

Junkie Boy

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Dark. Silent. Miles from civilization.

A RACCOON forages through the undergrowth, stops at a tree.

Next to the tree, hidden by the branches...an ELECTRIC FENCE, bordering a large silhouette within.

The Raccoon pulls a MOUSE from the tree roots. Just as it sinks its teeth in...

EEEEEE! An alarm shatters the silence. FLASH! Spotlights atop the fence flood a square perimeter within, the silhouette revealed as...a massive COMPOUND styled like a log cabin...only made of steel.

The Raccoon scampers off, leaving the dead Mouse, as FOOTSTEPS echo, lots of them, louder and louder--

BOOM! Dozens of AGENTS in military-style gear storm out of the compound, filling the square, each armed with a tranquilizer rifle.

The alarm stops. The AGENTS fidget in the stillness, eyes darting, fingers twitching.

More footsteps - a single pair now - as a tall, muscular MAN in a leather trenchcoat strides out. He stops, listens to the silence, his face blank. Then his lips curl, as if hearing a bad joke.

AGENT (O/S)

Roof!

All guns point in unison at the compound roof. There is nothing there. Trenchcoat Man's narrow into slits.

Then something moves - a black shape, like a SHADOW.

PING! PING! PING! Agents shoot tranq darts, but the Shadow LEAPS - impossibly - across the roof, landing, leaping again - too high, too fast - up onto the roof's peak, where it crouches like a gargoyle. But it's a MAN. A Shadow Man.

PING! Tranq darts head for him, but Shadow Man JUMPS, high over the square, aiming for the fence...but it's too far.

Shadow Man spirals down, onto an AGENT, crushing him. He jumps up, then down, crushing another Agent, another, like a gleefully deadly game of leapfrog.

FLASH! A spotlight locks on him. Shadow Man freezes, a deer in headlights. Trenchcoat Man steps forward. Their eyes meet. Trenchcoat Man smiles, DARING HIM to jump again.

Shadow Man does - just as an AGENT pushes forward and shoots ACTUAL BULLETS, hitting the electric fence. BOOM! Sparks fly! Total darkness!

A beat...then backup power kicks in, spotlights switch back on...but Shadow Man has gone, over the fence.

Trenchcoat Man turns. In one smooth move, he grabs the Agent's gun and SHOOTS him in the head. He holds up the gun.

TRENCHCOAT MAN  
Trangs. Only trangs. The rest of  
you got the memo, right?

The Agents nod nervously. Trenchcoat Man pulls out a phone - it has a SUPERHERO COVER - and dials.

TRENCHCOAT MAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
It's Prescott. Lennon's left the  
band. I want him back.

Trenchcoat Man/Prescott snaps his fingers, and the Agents stream back into the compound. He waits, staring into the darkness, his eyes glinting with...envy? He strides inside.

The spotlights die slowly, the compound fading into...

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY

..the warehouse-sized interior of Camelott, a medieval-themed superstore.

YOUNG MAN (O/S)  
(over PA)  
...welcome, peasants and princesses  
to Camelott, your 'kingdom with the  
lott'. That's two T's, and every  
American knows that more is better  
than less.

Every cliché is ticked - cardboard castle backdrops, wicker shopping carts, and a ye-olde-tavern cafe. All that's missing is a SOUL.

YOUNG MAN (O/S)  
(over PA)  
We have everything you need for  
your quest today...whether you're  
(MORE)

YOUNG MAN (O/S) (CONT'D)  
 after a Prince Charming or a  
 Spic'n'Span Mop, now on sale in  
 aisle 11.

At the back is the SERVICE COUNTER, where the Young Man -  
 TOM, 24 - continues over the PA. His hair is combed (but  
 still messy), his shirt tucked in (but creased), a smile  
 (forced) on his face. The kind of guy with good intentions.  
 Someone with all the ingredients...but no idea how to cook.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 After all, don't you need things?  
 Lots and lots of things? Isn't life  
 hard as a privileged, middle-class  
 WASP? Don't you deserve to treat  
 yourself to a new coffee maker...on  
 sale in aisle 3?

Another employee, FELIX, holds a tray of COOKIE SAMPLES  
 whilst reading a COMIC BOOK, obscuring his face.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 As always, thank you for shopping  
 at Camelott, where your wallet  
always has a happily ever after.

Tom turns off the PA with a grimace. He watches customers  
 shuffle around - two EMOs sampling eyeliner, an Overweight  
 Lady eating all the deli samples, a Shoplifter sliding candy  
 up his sleeve.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Look at them. Sucking the world  
 dry. No guilt. Consuming.  
 Destroying. Wearing Crocs.

Felix lowers the comic book, revealing his face - he is  
 wearing a black EYE PATCH over his left eye.

FELIX  
 (rolling his eye)  
 Human condition, Tom. AKA - having  
 a life.

Tom watches a KID in a SUPERHERO CAPE fly past on a scooter.

TOM  
 Says the grown man reading a comic  
 book.

...which is snatched from Felix's hands by RICHIE, an  
 overtanned, slick-haired security guard.

RICHIE  
(skimming through comic)  
Coming out tonight, Tom? Or you  
gonna stay in and read these fag  
books?

TOM  
Seems more your thing, Richie. Lots  
of pictures, not many words.

Felix sniggers.

RICHIE  
Something funny, One Eyed Willy?

Richie throws Felix's comic to the floor. Felix gasps.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(to Tom)  
What the fuck, man? Used to be my  
best customer. You've changed.

TOM  
Well. You know. Promised my mom--

RICHIE  
The fuck? Does your mom watch while  
you guys swap rimjobs too?

Felix frowns - he has no idea what a rimjob is. Tom sighs.

TOM  
(with gravitas)  
Richie, sometimes you gotta think  
of the bigger picture--

Tom pulls out a PETITION on a clipboard.

RICHIE  
Not this hippie shit again, Tom.

TOM  
Why am I the only who cares that  
Camelott treats the factory guys  
like slaves, then marks up the  
products by 2000%? And we're  
sitting here like cheerleaders for  
corporate criminals! Someone has to  
stand up to them! And...do...  
something...!

Richie is flexing. Felix is dusting off his comic book.  
Tom's passion is wasted...until an ELDERLY WOMAN passes by.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ma'am, do you think it's fair for a company to underpay workers and then overcharge customers?

ELDERLY WOMAN

You trying to sell me something?

TOM

No. I just want to enlighten--

ELDERLY WOMAN

Enlighten? Ha. What do I care about your workers? No-one's got a knife at their throats. That's the problem today - too many people waiting for a bleeding heart to save them. Not like in my day. Want my advice, kid? Save yourself.

Elderly Woman grabs a handful of cookie samples from Felix and shuffles off. Richie sniggers.

TOM

Well, have a happily ever after...  
(mutters)  
...you old bag.

MAN (O/S)

Ahem.

It's ALBERTO, Store Manager. A future corporate asshole with a shiny suit and dead eyes. Tom quickly hides the petition.

ALBERTO

I caught your little PA speech, Tom. Do you need a revision on the Camelott announcements policy?

TOM

"Praise products. Promote prices."  
(mutters)  
"Pander to corporations".

Felix sniggers. Alberto glares at him.

ALBERTO

Felix, you may be physically handicapped, but that doesn't exclude you from Camelott's employee dress code.

Felix sighs, ducks below the counter. He reappears wearing a DIFFERENT eye patch, now bearing the store's CASTLE LOGO.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)  
These little things are important.  
These things make a difference to  
our customer experience. You can  
all make a difference.

Tom grits his teeth...and Alberto locks onto it.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)  
Why else would you apply for the  
assistant manager position, Tom?

Felix looks shocked. Tom forces a smile.

TOM  
Absolutely.

ALBERTO  
Our customers are royalty. Treat  
them that way.

With a soulless smile, Alberto glides off.

FELIX  
Frickin' Assistant manager? You?!

Tom doesn't know what to say. Richie pats him on the back,  
like a wise mentor.

RICHIE  
Shitface o'clock, Tom. Don't be  
late.

Richie slaps Felix in the groin, and saunters off.

FELIX  
(groaning)  
I really hope a burglar shoots him  
one day.

INT. PRISM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tom stands at the bar with his half-drunk beer. Across the  
room, Richie is surrounded by WOMEN swooning as he flashes  
his badge inside his skintight blazer.

Tom rolls his eyes...then spots a SEXY WOMAN in a red dress  
standing nearby, waving to the BARTENDER.

Tom takes a nervous gulp of beer.

TOM  
Can I buy you a drink?

Sexy Woman gives him a once-over look, then shrugs.

SEXY WOMAN  
(winking at Bartender)  
Something strong. And make it red.

Tom stands by awkwardly as the Bartender mixes, then...

TOM  
That stuff'll kill you, you know.

SEXY WOMAN  
Huh?

TOM  
Red drinks. Food coloring.  
Chemicals. It's...bad.

SEXY WOMAN  
So? Won't matter if I spill it.  
(points to her red dress)  
See?

The Bartender hands her a BRIGHT RED COCKTAIL. Tom pays.  
Sexy Woman forces a smile. She inspects him as she sips.

SEXY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
What are you, then, a scientist?

Tom looks down at his beer. A beat...

TOM  
Investigative journalist, actually.

SEXY WOMAN  
Really?

TOM  
I'm undercover right now. Gathering  
intel on the, uh, use of toxic  
coloring in, um...  
(struggling)  
..Cosmopolitans.

Sexy Woman suddenly seems more interested.

SEXY WOMAN  
Wow. Sounds kinda dangerous. You  
must be real brave.



TOM

Well...

SEXY WOMAN

And smart.

Tom laughs awkwardly. Sexy Woman bats her fake eyelashes.

SEXY WOMAN (CONT'D)

You must be real important.

Sexy Woman presses her body against Tom. He's sweating like trapped prey...

TOM

Wait. I'm not...that. I'm not any of those things.

Sexy Woman's smile slides off her face.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't know why I said that. I mean, I did write a college paper about food coloring. An expose, really. Could've helped a lot of people if--

SEXY WOMAN

So...what are you?

TOM

Uh...I currently work in...retail relations.

SEXY WOMAN

Customer service?

TOM

For now, but--

Sexy Woman walks off. Tom sighs, takes a gulp of beer.

He pulls out his cellphone and scrolls a news app. He clicks on an article - *Crystal McCain Crumbles at Olympic Trials*. A photo fills his screen - a female GYMNAST on her knees below a balance beam, staring up at a full arena.

Tom stares into the Gymnast's angry, hurt eyes...

RICHIE (O/S)

Tom! What the fuck? Get over here!

Richie, across the club, beckons from his orgy of now-drunk ladies. Tom holds up his empty beer. Richie shakes his head.

Tom gets the Bartender's attention.

BARTENDER  
What's your poison?

TOM  
My personality.  
(Bartender doesn't react)  
Kidding. I mean, a beer. Please.

INT. BATHROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Tom pukes in a cubicle toilet. He is wasted.

TOM  
Food coloring. You...dumbaaasss.

He looks at his phone - the screen is a blurry mess.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Fuck a duck.

Behind him, the cubicle lock unlatches. Tom looks up at a blurry SILHOUETTE above him.

TOM  
You look like someone who cares  
about the working conditionsss of  
Camelott employeeesss...?

Tom passes out.

The Silhouette holds up something - it's long, thin, SHARP.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tom stands at the edge of a cliff. A lone telegraph tower rises nearby. Below, a forest stretches to infinity.

Something's behind him - it's Shadow Man from the forest compound. Before Tom can turn, Shadow Man pushes him. Tom teeters on the edge...then falls. He screams...but his voice sounds like a CELLPHONE RINGTONE. DING DING-A-LING DING!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom wakes with a gasp. A poster of GANDHI stares down from the ceiling. He recognizes his room, sighs...then notices his cellphone is ringing.

TOM  
(groggy, into phone)  
Uh-huh?

WOMAN (V.O)  
(over phone)  
Don't tell me you're still in bed.

It's his Mother JOYCE. Tom squints at his phone - 8:45am.

TOM  
Fuck a duck.

JOYCE (V.O)  
You know I hate when you say that.  
You are still in bed, aren't you?

Tom pulls himself out of bed, immediately clutches his head.

TOM  
No, Mom. Can't you just shout at me  
from the stairs like normal?

Tom slips on a pile of *Mad* magazines. On top of the pile is a Post-It note: *Clean this rubbish up!*

JOYCE (V.O)  
I'm at the airport, Tom. Power  
Sellers Seminar. Remember?

INT. BATHROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens the cabinet, his gaze falling on a STALE JOINT tucked at the back.

TOM  
Right. Florida.

Instead, he noisily tries to open a bottle of PARACETAMOL.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Sounds like you have a headache.  
Why am I not surprised?

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom struggles with the Paracetamol bottle. He stops at the hallway table. Above is a row of framed FAMILY PORTRAITS.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Your brother is building eco houses  
for the poor in Tasmania--

TOM  
Tanzania.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Exactly. Do you think he needs  
wake-up calls from his mother?

The first photo - Tom, his mother Joyce, his father WALTER,  
and his handsome older brother, ADAM. Smiles all round.

TOM  
And when was the last time he  
called you?

The next photo - Tom, Joyce and Adam. No Walter.

JOYCE (V.O)  
What your brother's doing is  
important. You know that.

The third photo - ONLY Tom and Joyce. Smiles are forced.

TOM  
Uh-huh.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Meanwhile, how are you supposed to  
get that promotion if you can't  
even show up on time?

INT. BATHROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TOM  
I have every intention of--

JOYCE (V.O)  
Oh, Tom. You and your intentions.  
If I had a dollar, honestly...

Tom finally pulls off the bottle lid. Pills fly everywhere.

TOM  
You'd think you deserve two.

JOYCE (V.O)

What?

TOM

Nothing. Have a safe flight, Mom.

(hangs up)

Miss you already.

Tom forgets the pills - he picks up the joint, lights it, and takes a long drag. He exhales with a smile. Then he sees his reflection. He sighs and flushes the joint.

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks down the hallway, passing a full-length MIRROR at the end. He enters his bedroom.

He steps back into the mirror. There is NO REFLECTION. No Tom. Only a pair of BOXER SHORTS - the ones he is wearing - floating in mid-air.

Tom can't process it. He holds up his arms - in the reflection, there are no arms. No head. Nothing.

TOM

Fffuuuccc...

He steps back. So do the floating boxer shorts. He takes another step...and knocks into the hall table. Something drops and SMASHES.

Tom snaps back to reality - a CERAMIC PLATE, embedded with a child's handprint and the name ADAM, is now in pieces.

Tom gasps, as if this is WORSE than having no reflection.

He tries pick up the pieces...and cuts a finger. He sighs. He looks back to his reflection in the mirror. He IS there, in the flesh.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Richie Alvarez.

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY

In the hardware aisle, Tom stares up at a dozen different types of SUPERGLUE. He shrugs and picks one.

INT. CAMELOTT STAFF BREAK ROOM - DAY

Tom stares at the soda options in a vending machine.  
His gaze falls on an energy drink with GUARANA.

TOM  
Come to Papa.

QUICK SHOTS:

He inserts money, presses the button, grabs the drink, sits at a table, cracks it open, guzzles it down. He closes his eyes.

He can still SEE.

Tom opens his eyes, shuts them again. He can see THROUGH his eyelids, like a periscope 'burrowing' through the skin. He turns to the staff fridge...and his eyes 'burrow' through the door, revealing the contents inside.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Fffuuuccc...

Tom stumbles to the sink and splashes water in his eyes. His vision 'burrows' through the wall to the men's bathroom next door...and sees Richie with his pants down...wearing a THONG...and taking selfies of his butt in the mirror.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh. Fuck. Ohhh fffuuuccckkk--

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tom stumbles into the store, SLAMS into something. He falls down in front of a scruffy LEATHER BACKPACK. His eyes 'burrow' through it - inside is a DVD of *Stick It*, still wrapped in Camelott plastic.

Tom, frantic, bites his hand, REALLY HARD. He opens his eyes slowly - no burrow holes. The world is SOLID once more.

GIRL (O/S)  
You mind?

In front of him is a short GIRL, 19, in Doc Martens, a huge camouflage parka, and asymetrically-cut hair. Their eyes meet, hers ringed in harsh eyeliner.

TOM  
Sorry. Wow. You're...solid.

She raises an eyebrow, amused or offended. Or both.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Not fat. At all. I meant...strong.

Her face gives nothing away...but something is FAMILIAR.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Today's been real fu--  
(catching himself)  
Can I, uh, help you find something?

Tom can't help looking down at her backpack. She grabs it.

GIRL  
Just leaving.

In the TV section, flatscreens blast a news broadcast. The area is filled with footage of a Gymnast - the same gymnast from the news app on Tom's phone - performing a floor routine.

The footage pauses, the Gymnast's intense face now full frame. Words onscreen: *McCain Quits After Trials Disaster*.

NEWSREADER (V.O)  
(over TV)  
...Crystal McCain's private training complex in Ravenswood showed no signs of life today following the shock announcement of her retirement...

Tom looks at the TV Gymnast, then back at the Girl. The SAME tiny body. The SAME fiery eyes. It's Crystal McCain.

Crystal's intensity fizzles. She turns for the exit....where Richie stands, flexing his muscles.

TOM  
Wait. Don't go that way. Trust me.

Crystal turns back, eyeing him. A faint smile on her lips.

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY

Tom and Crystal sit alone in the tacky medieval cafe. Tom sips from a water bottle. Crystal sips from a flask.

Tom grins nervously.

Crystal pulls an antique pill box with a dancer painted on the lid. She removes a PINK PILL and pops it in her mouth.

TOM  
Not a great idea. Pills and  
alcohol.

She freezes, in faux-shock.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I mean, shit could happen.

Crystal takes ANOTHER pill with a grin. Tom takes another nervous sip.

CRYSTAL  
You don't need to tail me around  
the store. I wasn't really gonna  
walk out with that stupid DVD.

TOM  
Good, 'cause our security guard  
thinks he's Brock Lesnar.

CRYSTAL  
And you thought I'd need saving.  
Aww.

TOM  
No, I mean... I don't mean... I  
mean... I'm a feminist...  
(embarrassed)  
You ever had one of those days  
where you're not sure if you're  
awake or dreaming?

CRYSTAL  
I just saw my camel toe displayed  
on national TV. So, I'm really  
hoping this is a dream.

Tom nearly chokes on his water.

TOM  
My friend Felix thinks gymnasts  
walk around in spandex all day.

CRYSTAL  
He sounds single.

An awkward beat.

TOM  
I'm Tom. You're Crystal McCain.



CRYSTAL  
The other Crystal McCain. Not the  
porn star.

TOM  
I know, I saw the TV. You're  
like...Wander Woman.

CRYSTAL  
'Wander' Woman?

Tom doesn't notice his error. He nods, then winces. Crystal  
raises an eyebrow.

TOM  
Big night.

Crystal holds out her pill box, full of pink pills.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I better stick to aspirin.

CRYSTAL  
Hey, they're all natural.  
(her eyes daring him)  
What, you don't trust me?

Tom forces a grin. He takes a pill, bites it in half, to  
Crystal's amusement.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Mmm. Kinda minty.

Crystal laughs. Tom swallows it with water, puts the other  
half in his pocket. Crystal is bewildered - *is he for real?*

CRYSTAL  
How'd you know what was in my bag?

MAN (O/S)  
Nobody move!!! I got a gun!!!

Tom and Crystal freeze. Tom peers down an aisle...to see a  
GUNMAN in a SPIDERMAN MASK at the checkouts, waving a gun at  
the terrified checkout staff.

TOM  
Fuck a duck.

GUNMAN  
All of you, grab a bag and start  
filling it with cash! Now!

NERDY CHECKOUT GUY  
Paper or plastic?

BANG! The Gunman shoots a bullet into a register. Everyone screams. The Gunman breathes raspily through the mask.

GUNMAN  
See that! I meant to do that!  
So...no funny business, OK?!

The gunshot ECHOES in Tom's ears...as if he can hear each wave of sound as it travels around the store.

CRYSTAL  
You OK? Look like you're gonna pass out.

Tom's vision zooms forwards, backwards, like a camera lens judging distances.

TOM  
I'm...fine.

The Gunman points his gun at the Nerdy Checkout Guy.

GUNMAN  
Keep your hands up!

Nerdy Checkout Guy obeys...revealing a urine stain on his pants.

Dazed, Tom walks out of the cafe.

CRYSTAL  
Where are you going?!

Tom walks down an aisle, his senses twisting in and out...

BANG! The Gunman shoots into the ceiling, smashing a light. The sound snaps Tom from his trance.

GUNMAN  
Less pissing, more packing!

A Teen Checkout Girl begins to sob. The Gunman, now gasping for air through his mask, shakily points the gun.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)  
(panting)  
No crying! Just give me the fucking money! Or I'm gonna...

Tom's ZOOMING eyes suddenly focus on a spot on the floor, in front of the Gunman.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna...

Tom begins to run.

RICHIE (O/S)

You're gonna eat it, motherfucker!

Richie charges down another aisle, aiming his gun.

The Gunman aims HIS gun.

Tom shuts his eyes...and ZPPT! He DISAPPEARS.

Richie SHOOTs. The bullet streaks towards the Gunman.

Tom REAPPEARS, mid-run, in front the Gunman, knocking him down just as he SHOOTs back.

Richie's bullet shatters the entrance doors behind Gunman...and the Gunman's bullet misses Richie by an inch.

Tom opens his eyes. The Gunman is unconscious. Richie is unharmed. Nerdy Employee Guy now has a stain on the BACK of his pants. Everyone is safe.

Tom is dumbstruck. He looks to the cafe. Crystal has gone.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

A nerd's paradise - crammed with pre-2000 pop culture artifacts, including a life-size WONDER WOMAN STATUE...and Felix lies in bed, masturbating to it.

FELIX

Ohhh, Diana... Tie me up in your  
Lasso of Truth... I've been baaad--

Tom bursts into the room - a sweaty, panting mess.

FELIX

(covering himself)  
Frickin' shit! Can't you knock?!

TOM

(babbling, incoherent)  
OK some guy just tried to rob  
Camelott and I was just sitting  
with that gymnast from TV and first  
I was there and then I was suddenly  
over there right next to the guy  
and I knocked into him and he fell  
and shot his gun and Richie shot

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
his gun and then no-one was dead  
and everyone was OK and I did it!

Felix stares blankly at Tom.

FELIX  
Camelott got robbed?

TOM  
I disappeared! I fucking...  
teleported. That's what it's  
called, right?!

FELIX  
(sighs)  
Frickin' Richie Alvarez.

Tom shuts his eyes and concentrates. After a beat, he opens his eyes. Nothing happens. Felix sighs.

TOM  
Don't look at me like I'm fucking  
crazy! All day this weird shit's  
been happening! I woke up, had a  
tiny puff, looked in the mirror -  
there was nothing there! Then at  
lunch, I could see through the wall  
into the bathroom! Into! Through a  
fucking wall! Then Crystal gives me  
a pill and suddenly--

FELIX  
Who's Crystal?

Tom suddenly crumples in PAIN, clutching his head.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Hello, McFly. This is why you don't  
do drugs anymore. Hold on a sec.

Felix pulls a BOTTLE OF PILLS from his nightstand. He gives two pills and a glass of water to Tom. Tom swallows.

TOM  
Something fucking weird's  
happening. I did teleport. I was  
invisible. I...think.

FELIX  
Sure. Just let the pills kick in.

Tom coughs, as if something's stuck in his throat.

TOM  
What did I just take?

FELIX  
Willow bark. Good for headaches.

TOM  
Willow bark?!

FELIX  
You know my mom only buys herbal  
stuff since she had an affair with  
that yogi.

Felix shakes the pill bottle. Tom touches his throat.  
Something feels WRONG.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

The stale joint. The guarana energy drink. Crystal's herbal  
pill.

END FLASHBACK.

TOM  
Herbs. Herbs...? Fuck a--

Tom arches up and PUKES...but what erupts from his lips is a  
SCORCHING FIREBALL that explodes the Wonder Woman statue.  
Felix gapes in horror at what remains - two SMOKING BOOTS.

TOM (CONT'D)  
...duck.

Felix's face drops. Tom winces apologetically. Felix  
turns...with a grin.

FELIX  
Do that again.

EXT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - NIGHT

A Security Guard dozes next to the still-smashed front door.

In the carpark...

Richie pops the boot of his pimped-out Honda Accord. Tom and  
(a nervous) Felix gasp at the massive horde of DRUGS inside.

Tom looks up at Richie's proud face.

TOM  
Got anything herbal?

FELIX  
You know, from plants.

RICHIE  
(mutters)  
Fuckin' hippies.

He begins selecting an assortment into a Camelott bag.

Felix glances uneasily at Tom. Tom shrugs uneasily back.

RICHIE  
OK, mushrooms, dope, obvs. Coke.  
LSD. And Molly. That's 'Ecstasy',  
kiddies.

TOM  
No, I said natural. Cocaine--

RICHIE  
...comes from the coca plant. LSD  
comes from ergot fungus. Ecstasy  
comes from sassafras.

FELIX  
Shasha-what?

TOM  
Wow. Richie. I'm impressed.

RICHIE  
(smug smile)  
That'll be \$300.

Tom is suddenly NOT impressed. A beat. Tom grins.

TOM  
Richie, did I ever tell you how hot  
you look in a thong?

Richie's smug smile disappears.

EXT. CAMELOTT LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Tom holds the ecstasy pill nervously in his fingers.

Felix stands opposite, just as nervous.

Tom closes his eyes, swallows the pill with some water.

A beat. Nothing happens. Felix frowns, disappointed.

Tom opens his eyes. He feels DIFFERENT.

FELIX  
You know, I missed *Gladiators*  
reruns for this--

Tom LEAPS 20 feet into the air, onto the highest loading shelf. Stunned silence. Tom grins, then launches across the entire loading dock, onto a forklift.

Felix watches, amazed, as Tom bounces all over the dock...until...SLAM! Tom hits a light fixture and plummets onto a giant block of toilet rolls.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Well. That's for showing off.

MONTAGE: TESTING POWERS

A) Tom takes a puff from a joint.

Felix watches Tom's flesh DISAPPEAR before his eyes.

TOM  
Told you.

Felix gasps...and his growing jealousy is obvious.

B) Tom chews on a mushroom.

CUT TO:

Tom, arms raised, creates a TORNADO, knocking objects off shelves...and blowing Felix into a dumpster full of mannequin parts.

C) Tom snorts the cocaine. Felix hides behind the toilet roll block.

Nothing happens. Tom frowns. He leans against the toilet roll block. ZAP! His hands gives off an electric spark...which sets the toilet roll block on fire...which, as Tom and Felix watch, becomes an INFERNO.

Tom grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and shoots it at the fire, managing to put it out.

Felix, feeling useless, tries to grab the extinguisher. ZAP! Felix's body jerks as if being tasered, and he drops.

Tom stares at his hands. He turns...and knocks into the GENERATOR behind him. ZAP! The surge EXPLODES the lightbulbs...and the entire store goes black.

TOM  
Felix? You dead?

FELIX  
(groaning in dark)  
You tased me, bro.

INT. PRISM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A CLUB MANAGER picks up dirty glasses after another messy night. He peers into a glass - inside is a used tampon.

CLUB MANAGER  
One Bloody Mary.  
(sighs)  
God, my talents are wasted here.

BANG! The locked club doors burst open and a handful of HOODED AGENTS storm in, fully armed.

CLUB MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Hey, fetish night is Thursday!

PING! An Agent shoots Club Manager with a tranq dart. The rest of the Agents wait silently as...

PRESCOTT walks in, his trenchcoat swirling, his face sharp as diamond. He scans the room.

PRESCOTT  
Find me something.

INT. BATHROOM - CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Agents swarm about the bathroom, oblivious to the filthy post-party conditions.

In a cubicle, an Agent peers at an ITEM on the ground.

AGENT  
Sir! Sir!

Prescott strides into the cubicle, forcing the Agent against the wall. Prescott rests a foot on the toilet seat, revealing SUPERHERO SOCKS beneath his suit pants.

He grabs the ITEM and holds it up - a plastic SYRINGE COVER.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
It's not conclusive, sir.

Prescott turns with a smile. The Agent is suddenly nervous.



AGENT (CONT'D)  
I m-mean, t's a n-nightclub, sir.  
People d-do drugs.

PRESCOTT  
Where's your imagination, kid?

Prescott snaps his fingers, strides out. The Agents follow.  
It's as if they were never there.

INT. FELIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom parks Felix's car outside Tom's house. Tom turns to a  
still-dazed Felix in the passenger seat.

TOM  
You sure you're OK?

FELIX  
Me? After all those drugs you took?  
You should be dead.

TOM  
I know. So why do I feel...fucking  
amazing?

FELIX  
It's like your body's ignoring the  
effects of the drugs.  
Re-interpreting them.

Tom nods, not really listening.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
OK, first thing - get to one of  
those Chinese medicine stores and  
buy one of everything--

TOM  
You should've seen me today, Felix.  
Maybe this is it. My...thing.

Felix sees sudden RESOLVE on Tom's face...and scoffs.

FELIX  
That's dumb.

Tom doesn't react, lost in thought.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
You don't know the first thing  
about this kinda stuff. About...  
(rolls eyes)  
(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
...being a superhero.

TOM  
Like what?

FELIX  
Like, your origin. Why it happened,  
for starters. Why you.

TOM  
Who cares? Maybe it's always been  
there? Waiting.  
(smiling)  
My destiny.

Felix doesn't smile. He folds his arms.

FELIX  
What about Camelott? Alberto is  
gonna shit himself at the mess--

TOM  
Let him. I'm not going back.

FELIX  
But what about me?

TOM  
(chuckling)  
Be my Mister X.

FELIX  
Professor X. Let's start by getting  
your references right--

Tom suddenly winces in pain, clutching his head.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
That's a problem too.

TOM  
Nurofen isn't herbal. Thank fuck.

Tom grabs the Camelott bag full of Richie's drugs before  
Felix can stop him. He gets out of the car.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Sorry about your Wander Woman.

FELIX  
It's 'Wonder' Wo--

Tom has disappeared inside his house.

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom passes the family photos...stopping at the last one - Adam in a high-school football uniform, smiling smugly.

For the first time, Tom smiles back.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom dumps the bag of drugs on the floor. He swallows four Nurofen with water, strips off his clothes, drops into bed.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix rummages ANGRILY through a box labeled *Indie comics* - '81-'89.

A comic catches his eye. *The Powers of Cosmo Boyd, Issue #1*. On the cover, a TEENAGE BOY holds a JOINT in his fingers. Behind, a tank of outraged soldiers chases him. The art/font/colors all scream EIGHTIES CAMP.

In a speech bubble, the Teenage Boy says: "*A new drug, a new power! These hippies are on to something!*"

Felix's mouth drops open.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY

Tom stacks cans on a shelf...till he hears a low rumbling. He looks up - a wave of ECSTASY PILLS rushes at him.

He runs, but slips on a SUPERHERO CAPE left on the ground. He looks back, terrified...as pills engulf him, rush into his open mouth, choking him--

PRESENT:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom opens his eyes, groans at his still-throbbing head--

A HAND slaps duct tape over his mouth. Before he can scream, TWO HOODED MEN flip him over and zip-tie his wrists.

Hooded Man #1 presses his face close.

HOODED MAN #1  
Where's it, kid?

He grabs Tom's hair and yanks him naked to the floor. Before Tom can even think, Hooded Man #1's GUN is in his face.

HOODED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Go on. Move. Please.

Tom freezes. Behind his back, he feel something soft - his Camelott shirt. His fingers creep into the pocket...

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix flips eagerly through *The Powers of Cosmo Boyd* comic. On one page, Cosmo exclaims: *"Who would have thought my destiny lay in harmless herbs? I can be anything! A hero! A...superhero!"*

Felix grits his teeth, but reads on.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hooded Man #1 stands over him, as Hooded Man #2 searches the room.

Tom's fingers grab Crystal's half-bitten PILL in his pocket.

HOODED MAN #2  
There's nothing here!  
(getting panicked)  
I'm not going back to him without  
it!

Tom's fingers bring Crystal's pill towards his butt...as Hooded Man #1 crouches before him.

HOODED MAN #1  
Gonna have to dig deeper. Gonna be  
messy.

Hooded Man #1 yanks the duct tape off Tom's lips and pushes his gun into Tom's mouth. Tom gags...as he jams Crystal's pill up his butt. RIGHT UP.

HOODED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Real messy.

TOM  
Mm-hm.

Tom grabs the Camelott drug bag behind him, shuts his eyes--  
ZPPT! He disappears.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom reappears on the sidewalk, naked, still zip-tied.

A BLACK CAR sits thirty feet away. Inside is...

INT. BLACK CAR - CONTINUOUS

...Prescott, reading a COMIC BOOK.

INTERCUT BETWEEN STREET AND CAR

Prescott looks up. Their eyes meet. Tom freezes like a deer in Prescott's hypnotic gaze.

Tom shuts his eyes and teleports away. Prescott grins.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix inspects another drawing in the *Cosmo Boyd* comic - a cliff with a lone telegraph tower and a forest below. Beneath the cliff overhang is a glass mansion built into the rock - a LAIR.

ZZPT! Tom teleports onto Felix's desk. Felix screams and topples back in his chair.

FELIX

Ahh! Weiner!

(beat, realizing)

Tom. You just...teleported--

TOM

They've got fucking guns! And rapist masks! Help!

Tom turns, revealing his zip-tied wrists.

FELIX

Who?

TOM

The guys trashing my room!

Felix grabs scissors from a drawer and cuts the zip-tie.

FELIX

Did you call the cops?

Tom looks at his hands - they're shaking.

TOM  
 And say what? "Help yourself to my  
 magic bag of drugs?"  
 (panting)  
 Felix...I dunno what to do...

Felix is stumped. He takes the Camelott bag.

FELIX  
 Just...get dressed. OK?

Tom nods numbly. He pulls out a shirt and pants from Felix's dresser and begins dressing.

Felix empties the drugs from the Camelott bag into a fluro FANNY PACK.

Tom sees his reflection in the mirror - baggy parachute pants and a XENA WARRIOR PRINCESS tee.

TOM  
 (laughs shakily)  
 Fuck a duck. Here we go.

He reaches for the fanny pack. Felix holds it away.

FELIX  
 Uh-uh. Fanny goes where I go.

TOM  
 C'mon, Felix! The pill's gonna wear  
 off!

Tom swipes at the fanny pack. Felix puts it behind his back.

A KNOCK on the bedroom door.

FELIX'S MOM (O/S)  
 Sweetie? Honey? Are you OK?!

TOM  
 Fuck! OK! Just...don't get hurt!

Felix hands over the fanny pack. Tom snaps it on his waist.

Felix grabs the *Cosmo Boyd* comic...as the door handle jiggles--

FELIX  
 Fine, Mom! It's just *Gladiators*!

FELIX'S MOM (O/S)

Again?

Felix puts on a *Back To The Future*-style puffy vest over his hoodie, and carefully slides the *Cosmo Boyd* comic inside the lining.

Tom looks out the window - the street is eerily quiet.

TOM

Think we better go. Now.

Felix nods excitedly. Tom grabs hold of him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Haven't done this with a passenger.  
Could end up messy.

FELIX

(suddenly wary)

Should I bring a paper towel?--

ZPPT! They teleport--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ZPPT! ZPPT! ZPPT! Tom and Felix teleport across town, appearing and disappearing, covering a stone's throw distance each time.

They pass a *Welcome to Ravenswood County* sign.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD FITNESS COMPLEX - NIGHT

A sleek warehouse-style compound, with glass entrance doors.

INT. RAVENSWOOD FITNESS COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

ZPPT! Tom and Felix appear in the middle of the shadowy gym, full of gymnastic apparatus. Felix immediately PUKES.

FELIX

Go on without me. I need to die.

TOM

Serious? It's been literally two minutes!

(as if encouraging a child)

C'mon, don't be like that. You did great for your first time.

FELIX  
You're just saying that.

TOM  
No, you're a natural--

CRYSTAL (O/S)  
You guys gonna clean up the puke  
before you make out? Or is that  
something you're into?

Felix SCREAMS. Crystal McCain sits atop a set of uneven  
bars, perfectly balanced and casual.

TOM  
Crystal. Hi. Tom. Remember?

CRYSTAL  
Oh. Yeah. My hero.

TOM  
Uh, the news said this place was  
closed down.

CRYSTAL  
Over my dad's dead body.  
(chuckles)  
Kidding. He'll never die.

Crystal flips off the top bar, landing lightly next to them.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
Might as well work on your glutes,  
while you're here. They need it.

Felix gasps - a SILHOUETTE stands outside, looking through  
the glass doors.

TOM  
Felix, we gotta go.  
(to Crystal)  
Sorry about the puke.

FELIX  
It's mostly Tang--

Tom grabs Felix and concentrates. They don't teleport. He  
tries again. Nothing.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
You're outta juice!

SMASH! Glass shatters at the entrance.



Crystal grabs both of them and pulls them into a dark OFFICE overlooking the gym floor.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GYM AND OFFICE

The Silhouette softly enters the gym. He moves DIFFERENTLY than the Hooded Men. Softer. Almost...playlike.

It's Shadow Man. His torch beam pierces the darkness.

TOM  
Those pink pills you had - you said  
they're herbal?

CRYSTAL  
(bewildered)  
Um, technically. But I'm all out.

TOM  
Fuck a duck.

Tom rummages inside his fanny pack. He sees Crystal staring in shock at the assortment of drugs inside.

The torch beam gets closer to the room.

FELIX  
Tom...?

TOM  
(still rummaging)  
Which one?!

The torch beam gets closer, closer.

FELIX  
Anything! Just do something!

Tom pulls out an LSD tab in a tiny baggie. As Crystal stares...he licks up the tab.

The torch beam hits them. Tom's eyes meet Shadow Man's. Shadow Man puts something in his mouth.

Tom clenches his fists. He feels...

TOM  
Something. Happening. Now.

A deep breath, then Tom charges out with a...

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hhhyyyyyyaaaaa!

FELIX  
(embarrassed)  
Oh, God.

Tom grabs a WEIGHT BENCH as if it's made of cotton candy, and hurls it across the gym...only to watch in shock as Shadow Man LEAPS out of the way like Spiderman.

TOM  
Shit.

FELIX  
OK, this is not frickin' fair!

Crystal is stunned as Tom throws a 50-POUND BARBELL at Shadow Man...who easily bounces away.

Crystal drags Felix towards the side exit door.

Tom throws everything he can, but Shadow Man is unfazed. He bounds up onto the uneven bars, his eyes sparkling like a giddy child behind the mask. Then he leaps off the bars... heading straight for Tom...

Tom desperately swings a CLIMBING ROPE, and shuts his eyes.

FLASH! Crystal switches on the gym lights at the side door. Shadow Man is blinded. The knotted end of the rope slams into his stomach, dropping him.

Tom opens his eyes - Shadow Man is a moaning heap. Tom is shocked...and impressed with himself. He step curiously towards Shadow Man.

A car horn BEEPS! from outside.

Tom thinks twice, turns and runs out the side exit door.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD GYM COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

A revving metallic MASERATI waits - Felix in back, Crystal in the driver's seat.

Tom jumps in just as he hears a SHOUT - it's Shadow Man at the gym door...but his voice is drowned out as Crystal revs the engine, spins the car and speeds away.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Crystal drives down the highway. Quick glances all round.  
Awkward silence.

FELIX  
(matter-of-fact)  
We're being hunted.

CRYSTAL  
I bet. Must be after your fanny  
pack of lucky charms.

TOM  
Oh. That's a...long story.

Crystal raises an eyebrow. Tom fidgets in the silence.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm not a junkie.

CRYSTAL  
OK.

TOM  
I'm serious. I just--

CRYSTAL  
You just destroyed my gym like a  
*Jerry Springer* guest on bath salts.

FELIX  
Bath salts! Should I add that to  
the list?

Crystal raises another eyebrow.

TOM  
Hey, you were the one dropping  
molly in a discount supermarket.

Crystal bursts out laughing at some private joke. Tom and  
Felix exchange a 'WTF' look.

TOM (CONT'D)  
This stuff is herbal, OK? Only when  
I take them...shit gets weird.

CRYSTAL  
You turn into The Rock.

TOM  
Or I turn invisible. Or I shoot  
fireballs. Or I see through things.  
That's how I saw that DVD in your  
bag. And I don't know how or why--

FELIX  
Or anything.

Tom's hands begin shaking. Crystal notices. He sits on them.

CRYSTAL  
Flower powers? Hardcore.

TOM  
Well, people are trying to kill me.

FELIX  
And they've got powers too.  
Apparently everyone's walking  
around with frickin' powers.

Crystal sniggers.

TOM  
(to Crystal)  
Hey, you saw what happened. What I  
did.

Crystal grits her teeth, as if not wanting to admit it.

CRYSTAL  
(to Felix)  
So. Who're you? The sidekick?

FELIX  
(offended)  
I'm Felix.

CRYSTAL  
Oh. You're Spandex Fetish Guy?

Felix gives Tom a funny look. Tom ignores it.

TOM  
Look, thanks for the save. But you  
can drop us at a bus stop--

CRYSTAL  
You wanna wait for a night bus  
while people are trying to kill  
you?

TOM  
I don't wanna get you involved.

CRYSTAL  
In 'what', exactly?--

Tom suddenly groans in pain, clutches his head.

FELIX  
Oh, yeah. There's that too.

CRYSTAL  
Need a Nurofen?

TOM  
(groaning)  
Tried that. I just need...

Crystal peers through the windscreen. A SIGN appears ahead:  
*Harbinger Bar & Grill - 2 miles.*

CRYSTAL  
Something harder? If you insist.

FELIX  
I don't think we should stop.

CRYSTAL  
(reading sign)  
Oh. They've got arcade games.

FELIX  
You're right. Let's stop.

INT. HARBINGER BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Crystal and Felix enter, carrying a dazed Tom. The place is full of blue-collar REDNECKS and scantily-clad WOMEN. Crystal isn't fazed. Felix is terrified.

Crystal hoists Tom onto a bar stool, waves to a BARTENDER.

FELIX  
Don't get him anything red.

CRYSTAL  
Why?

FELIX  
You don't want a lecture. Trust me.

CRYSTAL  
(to Bartender)  
Two shots of gin, and a juice.

BARTENDER  
And a what?!

CRYSTAL  
Juice. Comes from fruit. You know,  
what your daddy used to call you.

Bartender gives Crystal a look, hands over two shots.

FELIX  
Sorry, I don't drink--

Crystal has already swallowed both shots.

Next to Felix, a MANGY WOMAN takes out her false teeth and drags on a cigarette. Horrified, Felix turns away...to see a vintage *Ms Pac Man* ARCADE GAME in the corner. *Jackpot*.

Bartender dumps a juice down. Crystal smiles sweetly at him.

CRYSTAL  
(to Tom)  
OK, down the hatch, Junkie Boy.

Tom lifts his head and takes a sip of the juice.

TOM  
Thanks for the save back at your  
gym. You know, with the lights.

Crystal shrugs. Tom watches her fiddle with a bunch of bar toothpicks.

TOM (CONT'D)  
So. How come you quit gymnastics--

CRYSTAL  
I told you. Camel toes on TV. How's  
the headache?

TOM  
Meh. My mom used to give us juice  
when we were sick.

Crystal snaps the toothpicks in half.

CRYSTAL  
Sounds like a real Carol Brady.

She gets up, heads to a BIKER GANG playing pool. Tom drops his head to the bar.

Felix looks up from *Ms Pac Man* to see a REAL woman - TAWNY, a whole lot of lady in very little clothing.

TAWNY  
Sexy patch, cutie. What happened?

FELIX  
(paralyzed with fear)  
Uhh. L-lost it in a fight.

TAWNY  
Just like Jack Sparrow. Mmm. Love a guy with a scar. So fuckin' hot.

She runs her fingers through his hair. Felix is frozen. A shadow falls over him - BUCK, Tawny's boyfriend, a huge man with a LOT of scars.

BUCK  
Who the fuck is this Jack Sparrow pipsqueak?

TAWNY  
Oh, please don't hurt him, Buck. He just wanted to buy me a little ol' drink.

Tawny steps back with a cruel grin...as Buck looks at Felix like a wolf looking at a raw steak.

Crystal, surrounded by the BIKERS, takes a difficult pool shot - and sinks the ball. BIKER #1 gives her a lecherous look...

...which is interrupted by Felix FLYING through the air and landing on the pool table.

Buck storms after him. Felix grabs a pool ball and throws it...instead hitting a TATTOOED MAN throwing darts...who throws a misguided dart straight into Tawny's breast.

Pin-dropping SILENCE. Tom looks up from his juice.

BUCK  
Tawny? Baby?!

TAWNY  
My titty got popped!

A beat. All eyes to to Buck--

He ROARS and dive-tackles Tattooed Man...and the bar erupts into a MASSIVE BRAWL of pent-up redneck aggression. Fists, feet and bottles start flying. Mangy Woman takes a final cigarette drag, crawls onto the bar and jumps into the brawl.

Biker #1 eyes Crystal...and heads towards her.

Tom looks frantically around - no weapon...except Mangy Woman's discarded cigarette. He grabs it and takes a DRAG.

Felix crawls through the carnage, back to *Ms Pac Man*.

Tom blinks hard. He stares at his juice glass. The glass jiggles...then slowly FLOATS up from the bar.

TOM

Sweet.

He turns, surveys the crowd...and gets to work:

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

Two BRAWLERS find their heads suddenly RAMMED together.

A GUY about to smash a beer jug over ANOTHER GUY's head...finds it smashing in his hand, drenching him in beer.

Two fighting WOMEN suddenly find their ratty hair extensions knotting together.

Buck straddles Tattooed Man, aiming a killer blow...when he is magically yanked through the air...slamming into the bar.

Like an orchestra conductor, Tom's telekinesis settles every brawl, subdues every attacker, rescues every victim. And he LOVES IT.

Biker #1 wraps his arms around Crystal, pressing her to his chest. She kicks her leg backwards, over her head, into his face...and drops him like a stone.

Crystal grins...until his Biker Buddies surround her.

Tom sees Crystal's face - is that a flicker of fear?

TOM

Hey! You...big...dumbo...guys!

The Bikers turn to see the pool table FLIP ONTO ITS SIDE as Tom telekinetically steamrolls it towards them...

Felix, back at *Ms Pac Man*, is frantically entering his name into the 'Top Scorers list' onscreen...



Crystal jumps, grabs a light fixture, somersaults over the pool table as Tom RAMS it into the Bikers--

And it's over. Silence. Tom is panting, scared, THRILLED. Crystal stares at him. She gets it now - this shit is REAL.

Before Felix can enter the final letter of his name on the 'Top Scorers List', Tom yanks him away.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A sleazy highway motel in a dying town.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom sits on the bed, flipping through the *Cosmo Boyd* comic. Next to him, Felix eats vending machine junk food.

TOM

So what?

FELIX

So it's art imitating life. You're Cosmo Boyd.

TOM

Makes no sense. He gets his powers from drinking Tiger Red soda. Which contained Red-2 food coloring. Which was banned in the seventies for mutating cells into tumors--

FELIX

OK, so it's not 100% fact!  
(muttering)  
Frickin' nerd.

TOM

(playing nice)  
OK, then, how does it end?

FELIX

Don't know. It's only issue #1. The last page is this old wizard guy living under a cliff in a forest, but he's just a silhouette.

Tom flips to the last page. He stares at the image of the forest lair under a cliff, with a SILHOUETTE in the window.

TOM

Like the guy in the gym--

FELIX

You know what's weird? There's no author, no publisher. Nothing.

TOM

Then where'd you get it?

FELIX

Must've been in that box I found in the dumpster at ComiQuest. Guess it was worth the bedbugs.

Tom grimaces, drops the comic. Felix gasps, delicately puts it on the nightstand. Tom lies down with an exhausted groan.

FELIX (CONT'D)

So...still a no on the cops?

TOM

How would I even begin explaining the last 24 hours? Especially once my mom eagerly informs them of my history with "illicit substances"?

A beat.

FELIX

What about Adam?

TOM

Adam? What about Adam?

FELIX

Well, your mom would freak out that you're a huge druggo now, even with the superpower benefits. Adam, on the other hand...

CRYSTAL (O/S)

Who's Adam?

Crystal exits the bathroom, hair wet, make-up washed off. For the first time, she looks ordinary.

FELIX

Tom's brother - he's in the Peace Corps.

TOM

Yeah, he's off saving lives, feeding the five thousand, walking on water, or something. I don't know. He hasn't posted on Insta in three years.

FELIX  
Uh, you're brothers.

ADAM  
So you message him. Wait, Instagram  
doesn't exist in your Gen-X bubble.

CRYSTAL  
(to Felix)  
You don't Insta?

TOM  
Felix doesn't believe in life  
beyond 1992. He's one of those.

CRYSTAL  
That explains *Ms Pac Man*.

FELIX  
Yeah, I'm so weird because I think  
the world was a better place when  
we had Jim Henson's puppetry genius  
instead of crappy CGI. When  
people's attention spans were  
bigger than five-second videos or  
140 characters on their tiny iPhone  
screens. When the giants of pop  
culture were like planets in a  
distant galaxy, to be revered,  
worshipped from afar...not to be  
'liked' on Facebook by 'fans' going  
through a retro phase. Call me  
crazy but I think life sounded  
pretty frickin' good back then.  
Actually, call me a 'pre-dot-com  
purist'. Yeah, it's a thing.

Tom and Crystal are stunned by this passionate speech.

CRYSTAL  
Are you sure? Have you Googled it?

Felix grunts, grabs the TV remote and flicks channels.

FELIX  
Well...Tom still reads *Mad*  
*Magazines*.

Crystal raises an eyebrow.

TOM  
(embarrassed)  
Just for the fold-in puzzle at the  
end. I like trying to figure it  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
out. I was actually doing a major  
in investigative journalism--

FELIX  
He wrote an article on food  
coloring.

TOM  
It was an expose. I won an award  
and everything.

CRYSTAL  
Then what happened? You fell under  
the spell of discount retail?

Tom looks at Felix. Felix looks at him, then back to the TV.

TOM  
Just...wasn't for me--

FELIX  
Uh, guys.

Tom and Crystal follow Felix's gaze to the TV - a REPORTER  
stands outside a bar as PARAMEDICS rush about.

REPORTER  
(on TV)  
...outside the Harbinger Bar &  
Grill, 20 miles north of  
Ravenswood...the scene of a brutal  
riot less than an hour ago...

Tom, Crystal and Felix watch, mouths open.

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
(on TV)  
...eyewitness reports of a young  
man storming the bar, causing  
thousands of dollars in damage...  
and wounding several bystanders in  
the process...including one man who  
was crushed beneath a flipped pool  
table, and is currently in critical  
condition in hospital...

INT. BATHROOM - MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom drops to his knees and pukes in the toilet.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crystal and Felix watch on.

REPORTER

(on TV)

The suspect is mid-20s, wearing a *Xena Warrior Princess* shirt, and accompanied by, as one witness described, "a 12-year-old girl who just came from a Hot Topic sale, and a guy dressed as Jack Sparrow".

FELIX

Jack Frickin' Sparrow? That--

CRYSTAL

Bitch.

She hears Tom puking from the bathroom - it's a suddenly sobering sound.

EXT. HARBINGER BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

On scene...as the Reporter wraps up...

REPORTER

All three are currently wanted for questioning by authorities...

...a group of MEN IN SUITS stride by.

INT. HARBINGER BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

The Men in Suits enter to utter mayhem - injured people, broken furniture, paramedics and police.

The Men in Suits part...revealing Prescott. The Men in Suits are obviously agents, 'civilian style'. Prescott scans the scene...then grins.

Buck dozes against a wall, his head bandaged. He opens his eyes, sees a pair of slick black shoes and SUPERHERO SOCKS. He looks up. Prescott is smiling at him.

BUCK

Yeah?

Prescott's gaze falls to Buck's shirt pocket. He clicks his finger and points. An Agent reaches into the pocket, pulls out a BAG OF COKE.

BUCK  
How the fuck did you...?

PRESCOTT  
Let's say I know a junkie when I see one. Now, you need to tell me what happened. You really do. OK?

Prescott jiggles the bag, raises an eyebrow. Buck sighs.

BUCK  
Alright, man. So maybe I threw the first punch. But that guy finished it! The one in the lesbo shirt!

PRESCOTT  
Xena. Warrior Princess.  
Let's respect the title, please.

BUCK  
Whatever, man! He took one look at the pool table and...

Buck breaks off. Prescott leans in closer, waiting.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
He...flipped it. With his mind.

Prescott nods. He hands the coke bag back to Buck.

PRESCOTT  
That's a nasty bump you have. Might need a bump of this.

Buck takes the bag, expecting a trap. But Prescott simply smiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, Crystal and Felix lie cramped on the bed. Felix is asleep between them. Tom and Crystal are both awake.

CRYSTAL  
What's it like?

Tom shuts his eyes. He can't speak.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Just thinking about something...and it happens. Like, shazam. Don't have to train your whole life. Don't have to do what you're told. But...just because you want to.

(soft)

Must be cool.

TOM

It's a fucking carnival.

Tom turns to the wall. Crystal bites her lip, regretful.

CRYSTAL

He'll be OK, Tom. It was an accident.

A beat.

TOM

Four years ago, this cop was chasing a stolen car through town. Some piece-of-shit Pinto. The cop ended up slamming headfirst into a station wagon. Turned it into a fucking accordion. You know what was inside? Family of four.

Crystal tries to to react.

TOM (CONT'D)

Just doing his job, right? Acting before thinking. Good intentions, all that heroic shit. And he takes out four people just trying to catch a thief. A whole family, gone. Kids. Over a fucking Pinto that got away anyway.

CRYSTAL

That's not the same thing.

TOM

Why are you here? I know it's your car, but you're...someone special.

CRYSTAL

Right. You can flip pool tables, but I'm special--

Tom wipes a tear. Crystal cuts off - she has no idea what to say.

TOM  
I got kicked out of college.  
(beat)  
For drugs.

CRYSTAL  
Ah.

TOM  
Not for selling. It was just weed.  
Nothing hardcore...you know, not  
like willowbark.

Crystal laughs. Tom tries to smile.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Adam had gone off with the Peace  
Corps. It was just me and mom. And  
every time she looked at me, I saw  
it. No matter how hard I tried. I  
busted my ass to get into college.  
It didn't matter. "You're no hero.  
Not even close--"

Crystal kisses Tom on the mouth. It shocks him.

CRYSTAL  
What?

Crystal lies back down, stares at the ceiling. So does Tom.

TOM  
Thanks for the ride. And the room.  
But tomorrow you go home. Please.

CRYSTAL  
What about you?

TOM  
I'm gonna find my brother.

Tom closes his eyes.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom wakes. The Gandhi poster stares back from his bedroom  
ceiling. He smiles...then looks down.

Shadow Man stands before him. His eyes are familiar - the  
SAME eyes as the man in the black car - Prescott.

Shadow Man pulls up his mask...and vomits a FIREBALL--

In an instant, Tom is engulfed in flames--



INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom screams himself awake. He focuses on the motel room. He sighs, relieved.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom sits on the bed, the motel phone to his ear.

JOYCE (V.O)  
(over phone)  
Hello? Tom?

TOM  
(into phone)  
Mom? You're OK?

JOYCE (V.O)  
Actually, I'm late for a workshop  
on 'full disclosure on homicide  
properties'. I paid extra for it--

TOM  
Mom, I need to speak to Adam.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Oh, Tom, you know he can't just  
pick up a phone and call us. He  
could be in the Amazon for all we  
know. Wherever he's needed.

Tom nods to himself. A beat.

TOM  
Mom, was Dad...good? You know,  
before...what happened--

JOYCE (V.O)  
What a stupid question, Tom.  
(a beat)  
Yes. He was. Of course.

Through the window, Tom sees Crystal by the motel pool.

JOYCE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Tom...you're not on drugs again,  
are you? The marijuana? Oh, Tom,  
haven't you ruined your life  
enough--

Tom bursts out laughing - a sudden release.

JOYCE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Tom. What's going on?

TOM  
I'm OK. In fact, I'm brand-new.

JOYCE (V.O)  
Well, let's hope this new Tom is a  
little bit more like his brother--

Tom hangs up.

EXT. POOL - MOTEL - DAY

Crystal, again in her heavy eye make-up, stares at her phone. Her finger hovers over 'Dad' in her contacts list.

She calls...and her phone dies. She chuckles to herself.

At one end of the motel, Crystal sees a SUITED MAN talking into his phone. She turns - at the other end, another SUITED MAN waits. And between them...is Tom's room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom skims again through the *Cosmo Boyd* comic, searching for answers. He sighs, frustrated...then stops at the last page - it's a promo cover image for issue #2, showing a bunch of newspaper headlines.

Tom stares, like he's seen something hidden in the image. A MYSTERY. He folds the page in, just like a *Mad Magazine* fold-in... and a NEW IMAGE is revealed: a CHEMICAL FORMULA. Tom gasps--

CRYSTAL (O/S)  
Tom! Run!

Tom drops the comic, runs to the window...and sees both Suited Men running down the walkway towards him. They are AGENTS, now brandishing GUNS.

Tom backs away as the Agents ram into the door. PING! A bullet goes through the lock. BAM! The door SHATTERS--

EXT. MOTEL CARPARK - CONTINUOUS

Tom dives out the bathroom window, onto gravel. Oww.

Crystal is revving the engine of her car. Tom limps into the car and Crystal puts her foot down.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Felix walks back from the vending machine, arms full of junk food. He whistles happily.

SCREECH! Crystal's Maserati brakes an inch away. The food goes flying as Felix nearly wets himself.

TOM  
Felix! Get in!

Behind the car, Felix sees the Agents chasing. He dives through the open back window... slamming his groin in the process.

Crystal speeds onto the road, with Felix screaming until he manages to get fully inside the car.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FELIX  
Tom, do something! Where's Fanny?

TOM  
Oh, shit...

FELIX  
You left her?!

Tom opens the glovebox and searches inside.

TOM  
It's fine! There's gotta be some--

FELIX  
(even more distraught)  
Where's *Cosmo Boyd*?!

Tom's silence says it all.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
That was a collectors' issue!

TOM  
Sorry, OK?! Aha!

Tom brings out a white PILL-LIKE OBJECT from the glovebox.

CRYSTAL  
That's an M&M.

FELIX

Tom! You're such a...a...rimjob!

TOM

I'm not a fucking superhero, OK?!  
I'm not an expert like you!

FELIX

So why do you get the powers?!

CRYSTAL

(looking in mirror)

Hey. They're not following.

Felix sees something through the front windscreen.

FELIX

That's why!

Crystal slams the brakes, kicking up dust. As it clears, it reveals a line of BLACK CARS forming a roadblock 200 feet ahead of them. Twenty armed AGENTS stand in a line.

It's like a rifle butt in the face.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Now I'll never meet Wil Wheaton.

Sun glints off the roadblock cars. Crystal flips down the sun vizor - a tiny baggie of leaves falls down.

CRYSTAL

Oh. That's where I put it.

TOM

What is it?

CRYSTAL

Ayahuasca. Should do the trick.

TOM

So, you've got a stash of  
ayahuasca...but I'm the junkie?

FELIX

Just take it!

TOM

How? It's fucking dry leaves!

Felix grabs the baggie, pulls Tom's head back and dumps the leaves into Tom's mouth. Of course, Tom GAGS.

PRESCOTT (O/S)  
(over loudspeaker)  
That's a kinky driving game, Tom.

They all stare out the windscreen. Tom gulps...and swallows the ayahuasca.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The line of Agents parts...and Prescott steps through, holding a loudspeaker.

PRESCOTT  
(over loudspeaker)  
But, hey, I don't judge.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CAR AND STREET:

CRYSTAL  
Not while wearing that trenchcoat,  
Neo.

Felix gasps - the ayahuasca has turned Tom's skin BLUE.

FELIX  
Blue skin? Blue frickin' skin?!

Tom groans at his reflection in the rear-view mirror.

PRESCOTT  
(over loudspeaker)  
Boy, you must be one confused  
camper. Lots of questions, huh? I  
mean, 24 hours ago, you were just a  
normal guy. Now...not so much.

Tom listens...disturbed and intrigued.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
(over loudspeaker)  
I can answer those questions, Tom.  
I know all about the weird shit  
happening to you. I can help with  
the weird shit.

Tom's eyes meet Prescott's. They seem to burn through him.  
Crystal revs the engine.

TOM  
Wait!

The WIND blows, stirring up dust. It gets STRONGER, knocking the Agents to their knees. Prescott's words are swept away.

CRYSTAL  
Tom, is that you?

Tom shakes his head - he is staring at...

Shadow Man, on top of a general store, as gusts of wind  
STREAM from his open arms. He claps, creating a HURRICANE  
that slams into the roadblock. Cars go flying, Prescott and  
Agents are blown away like rag dolls.

FELIX  
That's just showing off.

TOM  
(realizing)  
He's not one of them...

CRYSTAL  
Whatever.

Crystal floors it. The car speeds through clouds of dust and  
the now-cleared roadblock.

TOM  
Stop!

Shadow Man begins to run after them. SUPERFAST.

TOM (CONT'D)  
He's not one of them! Stop the car!

Crystal doesn't. Shadow Man gets closer, closer. Tom grabs  
the handbrake and pulls. The car spins around 180 degrees,  
kicking up dust, then stops.

Tom, Crystal and Felix wait, panting, as the dust fades...  
revealing Shadow Man - his 'shadow' is actually a tight  
leather jumpsuit.

EXT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the car. Shadow Man waits - he's holding Tom's  
fanny pack and Felix's *Cosmo Boyd* comic. Their gaze meets,  
against the sound of the dying wind.

Shadow Man pulls off his mask...and grins. The same grin  
from the family photos in Tom's hallway. It's...

ADAM  
I think your spray tan's expired,  
little bro.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - DAY

As Crystal drives...

Adam sits in back, watching tensely out the rear window. Felix is next to him, staring at him like he's George R. R. Martin. Tom rides shotgun, his skin back to normal. He is NOT a happy camper.

ADAM

Clear.

Adam turns, suddenly relaxed, like a switch flipped. He stares around the car with a grin.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What is this, the Scooby Doo  
Tribute Hour?

He laughs. Felix, embarrassed, fiddles with his eye patch.

FELIX

I lost it in a fight.

ADAM

Serious? That's sick. You look like  
that Jack Sparrow guy.

FELIX

Thanks! I'm Felix, remember?

Adam has no idea. He turns his interest to Crystal.

ADAM

And the *Dawson's Creek* bad girl...?

Before Felix can school them on *Dawson's Creek*--

CRYSTAL

I'm the Uber driver. You must be  
the famous brother.

ADAM

I got the looks. Tom got Dad's  
extra nipple. Right, T-Bag?

Tom says nothing. Crystal mouths 'T-Bag?' to herself.

ADAM (CONT'D)

No love for your big bro, Tom?  
(explaining to them)  
So moody, this guy. Always with the  
emotions--

TOM  
(mutters)  
Shut the fuck up.

ADAM  
What's up, bro?

Tom turns to Adam slowly, deliberately, PAINFULLY.

TOM  
What's up?! Since I woke up  
yesterday, I've crash-tackled a  
burglar, exploded a statue of  
Wander Woman with a fireball  
loogie, trashed a store, been  
attacked by guys with guns, started  
a riot with some drunk-but-innocent  
rednecks, and been chased from a  
motel by more guys with guns. And  
then you show up like you've just  
been off at Spring Break all this  
time, except you have powers too,  
so you obviously know what's going  
on, except you're just sitting  
there grinning like some dumbass  
fucking jock!

Adam stares at him, not getting his point.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I put a guy in hospital, Adam! He  
might die! That's what's fucking  
up, "bro!"

Everyone is stunned. Including Tom.

ADAM  
'Wander' Woman?

Tom explodes with rage, lunging for Adam, fists flying.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
OK, you're pissed! I get it! If I'd  
known you'd activate so soon, I  
wouldn't have left to throw off the  
trail. Still got a taste for the  
ganja, huh?

TOM  
Adam. Talk. In fucking English.



ADAM

The club toilet. I injected you.  
 (sees everyone grimace)  
TPX-171. You don't think you just  
 woke up like this, do you?

TOM

(struggling)  
 I don't...I mean... Why? Where...?  
 Aren't you building houses for  
 refugees in the Amazon...?

ADAM

(laughing)  
 Is that what Mom said? She never  
 had much imagination.

Adam unzips his jacket, revealing an inner VEST with clear pockets of various drugs sewn into the fabric. Felix gasps. Crystal's eyes narrow. Tom is bewildered.

ADAM

I'm a living weapon. I'm one of a  
 kind.

CRYSTAL

Were one of a kind.

Tom realizes she means HIM. Adam pats him on the shoulder.

ADAM

Welcome to the club, T-Bag.  
 (beat)  
 I'm hungry. Who's hungry?

EXT. ROADSIDE HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Tom, Felix and Crystal sit at a roadside table, opposite a cornfield. Adam gobbles down hot dogs and soda like a pig. Next to them, TWO FARMERS eat while they read newspapers.

Tom grimaces as he massages a migraine. Adam clicks his tongue.

ADAM

Side-effects. Part of the deal,  
 bro. Sorry.

TOM

What deal? What are you, some  
 Justice Avenger CIA agent?

Felix groans at Tom's jumbled superhero reference.

ADAM

Nope. Just a humble employee of a private biotech company who synthesized a revolutionary serum that metabolizes herbal drugs as superhuman abilities. That's all.

TOM

That's all? That's all?! What's going on? Where have you been?

Adam sighs, pulls out a pile of POLAROIDs from inside his vest, spreads them out. He points to one - a 70's-era log mansion in a forest. It's the compound we saw at the start, only BEFORE the fence or steel reinforcements. A simple sign out front says...

FELIX

(whispers)

'Eden'.

The rest of the Polaroids show '70s hippies in lab coats pondering formulas on chalkboards and cooking chemicals in beakers. Scrawled at the bottom of each photo: *Project Flowerpot*.

TOM

Hippies?!

ADAM

Well, it took them like 40 years, but who else is gonna turn LSD into super strength?

TOM

(trying to process)

So you were...the guinea pig?

A sudden CRASH! In a flash, Adam reaches into his suit...but it's just the HOT DOG COOK dropping a pan. Felix is in AWE.

ADAM

Hey, T-Bag. A little appreciation. You don't like the upgrade?

TOM

I don't like being shot at by Men in Black. Maybe your "private biotech company" can help with that?

ADAM  
Who do you think the Men in Black  
are?

A beat, as they realize...

FELIX  
Eden?!

CRYSTAL  
The same guys you obliterated with  
a tornado?

ADAM  
OK. Technically I'm an ex-Edener.  
And the TPX-171 I gave you was  
technically the last sample of  
their precious Project.

CRYSTAL  
Wow. Most people just steal a few  
pens on their last day.

FELIX  
Can't Eden make more of the  
superhero juice?

ADAM  
Sure. But it might take them  
another 40 years. You get why  
they're pissed, yeah?

Tom is processing this...with difficulty.

TOM  
Wait. You stole it.

ADAM  
They owed me.

TOM  
OK. But you stabbed me with it.  
It's in me now.

Adam's grin freezes.

ADAM  
Thought you'd be happy. I'm sensing  
you're...not?

Before Tom can reply--

PING! Something flings out of the cornfield across the road. Adam flips the hot dog tray up, and the 'something' STABS into the plastic.

It's a TRANQUILIZER DART.

Felix screams.

PING! Another DART - Adam grabs Felix and uses him as a human shield. Felix goes down.

ADAM

Drop!

CHAOS. Adam flips the table over, shielding them from a hail of TRANQ DARTS from the field.

One of the Farm Workers gets hit, the other runs off. The Cook tries to shut his window, but gets hit too.

Dark shapes - Agents? - move through the tall cornstalks.

TOM

They shot Felix!

ADAM

Tranqs. They don't wanna kill us.

Adam calmly takes an ECHINACEA PILL from his vest. He swallows it casually, no water.

He grabs the table's metal legs - his fingers CHANGE, turning gray and hard like the metal, but still flexible.

Adam stands and strolls to the field, arms raised like a pro wrestler, and disappears inside.

CRYSTAL

You thought he was in the Peace Corps?!

A second later, the field ripples with THUDS and SMASHES as Adam's metal fists do their work. Agents go flying up into the air, then down again.

Tom digs into his fanny pack, pulls out a JOINT...but no lighter. He hesitates, then bites into it.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Jesus, Tom! What...?

Tom coughs, gags, swallows. Crystal watches as Tom slowly turns INVISIBLE, only his clothes left 'floating' in air.

Tom runs to the field, pulling off his clothes. He hesitates at the sounds of THUDDING, WAILING coming from within the cornstalks...then steps inside.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Swirling, disorienting green. Invisible Tom stumbles, trying to follow footsteps, shouting...but it's everywhere.

An AGENT bursts through the stalks. On a reflex, Tom sticks his leg out and trips him. Before the Agent can recover, Tom grabs his tranq gun and HITS him over the head. The Agent slumps, unconscious.

Tom's nerves morph into CONFIDENCE. He dives into the stalks and sees another AGENT running. He follows him, bobbing, weaving. The Agent looks back, but sees nothing. Tom gets closer, closer...and TACKLES him.

The confused Agent reaches for his dropped tranq gun....but Tom reaches it first, and shoots him. His hands shake with adrenalin...but he likes it...

EXT. ROADSIDE HOT DOG STAND - CONTINUOUS

Crystal watches the field ripple as the fight continues. She looks down at Felix - still knocked out.

Next to them is a dropped newspaper. On the front page she sees...HERSELF. It's her USA team portrait photo, like a smiling mugshot. The headline: *World Champ Suspect in Bar Riot Trio.*

For her, the world stops.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Tom, full of adrenaline, follows distant shouting. He jumps over a fallen AGENT...then another....another. A trail of lifeless bodies. He slows, growing disturbed. Ahead, the shouting starts to sound like MOANING, PLEADING.

In a clearing, Adam has an AGENT in a headlock.

AGENT

Please, Lennon! Just come back! You  
know what he'll do to us if you  
don't! He's fucking crazy--

Adam snaps the Agent's neck. He hears a GASP. He looks up - sees nothing...until Tom slowly becomes visible, staring at the dead Agent. Adam knows he SAW it.

ADAM

Hey. Tom.

Tom raises the tranq gun at Adam...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Bro, wait, I'm the--

...and SHOOTs...missing Adam by an inch...and hitting an AGENT sneaking up behind him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...good guy.

Tom drops the tranq gun, his gaze still on the dead Agent.

TOM

Fuck a duck.

ADAM

Here.

Adam pulls off his jacket and throws it at Tom. Tom attempts to cover his nakedness, his hands shaking.

TOM

You're bleeding.

Adam touches a FRESH CUT on his forehead. As he does, Tom sees OLD SCARS all over Adam's now-bare arms.

ADAM

(sees Tom looking)

Ha. "Fuck a duck." Didn't Dad used to say that? Ha.

He gives Tom a grin that's a little too cheerful.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Crystal's car sits parked in this discreet off-road trail.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Tom, Felix and Crystal sit on rotting logs around a soggy fire pit. VHOOM! Adam vomits a fireball into the pit, lighting it up...and illuminating the unkempt campsite and overgrown wilderness surrounding them.

ADAM

This was the shit, bro! Fishing?  
S'mores? Remember??

CRYSTAL  
(mutters)  
So glad I'm an only child.

ADAM  
Hey, remember when that skunk  
chased you up a tree? And you got  
stuck? And I had to make a harness  
to get you down? Remember when you  
sunk the canoe...?

Adam stops - Tom is staring into the fire, troubled.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
No-one's coming after us, Tom.  
Eden's kinda understaffed right  
now. We're OK. OK?

TOM  
OK. Now what?

ADAM  
Now we chill, Miss Moody.

Tom looks at Adam's smirking face.

TOM  
Nope. Now you tell me what all this  
was for. You say that we're gonna  
be a tag-team, like when we were  
kids, and you teach me everything  
you know, so we can save the whales  
and the immigrants and the fucking  
battered housewives of Beverly  
Hills. Anything. Because then I'd  
be OK with you running out after  
the funeral and leaving me with Mom  
for three fucking years. I'd be OK  
with the guy I put in hospital. And  
I might be OK with what you did  
back in that field--

ADAM  
Those guys were bad. Bad things  
happen to bad people.

TOM  
Not all the time. Dad wasn't.

Adam is taken aback, as if this wasn't part of his plan.  
Felix and Crystal glance awkwardly at each other.

ADAM  
That's what you want? Really?

Tom sighs, embarrassed.

TOM  
I don't know what I want. I  
wanna...make Mom happy. I'm only  
fucking human.

ADAM  
Shit. Could've just said, bro. Then  
let's get started.

Adam unzips his jacket, revealing his drug vest.

TOM  
Like, now now? Oh.

CRYSTAL  
What about us? We just hang out in  
the forest till we get Lyme  
Disease?

She is eyeing his drug vest. Adam smirks, waves his hands  
over the vest like a game show presenter.

ADAM  
Pick a vowel.

Crystal grins. Felix looks terrified.

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - NIGHT

DRUGS 'N' POWERS PARTY MONTAGE:

Tom, Crystal and Felix swallow various drugs. One by one,  
their pupils dilate. Now the fun begins...

Tom controls the wind, sending up dead leaves in a tornado  
around himself. From nearby, Adam shouts instructions. Tom  
pushes himself harder...until leaves fly into his mouth,  
gagging him. Adam cracks up.

Crystal dances around the clearing - a lazy, dreamy version  
of her gymnastics routine.

Felix, in early stages of delirium, waves his hands around  
like a suddenly-blind person...then remembers his eye patch.



Adam leaps from tree to tree like a monkey, with Tom following, trying to keep up...until a branch snaps. Tom falls, but flips himself over, landing crouched like Spiderman. Adam drops down beside him. He nods in approval. Tom grins back.

Felix and Crystal hold hands and spin in a circle. Crystal lets go and Felix goes flying.

Tom telekinetically churns the lake water, creating liquid spirals shooting into the air. Definitely improving.

Felix stares at Adam's Polaroids - the people are MOVING, TALKING in speech bubbles of gibberish, a LIVE comic book.

Crystal stares up at the sky. The stars fall around her, with streaking rainbow trails.

Tom swirls his hand over the fire pit - the flames follow, shooting into the air like a phoenix. Tom laughs, ecstatic.

Adam watches, the fire flickering in his suddenly COLD EYES. His grin has disappeared.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - NIGHT

Tom leans against a log, clutches his pounding head. On the other side of the fire, Adam stares at the sky.

ADAM

Man. Just like old times, yeah?

TOM

Except for the ol' jackhammer in the brain.

Tom looks at Felix, who is still staring at Adam's Polaroids. Above, Crystal lounges across a tree branch, smoking a joint. They are both in a blissful haze.

TOM (CONT'D)

And I can't even get high anymore.  
Fuckers.

ADAM

What's the big deal?

TOM

You've never had a room-mate who could score Tom Cruise Purple.

Crystal hears them talking, but it's hazy. She takes her joint...and BURNS a mark into her wrist.

Adam stares at Tom. Maybe JUDGING him. Tom squirms.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, you were off...wherever you were. After what happened with Dad...after he died...people looked at me like I was the junior version. Like I was gonna be that apple landing right next to the tree. So I tried. I fucking tried.

Crystal burns another mark, overlapping the first.

TOM (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

College was just a bunch of trust-fund kids. They already owned the world, why would they wanna change it? It just got...pointless. So I started smoking. Just a bit. Then more and more. I just liked the feeling. Like it didn't matter anymore.

ADAM

Sure. You weren't killing anybody.

Crystal burns another overlapping mark.

TOM

(realizing)

All that stuff I worried about. College, jobs, student loans. How the fuck I was gonna pay rent when Mom finally kicked me out. Petitions. Eating organic. Trying to be a good person.

Adam's smile fades. Tom throws a rock in the fire.

TOM (CONT'D)

Funny, how you get so wrapped up in what you think you're supposed to do. Then something happens...and then you realize...it doesn't matter. None of that shit matters.

Crystal burns a final mark into her wrist - five overlapping dots...in the formation of the Olympic rings.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You're above it all. You're a god.  
 Shit. I just realized that. We're  
 like...gods now.

Flickering shadows distort Adam's face, like he's someone else.

ADAM  
 We're not gods.

TOM  
 Whatever. Fuck Mom.  
 (laughing)  
Fuck Mom--

Tom gets another migraine attack. Adam watches him wincing.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 There's a way to stop it, you know.  
 The pain.

Tom looks at him. Adam's carefree grin returns. He walks over to Felix, takes one of the Polaroids and hands it to Tom - a photo of a BEARDED MAN in a lab coat, like a skinny Santa Claus.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Professor Lazarus Grey.

TOM  
 He worked on TPX...whatever it is?

ADAM  
 He invented it. Which is why  
 Project Flowerpot was fucked when  
 he went off grid in the eighties  
 and took his formula with him.

TOM  
 (getting it)  
 So he can cure the headaches?

ADAM  
 Sure. He was a smart guy. Smart  
 move for us too. Minimize weakness,  
 maximize potential.  
 (sees Tom consider this)  
 Back at the gym, I was pushing you.  
 And you pushed back. You're a  
 natural, bro.

Tom grins at this...then stops.

TOM  
But he'd be old now. Maybe dead.

Adam hands Tom another Polaroid - a B&W Eden STAFF SHOT from 1978, showing about 10 smiling employees, bell-bottom pants sticking out from beneath their lab coats.

ADAM  
Track and interrogate.  
(sees Tom's shock)  
Ask questions. Find out who saw him  
last. That's all.

A SNAP! from the forest. Adam is already on his feet, scanning the trees. Tom sees that he's breathing heavily.

TOM  
You said Eden owed you.

ADAM  
Did I?

TOM  
Well...why'd you leave them?

ADAM  
Shitty cafeteria food.  
(stares into woods)  
Probably just a raccoon.

Tom stares into the darkness. He turns back, sees Adam watching him.

TOM  
What?

ADAM  
Not too late, you know. You can  
still go back to your little store.

Tom is taken aback by the idea.

TOM  
I told you. Fuck all that.

Adam nods, but his eyes don't smile. *Isn't he happy?*

TOM (CONT'D)  
So. Who do we interrogate first?

FELIX  
Her.

Felix, wide-eyed, holds a Polaroid showing Lazarus Grey in a lab, lost in his work. In the background is a DOWDY LADY taking notes, eyes locked on Lazarus. She's ENTRANCED.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Can't you see? It's in the eyes?  
Like... Catwoman and Batman. Jean  
Grey and Cyclops--

Adam grabs the staff photo, and finds Dowdy Lady in the group - handwritten beneath is her name: 'Eunice Entwistle'.

ADAM  
(reading)  
'Eunice Entwistle'. Can't be too  
many of them in the *Yellow Pages*.  
(to Felix)  
Nice work, Fred.

FELIX  
(mutters)  
'Felix'.

A WHOOSH behind them as Crystal jumps down from the tree.

ADAM  
Jesus. You need to wear a bell.

She balances on a log like a gymnastic beam, hums softly.

TOM  
You OK, Crystal?

CRYSTAL  
There's my hero. Like clockwork.

TOM  
You've had a lot, that's all.

FELIX  
Actually, Tom, I don't feel too  
good...

Crystal looks up at them - her eyes are red, glassy.

CRYSTAL  
Well, go on, Tom. Save him. Put all  
those years of training to use.

TOM  
What do you mean--

CRYSTAL

You know, show us the broken bones,  
the starving, the puking, the  
bleeding, the handsy therapists,  
the fact that every day of your  
life begins at dawn and the  
realization that all those days  
mean nothing the second you make a  
tiny mistake decided by someone  
else. Save him. Show us how you got  
to your destiny. Unless it just  
fell in your lap? Unless you're  
just a talentless basic bro who  
suddenly got everything he ever  
wanted without sacrificing  
anything?

Tom is stunned, lost for words. Adam watches curiously.

FELIX

Ohh. I really feel sick. Guys...?

Crystal raises an eyebrow. Tom meets her gaze.

TOM

Well, I always wanted a Maserati.  
But no-one gave me one of those.

She grins faintly. Beneath her glazed eyes, something BURNS.

CRYSTAL

That's too bad. You would've had  
somewhere to sleep tonight.

She flicks her used joint at Adam, then walks off, as Tom watches.

ADAM

I like her. And I hate goths.

Felix PUKES.

EXT. DIRT TRAIL - NIGHT

Crystal walks to her car, the road ahead lit by moonlight.  
Tears fall - she wipes them furiously.

Suddenly, instinctively, Crystal hurdles into a cartwheel,  
then a series of flawless backflips down the trail. It is  
effortless, revealing a lifetime of training, dedication.

She finishes in a full-twisting somersault, perfect landing.  
Then...she lets herself fall to her knees.

CRYSTAL

Oops.

She gets in her car and slams the door.

EXT. DIRT TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Felix pukes in a grove of trees. He senses something, looks up. Through the trees, a HOODED FACE stares back.

Before he can scream, a HAND gags his mouth--

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Crystal pulls out a car cellphone charger from the glovebox. As soon as she plugs it in, her phone rings.

CRYSTAL

(surprised, into phone)

Dad...

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)

(over phone)

Crys! I've been calling all day!  
Where are you? You realize how much  
training you've missed?

CRYSTAL

Dad. I quit. You were there.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)

Sweetie, I'm mad too. That wasn't  
you. You don't fall on a damn B  
skill. You don't place twelfth in  
prelims. Not after all these years.  
I mean...where was your head at up  
there?

(beat)

And this...'rebel-girl' attitude  
you've picked up - you're only  
hurting yourself. Your legacy.

CRYSTAL

And your point...?

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)

You're not the only one who's made  
sacrifices, Crys. Those were my  
years spent too. My money. Because  
I know what you have in you.

CRYSTAL  
I started a riot, Dad. Haven't you  
seen the news?

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)  
Forget that. I'm making a very  
large donation to a veterans' fund.  
It'll disappear.

CRYSTAL  
(a beat)  
That's my dad.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)  
Crys. Wherever you are, get home.  
Now. Because every day wasted is  
another sponsor who won't sign a  
check. Four more years. This is  
what you're worked for. What you're  
meant to do. What could possibly be  
more important?

Crystal glances into the open glovebox - inside is the  
ARTICLE from the newspaper, showing her 'wanted' photo.

CRYSTAL  
Roadtrips. Campfires. Bit of the  
ol' ganja. I'll send you a  
polaroid.

She turns the phone off. From the glovebox, she pulls out  
several empty LIP GLOSS TUBS, shaped like mini cupcakes. She  
has an idea.

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - NIGHT

Moonlight on the still lake.

Tom watches Felix sleep peacefully.

The drawstrings of Felix's hoodie TIGHTEN, as if by unseen  
hands...or telekinesis. Felix wakes, gasping for air. Tom's  
face, in the firelight, twists into an evil grin.

SNAP! Felix's neck breaks.

Prescott stands across the fire, smiling at Tom.



EXT. CAMPING GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Tom gasps awake from the dream. Felix sleeps nearby. But Adam has GONE.

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Tom creeps through trees towards a FIERY GLOW...and the sound of GRUNTING. He reaches a grove...to see...

...Adam, before a small fire, shirtless and covered in CUTS and BRUISES from the fight, and old scars. He shakily draws LIQUID from a spoon into a SYRINGE. Heroin.

His forearm is covered in knotty, healed-over TRACK MARKS. Desperately, he stabs the syringe in....and sighs.

His bruises FADE. His forehead gash SEALS UP, leaving behind twisted scar tissue to match the rest. The injection spot KNOTS OVER. He is healed...yet forever damaged.

Adam closes his eyes. The syringe drops to the ground.

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - DAY

Morning. Tom wakes at the fire pit. Adam is staring at him.

ADAM  
How'd you sleep, partner?

TOM  
(forced smile)  
Fine.

Tom sits up. Adam keeps staring, as if he knows something.

TOM (CONT'D)  
So. We should get going. Find this cure thing.

ADAM  
Eager beaver.

TOM  
Just wanna maximize my potential.  
Right?

He gives a reassuring grin. Adam chuckles, turns at Felix, who is sitting on a log, clutching the Polaroids tensely.

ADAM  
You heard the man, Fred. On your feet.

FELIX  
 (harsh)  
 It's 'Felix'.

Adam raises an eyebrow. Felix shrinks back.

TOM  
 You OK, Felix?

FELIX  
 Just didn't sleep much.

ADAM  
 Too bad. I slept like a rock.  
 (walks off, whistling)  
 Where's our chauffeur?

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - DAY

Crystal drives, with Tom shotgun, using a *Yellow Pages* app on Crystal's phone. In back, Felix reads his *Cosmo Boyd* comic. Adam hums...but he scans the surrounding fields with faint TENSION.

FELIX  
 Are we there yet?

TOM  
 Probably another half hour.

ADAM  
 Thank fuck one of you has a phone.

FELIX  
 (to Adam)  
 Can't you just teleport us there?

ADAM  
 Teleport? What do you think this is, a comic book?

FELIX  
 But Tom teleported. I saw him.

A beat. Tom glances at Felix in the rear-view mirror.

TOM  
 Yeah. What do you think this is, Felix, a comic book?

He gives Felix a LOOK. Felix frowns in confusion.

Tom looks at Adam, shrugs: *That's typical Felix.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (to Crystal)  
 Hey. About last night--

CRYSTAL  
 If you say sorry, then I'll have to  
 say sorry. And I'm allergic.

She tosses something over to Tom - it's a BRACELET made from her cupcake lip gloss tubs, strung with elastic. The pink cupcakes have been repainted with nail polish, turning them into GRENADES. *An apology.*

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
 For your pills. So, throw that  
 fanny pack out the window and stop  
 embarrassing us.

Tom meets Adam's eyes in the mirror - a hint of surprise.

TOM  
 (puts bracelet on his wrist)  
 It's cool. Really cool. Thanks.

Crystal shrugs, uncomfortable with the praise.

The sun gets in Tom's eyes. He flips the vizor down...and the newspaper article about Crystal slides out. Tom reads the headline...sees Crystal's 'wanted' photo...

BLEEP! Everyone turns - it's a HIGHWAY COP, lights flashing.

Tom and Crystal exchange a look. Felix begins to sob.

CRYSTAL  
 The phone. They're tracking it.

ADAM  
 It's cool. Pull over.

TOM  
 But...we can't--

ADAM  
 Yeah, we can.

TOM  
 Adam, the cops ID'd Crystal!

ADAM  
 OK. So. What are we gonna do?

Everyone's eyes are suddenly on Tom.

A beat...then he unzips his fanny pack.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Crystal pulls over.

The Highway Cop stops behind. Silence. He approaches the car, hand on holster.

HIGHWAY COP  
Outta the car!

No response. The wind picks up. Highway Cop glances around, then draws his gun and points it at the car.

HIGHWAY COP (CONT'D)  
I said, outta the car! Now!--

A swirling WIND VORTEX suddenly surrounds them, rocking the car side to side. Highway Cop, shocked, SHOOTs a bullet that shatters the windshield...before he is whisked into the air and thrown 20 feet away into the field.

The wind dies suddenly, the dust settles.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CAR AND ROAD:

Inside, everyone stares through the shattered back windshield at the lifeless Highway Cop.

ADAM  
Not bad.

FELIX  
(mid-sob)  
Is he...?

Highway Cop stirs. Tom sighs in relief.

Adam *tsks*, pulls a PILL from his vest, swallows it.

TOM  
Everyone OK?

CRYSTAL  
(re: broken windshield)  
My dad's gonna be so pissed.  
(beat)  
I'm great.

TOM  
Adam?

Adam, eyes closed, is whispering to himself.

FELIX  
Oh, frickin' shit...look!

Highway Cop crawls towards his dropped GUN.

Above, a distant HAWK CRY echoes.

TOM  
Uh...Adam...?

Adam's eyes are still closed.

FELIX  
Run him over!

TOM  
I'm not running anyone over!

Another hawk cry, CLOSER. Highway Cop reaches his gun...

TOM (CONT'D)  
Adam!

Adam opens his eyes...just as an ear-splitting SHRIEK echoes above. Highway Cop looks up...

...and a GIANT HAWK divebombs him, tearing out his eyes, hammering its beak into his skull.

ADAM  
We're free to go.

Crystal floors it, leaving the hawk tearing into the Cop.

ADAM  
(laughing)  
Little piggy lost his peepers.  
(explaining)  
DMT. Controls animals.

TOM  
That bird's gonna tear his brains out!

ADAM  
You rather be in jail? It's easier this way. Trust me.

Tom looks at Crystal. She is shocked...but relieved. Tom realizes HE is also relieved.

FELIX

Tom, you're bleeding.

Blood is dripping from Tom's ears. Tom panics, looks at Adam and sees FEAR in his eyes...then Adam smiles it away.

CRYSTAL

Guess that's part of the deal too.

ADAM

Anyone got a napkin?

EXT. EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

EUNICE ENTWISTLE, older, frailer and dowdier in the flesh, delicately waters a sad patch of petunias in her garden.

A SHADOW falls over her.

ADAM (O/S)

Mrs Entwistle?

Eunice looks up at Adam...and Tom, who has a TAMPON stuck in his ear. He remembers, quickly yanks it out. Crystal and Felix, watching from the car on the curb, shake their heads.

EUNICE

Ms, young man. Eunice. Who are you?

ADAM

I'm Professor Grey's son. He's dead. Thought you should know.

Eunice processes this...and faints into the petunia patch.

INT. EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Eunice sits on a sofa, trembling. Adam sits across from her, tapping his foot impatiently.

Tom stands by the dusty mantelpiece, fiddling with his grenade bracelet. He sneezes from the dust.

EUNICE

I always knew he'd be a wonderful father.

ADAM

So wonderful I can't even tell you. Unfortunately we lost contact before he died, so I'm looking for his last known address. To sort out his estate.

Eunice sees Tom looking at a framed photo of Lazarus Grey.

EUNICE  
Handsome, isn't he?

TOM  
Yeah. Like a nice old wizard.

EUNICE  
Yes. My wizard.  
(doubtfully, to Adam)  
I...suppose there's...some  
resemblance.

ADAM  
30 years is a long time, ma'am--

EUNICE  
You think I'd forget my Lazarus?!  
Never. Oh. His mind... Oh.

Adam sighs impatiently. Tom sneezes again.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
That's why I thought they had  
gotten rid of him.

TOM  
(glancing at Adam)  
You mean Eden?

Eunice nods softly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But wasn't he the guru of Project  
Flowerpot? TPX...?

EUNICE  
How did you know about his potion?

Tom sees Adam tense--

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
Oh, what does it matter? His work,  
gone. His good intentions, gone.

Tom sits next to Eunice. She sighs painfully.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
He was...too soft, you see. Too  
compassionate for war. Seeing those  
men maimed, minds destroyed,  
children traumatized...he wanted to  
(MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
help. To heal. That was Project  
Flowerpot, his potion. How, I don't  
know - I was just a secretary. But  
when testing began, there were...  
unexpected results. Terrible...

Eunice's hands shake. Tom sees Adam's shocked face - this is  
news to him too.

ADAM  
What do you mean, unexpected  
results?

EXT. EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal and Felix sit in the car. Crystal nervously glances  
up and down the street. Felix plays with his hoodie  
drawstring.

CRYSTAL  
You seem pretty calm, compared  
to...well, every minute in the last  
48 hours.

Felix shrugs. Crystal looks at the house, then back.

FELIX  
Everything will be OK.

CRYSTAL  
How do you know?

A beat. Felix shrugs again. Crystal rolls her eyes.

INT. EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ADAM  
Eunice.

Eunice shudders. Adam leans closer...

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Eunice, my father would want you--

EUNICE  
Don't you come to me now, telling  
me what he wanted! How dare you!  
After what I've done!

Eunice hobbles to the mantelpiece, grasps the photo frame.



ADAM

It was you. You gave the samples  
back to Eden.

Tom sees Adam's face HARDEN. As if another person has  
stepped into his skin.

EUNICE

He sent them to me. Two tiny vials,  
with a letter. And...a can of soda.  
Strange. I never understood that  
part. But he said he'd come back,  
so I kept them safe.

(clutches photo to chest)

Every day I waited for him to walk  
through that door. Every year.  
Where is my wizard? Why won't he  
save me? Now I know. I was just a  
silly old lady keeping his secrets.

TOM

You never saw him again?

EUNICE

He wanted to save the world. What  
do I matter among all those  
people?--

ADAM

Do you still have the letter?

Eunice, broken from her sorrow, removes the back of the  
photo frame and takes out an ENVELOPE. She gives it to Adam  
as if she can't bear to look at it...then grabs his hands.

EUNICE

If only I could see him again...

ADAM

And what would you say, Eunice?

EUNICE

"Forgive me. For giving away your  
magic. Forgetting what you are."

She caresses Adam's face. Adam smiles and touches her hand.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

There you are. In the eyes. I see  
you now...my wizard...

ADAM  
Here I am.

Tom is disturbed - this is now a very DIFFERENT Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Tom, I think Eunice needs some tea  
to calm her nerves. You mind?

TOM  
Oh. Sure.

Tom heads for what he assumes is the kitchen, hearing...

EUNICE (O/S)  
Such a good man, you are, Lazarus.  
I always knew...

INT. KITCHEN - EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom opens a cupboard, looking for tea. Hidden at the back is a retro-looking red SODA CAN - the label reads *Tiger Red*. The SAME soda that gave Cosmo Boyd his powers in the comic.

Tom is amazed. He takes it delicately, like a rare artifact. He hesitates, then puts it in his fanny pack.

A soft GAGGING noise comes from the living room...

INT. EUNICE ENTWISTLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom enters the living room...as Eunice floats in the air, being telekinetically strangled by Adam with her own shawl.

Adam turns to Tom. We have seen slivers of this 'Adam' - cold, blank, hard. But here he is, in the flesh. His eyes, like those of a stranger, seem to dare Tom.

ADAM  
Got that tea, bro? Eunice is dying  
of thirst here.

Something ignites within Tom. He runs at Adam...only to be telekinetically flipped, crashing into the mantelpiece.

Tom pulls himself up, grabs a pill from his fanny pack, swallows it.

TOM  
Adam, stop! Please!

ADAM  
Just be a minute.

TOM  
Fucking stop!

Tom vomits a FIREBALL directly at Adam. Adam turns, stares at the fireball...and it stops, held in mid-air.

ADAM  
Don't waste your stash.

Eunice drops to the couch, dead.

TOM  
Why...would you...do that...?

ADAM  
Told you. Bad things happen to bad people. Like nosy old bitches who can't keep secrets.

A hint of a smile on Adam's lips. He spins Lazarus' letter in his fingers.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Aw, don't be such a bleeding heart.  
We've got a wizard to track.  
(patting his vest)  
Hope I've got enough Morning Glory.

His floating fireball evaporates. Adam walks out.

Tom looks down at the photo of Lazarus Grey, now shattered.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - DAY

As Crystal drives...

Adam, in the back, holds the letter, his eyes closed in concentration. Tom, riding shotgun, watches him like a hawk.

Crystal and Felix definitely feel the tension.

ADAM  
Turn off here.

Crystal pulls off the main road onto a side road - dusty plains stretch on both sides. There is nothing alive here.

CRYSTAL  
When do I stop?

ADAM  
When I tell you to.

Crystal glances at Tom. She sees his fingers discreetly filling each grenade on his bracelet with pills from the fanny pack.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Bro, you gotta try Morning Glory.  
It's like...lines...all over...

TOM  
Uh-huh.

ADAM  
...spiderwebs...everywhere Lazarus  
has been...trails...paths...  
(chuckling)  
...funny, huh...everywhere we've  
gone, everything we've done...it's  
still here...footprints overlapping  
...and not just our own...but  
others...old people...people  
gone...walking the same  
lines...neverending--  
(cuts off, abrupt)  
Turn left.

CRYSTAL  
But there's no turnoff.

ADAM  
Who's tracking a 30-year-old  
letter? Me. And I say turn off.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DIRT PLAINS AND CAR

Crystal mutters, turns off onto the dirt plains.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Keep going. Keep going.

Crystal keeps driving - the plains stretch on endlessly.  
Out the window, Felix sees a TELEGRAPH TOWER approaching.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Keep going.

They pass the telegraph tower. Felix gasps.

FELIX

Stop!

ADAM

Hey! What did I say?!

FELIX

Stop!

Crystal brakes. The dust clears...

They are inches away from the edge of a cliff.

Tom get out of the car. He hesitantly steps to the edge and looks down at a FOREST below.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - TOM'S DREAM SEQUENCE

A telegraph tower on a cliff. A forest below.

Tom falling over the edge. Above, the Shadow Man watching. His face is revealed - it's Adam.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DAY

Tom turns to Felix, confused.

TOM

How'd you know?

Felix holds up the second-last page of the *Cosmo Boyd* comic, showing the Wizard's Lair - the telegraph pole and cliff edge are nearly identical.

CRYSTAL

So where's this Lazarus dude?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Adam leads them through the trees beneath the cliff. Tom follows behind, with Felix and Crystal behind him.

ADAM

Remember when we'd hide in the woods behind the old house, bro? When Dad was in one of his moods? Sometimes all night. Just waiting.

Adam chuckles, but he's unusually tense. Tom keeps a hand on his grenade bracelet, ready.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 You know, power's like a drug.  
 Messes you up, if you can't handle  
 the high. Gets people hurt. Like  
 that family in the station wagon.

Tom can't see Adam's face, but his voice is heavier now.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 I mean, what if the apple  
 really doesn't fall far from the  
 tree?

Adam turns sharply, his gaze pinning Tom. Tom's hand  
 tightens on his bracelet.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 He might as well have put his gun  
 to their heads. The whole family.

Tom suddenly sees CONCERN in Adam's eyes. FEAR...for Tom. As  
 if it was always there.

TOM  
 I'm not Dad--

FELIX  
 Holy. Frickin'. Shit.

Felix pushes past, looking up. Above is a GLASS HOUSE built  
 under the cliff edge...just like in the *Cosmo Boyd* comic he  
 is holding open in his hands.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 The Wizard's Lair!

VHOOM! A hidden net suddenly rises. Adam dives away, but  
 Tom, Felix, and Crystal are ensnared and hoisted into the  
 air.

Tom fumbles for a pill from his bracelet...but drops it.

CRYSTAL  
 Look!

A white-bearded OLD MAN hobbles through the trees, in a  
 matching hoodie tracksuit, like a hipster wizard. PROFESSOR  
 LAZARUS GREY. He inspects them, cracking a gruff smile.

LAZARUS GREY  
 Protein for supper. My lucky day.

BOOM! A FIREBALL lands at his feet - it's Adam, a few feet  
 away. Lazarus' surprise fades.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)  
Guess my humor hasn't aged well.

TOM  
You're Lazarus Grey, aren't you?

LAZARUS GREY  
Who wants to know?

A SHAGGY DOG appears on a rock ledge above, barking.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)  
Calm down, Cosmo, boy!

FELIX  
"Cosmo, Boy." "Cosmo...Boy...d."  
Cosmo Boyd?!

LAZARUS GREY  
(startled)  
That's a...blast from the past.

He unhooks a hidden rope from a tree...and the net crashes to the floor. Tom, Felix, and Crystal groan.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)  
Huh. Should've tested that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom, Felix, Crystal sit in Lazarus' living room - an enormous cavern in the cliffside. Above, wood beams cross the room at odd angles. Carved doorways lead into other rooms, and an oak staircase ascends to a curved balcony overlooking the room. Everything is natural, handcarved...

...except for a wall of glass overlooking the forest, where Lazarus looks out. Adam sits opposite, with a cold glare.

ADAM  
The Great and Powerful Wizard of  
Eden. Hiding like a mouse.

Lazarus chuckles, grabs a WHISKEY BOTTLE from a drinks cart and takes a long swig.

This man is NO wizard. Not anymore.

LAZARUS GREY  
So. What'd you think of my story?

FELIX  
Cheesy. Camp. Eighties. I loved it.

TOM  
And it's true?

LAZARUS GREY  
More a cautionary tale. A warning  
for the Cosmo Boyds of the world.  
(smiling)  
Back then, it was all so different.  
What we fought for...it felt  
like...magic. So thick you could  
reach out and run your fingers  
through it. Everything was  
possible, and meant more. No greed.  
No fear. All we had were brains and  
wild ideas and good intentions.  
That was enough. Now...there is no  
enough.  
(clearing throat)  
But you didn't come here to talk  
about comics.

Lazarus takes another swig, drops the bottle back on the  
cart. Among the other (empty) bottles, Tom is shocked to see  
a can of TIGER RED SODA.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)  
(to Adam)  
You're their guinea pig, eh?

TOM  
We are. I guess.

LAZARUS GREY  
(turns to Tom)  
Two of you? Well. She kept my  
secret long enough, I suppose.

He crumples into a chair, where Cosmo (the dog) dozes.

TOM  
Why didn't you go back for her?

LAZARUS GREY  
Silly woman. Why else did I shut  
myself away in this cave, but to  
protect her, my work, from them?  
(sighs)  
Time is a circle, not a line. Past  
and present always overlap, in the  
end. Power always corrupts--



ADAM

Yeah, we know. And you're the good guy helping Vietnam vets or whatever.

LAZARUS GREY

I wanted them to help themselves, boy. That's what Lazarene was for.

Confused faces all around.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)

Lazarene. My Project Flowerpot. My tricky amino acid. My life's work.

ADAM

TPX-171?

Even Adam looks confused now. Lazarus scoffs.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)

Is that what they're calling it? Bet those lab rats still haven't figured out how it works. Morons.

(sighing)

You two, hold hands.

Confused, Felix and Crystal hold Lazarus' hands, forming a line. Adam rolls his eyes, walks over to the window.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)

Presto! A string of amino acids, children. A protein. At the core of every human function. Limited possibilities. Boring. Tom, up.

Tom, at the end, stands to face the human protein 'string'.

Lazarus grabs one of Felix and Crystal's hands and links them with Tom's, creating a 'web' of arms instead of a single chain. He adds his own hands back in.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)

Tom is Lazarene, my custom-made amino acid. And he has just tricked each of us into bonding with him by mimicking the positive or negative charge that attracts us. The string is now a web. A new combination of amino acids to re-interpret the chemical make-up of herbs as they enter the body.

Lazarus waits eagerly for their reaction...

FELIX  
I don't get it.

Lazarus laughs. There is now a TWINKLE in his eyes.

LAZARUS GREY  
Easy! Amino acids that would never touch are now linked. Like distant cousins at a wedding...who are now the ones being wed.

CRYSTAL  
Ew.

Lazarus claps with the energy of a science teacher who's come out of retirement for one last lesson.

LAZARUS GREY  
No, it's...magic. It's...

TOM  
Like a *Mad Magazine* fold-in.

LAZARUS GREY  
(surprised)  
Exactly! An ordinary picture... until you fold it, make it something different. A new protein. One that could regenerate limbs, heal wounds, stabilize chemical imbalances in the brain, turn cellular waste back into fuel. Just think. Injuries. Hunger. Mental illness. All eradicated from the world by a bunch of hippie herbs.

Tom sees what Eunice meant - Lazarus' passion IS his 'magic'. Even Adam has turned to watch the show.

TOM  
But something happened. Eunice said.

Lazarus suddenly sighs, and his 'spark' fizzles.

LAZARUS GREY  
Oh, there were new proteins. New interpretations. And they woke... something deeper--

A FLOCK OF BIRDS flies past the glass, making them jump. Cosmo BARKS. Adam scans the forest - there is nothing.

Lazarus slumps into his chair, and pats Cosmo.

ADAM  
Great story no-one asked for,  
Gramps. Let's talk about a cure.

Lazarus is confused. Adam stares back. Tom steps forward.

TOM  
For the side-effects--

ADAM  
Nope. We came for the cure. We want  
this fucking poison out. For good.

TOM  
Adam...what...?

Adam pulls out a handful of NEW POLAROIDs from his vest -  
ones no-one has seen. He shoves them in Lazarus' face.  
Lazarus' mouth tightens.

ADAM  
See that red stuff? It's blood.  
Those body-shaped things? Bodies.  
People Eden wanted dead. There's  
your precious amino acid at work.

LAZARUS GREY  
(sighing)  
You think I wanted that? I made  
Lazarene to help people. Eden  
wanted to turn them into living,  
breathing weapons.

FELIX  
(awed)  
A superjacked army...

LAZARUS GREY  
Why else do you think I went  
underground with my formula?

CRYSTAL  
Then how did Eden get it back?

ADAM  
The Wizard broke an old lady's  
heart. She sent her revenge back  
via UPS.

Lazarus gives him a sad smile.

LAZARUS GREY  
I'm not a wizard. Never was.

ADAM  
Well, you don't wanna break my  
heart either.

TOM  
Adam...stop--

ADAM  
Shut up, Tom--

TOM  
You shut up! You're crazy! You're  
just a...a fucking junkie.

Adam turns to Tom, shocked.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I saw you.

ADAM  
Why do you think I'm still alive?  
In one piece? After what I've done?  
(softer)  
Do you wanna end up like me? Like  
Dad?

Tom opens his mouth--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Yeah, he was, Tom. A pig in a  
uniform who couldn't handle the  
power of his little badge. He  
killed people, for what?--

TOM  
You killed Eunice.

Lazarus looks up. Cosmo jumps from Lazarus' lap and goes to  
the window.

ADAM  
That's what it does! The power...it  
twists you up, turns you into...  
something wrong. You're gonna do  
things...and your mind's gonna  
scream at you to stop...but you  
can't...

Cosmo BARKS at something outside. Felix goes to comfort him.

LAZARUS GREY  
 (getting up, angry)  
 What did you do to Eunice...?

ADAM  
 I'd be fucking normal if that old  
 bitch hadn't given your magic back!  
 And I'm sick of patching myself up!  
 I'm sick of running! Because they  
 won't stop, Tom! Prescott will  
never stop!

Adam's eyes are wide with FEAR - he is scared of Prescott.

Cosmo keeps BARKING, despite Felix's petting.

Tom shakes his head, trying to shut out the noise, trying to ignore what Adam's saying...

Lazarus grabs Adam--

LAZARUS GREY  
 What did you do to Eunice?!

Cosmo's barking gets LOUDER...more FRANTIC...

Adam pushes Lazarus back down...

A SHADOW moves at the window...and Crystal is the only one who notices--

Adam grabs Tom and shakes him--

ADAM  
 You're not a god, Tom! You're not  
 special! You're just the same as--

SMASH! A HOODED AGENT swings through the glass. All of a sudden, there's screaming CHAOS--

Adam reacts instantly, slicing through the Agent's zipline with a glass shard, and kicking him back out the window.

A look shoots between Adam and Tom: *this is FUCKING BAD.*

ADAM  
 Keep him safe!

Adam swallows a pill just as...SMASH! More Agents crash through the glass and advance on Adam.

Felix grabs Cosmo and runs into one of the doorways.

Tom yanks Lazarus up and drags him to the staircase.

LAZARUS GREY  
Boy, wait, listen--

TOM  
Later!

Crystal jumps onto a wooden beam above...as AGENT #2 shoots at her with his semi-automatic. Crystal leaps from beam to beam, dodging bullets, weaving like a monkey in a zoo...

Agent #2 locks her in target...but ZZZPPPTTT! Adam shocks Agent #2 with his taser hand. Crystal jumps onto the balcony and into an upstairs bedroom.

Tom drags Lazarus up the stairs, narrowly avoiding a TRANQ DART by AGENT #3 at the base of the stairs.

ZZZPPPTTT! Agent #3 is tasered by Adam. Tom turns, sees guilt all over Adam's face. He's fucked up, and he KNOWS IT. It's gone in a split-second as Adam turns and tasers AGENT #4.

He flips the wooden bench to avoid a hail of darts, slams the bench into a recovering Agent #2, then swings it into AGENT #5 just before he shoots.

INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal searches for a weapon - nothing...except a giant GLASS BONG on a nightstand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom drags Lazarus to the top of the stairs, and pulls out a random pill from his bracelet--

LAZARUS GREY  
Boy, just leave me!

TOM  
If you think I've come all this way to not save someone, you've done way too many mushrooms--

LAZARUS GREY  
I'm saving you, boy! You can still get out before it gets you! Because it always does! I know, I was the first...should've been the last...

Tom sees guilt in Lazarus's eyes, even DEEPER than Adam's.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)  
Everything overlaps...that's how I  
wrote it--

BAM! Below, AGENT #3 shoots a BULLET clean through Lazarus' chest. Lazarus' desperate gaze freezes...his fingers pull at Tom's grenade bracelet...and it breaks. Tiny grenades fall, scattering pills everywhere. Lazarus falls down the stairs.

To Tom, the world slows, as if he's underwater. Agent #3 points his gun at him. Tom drops to his knees, as if waiting for the shot.

SNAP! Adam appears behind Agent #3 and breaks his neck.

More Agents swoop through the window. Adam flies at them, smashing, kicking, tasing.

Tom tries to focus. He hears Adam shouting his name...pulling him back from his daze...

AGENT #6 jumps off the wooden beams onto the balcony. He creeps down the hallway...

DING-DING-A-LING! A cellphone rings beyond the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal swears, quickly turns off her cellphone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent #6 grins. He kicks the door in and steps inside...

INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...as Crystal bounces off the bed and IMPALES Agent #6 in the head with the glass bong.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom scoops up his fallen pills...and swallows ALL OF THEM.

Adam fights off multiple Agents with growing desperation, his body seizing up. He tasers the last Agent...then falls to his knees. He looks up to the top of the stairs...

ADAM  
Tom...?

...where Tom convulses with overlapping powers, as if they're attacking his body for dominance...literally OD'ing on superpowers. It's too much...and he topples down the stairs. Adam runs over.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Tom! Can you hear me?

No response. Adam pulls out his WHITE POWDER VIAL - heroin - there's barely any left. He dumps it into Tom's mouth.

He waits...and waits. But it's taking too long--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, no! Tom, I'm sorry!--

Tom GASPS back to consciousness, as the powers fade.

TOM  
Mom...

Adam sighs in relief. He quickly wipes away tears.

ADAM  
Oughta beat the shit outta you,  
bro.

TOM  
Is it over?

Sudden RAPID GUNFIRE! Adam dives on Tom, shielding him.

INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal stares at her hands, covered in Agent #6's blood. She jumps at the sudden gunfire.

INT. HALLWAY - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Felix, hiding in a rock-hewn cupboard, covers Cosmo's ears.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Adam drags Tom through to the rudimentary kitchen, behind a large stone bench.

The gunfire stops. Silence. No-one breathes. Then...

CRUNCH! Footsteps on glass in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A flash of SUPERHERO SOCKS...as Prescott walks around the living room, holding a semi-automatic. He casually steps over dead Agents.

He raises his hands and begins a slow clap...



INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal hears the clapping as she searches through a drawer. She finds an old tin of candy, a relic of the seventies. The label reads: *Velamints - with REAL peppermint.*

She quickly opens the tin - a single, familiar-looking PINK PILL sits inside.

She grins.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PRESCOTT

I've always loved a nice bullet spray. So much destruction in every squeeze. Close enough to a superpower.

He shoots another hail of bullets.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

See? I could do that all day.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom looks at Adam - his face is pale, his hands shaking.

ADAM

I was a dishwasher, bro.

TOM

Huh?

ADAM

In their cafeteria. That's where I went after Dad died. To work my way up, like a bigshot. Redeem the family. Actually thought I was hand-picked for Flowerpot.

(chuckles)

They just needed a monkey for some mystery serum that came in the mail. They wanted things done. And I did them. Bad things. And it got easier...

TOM

Why'd you give it to me?

ADAM

Lazarus was my only chance. I needed help. Firepower. Brains. You went to college.

(ashamed)  
Didn't mean for you to kill anyone.  
I just wanted to be normal again.  
Now...I'm just like him.

Tom looks down...sees BLOOD. His eyes follow it...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott stops at Lazarus' body, nudges it with a foot.

PRESCOTT  
Had to take your formula to the  
grave, didn't you, Grey? Damn  
hippies. You never think long-term.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom follows the blood...to Adam's side, ripped open by  
Prescott's bullet spray...

TOM  
Shit. Adam...

ADAM  
We would've been a sick team,  
though. Would've made it worth it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott spins on his heel, shooting bullets over the house.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom flinches as bullets whiz by. He turns - Adam has  
disappeared...leaving a blood trail back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott shoots off bullets, then stops - Adam stands in the  
doorway.

ADAM  
I'll come. Just...stop.

Adam shuffles in to face Prescott, who notices the blood.

PRESCOTT  
Where's that annoying smirk, Agent  
Lennon? Real life got you down?

ADAM  
Just leave them. Please.

PRESCOTT  
They're wanted criminals. Though  
the little pirate offered to wear a  
tracker all the way to the wizard's  
mystery lair, so he has my respect.  
(calling out)  
Thanks, Jack Sparrow.

INT. HALLWAY - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Felix shamefully buries his face in Cosmo's fur.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom hears this...grits his teeth in anger...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ADAM  
Take me. I'll show you where it is.

PRESCOTT  
You really are a dumb jock.

Prescott unloads a hail of bullets into Adam.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom leaps up, runs from the kitchen...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and sees Adam's body fall in a heap before Prescott.

Prescott points his gun at Tom.

PRESCOTT  
Bingo.

Tom looks at him, tears welling in his eyes. Prescott lowers  
the gun slightly.

Tom kneels quickly next to Adam - he's barely breathing.

TOM  
Where's the heroin?!

ADAM  
All gone, bro. Ha.

Tom realizes where it went - on HIM. He grabs Adam's hand. Adam coughs, splutters blood across his grinning lips.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You know...some days I got...real  
jealous. You in that stupid store.  
I thought...Tom's...got it made...

His hand goes slack. His breathing stops. Tom suddenly can't look at him - he puts his head to Adam's chest, shuts his eyes, like it's all a bad dream.

PRESCOTT

Aw. My condolences. But he was an  
HR nightmare. So we let him pass on  
TPX-171 to his own replacement.  
Save us the trouble. And I think he  
made a pretty good choice.  
(calling out)  
Yoo-hoo? You can come out now.  
Though, I really don't mind hunting  
you down.

Crystal emerges from the bedroom. Felix slinks into the living room, holding Cosmo.

Tom wipes away tears. He steels himself, and looks up at Prescott. Prescott stares back.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

What does it feel like, Tom? God,  
all my life I've wondered. Having  
something like that inside. Feeling  
special. Invincible. Never fearing  
a dark alley...or a school  
hallway...  
(softer)  
...a family...a father...who just  
doesn't...'get' you.

A flash of pain...then Prescott grins it away.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

Well? What's it like?

TOM

You could've taken the juice.  
(beat)  
Maybe you're just a fucking pussy.

Prescott holds his gaze - it is true?

Crystal and Felix stand before him. Prescott snatches the *Cosmo Boyd* comic from Felix, then motions him and Crystal to the window with his gun. Felix GASPS.

PRESCOTT  
Scared of heights, Jack?

CRYSTAL  
Wait. Can't I say goodbye?

Prescott chuckles, considers, and nods.

Crystal looks at Tom. Her eyes seem to...smile?

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
From one junkie to another...

She parts her lips...revealing the pink VELAMINT on her tongue. She pulls him in and KISSES him deeply.

The Velamint moves from Crystal's mouth to Tom's...and we ZOOM inside Tom, following the mint down his throat, as it dissolves instantly into tiny peppermint granules, sliding through his tissue, into his cells...

...and we see Lazarene at work for the first time - a glinting amino acid in a cell, suddenly activating at the presence of the peppermint. It spins, pulls in other amino acids like a magnet, bridges linking them all together into an intricate, beautiful WEB - a new PROTEIN. And it begins to GLOW. Power ENGAGED.

Prescott, skimming the *Cosmo Boyd* comic, looks up, amused.

Tom closes his eyes. Crystal reaches back, grasps Felix's hand...and ZPPT! They all teleport away.

Prescott's smile freezes. He can't comprehend.

ZPPT! Tom reappears, grabs Adam's body, gives Prescott the finger, and teleports away again.

Prescott takes a deep breath...and SCREAMS. Lazarus' liquor bottles shatter instantly.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - DAY

Tom drives over the plains, silent, numb. Crystal, in front, wipes dried blood from her hands. Felix shivers in back.

FELIX  
(soft)  
They said they'd give me a new eye.  
Like the Six-Million-Dollar Man.

Tom doesn't respond.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
You don't know what it's like.  
Being a freak. Being a nothing.  
(tearfully)  
Why couldn't it be me? Just once?

TOM  
(to Crystal)  
Wanna know how Felix lost his eye?

Felix's eye grows wide.

CRYSTAL  
Don't, Tom--

TOM  
Flashback: graduation, just as  
everyone cheers and throws up their  
caps. You know, those tassel caps  
with the really sharp, pointy ends?  
And someone was too busy reading  
one of his dumb comics to notice  
all those caps flying up the air.  
But he hears the cheering, so he  
looks up...just as those sharp,  
pointy things are coming back down.  
(laughs cruelly)  
Pop! One Jack Sparrow.

FELIX  
Stop calling me that! Jack Sparrow  
never wore a frickin' eyepatch in  
any of the movies!...

He trails off.

TOM  
Hmm. Sounds like our pre-dot-com  
purist's been streaming.

Felix stares out the window, humiliated. Crystal watches him  
from her rear-view mirror.

CRYSTAL  
I was never gonna take that  
ayahuasca. I bought it from some  
douchebag in the carpark of  
Camelott. Stupid. I don't even do  
drugs. My dad would kill me.  
(chuckles)  
You know what sucks about being  
special? You're only special when  
(MORE)

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
compared to everyone else. You  
become special for them. If it was  
just for you, you wouldn't need to.  
It'd be enough to be normal.

Tom doesn't react. She looks at his hardened face.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
But nobody knows that straight  
away. That's the hard part. You  
have to do some dumb stuff first.  
But it doesn't make you bad--

Tom brakes suddenly.

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the car. He snaps on his fanny pack. He pulls  
Adam's body from the trunk and drags it across the dust.

Crystal gets out of the car, watches Tom takes out a PILL  
and swallow it. Without hesitation, he shoots a FIREBALL and  
ignites Adam's body.

From the car, Felix watches as the smoke curls into the sky.

Crystal's phone rings. She looks at it. Her eyes fill with  
tears. She answers it.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)  
(over phone)  
Crys?  
(beat)  
Jesus, answer me! This is crazy. I  
need to know where you are!

CRYSTAL  
(soft, into phone)  
I fell on purpose, Dad. Don't you  
get it?

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)  
Crys! Are you OK? Where are you?

Crystal watches Tom staring at Adam's burning corpse.

CRYSTAL  
Will you ever get it?

She waits. Nothing. Her tears spill out.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)  
 (with realization)  
 Sweetie. Oh. Listen. I'm proud of  
 you. I've always been proud of you.  
 Just...come home. We'll talk. I'll  
 listen. Please.

Adam's drug vest dissolves in the fire.

A BLACK CAR is approaching.

CRYSTAL  
 (eyeing the car)  
 Love you, Dad.

She hangs up...as the car stops fifty feet away...and out  
 gets Prescott, holding the *Cosmo Boyd* comic.

PRESCOTT  
 Who needs a tracker when I've got a  
 Boy Scout making smoke signals?

Tom's eyes stay on the fire. Prescott stares at the horizon.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
 All my agents are dead, Tom. What  
 am I going to do?

TOM  
 Take out an ad. I've got a job.

Prescott throws the *Cosmo Boyd* comic on Adam's burning  
 corpse. Felix gasps.

PRESCOTT  
 Then I'll have to threaten to  
 dismember your mom. Hey, it worked  
 on your brother. He became a real  
 yes-man.

Tom finally meets Prescott's gaze. He takes off his fanny  
 pack. Prescott sighs. He walks over and grabs Tom's arm. Tom  
 wrenches free. Prescott smiles...

...then Tom SWINGS A FIST. Prescott sidesteps, knees Tom in  
 the chest and shoves him down.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
 Don't be shy, Boy Scout! Show me  
 those powers! I want to see what  
 you can do!

Tom rushes Prescott, trying to tackle him...but Prescott  
 flips him, hitting him with a spin-kick before he lands.



CRYSTAL  
 (rushing at Prescott)  
 You fucking psycho! Stop!

Prescott pulls out a gun - Crystal freezes. Cosmo barks wildly from inside the car. Felix sobs.

Prescott grabs Tom by the hair, slams him with the gun butt, more frustrated with each blow. He grabs Tom's throat.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
 You know what people would give to  
 be you? To feel what you feel?!  
 And you're gonna waste it?!

Tom spits blood at Prescott, who responds with an uppercut. Tom crumples, bloodied, broken, next to Adam's corpse.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
 I can do this all day, Tom. It's  
 practically in my DNA. That's one  
 thing I've learned in this job: we  
 are all our fathers' sons.

Tom sees the burning *Cosmo Boyd* comic...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SHOT SEQUENCE:

A) Tom and Felix in the motel, reading the *Cosmo Boyd* comic.

TOM  
 (fading into dialogue)  
 ...gets his powers from drinking  
 Tiger Red soda...banned in the  
 seventies...Red-2 food coloring...

B) The can of Tiger Red soda in Eunice's kitchen cupboard.

C) The can of Tiger Red soda on Lazarus' drinks tray.

D) Tom and Lazarus on the stairs in his lair, mid-battle.

LAZARUS GREY  
 ...everything overlaps...that's how  
 I wrote it--

D) Tom, in the motel, staring at the fold-in puzzle at the back of the comic - the numbers and letters of a CHEMICAL FORMULA...

END FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

PRESENT...

...as Tom stares at the fold-in puzzle on the comic's burning back page.

He closes his eyes. In his mind, the page folds in, the puzzle is revealed: C20H11N2Na3O10S3. The chemical formula for Red-2 food coloring. And he KNOWS it.

Tom opens his eyes...and reaches for his dropped FANNY PACK.

PRESCOTT

Yes! That's it! Stop being so fucking useless! Show me!

Tom touches the Tiger Red soda can in the fanny pack...but he pulls out something else, puts it in his mouth - an 8-ball of COCAINE.

Prescott stands over him, his foot poised above Tom's head.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

(screams)

So?! Do something! Make me feel it!

Tom closes his eyes. Silence. Nothing but his slowing heartbeat.

TOM

You'll feel it.

Tom opens his eyes...and out shoots his taser power...as BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY, blasting Prescott off his feet... through the air...and smashing him into his car windscreen.

Tom walks to him, ELECTRICITY rippling all over his body, It's not only the drug fueling his power now, exceeding his potential... but also PURE, BURNING RAGE.

Prescott, pinned in the shattered windscreen, sees Tom before him - a being of crackling energy, a LIVING TASER.

Above, LIGHTNING flashes in the sky. Cosmo whimpers.

Prescott's eyes widen, in terror, in horror...in AWE.

Then Tom UNLEASHES - his eyes, his hands, his entire body streaming ELECTRICITY into Prescott. A moment of PURE RELEASE for him. Prescott howls in ecstasy...but it turns to SCREAMS OF PAIN as his flesh starts to bubble and melt.

Felix and Crystal shield their eyes from the blinding light...until...suddenly--

Tom's power fades, like a battery dying...leaving behind Prescott's charred skeleton, flesh evaporated.

Tom looks at his hands, as if waking from a dream. Then...

He SCREAMS in pain, crumples, grabs his head - pain more excruciating than any he's ever felt.

CRYSTAL

Tom!

She runs to him. Felix watches in horror.

Tom sobs, pain and sorrow twisted into one. He tries to focus through his tears...sees the can of Tiger Red soda in his open fanny pack. He crawls to it...

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Tom! Let us help you!

...grabs the Tiger Red soda, cracks it open...and DRINKS.

FELIX

(confused)

Well. Hydration's important.

Tom finishes the can. He goes still, breathily deeply.

CRYSTAL

Tom? What's happening?

Tom lifts his head. He takes the Tiger Red can and crushes it slowly in his hand.

TOM

Nothing.

CRYSTAL

The pain's gone?

TOM

Everything. It's all gone. There's nothing...anymore.

Tom closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. Felix's face falls, disappointed.

FELIX

How...how does it feel?

Tom begins to laugh. He turns. They wait for his answer. Instead, he gives a sad little shrug.

TOM  
I wanna see my Mom.

Crystal nods. Felix looks down awkwardly. Tom looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey. You're not a nothing, you know.

FELIX  
I know. I'm frickin' rad.

Felix grins, only a little bit embarrassed.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
So, can I drive us back?

Crystal smiles, nods.

TOM  
Just don't blink for too long.

Crystal throws the car keys to Felix...and he misses them.

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY, MONTHS LATER

In the Camelott cafe, a GIRL sits at a table, drawing in a sketch pad. It's a picture of a BOY with super powers...and it's very good.

TOM (O/S)  
(over PA)  
Welcome, peasants and princesses,  
to Camelott, your 'kingdom with the  
lott'...

The Girl looks up with a smile - it's Crystal, wearing a polo shirt with *Ravenswood Fitness Center Head Coach* embroidered on the pocket.

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - CONTINUOUS

As customers shuffle about the store, filling carts...

TOM (O/S)  
(over PA)  
We have everything you need for  
your quest today...but more  
importantly, we are now donating  
five cents from every dollar to the  
(MORE)

TOM (O/S) (CONT'D)  
*Camelott Cares-a-Lott Foundation,*  
 which funds medical assistance and  
 counselling services for veterans.

Alberto grits his teeth when he hears this, but forces a polite smile at passing customers.

Tom, at the service counter, wears a badge on his uniform: *Assistant Store Manager*. He looks around at the same cheap products, same greedy customers. Nothing's REALLY changed. But Tom's gaze has a spark of ambition, of hope...of MAGIC.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (over PA)  
 I mean, it's not gonna save the world. But every bit helps. Every little thing changes something else. Every person can be a bit of a hero.  
 (letting that sink in)  
 As always, thanks for shopping at Camelott. We wish your wallet - and you - a happily ever after.

Tom switches off the PA, a satisfied grin. Next to him, Felix reads a comic. His eye patch is the Superman logo.

FELIX  
 I almost just puked.

Tom looks to the cafe, meets Crystal's gaze...and they smile.

MAN (O/S)  
 Nobody move!!! I got a gun!!!

It's a FAMILIAR VOICE. Tom and Crystal freeze.

Tom looks at Felix. Felix looks back. What do they do?

Felix picks up the PA phone.

FADE OUT.

FELIX (V.O)  
 (over PA)  
 Richie Alvarez, you are needed at the front of the store. Richie Alvarez...