

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.

FOOTSTEPS, lots of them, louder and louder...

The Raccoon scampers off, leaving the dead Mouse.

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.

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 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. 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
The rest of you got the memo,
right? Tranqs. Only. Tranqs.

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
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?
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. Called 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)
You've changed, bro. Used to be my
best customer. What the fuck?

TOM
Can't tonight. 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! To...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. Want my advice, kid?
Save yourself.

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

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

And you, Felix, 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 Camelott 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 discreetly rolls his eyes...but Alberto sees.

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

FELIX
(mutters)
You what?

TOM
Absolutely.

ALBERTO
Our customers are royalty. Treat
them that way.

With a soulless smile, Alberto glides off.

FELIX
Frickin' Assistant manager? You?!

Tom tries to think of a response...but can't. He looks at Richie.

TOM
OK. Get me shitfaced.

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 security 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. Bad news.

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
I wish. I wrote a college paper
about food coloring. Like an
expose, really. Could've made a
real dent. Woken people up.

SEXY WOMAN
(looks around, bored)
Why?

Tom doesn't know how to answer. He takes a nervous sip.

TOM
Actually, I work for the
government. I'm a diplomat.

SEXY WOMAN
(suddenly interested)
Really? Sounds important.

Tom takes another gulp.

TOM
Yeah. It's...it's...

Sexy Woman bats her giant fake eyelashes, waiting...

TOM (CONT'D)
 It's a lie. Sorry. That was dumb.
 Just trying to impress...

Sexy Woman walks off.

TOM (CONT'D)
 ...anyone.

He pulls out his cellphone and scrolls Facebook. He clicks on an article - *Crystal McCain Crashes 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?

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 can I get ya?

TOM
 (to Bartender)
 Hammered.

INT. BATHROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Tom pukes in a cubicle toilet. He is NOW hammered.

TOM
 Food coloring. Dumbass.

He looks at his phone - it's a blurry mess in his drunken eyes.

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 stands nearby. Below, a forest stretches to infinity.

Something is behind him - the Shadow Man. 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. DING DING-A-LING DING!

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 wanders, phone to his ear, struggling to open the
Paracetamol bottle. He stops at the hallway table. Above is
a row of framed FAMILY PORTRAITS.

JOYCE (V.O)
You think Adam would be where he is
today if he needed 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
I don't know where he is. Do 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, you can't even seem to
get to work on time. How are you
supposed to get that promotion?

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

Have a safe flight, Mom.
(hangs up)
Miss you already.

Tom ignores the pills - he takes the joint from the cabinet, lights it, and takes a long drag. He exhales with a smile. Then he sees his reflection. He sighs guiltily 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...

...then 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

Whaaa...?

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 (CONT'D)

Fuck a duck!

This is apparently WORSE than having no reflection.

He tries pick up the pieces...and cuts a finger. He looks up, sees 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 opens his eyes, turns to the staff fridge...and his vision 'burrows' through the door, revealing the contents inside.

TOM (CONT'D)
Whaaa...?

Tom stumbles to the sink and splashes water in his eyes. His vision 'burrows' through the wall to the men's bathroom next door...where Richie is taking photos of his thong-clad butt.

TOM (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Richie Alvarez!

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tom stumbles into the store, SLAMS into something. He falls down in front of a scruffy LEATHER BACKPACK. His vision 'burrows' 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 in Doc Martens, a huge camouflage parka, asymmetrically-cut hair, and 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. Weird morning. Really fuc--
(catching himself)

Um, can I help you find something?

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

SHORT GIRL

Just leaving.

In the TV section, flatscreens blasts a news broadcast. The area is filled with footage of a Gymnast - the same one from Tom's Facebook article - performing a floor routine.

The footage pauses, the Gymnast's intense face now full frame. Words onscreen: *McCain Quits Sport 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 Short Girl. The SAME tiny body. The SAME intense 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, eyes him. A faint smile is 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 out an antique pill box with a dancer painted on the lid. She removes a PINK PILL, 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.

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 asleep?

Crystal raises an eyebrow.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's been weird.

CRYSTAL

You said that.

TOM

(nervous chuckle)

How's your day?

CRYSTAL
Who doesn't love their camel toe
displayed on national TV?

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 news. You're
like...Wander Woman.

CRYSTAL
'Wander' Woman?

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

TOM
Big night. Nothing aspirin won't
fix.

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

TOM (CONT'D)
Me and uppers don't really mix.

CRYSTAL
Uppers? 'Cause I'm some suicidal
Emo who needs to be chemically
jazzed about life?

TOM
Sorry, I--

CRYSTAL
They're all natural.
(her eyes daring him)
Don't you trust me?

Tom takes one, bites it in half, to Crystal's amusement.

TOM
Mmm. Kinda minty.

Crystal grins. Tom swallows it with water, puts the other half in his pocket. Crystal chuckles to herself.

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 messed up, twisting...

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

GUNMAN
Less peeing, 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)
(gasping)
No crying! Just give me the fucking money! Or I'm gonna...

Tom's ZOOMING vision suddenly focuses 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 from another aisle, aiming his gun.

The Gunman aims HIS gun.

Tom shuts his eyes... Paff! He DISAPPEARS.

Richie SHOOTS. The bullet streaks towards the Gunman.

Tom REAPPEARS, still running, in front the Gunman, knocking him down just as he SHOOTS back at Richie.

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

Silence.

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, dumbstruck, 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
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. 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! Through a fucking wall! I saw Richie's thong, for fuck's sake! 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 is 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 does 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 shattered 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.
(slow, as if to a child)
That's 'Ecstasy', kiddies.

TOM
No, I said natural. Cocaine--

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

FELIX
Shasha-what?

TOM
Wow. Richie. I'm impressed.

RICHIE
That'll be \$300.

Tom is suddenly NOT so impressed. Then he smiles.

TOM
Do I get a discount if I say you
look great in a thong?

Richie's smugness 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 block of just-delivered toilet rolls.

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

MONTAGE: TESTING POWERS

A) Tom takes a puff from the joint.

Felix watches Tom's flesh DISAPPEAR before his eyes. He grins...but is obviously growing increasingly jealous.

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, in seconds, 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 goes down.

Tom stares at his hands. He turns...right into the GENERATOR behind him. ZAP! The surge EXPLODES the lightbulbs...and the entire store is swallowed in darkness.

TOM
Felix? You...dead?

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. Ha.
(sighs)
God, I'm 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)
It'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
You tased me, dude...

Tom winces apologetically...

FELIX (CONT'D)
...and it was frickin' rad!
(seriously)
But drugs are still bad.

TOM
Then why am I not dead yet? 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. Then test--

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

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

FELIX
That's dumb.

Tom doesn't hear - he's lost in thought.

FELIX (CONT'D)
You don't know the first thing
about this kinda stuff. About...
(reluctant)
...being a superhero.

TOM
Like what?

FELIX
Like, why it happened, for
starters. Why you.

TOM
Maybe it's always been there.
Waiting.

Tom smiles at the thought. Felix doesn't. 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
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
Thank fuck Nurofen isn't herbal.

Tom holds out his hand. Felix begrudgingly hands over the Camelott bag full of Richie's drugs.

Tom 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.

Staring at Adam's face, 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 two Nurofen with water, strips off, then 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 PILL 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 is stunned.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. CAMELOTT SUPER STORE - DAY

Tom packs 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.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

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

Tom opens his eyes, and groans - his head still hurts.

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 yanks Tom's hair and throws 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 feels something soft - his Camelott shirt. His fingers creep into the pocket...

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix, at his desk, flips 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...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 the pill towards his butt...as Hooded Man #1 crouches down to meet Tom's gaze.

 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 the pill up his butt. RIGHT UP.

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

Tom grasps the Camelott drug bag behind him, shuts his eyes.
PAFF! 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. Prescott's gaze is almost hypnotic.

Tom shuts his eyes and teleports away. Prescott grins.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

FELIX

That's your weiner, Tom! Gross!

(beat, realizing)

You just...teleported.

TOM

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

Tom turns, revealing his zip-tied wrists.

FELIX

Who?

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

TOM

The guys trashing my room!

FELIX

Did you call the cops?

Felix cuts through the zip-tie. Tom's hands are shaking.

TOM

They're not some dumb thieves...

(overwhelmed)

Felix...I dunno what to do...

Felix has no idea what to say. He takes the Camelott bag.

FELIX
Just...get dressed. OK?

Tom nods numbly. He pulls out a shirt and pants from the dresser and begins dressing.

Felix empties the drugs from the Camelott bag into a fluro FANNY PACK. He sees the *Cosmo Boyd* comic on his dresser.

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

FELIX (CONT'D)
So, there's this comic--

TOM
I need to get the fuck outta here!

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

FELIX
Uh-uh. Fanny goes where I go.

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 you dare get hurt!

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

The door handle jiggles.

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

FELIX'S MOM (O/S)
Again?

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

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

TOM
This is creepy. We need to go.

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?--

PAFF! They teleport.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

PAFF! PAFF! PAFF! 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

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

FELIX
I want to die.

TOM
(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. Hey. Tom. Remember?

CRYSTAL
Oh. Yeah. My hero.

TOM
Uh, I thought this place 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
Sorry about the puke.
(to Felix)
Bad idea. Let's go.

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

FELIX
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. Tom squints - he moves
DIFFERENTLY to the Hooded Men. Softer. Almost...playlike.

It's Shadow Man. His TORCH BEAM pierces the darkness.

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

CRYSTAL
 (bewildered)
 Um, technically, I guess. 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
 watches wide-eyed...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
 Definitely...something.

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
This is not frickin' fair!

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

She 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....and the knotted end of the rope slams into his stomach, dropping him.

Tom opens his eyes - Shadow Man is a moaning heap. Tom laughs in shock...and surprised pride. 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. Quick glances all round. It's awkward.

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
pinging *Jerry Springer* guest.

TOM
Hey, you're the one dropping
downers in a discount supermarket.

CRYSTAL
Downers?!

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

TOM (CONT'D)
This stuff is herbal, OK? Except...
I turn invisible. Or I get strong.
Like, really strong. Or I see
through things. That's how I saw
that DVD in your bag. And I don't
know how or why or--

FELIX
Anything.

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

CRYSTAL
Herbs, huh? Hardcore.

TOM
Well, people are trying to kill me
because of these fucking herbs.

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

CRYSTAL
Flower-powers. Let's be clear.

TOM
(to Crystal)
Look. You saw what I did.

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

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

FELIX
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 try 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, which doesn't faze her. He 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. He heads towards it.

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?

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

TOM
 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 heads over to a group of BURLY MEN playing pool.

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)
 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 shivers.

FELIX
 (feigning disinterest)
 Ma'am, if you're trying to seduce
 me, you should've said Snake
 Plissken.

TAWNY
Who you calling ma'am,
defecto-dick?

A shadow falls across him - BUCK, Tawny's boyfriend, a huge man with a LOT of scars.

Crystal, surrounded by the BURLY MEN, takes a difficult pool shot - and sinks the ball. BURLY MAN #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
He popped my titty!

A beat...then Buck ROARS and dive-tackles Tattooed Man.

The bar erupts into a MASSIVE BRAWL of pent-up, redneck aggression. Fists, feet and bottles start flying everywhere. Mangy Woman takes a final cigarette drag, crawls onto the bar and jumps into the brawl.

Burly Man #1 eyes Crystal...and heads towards her.

Tom snaps to attention, and looks frantically around - no weapon...only Mangy Woman's old cigarette. He grabs it and takes a long 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 into the air and SLAMMED into the bar.

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

Burly Man #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 BURLY BUDDIES surround her.

Tom sees Crystal's face - a tiny flicker of fear.

TOM

Hey! You...big...dumb...guys!

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

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

Crystal jumps, grabs a light fixture, somersaults over the pool table as Tom RAMS it into the Burly men and crushes them against the wall--

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

Felix, 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
final page shows this old wizard
guy living under a cliff in a
forest, but he's just a silhouette.

TOM

You mean, like a shadow? 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)

(tentatively)
I think we're gonna need Adam.

CRYSTAL (O/S)

Who?

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

FELIX

Tom's brother's a diplomat. Which means he's probably got the FBI on speed-dial--

TOM

Which means he's busy doing... whatever a diplomat does. He hasn't even posted on Facebook in three years.

FELIX

Uh, you're brothers.

ADAM

OK, you message him. Wait, Facebook doesn't exist in your Gen-X bubble.

CRYSTAL

(to Felix)

You're not on Facebook?

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
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?

FELIX

Guys...

TOM

Well, you know...family stuff--

FELIX

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 can't help hearing Tom puking from the bathroom - a suddenly sobering sound.

EXT. HARBINGER BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

As the Reporter wraps up the camera piece...

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 wound bandaged. He opens his eyes, sees Prescott's slick black shoes and SUPERHERO SOCKS. He looks at Prescott's smiling face.

BUCK

What?

Prescott's gaze falls on Buck's shirt pocket.

PRESCOTT

(to Agent)

Check his pocket.

An Agent pulls out a BAG OF COKE from Buck's pocket.

BUCK

How the fuck did you...?

PRESCOTT

I know a junkie when I see one.

Now, you need to tell me what

happened here. You really do. OK?

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

BUCK

Alright, man. I may have thrown 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 smiles. He hands the coke bag back to Buck.

PRESCOTT

Nasty bump you have, friend. You might need a bump of this.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, Crystal and Felix lie cramped on the bed. Felix is asleep. Tom and Crystal, both awake, stare at the ceiling.

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. Not because anyone told you to. Or because you've trained your whole life to do it. 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

That guy... It was an accident, Tom. We all know.

A beat.

TOM

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

Crystal listens, a little disturbed.

TOM (CONT'D)

Just doing his job, right? Acting before thinking. Good intentions, all that heroic shit. And he takes out four people just to catch a

thief. A whole family, gone. Kids.
Over a fucking Pinto.

CRYSTAL
That's not the same thing.

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

Tom wipes a tear. Crystal, shocked, has no idea what to do.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm not cut out for this--

Crystal kisses Tom on the mouth. He freezes, shocked.

CRYSTAL
What?

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

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

Crystal smiles to herself. Tom closes his eyes.

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

Tom wakes. The Gandhi poster stares back from the ceiling.
He sighs happily...then looks down.

Shadow Man stands before him. His eyes are familiar - the
SAME eyes as Prescott, the man in the black car. He pulls up
his mask...and vomits a FIREBALL onto Tom.

In an instant, Tom is engulfed in flames--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom screams himself awake. He focuses, sees the motel room.
He sighs in relief.

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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, was Dad...good?

JOYCE (V.O)
(a beat)
What a stupid question, Tom.

TOM
Please, Mom. Just... Was he? You
know, before--

JOYCE (V.O)
Yes. He was. Of course.

Tom is silent.

JOYCE (V.O) (CONT'D)
Tom...you're not on drugs again,
are you? The marijuana? Oh, God,
Tom. Getting kicked out of college
wasn't enough of a lesson?!--

Tom bursts out laughing - a sudden release.

JOYCE (V.O) (CONT'D)
Tom.

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

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

Tom hangs up.

EXT. POOL - MOTEL - DAY

Crystal, once again in full goth 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 stares at the inside back cover - it's a promo cover image for issue #2.

Tom stares deeper, like he's seen a mystery hidden in the picture. He slowly folds the page in, just like a *Mad Magazine* fold-in...and a NEW IMAGE is revealed: a bunch of letters and numbers. A CHEMICAL FORMULA. Tom squints hard. He RECOGNIZES it--

CRYSTAL (O/S)

Tom!

Tom runs to the window...and sees both Suited Men running down the walkway towards him. They are AGENTS...with GUNS.

Tom backs away as the Agents ram into the door. ONCE. TWICE. BAM! The door shatters--

EXT. MOTEL CARPARK - CONTINUOUS

Tom dive-rolls out the bathroom window, onto gravel. It HURTS. Crystal is revving the engine of her car.

CRYSTAL

(through the open window)

Next time, point your toes!

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 Corvette brakes an inch away. The food goes flying as Felix nearly wets himself.

Behind the car, he sees the Agents chasing.

TOM
Felix! Get in!

Felix does a dramatic dive through the open back window...
slamming his groin in the process.

Crystal turns 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 my comic? 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...such 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 rear 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.

Sunlight 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 I'm the junkie?! But you're the one with a stash of ayahuas--

FELIX
Just take it!

TOM
I can't swallow it without water!

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

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

They all turn and 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
But, hey, I don't judge.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CAR AND STREET:

CRYSTAL
Especially in that trenchcoat, Neo.

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

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Well, that was a waste.

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, I bet. I mean, 24 hours ago, you were just an 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, gusts of wind STREAMING 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.

CRYSTAL
Did anyone ever tell you you're a
sucky roadtripper?

The dust dissipates, revealing Shadow Man - his 'shadow' is actually a tight leather jumpsuit.

EXT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the car. Shadow Man waits - he is holding Tom's fanny pack...and Felix's *Cosmo Boyd* comic. Their gaze meets.

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

ADAM
Nice tan, little bro.

INT. CRYSTAL'S CAR - DAY

As Crystal drives...

Adam sits in back, watching out the 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 is suddenly relaxed, like a switch flipped. He stares around the car with a growing grin.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What is this, the Scooby Doo
Tribute Hour?

Felix is embarrassed, fiddles with his eye patch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Nah, it's cool. Like that Jack
Sparrow guy.

FELIX

Yeah. Exactly. I got it from a
fight. I'm Felix. Tom's best
friend. Remember...?

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

That's Crystal. She's--

CRYSTAL

The Uber driver. And you're 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)

Tom. C'mon. No love for your big
bro?

(explaining to them)

Always with the emotions, this guy.
Takes after Dad--

TOM
(mutters)
Shut the fuck up.

ADAM
Hey. Bro. What's up?!

Tom turns to Adam slowly, deliberately, PAINFULLY.

TOM
What's up?! Since I woke up
yesterday, I've crash-tackled a
robber, 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
turn 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 dumb jock!

Adam stares at him, not getting his point.

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

Stunned silence. Even Tom is surprised at himself.

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. The serum. You don't think
you just woke up like this, do you?

A beat of confused silence.

TOM
So...you're not a diplomat?

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

ADAM
Is that what Mom said? She never
had much imagination.
(proudly)
I'm a living weapon. I'm one of a
kind-

TOM
Not anymore.

It's as if Adam has just realized this. He grins.

ADAM
Welcome to the club, bro.

Tom doesn't grin back. He looks a little sick.

FELIX
(mutters jealously to Tom)
I hate you.

ADAM
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 rubs his head with his fingers. Adam clicks his tongue.

ADAM
Bro, eat.

FELIX
He's vegetarian.

ADAM
Since when?
(as Tom groans in pain)
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.

CRYSTAL
Oh? That's all?
(to Tom)
Tom, that's all.

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)
'Mockingbird'.

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 Elixir*.

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 just...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

Mockingbird?!

TOM

But...then why did you...?

CRYSTAL

...obliterate them with a tornado?

ADAM

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

CRYSTAL

You couldn't just steal a few pens
like a normal person?

FELIX

Can't they just make more?

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. And you stabbed
me with it. It's in me now.

A beat. Adam's grin freezes.

ADAM
 They owed me.
 (offended)
 Whats-a-matter, bro, you don't like
 the upgrade?

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.

Adam 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 a diplomat?!

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 frantically into his fanny pack, pulls out a
 JOINT...but no match. 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, stunned at first, feels a spark of 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, in B&W, 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 Prescott'll do to us!
He's fucking cra--

Adam snaps his neck. He hears a GASP. He looks up -
nothing...until Tom suddenly becomes visible, staring in
shock at the broken-neck Agent. 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)

(surprised)

...good guy.

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

TOM

Fuck a duck.

ADAM

(quick)

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 up and down Adam's now-bare arms.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(catching Tom looking)

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

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.
Mockingbird's kinda understaffed
right now. We're OK. OK?

TOM

OK. Now what?

ADAM

Now we chill.

Tom looks at Adam's smirking face...takes a deep breath...

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. Or something along those
lines. Because then I'd be OK with
you running out after the funeral

and leaving me with Mom for three fucking long 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 a reason. Dad wasn't bad.

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. Adam waits.

TOM

I just wanna make Mom happy. I'm only fucking human.

ADAM

Could've just said, bro. Shit.

Adam unzips his jacket, revealing his drug vest.

CRYSTAL

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

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

ADAM

Join the party.

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. He laughs...until leaves fly into his mouth, gagging him. Adam watches with a chuckle.

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.

Tom leaps from tree to tree like a monkey...until a branch snaps. Tom falls, but flips himself over, landing crouched like Spiderman. He is IMPROVING.

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, leaning against a log, clutches his throbbing head. On the other side of the fire, Adam stares at the sky.

ADAM

Man. Just like old times, yeah?

TOM

(wincing in pain)

Almost.

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

TOM (CONT'D)

So long, old friend.

Tom turns to see Adam watching him.

TOM (CONT'D)
No complaints. I don't need it.

Shadows distort Adam's face...like he's someone else.

ADAM
You just miss it.

Tom gets another migraine attack. Adam grins to himself.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What if I told you there's a way to
stop it? The pain?

Adam walks over to the Polaroids, takes one and hands it to Tom - 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 the
project was temporarily fucked when
he went off grid in the eighties
and took his formula with him.

TOM
(getting it)
So he can cure the side-effects?

ADAM
Maybe. Smart move for us. 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 MOCKINGBIRD 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 frown)
Ask questions. Find out who saw him
last.

A SNAP! from the forest. Tom jumps up. Adam is already on his feet, scanning the trees. His face is TENSE.

TOM
You said Mockingbird owed you.

ADAM
Did I?

TOM
Why'd you leave them?

ADAM
Shitty cafeteria food.
(turns back to Tom)
Probably just a raccoon.

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

TOM
What?

ADAM
Not too late to go back, you know.
To your little store. I should've
asked first. Just thought you
wanted to do more with your life...

Tom sees disappointment on Adam's face. A beat.

TOM
Who do we interrogate first?

Adam grins.

FELIX
Her.

Felix, wide-eyed, holds a bunch of Polaroids showing Lazarus Grey in a lab, lost in his work. In each shot is a DOWDY LADY taking notes, eyes locked on Lazarus. ENTRANCED.

FELIX (CONT'D)
She'll know. She...spoke to me.

TOM
Before or after the LSD?

Felix holds out the staff photo, points to Dowdy Lady in the group - handwritten beneath is her name: 'Eunice Entwistle'.

FELIX
Can't you see? In the eyes? Like...
Catwoman and Batman. Jean and
Cyclops--

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 - Crystal is now standing on the ground, lit joint still in hand.

CRYSTAL
You know a party's shit when you
hear 'Yellow Pages' in
conversation.

She balances on a log like a gymnastics beam, takes a drag.

TOM
Careful. You've had a lot.

CRYSTAL
There's my hero. Like clockwork.

FELIX
Ohh. I don't feel too good...

TOM
(to Crystal)
Don't want you to hurt yourself.

CRYSTAL
I know, 'cause I'm 'special'. Too
special to do dumb shit like a
normal kid.

FELIX
Ohhh. Guys. I really feel sick...

CRYSTAL

Tom'll save you. He'll save the whole fucking world if it makes his mommy love him more.

She laughs to herself. Tom sees Adam smirk. He turns back to glare at Crystal.

TOM

You know how it goes. You probably love your dad more after he bought you that Ferrari.

She looks at Tom, eyes glazed...and beneath - anger, pain?

CRYSTAL

It's a Maserati, Superboy. And it only sleeps one. Sweet dreams.

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

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.

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 freezes, looks up...and gasps. Through the trees, a HOODED FACE stares back.

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. I
don't know where your head was at
up there.

(on Crystal's silence)
And...this rebel-girl routine...
you're only hurting yourself. Your
legacy.

CRYSTAL
Yep. So?

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)
So you get home now. You're not the
only one who's made sacrifices.
Those were my years too. My money.
Because I know what you can do.

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, sad grin)
That's my dad.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)
(slightly harsh)
Crys. 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 at the open glovebox, where the NEWSPAPER
ARTICLE lies, folded.

CRYSTAL
Doing dumb shit. Like a normal kid.

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. Felix wakes to find himself being STRANGLED. 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 wakes. Felix sleeps nearby, unharmed. Adam is GONE.

EXT. CAMPING GROUND - CONTINUOUS

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

...Adam, before a small fire, shirtless and covered in
BRUISES from the fight, and old scars. He moans in pain as
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

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

ADAM
How'd you sleep, partner?

TOM
(forced smile)
Fine.

Adam keeps staring at him, 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.
What it's all about, right?

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

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

FELIX
(tense)
It's 'Felix'.

Adam raises an eyebrow. Felix shrinks back.

TOM
You OK, Felix?

FELIX
Yeah. 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 tensely.

ADAM

Thank God one of you has a phone.

FELIX

(to Adam, frustrated)

Can't you just teleport us there?

ADAM

What do you think this is, a comic book?

FELIX

But...? Tom, you teleported...?

Tom glances cautiously at Adam...then shrugs dismissively.

FELIX (CONT'D)

(stung)

Whatever. I don't care anymore.

TOM

(to Crystal)

Hey. About last night--

CRYSTAL

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

(as Tom grins, sheepish)

Good. Now open the glovebox.

Tom pulls out a BRACELET made from Crystal's cupcake lip gloss tubs, strung with elastic. The pink cupcakes have been repainted with nail polish, turning them into GRENADES.

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.

Tom pulls the newspaper article from the glovebox. He sees the headline, then Crystal's photo. He GASPS, just as...

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

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

ADAM
It's cool. Pull over.

TOM
But...we can't...

ADAM
Yeah, we can.

TOM
But they know it's Crystal's car!
They know about us--

ADAM
OK. So. What are we gonna do?

Everyone's eyes are suddenly on Tom. He takes a breath and 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 which 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, a stunned beat, as everyone stares out the shattered back windshield at the lifeless Highway Cop.

ADAM
Hmm. Not bad.

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

Highway Cop stirs. Tom SIGHS in relief.

Adam rolls his eyes, pulls out a PILL, swallows it.

TOM
Everyone OK?

CRYSTAL
(staring at windscreen glass)
My dad's gonna be so pissed.
(thinks)
I'm great.

TOM
Adam?

Adam, eyes closed, is whispering to himself.

FELIX
Oh, frickin' shit...

Tom turns back to see Highway Cop, on his knees, crawling 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 hurting anyone else!

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

TOM (CONT'D)
Adam!

Adam opens his eyes...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.

TOM
Adam?! What the fuck...?!

ADAM
DMT. Controls animals.

TOM
So?! That thing's gonna kill him!

ADAM
You planning to save the world from
a jail cell, bro?
(as Tom struggles to reply)
It's easier this way. Trust me.

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

FELIX
(to Tom)
Uh, you're bleeding.

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

ADAM
Fuck a duck. Anyone got a napkin?

Crystal rummages in the glovebox...and pulls out a tampon.

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 to see Adam, with Tom behind, the tampon
still in his ear. He realizes, 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.

CRYSTAL
(from the car)
Subtle, Superman.

FELIX
As a sledgehammer.

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
recently, 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
(doubtfully, to Adam)
I...suppose there's a resemblance.

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

EUNICE
You think I'd forget my Lazarus?!
My...wizard. Yes. 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)
Mockingbird?

Eunice nods softly.

TOM (CONT'D)
But he invented TPX...uh, the
serum.

EUNICE
How did you know about his potion?

Tom sees Adam tense. Before Adam can respond...

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 a...soft man. Far too
compassionate for war. Seeing those
men maimed, minds destroyed,
children traumatized...he wanted to
help. To heal. That was Project
Elixir, his potion. How, I don't
know - I was just a secretary. But
when testing began, there
were...unexpected results.
Terrible...terrible...

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

ADAM
Unexpected...?
(Eunice is silent)
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. She grasps the photo frame.

ADAM

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

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

EUNICE

He sent them to me. Two tiny vials,
in a box. And...some strange soda,
of all things. 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

Maybe he's just waiting....for the
right time. To come back.

EUNICE

He wanted to save the world.
Perhaps I was just too small--

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 hands 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. For forgetting what you are.

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

EUNICE (CONT'D)
 There you are. In the eyes. My
 beautiful 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 guiltily puts it in his fanny pack.

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

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

Something IGNITES within Tom. He charges 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
Adam... Why...?

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. Tom looks away, uneasy.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Aw, don't be such a bleeding heart.
(holds up Lazarus' letter)
Come on, we've got a wizard to track.

The fireball evaporates. Adam grins and 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. Tom forces a grin...but his fingers are filling each grenade on his bracelet with pills from the fanny pack.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Left.

CRYSTAL
But there's no turnoff.

ADAM
I'm the one tracking a 30-year-old letter, OK? And I say turn off.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DIRT PLAINS AND CAR

Crystal 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.

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 *Cosmo Boyd* comic, showing the image of 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. He is unusually tense, driven, his laid-back 'bro-ness' gone.

Tom, now without his fanny pack, follows behind, keeping a hand on his grenade bracelet. Felix and Crystal follow Tom.

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.

He chuckles - it's forced. 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. Makes me a bit worried.

Tom falters. He can't see Adam's face, but his tone is dark.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You're too much like Dad, Tom.
Emotional. Weak in the head. It
gets people hurt. Like that family
in the station wagon.

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, yeah?

Tom stares at Adam, stunned...and he suddenly sees CONCERN in Adam's eyes. FEAR...for Tom. As if it was always there.

TOM
I'm not Dad--

FELIX (O/S)
Holy. Frickin'. Fuck.

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 concealed net suddenly rises, ensnaring and hoisting Tom, Felix and Crystal into the air.

Tom grabs a pill from his bracelet...but drops it.

CRYSTAL
Look!

A white-bearded FIGURE 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' surprised face falls in sadness.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)
Huh. Guess my humor's rusty.

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
(whispers)
"Cosmo, Boy". Cosmo...Boyd?
(shouts)
Cosmo Boyd!

LAZARUS GREY
(a startled beat)
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. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom, Felix, Crystal sit on a wooden bench 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 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
Mockingbird. Hiding like a mouse.

Lazarus chuckles, grabs a WHISKEY BOTTLE from a drinks cart and takes a long swig.

This man is NO wizard. At least, 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
Just enough to masquerade as
fantasy. A memoir to a different
time. To...better intentions. But

you didn't come here to talk about
comics.

Lazarus takes another swig of whiskey, drops the bottle back
on the cart. Among the other (empty) bottles, Tom is
bewildered to see a can of TIGER RED SODA.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)
(to Adam)
So. You're the guinea pig.

TOM
We are.

LAZARUS GREY
(turns to Tom, surprised)
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
Mockingbird and their twisted...
(sighs)
Well. Everything twists in the end.
Everything corrupts--

ADAM
Yeah, we know. You're the good guy
helping Vietnam vets or whatever.

LAZARUS GREY
I wanted them to help themselves.
That's what Lazarene was for.

Confused faces all around.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)
My project. My tricky amino acid.
My life's work.

ADAM
TPX?

Even Adam looks confused now. Lazarus scoffs.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)
 Is that what they're calling it?
 Bet those labrats still haven't
 figured out how it works. Morons.
 (sighing)
 Everyone hold hands.

Lazarus holds out his hand. Confused, everyone links hands in a line. Adam rolls his eyes, walks over to the window.

LAZARUS GREY (CONT'D)
 Presto! A string of amino acids. A protein, children. 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.

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. Not a string, now a web. A new combination of amino acids to re-interpret the chemical make-up of herbs as they enter the body.

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.

They drop their hands, grossed out. Lazarus claps with the energy of an science teacher who's come out of retirement.

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... Weapons. And
that was more valuable to
Mockingbird than some cure-all
theory cooked up by a beatnik.

FELIX
(awed)
A superjacked army...

A FLOCK OF BIRDS flies past the glass, making them JUMP.
Adam scans the forest below. 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 frowns, confused.

TOM
(explaining)
We thought you might have an
antidote for the side-effects--

ADAM
 Nope. The whole deal. I want this
 shit outta me. Outta us.

Tom turns, stunned. Adam keeps his gaze on the window.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Isn't one killer in the family
 enough?

TOM
 (taken aback)
 Dad was--

ADAM
 He was fucking weak, Tom. A pig in
 a uniform who couldn't handle
 power. Voila. People died.

TOM
 But...what you did...to Eunice...?

LAZARUS GREY
 Eunice...?

Adam tenses. Felix and Crystal watch, confused.

TOM
 Tell him, Adam.

Adam whirls around, finally facing Tom.

ADAM
That's why, Tom! TPX...it twists
 you up...your thoughts...makes you
do things...things you can't
 imagine...and you can't stop--

LAZARUS GREY
 (standing up)
 What did you do to her?!

Adam meets Tom's hurt, betrayed eyes.

ADAM
 Tom...trust me!

TOM
You're him. All this time--

ADAM
You're not special, Tom! You can't
fight it! And they won't stop!
Prescott will never stop!

Tom sees FEAR in Adam's eyes. He is scared of Prescott.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(to Lazarus, grabbing him)
Tell him what it does!

LAZARUS GREY
(grabbing him back)
What did you do to my Eunice?!--

SMASH! A HOODED AGENT swings through the glass. Sudden CHAOS
- screaming, movement, shattered glass.

Adam reacts instantly, slicing through the Agent's zipline
with a glass shard, and flipping him out the window.

A look of fear shoots between Adam and Tom - an
understanding that 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 carved doorways.

Tom yanks Lazarus up and drags him to the staircase.

LAZARUS GREY
Boy, wait, listen--

TOM
You need to move!

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... ZZZPPPTTT! Adam shocks him
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, hits the floor. Tom turns to Adam, and sees GUILT in his eyes. 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. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom reaches the top of the stairs, with a shaky Lazarus.

LAZARUS GREY

I was the first test subject...
should've been the last... Your
brother is right... Power always
twists--

TOM

Just tell me there's an escape
hatch up here!

LAZARUS GREY

Always a way out...at the end of
the story--

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 seems to slow down, 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.

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 mutes her cellphone.

INT. 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 him in the head with the glass bong.

INT. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom scoops up his scattered pills. He 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 his 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 the WHITE POWDER VIAL - heroin - there's barely any left. He dumps it into Tom's mouth.

He waits, as if nothing else matters except...

Tom GASPS back to consciousness.

TOM

I'm not late...Mom...?

Adam half laughs, half sobs.

ADAM

Oughta beat the shit outta you, bro.

Tom blinks into focus, sees Adam wipe away TEARS.

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.

Silence. No-one breathes. Then...

CRUNCH! Footsteps on glass in the living room.

INT. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A flash of SUPERHERO SOCKS as a Man in black shoes walks around the living room, stepping over dead Agents.

He raises his hands and begins a slow clap - it's Prescott.

INT. BEDROOM - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal hears the applause as she searches through a drawer.
She finds a faded roll of candy, as if it's been waiting there since the seventies: *Velamints - with REAL peppermint.*

INT. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PRESCOTT
I've always loved a nice bullet
spray. So much destruction from a
tiny squeeze.
(considering)
Close enough to superpowers.

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 are shaking.

ADAM
I was the dishwasher.

TOM
Huh?

ADAM
In Mockingbird's cafeteria. That's where I went after the funeral. Thought I could work my way up. Be some bigshot. Redeem the family. So when they recruited me...fucking jackpot--
(chuckles painfully)
They just needed a monkey for some mystery serum that showed up in the mail. They wanted 'things' done. And I did them. Bad things.
(sighs, humiliated)
I needed help finding Lazarus. Extra firepower. Brains. You're smarter. You went to college. So...
(tearfully)
So. I'm worse than Dad. I just wanted to be...normal again...

Tom, stunned, tries to comprehend.

INT. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott stops at Lazarus' body, nudges it with a foot.

PRESCOTT
Had to go and take your formula to the grave, didn't you, Grey? Damn hippies. It's always about you.

INT. KITCHEN - LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Adam's body begins to tremble. Tom looks down, sees BLOOD. One of Prescott's bullets has ripped Adam's side open.

TOM
Shit. Adam...

ADAM
Would've made a sick team, though,
yeah? Would've made it worth it.

INT. 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 gone... and the blood trails back to the living room.

INT. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott shoots off bullets, then freezes - Adam stands in the doorway.

ADAM
I'll come. Just...stop.

Adam shuffles in to face Prescott, who notices his limp.

PRESCOTT
Where's that annoying smirk, Agent
Lennon? Real life got you down?

ADAM
Just leave them. Please.

PRESCOTT
They're wanted criminals. Though
I've got a soft spot for the little
pirate - he offered to wear a
tracker, so we'd know exactly where
you ended up.
(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...and grits his teeth in anger.

INT. 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. LAZARUS GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
...and sees Adam's body fall in a heap before Prescott.

TOM
Adam!

Prescott points his gun at Tom.

PRESCOTT
Bingo.

Tom looks at him, tears welling in his eyes.

TOM
You're not gonna shoot me.

Tom kneels quickly next to Adam - he is barely breathing.

TOM (CONT'D)
Adam! Give me the heroin!

ADAM
Ha. All gone, bro.

Tom realizes WHERE it went. He grabs Adam's hand. Adam coughs, splutters blood across his grinning lips.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 You know...some days I got...real
 jealous. Some days...I thought...
 (breathless)
 ...Tom's...got it made...

He stops breathing. His hand goes slack.

PRESCOTT
 Aw. My condolences. But he was an
 HR nightmare. Too emotional for the
 kind of work we do at Mockingbird.

TOM
 (soft)
 Runs in the family.

PRESCOTT
 Well, we were hoping he'd pass on
 TPX-171 to his own replacement.
 Save us the trouble. And I think he
 chose wisely.
 (calling out)
 Yoo-hoo? You can come out now.
 Though, I really don't mind hunting
 you down with my little friend.

Crystal emerges from the bedroom. Felix slinks into the
 living room, holding Cosmo.

Tom wipes tears from his eyes to see Prescott admiring him.

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 school hallway, an alley.
 (softer)
 A parent.

A second of reflection...then Prescott grins it away.

TOM
You had the serum. What stopped
 you?

Prescott holds his gaze, not wanting to answer.

Crystal and Felix stand before him. He snatches the *Cosmo
 Boyd* comic from Felix, then motions him and Crystal to the
 window with his gun. Felix GASPS.

PRESCOTT
Afraid of heights, Jack?

CRYSTAL
Wait. Can't I say goodbye?

Prescott chuckles, considers, and nods.

Crystal's eyes meet Tom's. Hers seem to...smile?

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
From one junkie to another...

She parts her lips...revealing a WHITE MINT on her tongue.
She pulls him in and KISSES him deeply.

The mint 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 granules, sliding through his
tissue, into his cells...

Lazarene, a glinting amino acid in a cell, suddenly activate
at the presence of the mint granules. 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.

Prescott, skimming the Cosmo Boyd comic, looks up, amused.

Tom closes his eyes. Crystal reaches back, grasps Felix's
hand. PAFF! They all disappear.

Prescott's smile freezes. He stares, trying to comprehend.

PAFF! Tom reappears, grabs Adam's body, gives Prescott the
finger, and teleports away again.

Prescott SCREAMS. Lazarus' liquor bottles shatter.

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
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. No-one wants me...
unless they've got a weird fetish.
(tearfully)
Why couldn't I be the one? Just
once?--

TOM

(to Crystal)

Wanna know how Felix lost his eye?

Felix's eye grows wide.

CRYSTAL

No, Tom, I don't--

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 spiky
things are coming back down.
(laughs cruelly)
Pop! One Jack Sparrow.

FELIX

Stop calling me that! It makes no
sense! Jack Sparrow doesn't wear a
frickin' eyepatch! He never has!

He trails off.

TOM

Huh. That's a confident observation
on current cinema from someone who
only watches VHS tapes.

Felix stares out the window, humiliated. Silence. Crystal
bites her lip.

CRYSTAL

I was never gonna take that
ayahuasca. I don't even do drugs.
Not before the campfire.
(weak chuckle)
Guess I'm a fake too.

Tom doesn't react. She looks at his hardened face.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
 Sometimes we do things for
 ourselves. Sometimes we're selfish.
 It doesn't make us bad, not all of
 us, anyway. It's just...I don't
 know...being human--

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?
 (Crystal is silent)
 Jesus, answer me! This is crazy. I
 need to know where you are.

CRYSTAL
 (soft, into phone)
 Dad...I let myself fall. I wanted
 to. I...

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)
 Crys! Are you OK?

Crystal watches Tom staring at Adam's burning corpse.

CRYSTAL
 Didn't I do enough for you, Dad?

She waits for his response. Nothing. Her tears spill out.

CRYSTAL'S DAD (V.O)
 (with realization)
 Yes, sweetie. And I'm...proud. 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 bleeding-heart brother.

Tom finally meets Prescott's gaze. He removes 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! 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, halting Crystal on the spot. 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? What I'd give?! 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. He
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

Always a way out...at the end of
the story...

D) Tom, in the motel, staring at the fold-in puzzle at the
back of the comic - a CHEMICAL FORMULA...

END FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

PRESENT...

...as Tom stares at the fold-in puzzle on the 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

Uh-huh.

Tom opens his eyes...and out shoots two BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY, blasting Prescott off his feet...through the air...and smashing him into his car windscreen.

Tom stands and walks towards him, ELECTRICITY currents rippling over his body, leaping from his skin. It's not only the drug fueling his power now, exceeding his potential... but PURE, BURNING RAGE.

Prescott, pinned in the shattered windscreen, sees Tom before him - a creature 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...then in pain as his flesh bubbles and melts.

Felix and Crystal shield their eyes from the blinding light...until...suddenly...

Tom's power fades, like a battery dying...revealing Prescott's charred skeleton, flesh evaporated.

Tom stares at the smoking bones as if waking from a dream. He looks at his hands, trying to comprehend. Then...

He SCREAMS in pain, crumples, grabs his head - pain more excruciating than any he's ever felt.

CRYSTAL

Tom!

She runs to him, but stops, helpless. Felix looks in horror.

Tom sobs, pain and sorrow twisted into one. He tries to focus through his tears...and sees the can of TIGER RED soda in his open fanny pack. He crawls to it...

CRYSTAL

Tom? You OK?

...grabs the Tiger Red soda, cracks it open...and DRINKS.

FELIX

(confused)

Well. Hydration's important.

Tom finishes the can. He slumps down.

CRYSTAL

Tom? What's going on?

Tom lifts his head. He takes the Tiger Red can and crushes it slowly in his hand.

TOM

Nothing.

FELIX

You mean, the headache?

TOM

Everything. 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, surprised. He turns. They wait for his answer. Instead, he gives a sad little shrug.

TOM

I wanna see my Mom.

Felix nods. Crystal nods.

CRYSTAL

Guess we're getting an Uber, then?

She motions to her car, with Prescott's skeleton in the front windscreen...matching the shattered back windscreen.

FELIX
Frickin' shit, Tom! Really?!

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* embroadered 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
Camelott Cares-a-Lott Foundation,
which funds medical research 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
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 share a smile.

MAN (O/S)

Nobody move!!! I got a gun!!!

Tom's smile fades at the FAMILIAR VOICE. So does Crystal's.

Tom turns to Felix... and watches, stunned, as Felix pulls out a TASER...and gives a slow grin right at us.

FADE OUT.

FELIX

My turn, you frickin' rimjob!