

FOLLOWERS

"Pilot"

Written by

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## FOLLOWERS

INT. BATHROOM - MIDDAY

Ivy is recording her podcast. We're CLOSE ON her, so all we see is her mouth. For all we know, she could be in a professional recording studio.

IVY

I remember there was a thunderstorm that night. One of those summer storms that seems to roll in out of nowhere. Thunder cracked in the sky above as I rushed into my building and began my ascent up the stairs to my apartment. My phone, wet from the rain, almost slipped from my hands along the way. I got to my door and right when I opened it, that's when I saw it. Her body. All over Instagram. Margot Lancin, from middle school, posing for Sports Illustrated. We used to call her Large Marge the Barge. And now she's a swimsuit model with 100,000 followers! Now all I see on Instagram is her. How is that possible? I almost threw my phone out the window. I mean, she's the one who got famous. Her??

There's a knock on the door. Ivy looks around and we finally see where she is. A dingy basement bathroom. She's standing at the sink looking into the smudged mirror as she records her podcast on her iPhone 6.

IVY (CONT'D)

Well, anyway, I'll finish this story on next week's episode. That's all for the podcast today. And remember to use Squarespace for all your website needs. Their websites are really awesome I've heard. And if you're Squarespace listening to this, could you please start paying me for these ads? I know you didn't ask me to do them, but I need the money. Thanks.

There's another knock on the door.

KEITH

Ivy, is that you in there? You're late for the Johnson Birthday!

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IVY

Alright, Jesus Christ, Keith! I'll be out in one minute.

Ivy reluctantly picks up the head of a cat mascot costume from the ground and puts it on, completing her fat cat Cheesy Chonkers mascot costume. She stares at herself in the mirror before walking out of the bathroom.

INT. CHEESY CHONKERS - A KIDS' ARCADE - MIDDAY

The Cheesy Chonkers is filled with screaming kids, all on a sugar high. The remains of a demolished birthday cake are strewn across a nearby table.

Ivy stands against a wall - the kids haven't noticed her yet. KEITH, 38, walks up to her. He's wearing a horrible yellow company t-shirt and purple suspenders.

KEITH

You know, I don't really care, whatever it is you're doing in the bathroom. But when I have to cover for you, that's when I get mad. I had to actually leave my office and talk to these brats. You know how I feel about leaving my office!

IVY

Whatever, Keith. Get mad all you want. It's not like I'm gonna work here for long anyway.

KEITH

Right. You think you're gonna get rich and famous. And isn't Cheesy Chonkers just the perfect place to do that? So many past employees have seen their careers skyrocket because of this job.

IVY

Ha ha very funny.

KEITH

(sarcastic)

No I'm serious. That's why the turnover is so high here. Thank goodness that celebrity billionaire Gertrude. She still commutes here from her mansion in Malibu to stay humble.

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GERTRUDE, 68, has short gray hair, is wearing her employee shirt backwards, and is clearly neither a celebrity nor a billionaire. As Ivy and Keith look at her, she eats a piece of leftover birthday cake out of the trash.

KEITH (CONT'D)

She's just so grounded.

IVY

Ew. I don't need you to believe in me, Keith. I know I'm gonna get famous. I'm not gonna end up like everyone here, stuck working the same terrible job their whole life.

KEITH

Is that so? Well, lets give you some practice then. Lets see how you'd handle your adoring fans.

IVY

No. Please. Just give me a secon-

KEITH

Hey kids! Look who it is! It's the one and only Cheesy Chonker! And he's got 30 prize tickets for whoever can hug him the hardest.

Every single kid in the room turns to Ivy. For a split second, nothing happens. Then they charge. The first one to reach Ivy gets over-excited and vomits blue icing all over her as the others knock her to the ground.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Should I get a picture for your gram?

**END TEASER**

## FOLLOWERS

ACT 1

INT. HIP DOWNTOWN BAR PATIO - EARLY EVENING

MADELINE, 20s, dressed impeccably with perfect makeup sits sipping a martini with her chihuahua, CHICHI. Ivy rushes up.

MADELINE

You're late. I had to sit here talking to ChiChi for an hour, and he's in a mood after bumping into his rival earlier today.

IVY

Sorry! You'll never guess what hell I went through at work today.

MADELINE

A kid threw up on you again. I can smell it from here. Please sit downwind.

IVY

It was all stupid Keith's fault. I was recording my podcast in the bathro....break Room and he got all pissed.

MADELINE

Ooh Keith. He's the cute one right?

IVY

Ew. No. No. Not at all.

MADELINE

Are you sure? The one with suspenders?

IVY

I...no. What are you talking about? Can we get back to talking about me?

MADELINE

Fine, fine. You were talking about your podcast. How's that going?

IVY

Well, not good. Actually, pretty bad.

(MORE)

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IVY (CONT'D)

I thought I'd doubled my listeners,  
but then I realized it was just me  
refreshing my own page ten times.

MADELINE

Yikes. I wish I could help you  
more. ChiChi just hit 1 million  
followers on Instagram.

Rather than a high-pitched cutesy voice, when Madeline talks  
to her dog, her voice is very deep, masculine, and creepy.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

(To ChiChi)

Yes you did my precious little man.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

(To Ivy)

But I just don't know how to help  
with your podcast. I've never  
marketed something to elderly men  
before.

IVY

My podcast is not for old men! It's  
for young...cool, out on the  
town...women?

MADELINE

Oh. I didn't get that vibe at all.  
You need more of a hook. What's  
your podcast even about. I mean, I  
definitely listen to it, but if I  
didn't, how would you describe it?

IVY

It's kind of like a lifestyle blog  
meets personal gossip news  
meets...Goop?

MADELINE

No. It's not Goop. And believe me,  
I know Goop. I spent a month not  
wearing bras after Gwyneth said  
they give you breast cancer.

IVY

Yeah, we all remember that phase.

MADELINE

And she was right, I didn't get  
cancer! But if your podcast isn't  
Goop, what is it?

(MORE)

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## MADELINE (CONT'D)

I think you need a new idea. Maybe a comedy podcast? Like improv?

## IVY

I'd rather die.

## MADELINE

Okay, god just trying to help. We can go back to talking about ChiChi's rival again. It's a French Bulldog named Carl.

## IVY

No. What I need is for something exciting to happen. Like if my best friend was dating someone famous. Or, ooh, if my best friend was dating a serial killer!

## MADELINE

I'm happy to help in most ways, but I draw the line at dating a murderer. To be honest, I don't even get why you're so obsessed with this podcast thing anyway. Podcasting's like the new asshole. Everyone's got one and they're all just letting out a slow stream of hot air that nobody wants.

## IVY

Look, you know all I've ever wanted is to be famous. Maybe not even Kim K level fame. Just famous enough that when I die, people I don't know post Facebook statuses pretending to be upset about my death. Is that too much to ask? I just started podcasting because nothing else has worked so far. And because people have always said I've got a voice for radio.

## MADELINE

Are you sure they didn't say face?

## IVY

Face, voice, whatever. The point is I just need a better idea.

## MADELINE

Well, good luck to you. I've got to go.

## FOLLOWERS

Madeline leaves a \$20 bill on the table and gets up.

IVY  
What? Already?

MADELINE  
Yep. ChiChi has an appointment with  
a great doggie eyebrow shaper. Next  
time, don't be so late.

Madeline leaves. Ivy finishes Madeline's drink, then takes out a few wrinkled one dollar bills and puts them on the table before grabbing Madeline's crisp \$20 and leaving.

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ivy walks up to her apartment building, but stops when she sees her landlord EUGENE and her neighbor LUCAS talking in the lobby.

IVY  
(to herself)  
Nope, not making this bad day  
worse.

Ivy walks around to the side of the building and tries to climb up the fire escape, but ends up falling into the trash. As she clumsily tries to get up, she sees a mysterious man watching from the other side of the building.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Take a picture, it'll last longer!

The man takes a picture and walks away. Ivy, dejected, walks back to the front of her building and walks in.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY

The tiny "lobby" is sparse. The only decoration is a worn doormat and a few rat traps. Eugene is trying to fix a broken mailbox door while Lucas talks to him non-stop.

LUCAS  
So then, I thought there's no way  
we just landed on the moon. It  
doesn't make any sense. It's too  
easy. Isn't it much more likely  
that in 1955, America actually  
created the moon itself and  
launched it into space with Lance  
already attached, then 13 years  
later--

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Ivy tries to sneak past them.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Ivy!

EUGENE

Ivy! I've been looking for you. I need last month's rent by tonight.

IVY

Look, I know I'm late I just -

EUGENE

No! No more excuses. I can't cover for you anymore. Plus, I could use the money myself. I've got a lady friend coming over tonight, and I wanna buy Casablanca on YouTube.com. Men in uniform really get her going, if you know what I'm saying.

IVY

Good god, I'll pay just please stop talking.

EUGENE

Good. But don't come by before ten. I don't want you ruining the mood. Frankly, you smell terrible. Like puke and...

LUCAS

Trash?

EUGENE

I was going to say urine.

IVY

That is incredibly rude. I do not smell like urine. I'll be by with the money around 10.

EUGENE

Don't forget it, Ivy. I really don't wanna evict you.

Ivy wafts some of her smell at Eugene then leaves. Lucas follows.

## FOLLOWERS

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ivy is walking up to her apartment, closely followed by Lucas.

LUCAS

Hello Ivy. I'm keeping an eye on the man in apartment in 2G tonight as I'm fairly certain he's a vampire. Either that or a realistic skin suit filled with spiders. Since you like to stay up late, would you care to accompany me?

IVY

Nope, even if you hadn't just said skin suit of spiders. And how do you know I stay up late? Stalking mne too?

LUCAS

Oh. No, sorry. You just always look so tired so-

Ivy enters her apartment and quickly shuts the door in Lucas' face.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy's apartment is sparse and sad. She has a Murphy bed, a folding desk, and one chair.

One of the only things on her wall is a dream board. It has the words "Get Famous" at the top, and it's full of pictures of celebrities like Kim Kardashian and Gwyneth Paltrow. Ivy reaches up and strokes a shirtless picture of The Rock.

IVY

Its been a rough day Dwayne, but some day soon we'll be together.

Ivy reaches under her bed and pulls out a shoe box. Written on the top is "Real Podcasting Equipment," scratched out. Underneath reads "Kylie Lip Kit."

She opens the box and pulls out some money. She puts it in an envelope, along with Madeline's \$20, then poorly draws a big middle finger on the front.

## FOLLOWERS

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ivy is asleep on her bed with her phone stuck to her face. The alarm goes off and she startles awake. She grabs her rent money and walks out.

EXT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ivy's knocking on Eugene's door.

IVY

Eugene! I'm here with your blood money! Come on, let me in.

When no one answers, she grabs a hidden key from under the doormat and lets herself in.

IVY (CONT'D)

Alright Eugene, I'm coming in.  
Hello?

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ivy walks around looking for Eugene, but doesn't see him.

IVY

Okay, I'm just leaving this envelope on the kitchen counter.

Ivy puts the envelope down, then opens the refrigerator. The light from the refrigerator illuminates the hallway in front of Ivy, and we see Eugene lying dead on the floor.

But Ivy is totally oblivious. She takes a huge bite of cheese from Eugene's fridge.

IVY (CONT'D)

Just putting the envelope down then!

Ivy takes a few of Eugene's beers and stuffs them in her pockets. She then opens the freezer, grabs a frozen pizza, and tucks it under her arm. After taking another bite of cheese she shuts the door.

IVY (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Alright, well, I'm just gonna leave then.

Then Ivy trips over Eugene's leg.

## FOLLOWERS

IVY (CONT'D)

What the-- Oh my God. Oh my God!

Ivy flips on a nearby light switch.

IVY (CONT'D)

Eugene! Eugene, can you hear me?  
Help! Somebody help!

Eugene's face is blue. He has some white foam oozing from his mouth and blood dripping from his ears. Ivy wipes the foam away and leans in to give mouth to mouth.

IVY (CONT'D)

Oh god. This is disgusting.

Ivy coughs cheese all over Eugene's face. She then grabs her phone and calls 911.

IVY (CONT'D)

I need help, please! I think my  
landlord's dead!

Ivy sees her rent envelope on the counter and quickly puts it in her pocket.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Ivy is sitting on the couch. Eugene's body is covered by a sheet and there are police everywhere. DETECTIVE BUSTER AND DETECTIVE DAVIS are questioning Ivy.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

You're not in any trouble here.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Yet.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

We just want to know what happened.  
So first, how did you have a key?

IVY

Well, Eugene was out of town last  
week, so he paid me to water his  
plants.

The detectives look around. Every plant in the apartment is dead.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

Uh. Okay. And why did you come by  
so late?

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IVY

I owed him rent, and he asked me to come by after his booty call.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Ew.

IVY

Yeah.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

Well, if that's so then where's the rent?

Ivy reluctantly pulls the envelope from her pocket.

IVY

Fine, here.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

What's this drawing?

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Is that the symbol for the Mexican Fuego Cartel?

IVY

No. It's... a flower?

DETECTIVE BUSTER

It looks like a penis.

IVY

Okay, fine, it's a middle finger!

DETECTIVE BUSTER

So you broke into his apartment, and left him a bad drawing of you flipping him off?

IVY

We're old pals, me and Genie. It's a joke! He'd get it. Plus, I tried to save his life too! I gave him mouth to mouth!

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Yes. Our CSI team says you spit food all over his face.

IVY

Accidentally!

## FOLLOWERS

DETECTIVE BUSTER

Okay. One more question. Do you know anything about Eugene's uh late night friend?

IVY

No. He's a real lady's man. He's always dating new women. Now can I go? I've been up all night.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

Fine. But don't leave the city any time soon. We'll be following up with you.

IVY

And could I get my rent money back?

DETECTIVE DAVIS

No, this is official evidence now. You can have it back when the investigation is over.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Ivy walks in and collapses on her bed.

IVY

Jeez what a day. It's like living in a mystery book or something. Someone should write a novel about this...or a podcast...Oh my God!

She jumps up and runs to her desk.

IVY (CONT'D)

This is it! Eugene, you beautiful bastard! I'd kiss you if I hadn't already tonight. And if you weren't dead I guess.

Ivy sits at her desk and starts recording.

IVY (CONT'D)

Listeners. Something very exciting uh I mean tragic just happened to me. My poor, defenseless, beautiful landlord Eugene was murdered! And I, Ivy, was the first one on the scene...me! While I heroically tried to give him CPR, it was just too late for poor, poor Eugene.

(MORE)

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

## IVY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm still a little choked up about this. Now lets dive into the gruesome details. Until the killer is caught, I will not rest. I'll be investigating his murder and broadcasting every clue to you, my listeners. No matter how intimate, how flimsy, or how unbelievable the clues are. So, lets start with Eugene's booty call. Anyone sleeping with Eugene has a huge motive to murder him. The guy's disgusting...

**END OF ACT 1**

## FOLLOWERS

ACT 2

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Ivy is asleep with her phone on her face and her laptop playing Netflix on her stomach. Her phone rings, and she knocks her laptop on the floor.

IVY

What? Shoot! Hold on.

Ivy answers her phone. Its a Facetime from Madeline.

IVY (CONT'D)

Hello?

MADELINE

Ahhhhhhhhh!!

IVY

Oh my god what? Did ChiChi eat gluten again?

MADELINE

No, your podcast! I saw it posted on Twitter. I listened. It's amazing!

IVY

What?

MADELINE

I'm so happy for you! You're gonna be a hit, I know it.

IVY

Oh my god. It was that good?

Ivy gets up and opens her laptop.

IVY (CONT'D)

128 listeners! That's like, 100 times my average!

MADELINE

Congrats girl!

IVY

Okay. Wow. Wow. I need a moment to process this.

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MADELINE

Okay. But we're getting drinks to celebrate tonight. On me. Woooo!  
Oh, also sorry your landlord is dead I guess. But woooo!

Madeline hangs up. Ivy, shocked, looks through her podcast listener numbers. She also sees an email from SquareSpace, but when she opens it, she sees it's a Cease and Desist letter.

IVY

Oh. You're gonna regret that Squarespace. I'm about to be famous! And this moment's going in my best-selling memoir. And I'm gonna talk about it when I get invited on 'The Tonight Show.' It will be my hilarious, but relatable, anecdote. Just you wait.

Ivy laughs maniacally, leans back, and begins to daydream.

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. The Tonight Show Set - Day Dream Sequence

Ivy is a guest on The Tonight Show and Jimmy Fallon is interviewing her.

IVY

And then, the poor fools at Squarespace had the audacity to send moi a Cease and Desist letter? So I wrote back to them and said, Squarespace, more like...waste of space!

The audience laughs, hard. Jimmy Fallon also laughs, but not in his usual way. His laugh is deep, honking, and unsettling.

JIMMY

Oh no! No one's ever heard my real laugh before! I always use my fake laugh on tv, but you are just so hilarious, yet relatable, that I couldn't help it. You should be in movies!

IVY

Okay!

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

The audience laughs even harder.

CUT TO:

INT. Red Carpet - Day Dream Sequence

Ivy, glamorously dressed, is being photographed and interviewed on the red carpet. Behind her is the poster for the movie "Fast and Furious 18: The Race to Settle Down and Start a Family" starring Ivy and The Rock.

IVY

My transition to acting was just absolutely seamless. The only problem was that I was constantly upstaging Dwayne, but he's so supportive he didn't even mind!

Ivy wipes under her eye very slowly. She has a huge diamond wedding ring.

PAPARAZZI

Ivy! Ivy! Is that an engagement ring? Are you and The Rock getting married?

IVY

Oh, this old, 16-carat teardrop-shaped, Tiffany ring? No, no that's something else.

Ivy winks at the paparazzi. But suddenly there is a loud knocking. Ivy looks around and then-

CUT TO:

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ivy is brought out of her daydream. The knocking continues.

IVY

Alright, alright I'm coming.

Ivy opens the door and sees Lucas. He frantically pushes himself inside, his arms filled with all sorts of bizarre detection and surveillance equipment.

LUCAS

Ivy, Oh Gosh. Ivy I think the G-Men are on to me. I was finally making some progress on tracking that Yeti in Central Park-

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IVY

That hairy man with all the  
restraining orders against you?

No, the Yeti! But today I look out  
my window and see all these cop  
cars. The FBI must be working with  
the Yeti You have to burn this hard  
drive for me! I ran out of matches  
burning my other stuff and --

Lucas tries to push a hard drive into Ivy's hands, but she  
lets it fall to the ground.

IVY (CONT'D)

Man, Lucas. You are so self-  
centered. The cops aren't here  
because of your dumb research.  
Eugene was murdered last night. I  
found his body, and I'm gonna turn  
his death into my big break!

LUCAS

What? Eugene was murdered! The poor  
man! Jiminy Cricket! To never see  
that squished up wrinkly face  
again.

IVY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's very sad.  
I'm heartbroken. But also did you  
hear the thing I said about my big  
break? I'm gonna investigate the  
murder for my podcast!

LUCAS

And are you sure he's definitely,  
um, you know...

IVY

Dead?

LUCAS

Yes. And not, undead?

Lucas pulls back his coat to reveal stakes, garlic, and a  
crucifix.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should investigate, to  
make sure.

## FOLLOWERS

IVY

That's nonsense, but I do need a new clue. Grab whatever you need and meet me by Eugene's apartment.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EUEGENE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ivy and Lucas stand a few feet away from Eugene's door. It's crossed by police tape, and there are police inside.

Lucas is wearing big headphones attached to what looks like a metal detector and a singed Ghostbusters-style backpack.

IVY

My God, Lucas. You look like a low-budget Transformer.

LUCAS

This equipment can sense-

IVY

Whatever. I can make this work. Every detective needs a quirky side-kick that's good at hacking.

LUCAS

Oh, no I can't hack. I can type pretty fast though. 50 words per minute and rising.

IVY

Why do you hate me, Lucas? Let's just go. Follow my lead. We're just gonna walk in casually, and if we don't draw attention to ourselves no one will notice. I've seen it 100 times in movies.

Ivy and Lucas reach the door, but the second Ivy touches the crime scene tape, the detectives appear.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

What in God's name are you doing?

IVY

Oh, uh, we just thought we could look around quick?

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Why would we let a person of interest back into a crime scene? Do you think we're idiots?

(MORE)

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DETECTIVE DAVIS (CONT'D)

(to Detective Buster)

I think she think's we're idiots.

IVY

No, I just thought no one would notice.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

It's a crime scene. Everyone is here to notice things. That's literally our jobs. And who's this you're trying to sneak in with you? The Six Dollar Man?

LUCAS

Hi I'm Lucas, nice to meet you both! Would you mind if I swept the location for--

IVY

Don't mind him! Now, you guys. My cop buddies. Can't you throw me just a little bit of info about the case? I'm investigating too and I really need a new clue. You guys like me, right? I'm just asking for teeny tiny clue.

The detectives look at each other, then back at Ivy.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

I feel like we've been clear that we don't like you. Am I crazy? I thought that was clear.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

No, you're not crazy. We've been very obvious.

LUCAS

I'd have to agree.

DETECTIVE BUSTER

If you want a clue for whatever it is you're doing, you're gonna have to find it yourself. Somewhere else.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Now scram!

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DETECTIVE BUSTER

See, that's very clear to me.  
Nobody says scram to someone they  
like.

IVY

Fine! But you two are going in my  
autobiography too!

Ivy and Lucas walk down the hall.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Sure, and what's your book gonna be  
called? How to be a lonely uhh  
loser girl who just really is  
annoying and nobody uh --

DETECTIVE BUSTER

It's okay Davis. They're gone. I  
see where you were going though.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

IVY

Damn it. I really thought this  
would be easier.

LUCAS

Yes. Unfortunately tracking a  
murderer takes some effort. When I  
was tracking the famed north  
Brooklyn beast after he killed a  
jogger, I --

IVY

This is it.

LUCAS

What?

IVY

This is your one ghost story of the  
day. I can't listen to it anymore,  
so get one out of your system then  
please give me a break.

LUCAS

Oh. Well. Uh. That's a lot of  
pressure. Where was I? I forget  
what I was talking about.

IVY

Unbelievable.

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LUCAS

Sorry.

IVY

Whatever. We need a new plan. I guess...lets go outside. Maybe we can spot a clue from the window?

LUCAS

That feels very unlikely seeing as how the window is three stories up. But I support you.

IVY

Good, I'm gonna need some support to jump up on the fire escape.

Ivy and Lucas walk down the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ivy and Lucas walk down to the landing. In the lobby, through the glass door, they see SAM, 26, looking in a mailbox.

IVY

Woah. Who's the hunk?

LUCAS

I don't know. I've never seen him before. Isn't that Eugene's mailbox he's looking in?

IVY

Oh. Yes. I think this is it! I've found it!

LUCAS

Our first clue?

IVY

No, my murderer! And good thing too; I don't think I could work much harder than this.

Hearing Ivy and Lucas in the hall, Denise (82) pokes her head out of her apartment door.

DENISE

What are you two yammering on about?

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IVY  
Nothing Denise!

LUCAS  
We're trying to find a  
murderer!

DENISE  
Murderer, eh?

IVY  
Mind your own business, you old  
fart. We're busy here.

DENISE  
Well, that's too bad because I  
could tell you who the murderer is.

IVY  
What...really?

DENISE  
Oh yes. Anyone stuck talking to you  
for more than a minute would surely  
kill themselves. You better turn  
yourself in to the cops. Ha!

IVY  
Damn you, Denise!

DENISE  
Uh oh! You're about to strike  
again. The urge to kill myself is  
too much!

Denise pretends to strangle herself.

IVY  
Leave me alone Denise!

Denise laughs. Sam, hearing the commotion through the door,  
looks up. Ivy tries to retain composure then she and Lucas  
walk into the lobby.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ivy walks up to Sam and leans against the mailboxes, trying  
to look casual. Sam is a little startled and unknowingly  
drops a letter.

IVY  
Well, well, well. What have we got  
here.

SAM  
Uh. Hi, my name's Sam.

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IVY  
Sam, ha, sure.

SAM  
Yes. I'm Sam. And who are you two?

LUCAS  
Hi Sam, I'm Lucas. Nice to meet  
you.

Lucas reaches his hand out to shake Sam's hand, but Ivy slaps  
it away.

SAM  
What are you dressed as? A low-  
budget Transformer?

IVY  
Hey, that's my joke!

SAM  
What? Since when?

IVY  
Since I said it earlier when you  
weren't around!

SAM  
I mean, he's wearing a bunch of  
metal junk. It's an obvious joke.

LUCAS  
Uh friends, this is high-tech  
equipment. And the joke was bad  
both times.

IVY  
Shush Lucas. He's a joke thief. And  
I bet that's not the only thing  
he's stealing. Why are you looking  
in that mailbox?

SAM  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but it's my grandfather's mailbox.  
I came by to pick up his mail and  
talk to the detectives.

IVY  
Your..what? Grandfather?

LUCAS  
I'm so sorry for your loss.

## FOLLOWERS

IVY

Wait, Eugene is your grandfather?  
The old wrinkly smelly little fat  
man was related to you?

SAM

Yes. That's my late grandfather  
you're so colorfully describing.

IVY

So, you're adopted?

SAM

No. Also, no to whatever's  
happening here. I think I'm going  
to head upstairs. I'd say it was  
nice to meet you but, you know.

Sam grabs the mail from Eugene's mailbox and leaves.

IVY

Wow. I was so right. That guy is up  
to something bad.

LUCAS

He seemed nice enough to me.

IVY

Are you kidding me? First of all,  
how do we even know he is who he  
says he is. Second, if he is  
related to Eugene, how could a man  
that young afford so much plastic  
surgery? I've looked into it. It's  
expensive. Even if you go down to  
Mexico it costs thousands, and they  
don't even do it in the fun beach  
towns, so it's not like it's a  
vacation.

LUCAS

I think Eugene was beautiful in his  
own way?

IVY

Inside beauty is a myth, Lucas. No,  
no one so handsome could be related  
to that Squidward look-alike  
Eugene. Now, I've got to put out my  
next episode. My listeners need me!

Ivy rushes out of the lobby. Lucas watches her go, then looks  
down and sees the letter that Sam dropped. It's a hand-  
addressed letter to Eugene. Lucas picks it up.

## FOLLOWERS

LUCAS

Hmm...

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ivy sits down at her desk. She looks at her podcast: 1002 listens. She refreshes: 1003. She refreshes again: 1002. She scowls then gets down to business. She starts by searching Sam on Facebook. She looks through his pictures, stopping on one of him at the beach.

IVY

Wow.

Ivy zooms in on his 6-pack.

IVY (CONT'D)

Better save that to my evidence folder.

Ivy downloads the photo. But then looks up to her Dream Board.

IVY (CONT'D)

You're no Eugene, Sam. But you're no Dwayne either.

Ivy keeps snooping and sees that Sam works at an advertising agency. Clicking through to the agency website, she sees that he seems to be pretty high up in the company.

IVY (CONT'D)

Advertising, huh? Let's see how you feel when I start **advertising** your real motives to everyone! Ha! That's going in the podcast.

Ivy jots the note down on an old napkin. Back to Facebook, she eventually finds a picture of Sam as a young boy with Eugene at Coney Island.

IVY (CONT'D)

So they did know each other. That's a clear motive...or it's something. I don't know. It's good enough!

Ivy picks up her phone and starts recording a new episode. This time she uses a quiet, whispery, very NPR voice.

IVY (CONT'D)

Listeners, thank you for joining me for another edition.

(MORE)

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

## IVY (CONT'D)

This is your host and your guide through the darkness, Ivy. Yes, thank you, no need for applause. Now, I have some big news about the case. I've found the killer! I don't have all the evidence... or really any evidence, but it's definitely this guy named Sam I met today. He's Eugene's grandson, so he must have killed him to get his inheritance of ..like... his crappy apartment or something. I don't know, but let me just tell you I'm getting some serious murderer vibes from this guy.

**END OF ACT 2**

## FOLLOWERS

ACT 3

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ivy is walking out of her building, listening to a voicemail.

BEATRICE (O.S.)

Hi Ivy. It's your mother, Beatrice. I'm just calling to wish you a late birthday. I meant to call you last week on the day, but your father and I were in Manhattan and we had such a hectic schedule. In any case, I hope all is well with you and your...I want to say dance career? Alright, happy birthday darling. Goodbye.

Ivy angrily deletes the message.

IVY

(to no one in particular)  
My birthday was four months ago, Mom! You should remember that considering how you never let me forget how I ruined your summer beach body in 1998.

Ivy looks up and sees Detective Davis in Eugene's window. He makes eye contact and the "I've got my eyes on you" signal.

Ivy dials her phone.

IVY (CONT'D)

Hey, Mads! Change of plans. I found this cool new bar on Broadway called "The Hard Candies." Meet me there in like 20.

INT. THE HARD CANDIES - NIGHT

The bar looks as old as the people in it, with worn-down leather booths and a black and white tiled dance floor. Older folks with walkers and canes slowly mingle and dance.

Madeline is sitting in a booth, looking upset as Ivy arrives.

MADELINE

You told me we were going to a cool, new bar.

(MORE)

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Literally nothing in this bar is new. Even these olives are expired.

Madeline points to her martini.

IVY

Wow. Yeah, those look like they were recovered from the Titanic. But still, this place is new for us. So I wasn't totally lying.

MADELINE

That old man over there asked me to fondle his LifeAlert.

An old man watching Madeline from the bar winks.

IVY

Weren't you just saying you were looking for a short-term relationship?

MADELINE

Tell me what we're doing here or I'm leaving.

IVY

Okay, alright. Eugene used to talk about how he'd pick up ladies at this place. And now, since the dumb detectives working his case wouldn't let me search his apartment and I need a new clue, I thought maybe I could find something here.

MADELINE

The detectives wouldn't help you? But they always give important clues to the PIs in movies.

IVY

Right?!

MADELINE

Maybe you weren't nice enough to them. I mean, you're not exactly a people person.

IVY

Everyone always says that about me! And they say it like it's not supposed to be an insult? If I'm not a people person, what am I?

(MORE)

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

IVY (CONT'D)

It's not true anyway. The people who think that are just idiots.

MADELINE

Well that attitude's not going to win people over.

IVY

Whatever. Enjoy your Elizabethan Era martini. I'm gonna go talk up the bartender for clues. Watch this people person in action.

Ivy gets up and walks over to the bartender. The bartender is an older, gruff woman with a low, gray ponytail.

IVY (CONT'D)

Hey there I was just wondering--

BARTENDER

No.

IVY

What?

BARTENDER

No

Madeline, watching from the booth, laughs.

IVY

You don't even know what I was going to say!

BARTENDER

I don't care. I don't like you. I don't like your face. I don't like the way you walked in here. I've got a bad feeling about you, so go bug someone else.

Ivy, annoyed, walks back to Madeline.

IVY

She's the one that's not a people person, okay!

MADELINE

Let me give it a try.

Madeline starts walking over to the bartender, but the bartender stares her down. At the last second, Madeline pivots and goes to talk to the old man who winked at her earlier instead.

## FOLLOWERS

IVY  
(to herself)  
What is she doing?

Madeline, clearly flirting, laughs grotesquely with the old man. Suddenly she gives him a pen, and the man starts to write something down on a napkin. Madeline hugs him, takes the napkin, and returns to Ivy.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Great. You got an creepy old man's number. Nice work.

Madeline throws the napkin at Ivy.

MADELINE  
Read it and weep, Ivy. That old gross man knew Eugene. And he knew a lot of the women Eugene went out with. He wrote down all their names here.

IVY  
What? Are you kidding! I can't believe you did this!

MADELINE  
Are you happy or angry? I can't tell.

IVY  
Happy. I just need a second to push down my overwhelming jealousy.

IVY (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
You're amazing too. You're amazing too. You're amazing too.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Okay. I'm good. This is great. Thank you Mads.

MADELINE  
It was no problem. Nothing a people person like me can't handle. Oh also you have to give that guy your underwear.

IVY  
What?

## FOLLOWERS

MADELINE

Yeah, this info wasn't free, and I'm not about to do that.

Ivy looks up and sees the old man looking at her. He puts his hand out.

IVY

You've got to be kidding me.

MADELINE

You wanted the clue right? Being famous isn't easy Ivy. People like to pretend glass ceilings get broken by hard work, but us skeezeballs pave the way with dirty panties and nude photos with blurred out faces.

IVY

(beat)

Fine. But only because these are my period underwear and they're gross already.

MADELINE

You know he'll probably like that.

IVY

You're horrifying.

Ivy gets up to go to the bathroom.

EXT. OUTSIDE IVY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Ivy is exiting her building, but stops when she notices Sam. He's trying to look into Eugene's third floor apartment from the street. Scowling, he gives up and walks away.

IVY

(to herself)

What are you up to now, Sam.

Ivy follows him, trying to hide behind various objects; streetlights, mailboxes, stop signs. She is very bad at hiding and draws instant attention.

Sam abruptly turns around and faces her.

SAM

Well, I see now why your podcast is so bad. You are a terrible, terrible detective.

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

IVY

Oh I wasn't detective-ing. I was just uh practicing parkour.

SAM

I wouldn't even believe that if it was 2008. Now why are you following me?

IVY

Well, you seem very suspicious, snooping around everywhere.

SAM

You're the one hiding behind stop signs!

IVY

Yeah, but I didn't kill Eugene!

SAM

Do you really think I killed my grandfather? I thought you were just a conceited self-centered pseudo-sleuth trying to exploit her landlord's death for clicks, but do you actually think I did it?

IVY

What? I uh I have listeners that depend on me. I have to get them the truth, no matter how mad it makes people.

SAM

Oh yeah right. You obviously don't care about the truth because the truth is I didn't kill anyone.

IVY

I'm doing my best! How did you even find out about my podcast?

SAM

Because I've been trying to find out who killed my grandfather too, and your dumb podcast is the first thing that comes up when I Google his name.

IVY

First! That's incredible.

## FOLLOWERS

SAM

Hi name is Eugene Higgenbottom  
Friendenberger. Pretty much nothing  
comes up, so don't get so excited.

IVY

Oh...well, still! First!

SAM

See, you don't care about my  
grandfather's murder. If you cared  
about anything other than yourself,  
you'd stop broadcasting your BS  
claims before you put someone in  
danger. I mean, do you have any  
idea how much hate mail I've been  
getting? It's been horrible!

IVY

Well, you know what they say, any  
publicity is good publicity.

SAM

No Ivy. I wouldn't count it as good  
publicity when it leads to a bodega  
cashier throwing a rotten banana at  
me. Or your Transformer friend  
trying to steal a hair sample. And  
that's not even the worst part. The  
worst part is that I loved my  
grandfather. He was pretty much all  
I had as a kid, so to have to deal  
with you accusing me of murdering  
him while I'm trying to grieve  
...it's just awful.

Sam walks away. Ivy is left dumbfounded.

INT. CHEESY CHONKERS GIFT COUNTER - MORNING

Ivy is standing back from the counter, recording on her  
phone.

IVY

Alright listeners, I'm back with  
some new clues. I have a list of  
Eugene's past lovers. For  
confidentiality reasons, I've  
posted them on my website, but I'm  
asking you all not to go crazy with  
them.

(MORE)

"PILOT"

## FOLLOWERS

## IVY (CONT'D)

Now, here are the names: Lucy Ricardo, Edith Bunker, Marcia Brady, Jan Brady, Cindy Brady...wait a minute! These names...I can't believe it, that last name. Eugene must have slept with sisters. What a player!

Ivy looks up and sees an old man, who looks a bit like Eugene. He's helping a young, laughing boy cheat at a game of Skee-Ball. It reminds Ivy of the photo she saw of Sam and Eugene at Connie Island together when they were younger.

## IVY (CONT'D)

Also. About Sam, the man I said definitely killed Eugene. He's still suspicious, but after some further investigating, I've decided he probably doesn't have what it takes to be a killer. He's really just more of a buzzkill. However, I can say with some certainty that one of these women who slept with Eugene could definitely be the murderer. More on that coming soon.

The boy and grandfather approach Ivy with some tickets.

## IVY (CONT'D)

Hi there you two.

## IVY (CONT'D)

(to the young boy)

And what do you want with your prize money today?

## OLD MAN

Him? I paid for the tokens, it's my gift. And daddy wants a new Minion plushy. Give it here, yah broad.

The old man gives Ivy the tickets. She rips them up and throws a handful of the small toy spider prizes at him.

Keith, watching from his office window, begins to yell.

**END OF ACT 3**

## FOLLOWERS

TAG

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ivy is cutting out a heart-shaped photo of The Rock when there's a knock at the door.

IVY  
Okay, I'm coming.

She gets up and goes to the door.

IVY (CONT'D)  
But Lucas, when I don't return your texts it means I don't want to talk-

Ivy opens the door and sees an UNKNOWN MAN, very handsome, in his late 20s.

UNKNOWN MAN  
Hello. It's great to meet you. Are you Ivy?

IVY  
Uh. Yes.

UNKNOWN MAN  
I'm looking for a missing letter related to the murder of Eugene. It should have arrived in his mailbox yesterday. Have you seen it?

IVY  
Depends. Who's asking?...Ooh I've always wanted to say that.

UNKNOWN MAN  
Oh, silly me. I'm Eugene's grandson. My name is Sam.

END OF EPISODE

"PILOT"