotiator protests)

No. We're done talking. Now you're gonna listen.

The Bank Teller MOANS, closes his eyes. Robber #1 drops the phone, steps forward, raising his pistol--

YOUNG ALLISON (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir?

They turn to find 10-YEAR-OLD ALLISON standing before them. She's wearing a protective bodysuit and a black domino mask.

ROBBER #1

The hell--?

YOUNG ALLISON

I heard a rumor you can't stop sneezing.

Robber #1 looks confused for a moment. Then he SNEEZES, violently. Again and again. The other robbers look confused.

Robber #1 steadies himself against a desk, eyes watering, gasping for breath. Still sneezing, he gestures to his men: get her! The other robbers start forward.

That's when all hell breaks loose.

Robber #5 is JERKED OFF HIS FEET by an invisible force. His body rockets straight up, ricocheting off the ceiling--

A HORRIBLE SCREAM rings out! We WHIP AROUND to see Robber #4 being dragged headfirst into an airduct by a pair of MONSTROUS GREEN TENTACLES--

Robber #2 whirls, sees NUMBER FIVE standing on the counter. He raises his gun, just as Number Five BLINKS out of sight--

Robber #2 glances down. Sees that, somehow, in the blink of an eye, his gun has been replaced by a JANITOR'S SQUEEGEE. A split-second later, he is SLAMMED SIDEWAYS out of frame by a SMALL, DARK BLUR--

The room has erupted into chaos. We follow one of the YUPPIE HOSTAGES as she crawls frantically across the floor--

Ahead of her, a table EXPLODES into splinters as a Robber #4 is dropped from the sky. The hostage SCREAMS as something goes STREAKING through the air just above her.

The action is overwhelming, a little frightening. This is what it's like to be in the presence of gods.

Robber #1 is the last gunman left standing. He SNEEZES again, then turns on Allison. She smiles sweetly.

YOUNG ALLISON

I heard a rumor your gun doesn't work.

Snarling, he aims at her, pulls the trigger--

CLICK. The gun misfires. Allison shrugs slightly.

YOUNG ALLISON

Told you.

A split-second later, YOUNG LUTHER drops from the sky, CRUSHING the gunman downward out of frame--

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Hostages flee the bank. They are met in the street by the POLICE PRESENCE surrounding the building.

From inside the bank, we hear a DULL IMPACT. Several windows explode, showering the street with glass.

A SHADOW falls across one of the cops. He looks skyward--

Hargreeves' STEAM-POWERED DIRIGIBLE hangs over the city.

INT. DIRIGIBLE OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Hargreeves watches from the observation deck. YOUNG VANYA is at his side, her face pressed up against the glass.

YOUNG VANYA

Dad? I mean, Mr. Monocle, sir? Why can't I go play with the others?

HARGREEVES

Well, Number Seven...there's just nothing special about you.

She hangs her head. In a quiet voice:

YOUNG VANYA

Oh.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME - FLASHBACK

Police, hostages, and TV camera crews all watch, astounded, as the bank doors open and the rescuers emerge...

They're children. Little kids wearing domino masks.

Young Luther surveys the scene, beaming with pride.

This is what a superhero looks like. And the world will never be the same.

We DISSOLVE back to the present...

EXT. OUTSIDE ACADEMY GATE - SUNDOWN

Dusk. The sky bathed in hues of purple and blue. Vanya stands by the road, checking her phone. Behind her, the security gate creaks open and Pogo emerges.

VANYA

If you're gonna convince me to stay, you're wasting your time.

POGO

I was going to offer you a ride.

VANYA

The car's almost here. But thanks.
(stares into the distance)
He's not wrong, you know. Diego.

She looks at Pogo solemnly.

VANYA

I don't belong here.

POGO

I hope you know...your father loved you all very much. In his own way.

VANYA

Yeah, well. That's kind of the problem, isn't it?

She kneels, hugs him fiercely.

VANYA

Goodbye, Pogo.

POGO

Miss Vanya.

The taxi arrives. Vanya climbs in the back. Pogo watches sadly as the car pulls away. Vanishing into the night.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The siblings have retreated to adjacent rooms. Luther is slumped in the darkened sitting room. Number Five is scouring the kitchen for some instant coffee. Klaus floats above him, staring raptly at his fingers, stoned out of his gourd.

NUMBER FIVE

Has to be here somewhere. What kind of adult doesn't drink coffee?

Allison meets Pogo in the foyer.

ALLISON

Where's Vanya?

POGO

She left.

NUMBER FIVE

Pity. She's the only one of you I actually trust.

(glancing up)

Her and the floating idiot.

KLAUS

(slurred)

That's *Miiiiiiister* Floating Idiot.

Allison glances at Luther, sitting alone in the darkness.

ALLISON

Luther? You okay?

He doesn't answer. Diego enters, carrying his duffel bag.

DIEGO

Give him a banana, he'll perk right up.

ALLISON

Oh good, Diego's still here. Said no one. Ever.

Diego pauses, glances around at his siblings.

DIEGO
So. Lots of fun, guys. Let's totes
do it again.

KLAUS
Yes, let's!

As he turns to leave, Luther finally speaks up:

LUTHER
No one else is leaving.

DIEGO
Hey, look at that, right on time.

ALLISON
Luther--

LUTHER
We have to figure this out--

DIEGO
There is nothing to figure out! Dad
died, the world spins on, the end.

LUTHER
You read the autopsy report.

DIEGO
And...?

LUTHER
When they found the body, his
monocle was missing.

DIEGO
And?

LUTHER
And think about it. Have any of
you, ever, seen Dad without that
monocle? Even once?

A moment while this realization sinks in.

ALLISON
No.

DIEGO
And your point?

LUTHER

That whoever has that monocle is either the last person to see our father alive, or the first one to see him dead. I don't care what you thought of him, I really don't.

(looks around)

What any of you thought. You wanna hate his guts, fine, who gives a shit. But we're not gonna pretend like this thing didn't happen. We owe Dad that much.

Diego stares at Luther. Then shakes his head.

DIEGO

Get help, Luther. Seriously.

(to the others:)

Number Five, enjoy puberty.

Allison: Good luck with that Best Beach Bods of the Summer list. I hear there's some real fierce competition this year.

(She gives him the finger.)

Klaus--

Klaus shakes off his reverie and flashes a dazzling smile.

KLAUS

Are we leaving?

DIEGO

I'm leaving. By myself.

KLAUS

Lovely. I'll get my things.

Klaus floats out of the room on his back. Diego glances back at Luther and Allison. Then wordlessly exits the house.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - NIGHT

Diego climbs behind the wheel of his BLACK '72 CUTLASS SUPREME CONVERTIBLE. He slams the door.

As he starts the car, Klaus LEVITATES into frame and settles into the passenger seat. He smiles brightly at Diego.

KLAUS

I've been eating speed for the last three days, and every time I close my eyes I see centipedes.

Diego grimly turns the key. The car roars to life.

DIEGO
Fantastic.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN / SITTING ROOM - SAME TIME

Number Five angrily slams the pantry door.

NUMBER FIVE
Pogo, for the love of Christ, tell
me there's coffee somewhere.

POGO
Your father didn't believe in
caffeine.

NUMBER FIVE
Of course he didn't.

The boy hops down, heads toward the garage.

NUMBER FIVE
I'm taking the Bentley into town.

ALLISON
Do you even know how to drive?

NUMBER FIVE
I know how to do everything.

INT. MANSION - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Number Five hits the lights, revealing a garage stacked with
CLASSIC CARS. Jay Leno would be jealous.

He climbs behind the wheel of the Bentley. Attaches a WOOD
BLOCK to his right shoe to reach the pedals.

Guns the engine.

Grins.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

The Bentley screams out of the garage. It swerves dangerously
onto the lawn, digging deep furrows into the grass, before
righting itself and speeding away into the night.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Allison climbs out her bedroom window onto the sloped roof.

She finds Luther, sitting alone, gazing up at the stars. He holds up the EYE OF ANUBIS GEM, stares through it, breaking the sky into a prism of competing constellations.

LUTHER
(noticing her)
You're still here.

ALLISON
Just waiting on my car. Want some company?

He scoots over slightly. She sits beside him. The MOON is visible, a glowing crescent in a sea of darkness.

ALLISON
So what's it like up there?

LUTHER
Quiet. Cold.

ALLISON
I wish I could see it. Maybe someday you'll take me up there with you, huh?

LUTHER
Yeah. Maybe.
(beat)
Can I ask you something? I haven't seen you use your powers once since I've been back.

ALLISON
Yeah, well. The last time...it didn't turn out so hot. Careful what you wish for, blah blah blah.
(changing the subject)
How about you?

Luther is silent for a long moment.

LUTHER
I'm not stupid. I know things can never go back to...you know. The way they were.
(he looks at her)
But that doesn't mean we can't still try. Father brought us together for a reason--

ALLISON

He didn't bring us together,
Luther. He took us from our homes.
From our real families. He turned us
into *this*.

LUTHER

We're still a family--

ALLISON

We're an experiment. And not a very
good one.

Luther falls silent. Hangs his head. Far below, the mansion
gates swing open to admit a black STRETCH LIMOUSINE.

LUTHER

You should go.

ALLISON

You should come. I can show you
California. Do the whole Hollywood
sign, Disneyland thing.

He meets her gaze. Wants so badly to say yes. But instead:

LUTHER

You know I can't.

ALLISON

Yeah. I know. Don't stay gone
forever. The rest of us miss you
down here.

She stands. Kisses him on the forehead. Then climbs back
through the window, leaving Luther alone.

He stares at the ruby in his hand. Then he CLENCHES his fist,
as if trying to crush the gem into dust.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Allison gathers her luggage, starts for the door. Her gaze
falls on an old PHOTOGRAPH of the Umbrella Academy in its
prime. Seven smiling children, grinning and laughing.

She gazes at the image. Perhaps remembering how different
things were back then. How happy they were.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

The Bentley is parked (poorly) outside a cheap greasy spoon diner. Number Five is already inside.

Several shadowy figures step out of the darkness. The mysterious TEMP AGENTS we saw earlier.

They check their weapons. Then advance toward the diner.

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

The diner is mostly deserted: a handful of CUSTOMERS, a tired-looking WAITRESS, a FRY COOK behind the grill. Number Five sits at the counter, signals for the Waitress.

NUMBER FIVE

Coffee. Black.

WAITRESS

Ain't you a little young for that?

NUMBER FIVE

Get me a goddamned cup of coffee or I'll burn this place to the ground.

(then, with effort:)

Please.

She stares at him for a long beat. Then, expressionless, she pours a cup, slides it over to him. He drinks deeply.

WAITRESS

You got a mouth on you.

The boy just shows his teeth, like a feral chimpanzee. The Waitress backs away, unnerved. He goes back to his coffee.

The bell dings. The Temps enter in the background.

The boy doesn't turn. But somehow, he knows. He picks up his BUTTER KNIFE, hides it from sight.

The Waitress gapes at the new arrivals. Customers scurry out the back. The Fry Cook lowers himself out of sight.

The Temps stop behind Number Five. A beat.

LEAD TEMP

You don't belong here.

NUMBER FIVE

Is that supposed to be a joke?

In the b.g., the Waitress and the remaining customers flee.

LEAD TEMP

We don't want any trouble. We just
want you to finish the job.

He aims his PULSE RIFLE at the back of the boy's skull.

LEAD TEMP

This doesn't have to get messy.

Finally the boy swivels around on his stool. Surveys them.

NUMBER FIVE

You didn't bring enough men for
"messy."

The Lead Temp's hand is shaking, ever so slightly.

Fuck it: he squeezes the trigger. The counter blows apart in
a spray of shrapnel--

But the boy is already gone, BLINKING out of existence--

And reappearing on the Lead Temp's back. He PLUNGES the
butter knife into the agent's neck--

The other Temps panic, open fire on their own boss, cutting
him to ribbons. Number Five blinks away again--

He reappears, SLIDING across the floor, right between the
legs of a Temp...plucking the man's gun out of his ankle
holster...firing several shots upward...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BLINK! Number Five reappears in mid-air, parkour-bouncing off
the nearest wall, roundhouse kicking a Temp in the face--

BLINK! He reappears in the kitchen. One of the Temps opens
fire, spraying the kitchen with BLUE PLASMA--

BLINK! The boy appears, whipping a FRYING PAN like a discus--

SSSSHUNK! The handle of the frying pan IMPALES a Temp against
the wall, quivering in his forehead--

BLINK! BLINK! BLINK! The boy pops in and out of existence,
fighting hand-to-hand with two Temps simultaneously.

One of the Temps glances down and PANICS. All the grenades on
his bandolier have somehow been primed. BLINK! The boy
appears behind him, MULE KICKS the back of the Temp's head...

Sends him pinwheeling headfirst into the second agent--

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

WHUMP! A dull explosion lights up the interior of the diner. Debris rains across the parking lot.

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

In a matter of seconds, the entire diner has been reduced to rubble. The floor slick with BLOOD and debris. FIRE spreading along the walls. The air thick with toxic smoke.

Number Five picks his way through the carnage, drenched with blood but otherwise untouched.

One last Temp agent is still clinging to life. Number Five calmly takes the man's head in the crook of his arm--

TEMP #1
waitwaitwaitwaitwait--!

Number Five brutally SNAPS his neck. The agent falls still.

The boy looks around, chest heaving, eyes feral.

NUMBER FIVE
ANYONE ELSE?

A section of the ceiling COLLAPSES behind him. The boy doesn't even flinch. He makes his way over to the window--

NUMBER FIVE'S POV: From an alley across the street, an OMINOUS FIGURE watches the diner burn. Light reflects off the man's FRIGHTENING SKELETAL SILVER MASK.

Whoever he is, this dude is definitely bad news.

The boy's eyes narrow--

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

BLINK! Number Five reappears in the diner's parking lot, skidding to a stop. He looks around wildly.

But the alleyway is empty. Skull Face is already gone.

Number Five turns in a slow, helpless circle. He can feel the walls closing in around him. *But what does it all mean?*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Our final FLASHBACK of the episode:

The hostage situation has ended. Reginald Hargreeves holds an impromptu press conference outside the bank. The costumed children--minus Vanya, of course--are lined up behind him.

A crowd of REPORTERS and TV CREWS jostle to get footage of the kids. The world has never seen anything like them.

HARGREEVES

Our world is changing. There are those who walk among us, gifted with extraordinary abilities. The Umbrella Academy is a place to foster those abilities.

The Reporters begin to call out questions:

REPORTER #1

What happened to the parents?

HARGREEVES

They were suitably compensated.

REPORTER #2

What are their names?

HARGREEVES

One through Seven.

REPORTER #2

I only see six.

HARGREEVES

Then you can count. Next question.

REPORTER #3

Why are you doing this? I mean...what's the point?

HARGREEVES

The point?

REPORTER #3

Why did you adopt these kids?

HARGREEVES

To save the world, of course.

A beat.

REPORTER #3
Save it from what?

Hargreeves scans the crowd, his mood darkening.

HARGREEVES
No further questions.

We HARD CUT back to the present--

INT. MANSION - HARGREEVES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Luther sits alone in the darkened office. He spins the EYE OF ANUBIS ruby, watches it clatter across the desk.

Suddenly he senses a change. Glances up sharply.

Allison stands in the doorway. Wearing her BLACK DOMINO MASK.

LUTHER
I really can't get rid of you, can I?

ALLISON
I figured...what the hell. Spaceboy needs The Rumor, right?

Luther grins. Joy radiating across his broad face.

LUTHER
Yeah. He does.
(quieter)
Thanks.

ALLISON
Ehh. LA sucks this time of year.
Santa Anas. It's a whole thing.

She approaches. Picks up the gem on the desk.

ALLISON
I know this. It's the, uh...the Egyptian thingie, yeah?

LUTHER
The Eye of Anubis. Apparently Dad left it for me.

ALLISON
Hmm. He didn't leave me shit.
(turning it in her hand)

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 God, I haven't seen this stuff in
 years. Where's all the rest of it?

TIGHT on Luther's face, as he suddenly realizes...

LUTHER
 The rest...

He bursts out of his chair. Allison calls after him:

ALLISON
 Where are you going?

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Luther opens the door to the basement storage room. Inside we see CRUMBLING STATUES, scrap-metal AUTOMATONS, piles of ancient UMBRELLA ACADEMY MERCHANDISE. Allison follows him into the room, baffled.

ALLISON
 Wanna tell me what's going on?

LUTHER
 Dad's final wish was for me to have
 that gem. Why would he do that?
 Because he was, what, feeling
 sentimental?

ALLISON
 That...doesn't sound like Dad.

LUTHER
Exactly. Which means there must
 have been...

He whips away a tarp covering AN OLD EGYPTIAN STATUE. The god Anubis. His eyes are staring black sockets.

LUTHER
 ...another reason.

Luther carefully fits the gem into the statue's eye, twisting it...suddenly it comes alive in his hands...ROTATING...

CHUNKA-CHUNKA-CHUNKA! We hear ancient gears GRINDING to life. The floor SHUDDERS beneath their feet.

ALLISON
 Oh God, if you just brought an evil
 statue to life I'm gonna be so
 pissed at you--

A section of the floor DROPS AWAY. They both leap back--

Now more stones begin to descend, forming a SPIRAL STAIRCASE, leading downwards into darkness.

Allison meets Luther's gaze. His face is shining with excitement. It's the first time we've seen him truly happy.

ALLISON

What...what's down there?

LUTHER

I don't know.

He gently takes her by the hand.

LUTHER

Let's find out.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The same New York City concert hall we visited in the prologue. Several JUDGES sit in the balcony, little more than dim silhouettes. A YOUNG MAN plays the violin onstage.

The young man finishes his solo, bows stiffly. The lead judge presses an intercom button, his voice AMPLIFIED:

JUDGE #1

Thank you.

The young man exits the stage. He is replaced by VANYA, carrying her violin, her expression determined. She takes her place in the spotlight.

VANYA

Vanya Hargreeves, auditioning for first chair.

JUDGE #1

I'm sorry, Ms. Hargreeves? Didn't we see you already?

VANYA

This is where I belong.

She stares back at them with such intensity that the judges don't argue the point. After a moment, she begins to PLAY--

Her bow races across the strings. Eyes closed in concentration. Fingers moving almost too fast to follow.

She's not just good. She's flawless.

The judges certainly think so. We can see them nodding, whispering to each other. Slowly, we PAN DOWN to reveal--

There's someone else eavesdropping on her audition. A shadowy figure, watching from the back of the hall.

Light glints off his ominous SKULL-SHAPED MASK. It's the same mysterious figure we saw outside the all-night diner.

This is THE CONDUCTOR. And soon he will change the Umbrella Academy forever.

Vanya doesn't notice him. Too busy playing her heart out.

The Conductor listens raptly. One hand caresses the side of his mask, as if wiping away an invisible tear.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Diego stands at the end of a rickety wooden pier, the waters of the Hudson lapping against the dock. His convertible is parked in the background, Klaus in the passenger seat.

Diego stares into the water, his expression conflicted.

Klaus, stoned out of his mind, HONKS the car horn. Meep-Meep.

KLAUS

Oh, Diego? Not trying to rush you through whatever sort of weird superhero brooding moment this is, but I'd like to point out that I was promised waffles, and thus far, waffles have not been forthcoming. Thus far.

Diego slowly opens his fist, revealing...

HARGREEVES' MISSING SILVER MONOCLE.

LUTHER (V.O. FLASHBACK)

...whoever has that monocle is either the last person to see our father alive, or the first one to see him dead.

Diego lets the monocle slip through his fingers. It vanishes into the black water without so much as a splash.

INT. VANYA'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Vanya returns to her cozy little apartment, still on a high after the best audition of her entire life. She places her violin on the shelf. Hangs up her coat. Turns on the light.

Revealing NUMBER FIVE, calmly drinking a cup of coffee at her kitchen table. He's still streaked with DRIED BLOOD.

Vanya JUMPS, nearly screams--

VANYA

Jesus!

NUMBER FIVE

You should have locks on your windows.

VANYA

I'm on the fifth floor.

NUMBER FIVE

Still.

VANYA

(looking closer)

Oh my God. Is that blood?

NUMBER FIVE

Don't worry. It's not mine.

VANYA

Yeah, not what I was worried about. What are you doing here?

NUMBER FIVE

I've decided you're the only one I can trust.

VANYA

Why?

NUMBER FIVE

Because you're ordinary.

He says it as a statement of fact, not an insult. Vanya sits.

NUMBER FIVE

When I jumped forward, into the future, do you know what I found?

VANYA

No.

NUMBER FIVE
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE - DAY

Number Five wanders through a DESERTED CITY. There are BODIES EVERYWHERE, desiccated, little more than skeletons. They're strewn on the sidewalk, slumped behind the wheel of their cars, collapsed in their chairs at an outdoor cafe.

We can't tell what killed them. But whatever it was, it happened fast, and without warning.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)
As far as I could tell, I was the
last person left alive.

The boy stops, staring at a PLAYGROUND. There's a tiny body sprawled on the merry-go-round.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)
I never figured out what killed the
human race, or why. But I did find
something else.

Number Five approaches a CORNER NEWSSTAND. He picks up a DAILY NEWSPAPER, ancient, brittle with age.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)
The date it happens.

INT. VANYA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We RETURN TO THE PRESENT. The boy regards Vanya, his expression solemn. Haunted. Hopeless.

NUMBER FIVE
The world ends in nine days. And I
have no idea how to stop it.

END OF PILOT