

FADE IN:

INT. SALT LAKE CITY, HOSPITAL - MACHINERY ROOM - DAY

An ear-piercing power torrent drowns out the SIZZLE and HUMS of an open electrical port...

...the power supply surges.

Then a huge ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION.

SUPER: "Twenty One Years Ago"

SPARKS run up the electrical wires, burst into flames and break through the corridor ceiling.

Electric lightning bolts hurtle through the wires as a black trench coat swirls down the corridor, the man pushes through a door marked

MATERNITY WARD

And dives over a bassinet as the electric lightning bolts strikes TWELVE babies and other HUMANS.

The power supply dies, total darkness.

Emergency lights snap on and bark at the aftermath smog.

Sirens RING.

Electrocuted HUMAN BODIES lie sprawled throughout. INFANTS in cribs lie dead and alive.

Baby KRAYKEN, in a bassinet, stares at the shrill cries of...

Baby NATHAN, thrashing on the chest of an athletic looking man in a black trench coat, who lies bleeding and semiconscious on the floor. This is SCALISE, 24, father of Krayken and Nathan.

Nathan's shrill cries draw the attention of BERTHA KING, 20, an injured and bruised Jamaican woman, who kisses a large cross and babbles in tongues, crying over her dead baby.

Bertha stares at Nathan, then back at her lifeless child. Closing her bloodshot eyes in prayer, she carefully swaddles her baby from head to toe, places him gently on a gurney.

Scalise opens his eyes to see Bertha snatch infant Nathan from his arms.

SCALISE
What the hell? That's my son!

Scalise attempts to stand.

MIKE KING, 30s, struggles with malfunctioning elevator doors. Army tattoos decorate his challenged biceps as he holds the doors apart.

PING! PING! PING!

MIKE
Bertha, hurry! I can't hold these
fucking doors much longer.

Bertha clutches Nathan closer as she races toward her husband, Mike.

SCALISE
Stop! I said stop!

Bertha turns to see Scalise limping after her, but ignores his desperate pleas.

As the elevator doors close, Scalise wedges a foot inside, struggling to pull them open, while Mike beats him off.

SCALISE (CONT'D)
Please... stop. Nathan! Nathan!

BERTHA
No! Mike do something. This crazy
man wants to take our son.

Scalise yanks Mike's arm out of the door, refuses to let go.

The malfunction BUZZ kicks in. A stomach churning SCREAM descends with the elevator.

Scalise crumples in shock, holding Mike's mangled, bloody arm in front of his face.

With blurry vision, Scalise spots a NURSE picking up Krayken.

Scalise blacks out.

The blood, on his own horribly burnt lower arms, drowns the massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on his finger.

The Nurse cuddles Krayken in her arms, rocks him and eyeballs the obliterated room.

NURSE

Hush, sweet Krayken. You're safe.
But... where's your brother?

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A single light globe flickers, dangling from the ceiling. The shutters closed and locked. The dark wall is covered with intricate chalk formulas and equations.

SUPER: "Seven Years Later"

On a small bed in the corner, NATHAN, now 7, a little small for his age and malnourished, huddles confused. Metal chains run from the bed, cuffed around his wrists and ankles. Crying, he fiddles with a piece of chalk.

NATHAN

But, I don't wanna stay locked up,
Mamma. It scares me.

BERTHA KING, now 27, with an inherent fear of the supernatural, appears traumatized, mutters in tongues, paces and clings to a Bible.

BERTHA

Nathan, we love you... Since the
day you were born, we new you were
gifted.

She pulls a plastic pill bottle from a pocket and rattles it under Nathan's nose.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I told you before, these plum drops
erase the imaginary rubbish in your
head and the chains keep that demon
of a man from ever finding you
again. You're our little whiz kid.
You're safe with Mom and Dad.

Kneeling before him, she holds his hands, then taps a finger on his head, pleading.

NATHAN

But, he's my only friend. Raz makes
me feel better. I need him. No more
plum drops, Mamma. Please, no more.

BERTHA

Nathan, you think you have this
friend Raz, but you don't. You
don't Nathan.

(MORE)

BERTHA (CONT'D)

It's an infectious disease plaguing your mind. From now on there'll be no more friends.

She draws a cross with her finger on Nathan's forehead.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

This spirit in your head will no longer have a hold on you. In the name of all that is holy, your sickness be gone. No longer will it choke and kill your mind. I hereby proclaim it will cease to destroy.

Bertha dumps pills into her hand.

Nathan tightens his lips, whips his head around and stares into a dark corner. His face saddens, ridden with fear.

RAZ, 7, a sturdy, freckle-faced, IMAGINARY friend, appears like a translucent mirage, waving and smiling at Nathan.

BZZZZAAPPP!

A sudden electric pulse surges outward from where Nathan sits, rattling the light globe. The room snaps to black.

Raz violently bashes his head into the wall like a maniac.

Nathan yanks against his chains, wailing at what he sees.

Bertha's face drops and she jumps onto the bed next to Nathan, forces his head back, slams her hand over his mouth.

Nathan squirms, but finally Bertha's grip overpowers him and the medication pacifies his fight.

Within seconds, the pill takes effect - Raz is gone. Nathan is in tears.

NATHAN

Raz is not rubbish! You're wrong!

BERTHA

It is for your own good, my boy!

INT. AARDVARK'S ARMORY - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

At the end of the hallway, a solitary brass lamp casts an eerie shadow on a cracked, peeling wall.

Stacks of loose machine guns, rifles, pistols, ammunition, parts and accessories line the shelves.

SUPER: "Today"

SCALISE, now 45, a self-proclaimed failure and full of regret, works at a desk engraving into 9mm rounds of lead on a bullet assembly machine. Intoxicated and misty eyed, he drinks from an open bottle of whiskey.

Pushing back his sleeves, he exposes disfiguring burn scars on both lower arms. He fondles a paper with names on it, exposing his massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING.

Paper reads, "Brandon, Lydia, Clarissa, Claude, Ronnie, Nathan and Krayken."

KRAYKEN, now 21, a big barrel chested guy with a mouth full of braces, kneels against the wall. Hands bound.

Next to him, five YOUNG ADULTS, 21, tremor on their knees, all gagged and bound.

SCALISE

Fucks' sake, Krayken. Will you ever learn to pay attention!

Scalise wipes the tears running down his cheeks and finishes off the bottle of booze.

He pulls a gun from his back and shuffles toward Krayken, tossing him the list.

Krayken glances at his petrified friends.

Scalise moves over to BRANDON, the first of the five youngsters, retrieves a medicine vial and shoves a pill beneath his gag and into his mouth.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Chew it. Don't want your mind playing tricks on us, do we?

Eyes full of tears, Brandon obeys.

Scalise lifts his gun to touch Brandon's head.

Brandon flinches.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Experiments go wrong all the time, Brandon. I gave you powers at birth. Now, I'm destroying them.

Pulls the trigger. BAM! Brandon goes down.

Krayken hyperventilates, it's inevitable, Scalise will move down the line.

SCALISE (CONT'D)
If I don't do this, the Foundation will. And, they won't be so compassionate.

KRAYKEN
I'll steal Nathan's theory. I swear I will. Just give me a chance. He trusts me.

Scalise readies himself to shoot the next in line.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)
What about Raz? Nathan's imaginary. The next best. Kill him, not us.

SCALISE
Have you seen Raz?

KRAYKEN
Nathan will lead us to him.

SCALISE
And, this "Raz" - you sure he exists?

Eyes bulging and frantic, the remaining Young Adults nod.

Scalise and Krayken stare at each other.

KRAYKEN
Yes... well sort of. Check my cell.

Scalise yanks the cell phone from Krayken's pants pocket and swipes at the screen.

INTERCUT - CELL PHONE VIDEO

NATHAN, now 20, a scrawny geek with a mind hungry for anything neurological, appears with multiple wires plugged into his head. He holds a photo of a yellow canary.

NATHAN (V.O.)
Hand me the adrenalin.

The video shows Nathan injecting himself while focusing on the image. His eyes close.

A blue electric pulse throbs between his hand and a silver plate. He gradually removes his hand, revealing a LIVE yellow canary flapping its wings, chirping.

Nathan looks at the person behind the camera, who jumps with excitement, accidentally knocks the camera to the ground.

Landing at an angle, video focus is now on two ecstatic boys, Nathan and Krayken, chest bumping. They mess up a silly handshake, then burst out laughing.

KRAYKEN (V.O.)

I'm gonna do a girlfriend. Fuck your birds, Nathan.

Scalise mists, staring into the video image on the phone.

SCALISE

Just so you know, the Foundation spits upon betrayal. The job was simple. Locate, extract and eliminate the six other Salt Lake survivors. Instead you decide to make friends. Do you have shit for brains?

Scalise drops the cell, stamps on it. He shoves pills down the others' throats.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Nathan trusts you and yet, you'd blow the whistle on your friend?

Krayken's lips and chin tremble, tears flow.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

I knew it was a bad idea to trust you with this mission. I should've just flushed your fucking toilet when I had the chance.

BAM! CLARISSA flops to the ground.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

It took me twenty one years to track down Nathan! And, you've been picking his brains for three years behind my back!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three more Young Adults flop - dead.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Stop being distracted by Nathan's antics and get the damn job done.

Scalise readies the gun on Krayken, who whimpers out of control and drips beads of sweat.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Use the powers Salt Lake gave you
and do not let Nathan slip through
your fingers again! It'll be fatal.

Krayken bows his head in tears. Moans.

KRAYKEN

Let me ask you something.

Scalise grabs the list, scratches off all the names except Nathan and Krayken.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

Why are you so obsessed with
Nathan?

SCALISE

You don't know?

Krayken shakes his head.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Good.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

A messy display of numerous apparatus and gadgets fill this make-shift laboratory with formulas scribbled on the walls.

An open magazine reveals a photo of Nathan, then 18, grinning ear to ear with his arm around Krayken, also 18.

Headline reads, "Genius Teen Duo Pull off Ground Breaking Neuroscience Work."

Krayken pulls on the heavy metal door. An annoying SQUEAK pierces the silence, followed by a heavy CLANG! He locks it.

Adjusting the goggles on his nose, he whips a water drenched towel over his shoulders, closes his eyes, inhales.

He retrieves a medicine vile from his pocket filled with blue capsules, opens the lid, dumps them onto the ground and obliterates them with his boots.

KRAYKEN

I'm done with this shit.

CHRISTINE SINCLAIR, 17, a translucent, IMAGINARY brunette with dreamy, emerald green eyes, appears like a mirage and sashays out from the shadows.

Krayken smiles with passion. His orthodontic braces glisten as bright as his heart. It's love - at least in his pants.

He secures a cellphone to a mini tripod, adjusts the angle.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

So this theory thing, it's yours and my secret. No one can know, especially Nathan. You'll be in danger, understand?

Christine nods. Fidgety.

CHRISTINE

Nathan is dangerous?

KRAYKEN

You coming out of ether is dangerous. Nathan finding out... that is deadly.

CHRISTINE

Got it. Don't want death.

Krayken presses the record button on the phone.

KRAYKEN

According to his analysis I need to generate involuntary electricity.... Thanks, Salt Lake City. We have to lock hands for this to work.

Christine freezes, bites her lip.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

I see how you stare at that scrawny geek. You're so enamored by him. So, let's give Nathan a reason to stare back. Come on! I'm gonna make you real. I'll be a celebrity. And you... you'll be all mine.

Krayken kneels before a large, water filled, stainless tub and looks up at Christine.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

Christine, remember to pull me out in time. Got it?

He sticks his head into a wet towel, tightens it with a rope, closing it around his neck, making it hard to breathe.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

You need to hold me down.

He stretches one arm out towards Christine. She places a shaky hand in his hand, fingers lock.

The cellphone recording shows only Krayken on his knees, one hand in the air - alone. He breathes a powerful inhale, then immediately drives his covered head into the water.

Krayken begins to convulse. Chokes. Legs twitch. He can't hold it any longer. Water splashing, he comes up for air.

Christine, screaming hysterically, forces his head back into the water.

CHRISTINE

Safe word! We should have a safe word before we drown ourselves.

The recording shows only Krayken holding his own head under the water. Struggling. Slipping.

BZZZZAAPPP!

A sudden electric pulse surges outward from their grip. The flashlight flickers. WHITE NOISE interrupts the recorded visual on the phone. Static.

The phone visual returns; it shows Krayken bent over limp and unconscious with his head still in the water. Christine, now REAL and VISIBLE on the recording.

In a frenzy, Christine pulls Krayken's head out of the water, flops him over, unties the rope around his throat, then plucks the towel from his face. His lips are blue.

Again and again, Christine plunges her fists onto Krayken's chest. She raises her arms for another strike...

Scalise rushes into the light, helps to revive Krayken.

SCALISE

Impressive.

Scalise's hands examine Christine's realness. He touches her hair. Her hands. Her boobs - Yep, they're real! Christine is very REAL.

Krayken gasps for air. Wide-eyed, he spasms and coughs up water. For a moment he freaks out.

Seeing Scalise, Krayken's eyes bulge in shock.

KRAYKEN

How did you get in here? Can you
see her?

Krayken examines his own body.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

And, I'm still alive!

SCALISE

You must teach the Foundation how
to do it. How to apply Nathan's
theory!