

THE IMAGINED

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INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY

Medical STAFF help MOTHERS and their new born BABIES.

SUPER: "Salt Lake City, Twenty One Years Ago"

Facing two bassinets, SCALISE, 24, an athletic stickler for precision, whips his black trench coat aside, digs into a baby bag. Sighs.

 BERTHA (O.S.)
 Soon they'll be building characters
 out of legos.

BERTHA KING, 20, a pedantic Jamaican bible-basher, sways her newborn side to side.

Scalise hesitates a smile, continues digging the damn bag.

Bertha lurks closer, takes a peek inside Scalise's bassinets.

 BERTHA
 They don't look like twins.

Scalise nods.

 BERTHA
 What are their names?

 SCALISE
 That's Nathan.

 BERTHA
 He's not normal, is he?

Scalise smiles.

 BERTHA
 And the brute?

 SCALISE
 ... Krayken.

BOSH! BOSH!

Mayhem erupts -- wall plugs spew rapid SPARKS! -- ceiling spits massive flames -- electric lightning bolts hurtle through medical machines.

Trench coat swirling, Scalise dives over his boys -- absorbs the electrical storm from all sides.

The power supply dies. Total darkness.

Emergency lights snap on, bark at the aftermath smog.

BLEEP! BLOOP! BLEEP! Sirens go berserk.

Electrocuted HUMAN BODIES lie sprawled throughout.

INFANTS in cribs lie dead and alive.

Baby KRAYKEN, in his bassinet, stares in wide-eyed wonder at the annihilated ceiling. Streaks of electrical bolts graze over his body.

Baby NATHAN, thrashes on a bleeding, semiconscious Scalise's chest. Electricity corkscrews his strange DWARFLIKE body.

Injured and bruised, Bertha kisses a large cross, babbles in tongues and cries over her dead baby.

She notices Nathan screaming, stares at her lifeless child. Closes her bloodshot eyes in prayer -- swaddles her baby -- places him on a gurney.

Scalise's eyes snap open -- GASP! Fights a cough -- sees Bertha snatch infant Nathan from his arms.

SCALISE

What the hell? That's my son!

Scalise stumbles to his feet.

MIKE KING, 30s, fights to keep malfunctioning elevator doors open. Army tattoos decorate his biceps.

PING! PING! PING!

MIKE

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

Bertha clutches Nathan closer -- races to her husband, Mike.

SCALISE

Stop! I said stop!

Bertha turns -- Scalise limps after her -- she ignores his desperate pleas.

The elevator doors close -- Scalise wedges a foot inside -- struggles to pull them open -- Mike pushes him away.

SCALISE

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, holds Mike's mangled, bloody arm in front of his face.

With blurry vision, Scalise spots a NURSE picking up Krayken, he 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, searches the obliterated room.

NURSE

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

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

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

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

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

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, then 20, a rather adorable, four foot two, geeky dwarf, 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, fist 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

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

Krayken's lips and chin tremble, tears flow.

SCALISE

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

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

Stop being swayed by Nathan's size
and antics. Get the damn job done.

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

KRAYKEN

He's just a scrump.

SCALISE

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

Why are you so obsessed with,
Nathan?

SCALISE

You don't know?

Krayken shakes his head.

SCALISE

Good.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

A messy make-shift laboratory. Numerous apparatus and gadgets lay sprawled everywhere.

Scribbled formulas decorate the walls.

An open magazine reveals a photo of Nathan, at 18, on his toes, struggling to reach his arm around Krayken, also 18.

Concealing Nathan's deformity, his body is semi cut off.

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

SQUEEEAK! The heavy metal door opens. Krayken steps in.
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

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
I see how you stare at that scrump.
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
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 - It's hard to breathe.

KRAYKEN
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. Takes a deep inhale, then
immediately drives his covered head into the water.

Krayken begins to convulse -- chokes -- legs twitch -- can't hold it any longer -- water splashes -- comes up for air.

Christine 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 -- 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 -- 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

And, I'm still alive!

SCALISE

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

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Krayken grips Christine closer and takes a selfie of them.

KRAYKEN

Nathan, you're a fucking genius--

Christine glances at NATHAN, now 21, a brainiac with no idea how to fight the demons in his mind or how to accept the appearance of his body.

He swallows a blue pill as they smile at each other.

NATHAN

-- I'm not. Until I can prove the science behind the imaginings in a mathematical equation, everything, including Christine is a complete fluke.

KRAYKEN

Nathan...

NATHAN

... Krayken. Stop. You could've died. Yes, we have these powers to bring our imagination to life. But on paper, mathematically, it's still a fuck up. Promise me you won't be this reckless again. Okay?

KRAYKEN

Okay.

NATHAN

Promise.

KRAYKEN

I fucking promise, yeah, okay.

NATHAN

Somehow we are able to tap into each other's imaginations. Like we're of the same mind. We fuckin' see each other's imagined people, Krayken. This is paranormal shit.

Krayken shoves Christine into a large cage, locks it and slides the key into his YELLOW JACKET pocket.

NATHAN

As soon as my thesis is done.
Beginning. Middle. End. The moment
I can finalize the mathematical
explanation of the biological
phenoom, then we can explore
inception, but until then, no...
more... supermodels. Get it?

KRAYKEN

Will you make Raz real?

NATHAN

Like my mother says, a demon should
never leave his dwelling cave.

Nathan stares at Christine with a soft gaze.

MONTAGE - NATHAN AND CHRISTINE FALL IN LOVE

-- INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT -- Curled up, Christine sleeps. Nathan sneaks in with a pillow and blanket. Tip-toes to her cage. He slides both to Christine. Awaking, she feels them, smiles. Nathan holds out a red Twizzler. She chews it, eyes on Nathan. She loves it.

-- INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT -- Nathan sits opposite Christine. A large tray full of empty glasses, cups and soda cans. Lattes, milkshakes, juices, fizzy drinks... Christine inhales a plate of flapjacks, chews and smiles with a milky mustache. She forks her last piece and holds it out. Nathan takes the bite through the bars... Christine stretches to kiss Nathan, leaves a perfect cream blotch on his forehead.

-- INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT -- Nathan cups a yellow canary in his palms. Holds it close to the cage. Christine cuddles the bird from inside. She rubs her nose on it's head. Kisses it's beak. Nathan takes in Christine's happiness and beauty and her cleavage. He stares at the lock, clenches his jaw.

-- INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT -- Reaching into the cage, Nathan secures EarPods in Christine's ears. He presses play on his cell. Christine yanks out the EarPods. Nathan gently reinserts them. Christine listens, she smiles, tears brim.

-- INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY -- Nathan searches the YELLOW JACKET'S pockets under a sleeping Krayken's feet. Got the key! White knuckled, Christine holds onto the bars as Nathan unlocks the cage. They sneak past Krayken, snoring. Phew, made it. Krayken opens his eyes and grins after they exit.

EXT. FIELD OF SUNFLOWERS - DAY

Trees span across a sunflower field, they gush in the breeze.

Naked on a blanket, Nathan and Christine share an intimate embrace. Her body swallows his.

Their eyes meet. For a moment the planets align.

NATHAN

I can't imagine life without you.

CHRISTINE

Surely you have other friends.

NATHAN

Blanket buddies are hard to find.

Christine brushes her legs against Nathan's thighs.

CHRISTINE

Oh, and this makes you happy?

Nathan retrieves an anklet from under the blanket, locks it around her ankle.

NATHAN

More than a two peckered pup.

CHRISTINE

So this, it's our secret. No one can know, especially Krayken.

NATHAN

It's not like he can imagine you away? And I'm in...

Nathan thrusts his pelvis into hers.

NATHAN

I might not have the equation solved, but the living proof is right here and safe, in my arms.

Nathan lowers his lips to her neck, runs them down to her perky breasts. His hands everywhere... his LEFT HAND has no pinky finger.

Christine rubs his pinky stump, feels over the deep healed scars around his wrists and ankles, plays with his hair.

Smirking, Krayken stares at them from behind a tree.

KRAYKEN
(to himself)
We'll see.

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

Christine sneaks through the window and tip-toes close to a cage housing a fluttering, yellow canary. She whispers.

CHRISTINE
Go to sleep, DaVinci.

Moving to the bed, she restrains her sobbing to keep Nathan from waking. One eye is bloodshot and bruised.

Nathan, wrapped in a blanket, is out like a light.

Christine slips off her clothing and slides in next to him. Lying on an elbow, she takes in his face, kisses his forehead, then sighing, closes her eyes.

Nathan opens his eyes, notices her bruises. Wildly upset, he sits up, cupping Christine's cheeks in his little palms.

Christine turns her head away, crying.

NATHAN
That son of a bitch!

He jumps up, grabs his cell and taps into the search frame.

Screen reads, "How to Fight Someone Bigger than you and win."

Nathan engrosses himself in an epic fight sequence.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Like David and Goliath, Nathan throws a solid jab to Krayken's upper torso -- lands a succession of jabs to Krayken's midsection -- exactly like the fight sequence in the video.

Christine clings to the wall, terrified.

Krayken plunges to the floor, hemorrhaging profusely.

Crawling away, he retrieves his cell phone from his pocket, dials - 911.

Exhausted, Nathan huffs over Krayken like a drooling banshee, as the SIRENS and the red and blue lights near.

Nathan grabs a can of flammable liquid, squirts it over the scribbled walls and the rest of the make-shift lab equipment. Sets it alight.

NATHAN

I'll never give you my theory.
Steal my work again... hurt any
imaginary again and... I'll...

Krayken teases Nathan with the number 911 typed on the phone's screen and throws Christine a kiss.

A POLICE DEPUTY barges through the entrance, aims his nervous pistol at Nathan.

POLICE DEPUTY

Freeze! On the ground, now!

Nathan raises his stubby hands, drops to his knees and stares lovingly at Christine.

NATHAN

I'll come back for you.

FLASHBACK - 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.

On a small bed in the corner, NATHAN, now 7, clearly a dwarf but malnourished, huddles confused. Metal chains run from the bed, cuffed around his chubby 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
different and would never fit in.

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

BERTHA

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. Because you're a dwarf, we need to protect you. No one will love you like we do. In here you fit in. Out there you'll stick out. You're our little whiz kid. You're safe with Mom and Dad.

Kneeling before him, she holds his short fingers, then taps her 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. Dwarfs don't have friends. It's a disease plaguing your mind. From now on there'll be no more friend.

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

BERTHA

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, 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 - The perfect image Nathan wishes he could be.

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 -- jumps onto the bed next to Nathan -- forces his head back -- slams her hand over his mouth.

Nathan squirms -- Bertha's grip overpowers him -- 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!

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT

A spotlight glides across the yard.

High in the watch towers, GUARDS armed with rifles, eagle-eye the vacated grounds.

SUPER: 'Nebraska State Penitentiary'

INT. NATHAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Nathan crouches naked over a toilet. Clasping the bowl, head submerged in water, it appears he's trying to drown himself. He comes up gulping for air. Crazed.

Reaching behind, one hand claws at thin air, desperate, like he wants to be saved from his demise.

BZZZZAAPPP! Sparks fly and flash like an electrical shortage around his hand.

Nathan collapses -- convulses on the floor -- struggles to stay conscious -- breathing stops -- lips turn blue.

A short, stubby HAND punches Nathan's chest -- revives him.

Coughing and retching on the ground, Nathan gazes up and into the eyes of - his DUPLICATED SELF.

Nathan's eyes bulge. It worked!

Nathan quickly tosses on his clothes -- grabs a hidden rock-filled sock from under the mattress -- comes up swinging.

WHACK. WHACK. WHACK.

Nathan's DUPLICATE rolls on the floor groaning, gargling, and drowning in a pool of his own blood.

Exhausted, Nathan drops the blood-soaked sock by the corpse.

Nathan grabs a blunt pencil to bookmark a thick notebook.

Nathan scribbles an equation, mumbles like a mad man.

Stops. Scratches out the equation.

Scribbles another equation. Stops.

Nathan tosses the notebook onto his mattress. A letter from Nebraska State University and a sexy photo of Christine, displaying cleavage, flings from its pages.

Nathan reaches under the mattress, retrieves a plastic vile. Studies his meds for a moment... and tosses it at the opposite wall. Blue capsules burst in every direction.

The rough voice of an INMATE in another cell prays.

INMATE (O.S.)
Sunshine. Where's the sunshine?
Enlighten me Lord!

Nathan prods the mangled Nathan-duplicate - *Yep, he's dead.*

NATHAN
Seems I imagined my ticket outta
this hell-hole.

INMATE (O.S.)
Expel my demons, let me learn!

Nathan takes a deep, pained breath and stares at the curious INMATE in the opposite cell.

NATHAN
Krayken was the only real life
friend I ever had!

He examines his short limbs, grunts... releases a sigh.

NATHAN
Friends go unseen - like parasites.
If someone like me don't have a
microscope... you simply - imagine.

Nathan tucks the letter and photo inside the notebook.

NATHAN

No noise is louder than that of
captives set free.

Notebook in hand, he crawls into a perfectly sized, carved-out tiny hole in the concrete under the mattress.

Examining the STAR-SHAPED BIRTHMARK on the back of his palm, he pulls the mattress over himself.

INT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - CORRIDOR - DAY

MIKE KING, now 50, skanky prison warden in a stained khaki uniform, clutches a rod in his prosthetic arm and limps toward two MEDICS carrying a stretcher with a corpse covered over in a blood-stained sheet.

A few feet away, Nathan, shaking, hides behind pillars, spying on the commotion. Notebook in hand.

MIKE

Hey! Stop! Now, hold on you two
skid rats!

The harried Medics slow to a stop, unimpressed.

MIKE

Show me!

The Medics hesitate.

Mike pulls the sheet away to reveal Nathan's corpse. He gasps with terror, stares.

MIKE

The usual blood pool and sweaty
sock? Thanks, fellas.

Medic reaches in his pocket, retrieves a cracked vial of blue capsules.

MEDIC #1

Went off his meds.

Mike jerks the sheet, revealing the body's hands - all TEN fingers intact.

MIKE

Nathan, you son of a swine brisket.

MEDIC #1

You knew him?

MIKE

I'm the warden of this hell hole.
Of course I knew him.

Mike sighs out loud, then remembers something.

MIKE

Oh, and be certain word doesn't get
out about you murdering an
ailing... man.

Medics eye each other, confused.

MEDIC #2

What? Are you crazy?

MIKE

Pretending you're innocent medics
on a collection job. Especially
with the pills being found? Sure,
how convincing. Talk and I'll nail
you both.

Medics frown, shake their heads and continue walking.

Mike smirks as the medics carry Nathan's corpse away on the
stretcher, then he bolts down a dark passage.

Nathan hides in the shadows while Mike hurries past.

EXT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Nathan pushes through an open metal door, maneuvers down a
narrow passageway until he ambles along a wide open street.

His breath echoes heavy as if it were into a coffin. His
frantic chin searches over one shoulder, then the other. His
eyes keep searching, his feet keep moving.

A dog BARKS!

He notices a YOUNG WOMAN struggling to get a stroller out of
a taxi's trunk. He uses his teeth for a vice-grip to hold his
notebook and lends a hand to pull out the stroller.

The Young Woman sizes him up and down.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's okay, little boy. I can do it
myself.

Nathan removes the notebook from his teeth.

NATHAN

Good day to you, too.

He's off and running toward the city skyline, passing through gardens and yards until he spots appropriate boy's clothing hanging from a clothes line.

He makes a quick change of wardrobe, throwing his prison garb behind large bushes.

Nathan opens on the photo of Christine in the notebook, gives an excited smile.

INT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Mike approaches the metal door, notices it's unlocked and pushes through.

EXT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike maneuvers down the same narrow path to the gate, leading to the street - also ajar.

He kicks at the gravel!

EXT. DESOLATE TRAIN YARD - TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Multiple sets of train tracks going in opposite directions, separated by a fence.

Police tape stretches around the burnt down carriage.

Nathan anxiously inspects the wide open space. He's a wreck. DUB-LUB. LUB-DUB. His pulse pounds in his temples as he claws his way along the fence, down alongside the tracks.

He pounds on his head.

NATHAN

Raz hum, Raz hum, Raz hum. I made way for you. Come out, the meds are gone forever.

Breathing rapid then shallow, he trips, hits his head, blacks out cold.

LATER

Nathan awakens to spot bundles of trash around a dumpster. Feeling at the deep gash and dried blood on his forehead he scavenges for something to drink when he hears Christine's SCREAM.

Nathan's head whips toward the scream farther down the desolate yard. He tears himself away from the dumpster, rushes along the fence approaching the bending tracks bottle-necking rusted train carriages. LUB-DUB. DUB-LUB.

BANG! A loud gunshot.

Christine staggers out from behind a dumpster and collapses onto her back. The gravel catches the back of her head with a dull THUD. Her dilated pupils tighten. Blood streams from a small hole in her forehead.

Ears ringing, Nathan jumps forward and runs to cradle her slumped body. Ready to cry at any second.

Christine whispers, succumbing. Her lips inert.

CHRISTINE

I've seen the inside of Krayken's mind. Yours good. Speak out. Find voice. Embrace Nathan.

Nathan fumbles with Christine's lifeless body. One of his notebooks still in her hand.

Christine prods the notebook at Nathan's chest.

Nathan studies the hole in her forehead. She fades. He breathes faster.

He thrusts his lips on Christine's forehead around the point of entry and sucks hard.

CHRISTINE

Aah! Aah! Aah!

Nathan spits the bloody bullet into his palm.

NATHAN

See how nice that came out. You'll just need a stitch.

Christine fills with tears as she releases her last breath.

Nathan wipes at the blood soaking into her hair.

BANG! Another blustering gunshot scares the crap out of him.

He ducks, releasing Christine onto the ground.

Nathan scrunches his hands into his hair. Silent scream!

Like a bolt from the blue, RAZ, now 21, Nathan's translucent imaginary, jolts around the corner. Like a model on the cover of a GQ magazine his muscles strain against his tee-shirt. Everything Nathan is not.

His reflection missing from each carriage window he passes.

Raz grabs the notebook, yanks Nathan away, leaving Christine behind.

RAZ
Go! Go! Go!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nathan sobs and runs as fast as he can, wiping at his tears, as he struggles to keep up with Raz, who hawks the streets.

Only Nathan's reflection appears and jumps from one shop front window to the next. Out of breath, he whimpers.

NATHAN
It's all my fault. It's my fault
she's dead.

RAZ
I wanted to drink her bath water.

At that moment, Nathan accidentally knocks over an OLD LADY's trolley. Groceries scatter onto the pavement. He stops, lifts up the trolley and begins filling it.

Raz appears behind the Old Lady.

Nathan is in the Old Lady's face, looking past her at Raz.

NATHAN
I know Krayken and I have issues,
but if you didn't freak out and
beat the crap out of him, then I
wouldn't have ended up in jail...

Old Lady jabs at Nathan...

RAZ
Remove all the skeletons, that's
the fuckin' jail, man.

The Old Lady hits Nathan with her purse.

NATHAN

... But, no. You make me lose it
and they haul my ass away!

Nathan gazes up at the Old Lady, who is looking at him as if he's just killed someone.

Nathan smiles kindly, then takes off running.

EXT. DINGY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lagging behind and catching his breath, sweat drips off Nathan's face.

RAZ

You wanted to play superhero and
empty the medicine cabinet. I
could've been there.

NATHAN

Christine insisted to show up,
didn't she?

Nathan lowers his eyes, swallows his guilt.

Raz's face lights up.

RAZ

I knew you had a horn dog in you.

NATHAN

Shut up! I took my meds so you
couldn't be there perverting on us.

Nathan clenches his jaws. Tears well.

NATHAN

Krayken's gonna crack my skull.

RAZ

Gotta be careful whose girlfriend
strokes your tiny cock. And, you
still wonder why you guys don't
jibe anymore.

Browsing the street, Raz scrunches his nose in disgust.

RAZ

Sucking a bullet from her brain?
Come on, dude. That's just freakin'
weird. Can all dwarfs do that?

Nathan examines the bullet he sucked from Christine's head, spots a message engraved in it. Squinting, he reads out loud.

NATHAN

Krayken.

Nathan gives a heavy sigh.

NATHAN

You mother fucker!

RAZ

You really think he did it?

NATHAN

Isn't it obvious? His name's on the damn bullet!

RAZ

You know, Krayken can see me. Christine and I were the same.

NATHAN

Don't worry, I'm not going to ping him your number.

RAZ

If I were you... which I am, except for my superior looks, it would mean I better figure out how Kraygen made Christine real, so you can make me real too.

Nathan's mind drifts as time slows down.

EXT. DINGY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nathan catches a glimpse of a WAITRESS flirting and waving to him from inside the coffee shop.

Hearing stifled, Nathan watches in SLOW-MOTION.

Next to Waitress, Raz slides his hand high up her thigh and rubs her soft, satin panties. Nathan, not impressed.

Raz moves his strong hands to the front of her hips, slipping his fingers between the lace and her inner thigh.

Nathan's eyes widen, catching Raz's gloat.

Nathan catches Waitress' reflection in the window and Raz fondling her! She stares at Nathan. He, at her cleavage.

RAZ

Awww... slipping into that warm
Granny Smith pie, the air leaking
in like melting ice cream between
each thrust.

Waitress points to her eye then at Nathan. Got my eye on you!

A LOUD HORN snaps Nathan back to REAL TIME.

Raz suddenly appears next to Nathan in the middle of the
street, yanks him out of the way of a speeding truck and onto
the sidewalk.

Nathan loses his notebook.

RAZ

You could bring Christine back
again if you really want to.

NATHAN

Heartless. That's what you are.

Raz strolls to retrieve Nathan's notebook.

Raz's eyes beam figurative holes into Waitress' tight butt
cheeks as she turns around.

RAZ

Wish I'd been invited to pie take.

Nathan snatches his notebook from Raz and takes off walking.

NATHAN

That's why I take a pill, you're
such a mood killer.

RAZ

More like the reason you get off. I
put the bad in your bone brother.
I'd have made up for lost vibe, if
the condom were on the other cock.

Nathan studies the bullet for more clues.

RAZ

You did wrap up? Keep us boys safe.

Nathan stops in his tracks.

NATHAN

Shit! Totally forgot about my
finals coming up.

Nathan shoots an inquisitive look at Raz.

NATHAN
Do we know a gunsmith?

INT. BULLETS REFORM - DAY

A tiny store. Guns big and small adorn the walls.

Nathan, slack-jawed at all the weapons, steps to the withered OLD CLERK, 70s, shaking from Parkinson's. Even his spectacles look bulletproof.

Nathan stares at the Old Clerk. Raz leans in behind Nathan.

Old Clerk looks at a poster on his desk with photos of Nathan, Krayken and five others. His eyes rivet between poster and Nathan.

RAZ
This old geezer?

Nathan reaches inside his jacket, retrieves the bullet.

NATHAN
Does anyone else work here?

Old Clerk yanks a revolver at Nathan, pulls back the hammer.

Nathan jerks up his hands - don't shoot!

STORE CLERK
Is this some kind of a joke? Did the Foundation send you?

RAZ
What foundation?

NATHAN
Uhm? Uh...

STORE CLERK
They finally found me.

NATHAN
Look, old man, put down the gun.

STORE CLERK
Tell Simon Keller I reformed.

RAZ
Who the fuck is Simon Keller?

STORE CLERK
Once an assassin, always an
assassin - isn't true.

NATHAN
Assassin?

STORE CLERK
Imagination is everything.

RAZ
Damn straight.

STORE CLERK
It's the preview of life's coming
attractions.

He places the muzzle under his own chin--

STORE CLERK
Damn all of them to hell!

NATHAN
Stop! Don't --

STORE CLERK
-- They will get to you. They will
steal your theorem and abuse it.
They will.

RAZ
Fuck.

NATHAN
Who? The Foundation? Talk to me!

-- BANG! Clerk's lifeless body plummets to the floor as blood
spatters everywhere.

INT./EXT. DERELICT CONDOMINIUM - ATRIUM - DAY

The brick veneer facade of the property is dressed with
massive concrete pillars on either side. Rust crusted, bent
metal fencing looks as if it survived a serious bombing.

The ground floor of the atrium is dust-ridden.

A near pulverized staircase spirals up to the top floor.

RAZ
Are you mentally ill?

Nathan retrieves a helmet and harness from behind a rock and wiggles into it. He pulls at a climbing rope attached to hangers fixed to bolts drilled into the stone.

Drops of Store Clerk's dried blood still stain his face.

RAZ
Let's go home.

Nathan clips in his rope and with notebook in hand, climbs.

RAZ
You can figure out things there.

Nathan, already halfway up the wall, hears the sound of footsteps below, crunching gravel and speeding closer.

Nathan hangs dead still, holding his breath.

Krayken, red-faced, bursts through the atrium, looks up.

Shit. Nathan yells down to him.

NATHAN
Your attentiveness to detail
astounds me!

KRAYKEN
You fuck Christine! You fuck me!

NATHAN
Now, that's a repulsive visual.

KRAYKEN
All I need is our theory.

NATHAN
My theory!

KRAYKEN
She was mine! I made her real!

Krayken charges forward towards the rope.

NATHAN
Yes, with my formula!

Nathan clutches his notebook like his life depends on it.

Krayken grabs the rope, grips it tight.

KRAYKEN
Tell me, dick weed. What can you
do, huh?

To keep me away from your precious family? Make your Raz real? Could ya? Nah, you wouldn't...

NATHAN

No chance!

Using the rope, Krayken whips Nathan into the wall.

Nathan's head bashes against the concrete - out cold.

KRAYKEN

Need to work on your aerial skills, dickhead.

Krayken spits at Nathan, turns and leaves him hanging.

LATER

Nathan opens his eyes. Veins bulge as he hangs upside-down, bloody and bruised.

He struggles to pull himself right, steadies himself with his feet. Hawking below, he makes sure it's safe to descend.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Home is in need of major repairs. Ancient floorboards in a worn staircase lead upstairs.

Nathan, covered in dust and bruises, bursts through the weathered front door, catches his breath.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noticing the basement door ajar, he stops. Hypnotized, like a zombie, he toddles into the--

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The steps CREAK as Nathan makes his way down into the dark.

He stares at the dusty shutters against the peeling window frames. A single light globe, long blown, dangles from the cobweb strewn ceiling. Utter emptiness and desolation.

Nothing but an old, small, sunk-in bed on shattered floorboards, stands in the corner next to smudged out chalk equations on the wall.

Scratched writing into the wall beside it reads, 'Forgive me for I know not what I do.'

Chains run from the bed, ending in rusty metal cuffs. Nathan feels at the scars on his wrists, kneels next to the bed and reaches underneath.

He slides out a wooden box, opens it. Inside, a handwritten letter, fifth grade style. He reads the letter.

NATHAN (V.O.)

(child's voice)

Raz, I don't want to eat the plum drops. Mom says it's for the monsters in my head. You're not a monster. You're my hero. Every thing I want to be. One day, I'll make you real and we'll fit in. You're my perfect bestest friend.

Nathan swallows.

RAZ (O.S.)

Man, that was intense. You held on like shit to a wool blanket.

Nathan jumps with fright, returns the letter to the box, closes it, shoves it back underneath the bed.

Raz sits at the foot of staircase.

RAZ

Let's hope Mike doesn't figure out your prison power-move.

NATHAN

More important, the university will never allow me to complete my thesis on my hypothesis, let alone copyright and publish, if I can't figure a way to conclude it.

RAZ

We never come down here. What's up?

Nathan runs up the stairs.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A massive Thor poster propagandizes the wall, a yellow canary flutters in its cage.

Nathan limps into the bang of big-bang geekness.

NATHAN

Hey, DaVinci. You miss me?

Nathan presses play on the docking station. WHITE NOISE fills the room.

Raz jumps at the stop button, jabs his finger at it, but fails to turn it off. The mirror on the wall reveals Nathan's reflection at the docking station, alone. No Raz!

Nathan sees Raz frowning, grunting, and pressing his thumbs firmly against his eye banks.

RAZ

Maybe Miss Rosewood can put in a good word for you.

NATHAN

Rosewood won't cut it. With all the days I've missed?

RAZ

Yeah, she'll need to turn into Miss Rose-thorn.

Nathan flicks at Thor's hammer crushed into the wall; a switch that dims the room.

He pulls out a drawer from a giant Rubik's cube and drops the notebook inside, retrieving a dead sunflower from the drawer.

NATHAN

I'm such a dick!

Raz notices an opened card and beautiful gift on Nathan's bed. He can't take his eyes off the gift.

Biting his lip, Nathan peeks out of the window, feeling at the drooping flower.

Nathan notices Raz thumbing through a meditation magazine. A pornographic DVD between the pages catches Raz's attention.

Nathan slams the flower on the window sill. Again and again.

Raz points at the magazine.

RAZ

You should do this. Meditate to free your mind. Relax a little.

Nathan keeps the outside under surveillance.

Raz lies down on the bed.

Nathan stares blankly at Raz - *I can't tell you.*

Nathan feels at the scars around his wrists and frowns.

RAZ

Hashtag, reminder. You know I've always been there for you. Since the basement days.

NATHAN

Hashtag, forever.

RAZ

I kinda like being the only one. You know, your fictitious friend.

Nathan grins at Raz.

NATHAN

Yeah, I know. One of you is enough.

RAZ

It's called platonic jealousy.

NATHAN

Hashtag, understatement.

RAZ

Gotcha! I have hope to get out of here yet. Krayken is going to skull you, sharp shooter. You'll need more than a tissue for your issue.

Nathan glances out the window again. Stone faced.

NATHAN

Besties shouldn't share testies.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

BERTHA, now 41, and clearly unnerved by her constant hot flashes, opens the door, holds a covered tray. Facial lines mark a life of hardships.

BERTHA

I was just thrilled you were released on good behavior. And just in time for...

Bertha begins to sing.

BERTHA

... Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Natie...

Raz joyously joins in.

BERTHA AND RAZ
... Happy birthday tooooo... you.

Bertha's left hand is bandaged, reveals a plastic vile filled with blue capsules on the tray, with her right.

RAZ
Expected cake, but hey... hakuna matata.

She lovingly hugs Nathan.

Raz applauds and over zealously waves.

RAZ
Hello, Mom.

Bertha doesn't respond to Raz, but Nathan gives him a shove.

BERTHA
Goodness gracious, if you want a happy day you have to let God's light in, don't you?

She flicks at Thor's hammer. The room lights up. Bertha notices Nathan's bashed up state. Gives a dull cough.

BERTHA
Dear Joseph! What on earth?

Nathan anxiously points at Bertha's injury.

NATHAN
Is that new?

BERTHA
Good Lord, no, but that sure is.

Nathan shrugs.

BERTHA
I'm so proud of you.

Nathan puzzled.

BERTHA
Oh, your dad told me all about it.

Nathan crosses his arms, gives an awkward smirk.

NATHAN
You never visited.

BERTHA

I knew you'd show them a thing or two. Your dad and I raised you on the Lord's Commandments for a reason, you know.

Nathan leers at Bertha - What's going on?

BERTHA

It's out there. I'm telling you. Demons surround this house, Nathan.

Bertha smiles.

BERTHA

Krayken was kind enough to check in on us while you were... you know.

Nathan hugs Bertha.

NATHAN

I'm home now. We'll be safe.

Nathan eyes Raz on the opposite side of the room, twirling his fingers at his head - she's a loon.

BERTHA

And they'll come for you. Trying their hardest to stop you from graduating. But that won't happen, will it Nathan?

NATHAN

Of course not.

Bertha nods feebly.

BERTHA

Anyway, don't in heaven's name, forget your check-up.

RAZ

He won't, Mrs. King.

BERTHA

Remember to take your meds before you go.

NATHAN

Sure.

RAZ

Shit.

Bertha kisses Nathan on the cheek.

BERTHA

Oh, by the way, you're grounded. I collected catch up homework for you. It's on the desk.

She leaves the room, then pops back in, handing Nathan an envelope she pulls from her pocket.

BERTHA

And, Nebraska State University sent you this.

She stares at Nathan up and down, then draws a cross with her finger on his forehead.

BERTHA

DaVinci is still in a cage. What's your excuse for out smelling him? You got your very first bath twenty one years ago today. A shower should suffice.

Bertha leaves.

Nathan rolls off the bed, closes the door behind her and flicks the switch. The room dims.

RAZ

She hates me. I know it.

Grabbing a chalk from his desk, Nathan rushes to the wall. In a panic he scribbles a formula, then scratches it out.

Still in panic mode, he scribbles another equation. Analyzes it, then frustrated, wipes his palm over the scribble.

Nathan sinks onto the bed, slouches forward.

NATHAN

That moment when you think you're on the home stretch but have nothing new to add to your thesis.

He retrieves the bullet he sucked from Christine's head.

RAZ

Hey, you could make me real, I will protect them.

Raz joins him on the side of the superhero themed bed.

RAZ
Come on, you need me.

NATHAN
I'm not so sure anymore.

Nathan opens the letter from Nebraska State University. His face drops.

NATHAN
Everyone fails at something.

RAZ
Yeah, your folks will be ecstatic.

NATHAN
Bertha and Mike were --

RAZ
-- A couple of tweaks and I could be real.

NATHAN
I know my folks were terrible to me, but--

RAZ
-- Yeah, most parents never treat their kids like Bertha and Mike treat you. They're fucking nuts.

NATHAN
But what can ya do?

RAZ
Let me help you.

NATHAN
What about Miss Rose-thorn?

Nathan crunches the letter, tosses it across the room.

RAZ
Keep your friends close and your imaginaries closer.

NATHAN
Wow! Did you just pimp yourself?

RAZ
You promised me back when we were locked in the basement. Remember? Just look at me... I'm your hero.

Raz beams schemingly. Impish.

Nathan studies every angle of the bullet. Conspiring.

Raz fixes his eyes on Nathan.

RAZ

From imaginary to bodyguard. I like it. Hashtag, promoted.

NATHAN

Get back in your cage, tiger.

RAZ

You'll finally be my maker.

Raz stares at Nathan. He doesn't blink.

RAZ

I dreamed about real parents. Real friends. No more pills.

Nathan considers Raz's pitch for a second. Shakes his head.

RAZ

This is what we wanted since we were kids. What you always wanted.

NATHAN

You want to be free. Not someone's glorified super cop. Besides, do you even know how to be real? I'm not sucking a bullet from your third eye. So, drop it.

Nathan shakes the medicine container at Raz.

RAZ

Didn't you hear what Krayken said? If I'm real, I can smash him.

NATHAN

You want to have sex with him?

RAZ

Real funny... nerdo. Come on, I'll be your super cop.

NATHAN

No.

Nathan, suspicious, gives a final glance out the window.

RAZ

Nathan, as your best imaginary friend, I'm giving you a golden ticket opportunity to nail your finals, graduate, and prove your theory. Just, make me real!

Nathan darts a stare at Raz... smirks and moves over to docking station, presses play. WHITE NOISE.

The star-shaped birthmark on the back of his hand grabs his attention. He studies it. Rubs it.

BERTHA (O.S.)

We need to talk.

Bertha sheepishly enters, sits on the bed, pats the space next to her.

BERTHA

The truth has always been the root of your childhood. Your father and I take pride in that.

Her eyes wander into the past, while his roll into his head.

NATHAN

Lucky me.

Nathan stares at Bertha's bandaged hand and the Bible she clutches to her bosom.

BERTHA

I'll never forget that Sunday morning your father and I went in early to pray.

Nathan plops next to her.

BERTHA

Your crying was meant for me. I saw you lying in the pews. The man who held you moments before just left you there.

Nathan rests an arm around her shoulder.

BERTHA

I mean, for heaven's sake, you're not a hand-me-down jersey you conveniently misplace.

Bertha's eyes flicker back and forth. She draws a cross with her finger on Nathan's forehead.

BERTHA

You stopped crying as soon as I held you. It felt so right. It was then I saw him with relief in his eyes. He ran. He just ran.

RAZ (O.S.)

What the fuck, Nathan?

BERTHA

It was obvious he didn't want a dwarf for a son.

Nathan whips his head around, stares aghast into a corner.

Raz waving and smiling.

RAZ

Let's do it. I'm ready.

Bewildered, Nathan's forehead crinkles in confusion. He drops his hand from Bertha's shoulder.

BERTHA

Years later, on your sixth birthday we were on the beach vacationing. I saw a man run from the waves, screaming. The very same man from church. In his arms...

Bertha reaches for his thigh.

Raz butts up nose to nose with Nathan's face.

RAZ

Now, Nathan. Now!

Raz grabs hold of Nathan's arm. Pulls hard.

BERTHA

... The lifeguards pushed everyone aside. You weren't breathing. I thought you were dead. This man, got air back into your lungs...

Tears pour down Bertha's spotty cheeks.

Nathan's breathing becomes strained. He sways back and forth.

RAZ

I'm so sick of being constrained by your pathetic mind.

BERTHA

... The paramedics took over and pushed him away. He wanted to get back to you... real bad. I know it. Oh, dear Lord.

Nathan's a wreck. DUB-LUB. LUB-DUB. His pulse pounds in his temples. His world spins. Sweat drips from his face.

Bertha breaks down crying, fearful of Nathan.

BERTHA

Nathan?

Raz bashes his head into the wall like a maniac.

RAZ

Rosewood pops up in your mind in a wink and you make her real!

Nathan, defensive, braces himself.

NATHAN

That was ten years ago and you know you don't have what it takes to become a professor.

Bertha wraps her arms around herself.

RAZ

It's my turn!

NATHAN

She's perfect.

BERTHA

Who are you talking to?

RAZ

Be my maker. Kill me... or... make... me... real!

NATHAN

I told you I don't remember how!
It's all gone. Okay? Useless!

Shivering, Nathan jumps off the bed, rushes over to the docking station, turns up the volume. WHITE NOISE.

Emotionally numb.

RAZ
 And that bullshit you said, about
 acting on instinct, not theory!
 What the fuck?

Bertha cups her ears with her hands. Gives a dull cough.

BERTHA
 Nathan! Stop! Stop it, now!

Raz fights Nathan's grip around the volume control.

NATHAN
 How could you --

Bertha backs away in quick jerky steps.

BERTHA
 Okay! We didn't find you in church.

NATHAN
 Find?

BERTHA
 -- But he was unconscious, and --

NATHAN
 -- You found me like some fucking
 Easter egg?

BERTHA
 He passed out. I couldn't just
 leave you! You were just a newborn.

NATHAN
 You... had... no... right!

Nathan keeps his back to Bertha. His head hangs heavy as he continues raising the decibels.

RAZ
 Come on Nathan... speak your mind.

BERTHA
 Your real
 father is out there!

Holding her ears, Bertha cries.

RAZ
 I'm sick of being the imagined!
 Prove your theory! Make me real!!

Nathan jams his fingers over Raz's lips, silences him.

NATHAN
Shut your trap.

Raz bites Nathan's fingers.

Nathan flips out. Jumps at Raz. Locks his hands around his neck in a choke hold.

Bug eyed, Bertha watches a possessed Nathan fight a ghost.

BERTHA
Stop it, Nathan. Just stop. This is why I chained you up.

She staggers out.

RAZ
It's true. Your real daddy hated freaks like you.

They crash to the floor. THUD.

RAZ
And, I love knowing Christine has maggots up her rotting ass.

They roll around.

RAZ
Do it, Nathan. I know you want to!

Raz holds his head. The WHITE NOISE gets too much. Suddenly, Raz slips from Nathan's grip, drags him to the--

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raz slams the door behind them, begins bashing Nathan's head against the rim of the toilet.

RAZ
Do it, you freak! It's in there somewhere. Make me real, Nathan!

Foaming at the mouth, Raz forces Nathan's head into the toilet, flushing it continuously, drowning him.

The situation climaxes at the very edge of a blowout of a suicidal rampage.

RAZ
Do you remember now? Huh? Do you?

BZZZZAAPPP! BOOM!

A sudden electric pulse ripples and circuits through the house. A static BUZZ hangs in the air.

RAZ
Stop resisting me!

Nathan splashes for dear life with Raz's powerful hands around his neck.

A booming KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Cuts through the noise.

Raz releases his grip.

Nathan slumps back... pale as a ghost... on the verge of passing out. Toilet water drips down his head, onto the moldy carpet. His legs buckle.

Raz catches him, holds him up. Their eyes lock.

RAZ
Without me, you're just yourself.

NATHAN
I've never lived without you Raz.

Raz shoves him away.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Nathan opens the bathroom door. Gasping for air, he steadies himself against the wall.

Bertha holds a bowl of ice-cream with a wad of chocolate syrup on top.

BERTHA
Please forgive us...

In shock, Bertha falls against the door frame as Raz prances past her, then leaps onto the bed.

Yes. Raz, now REAL and VISIBLE, leaps onto the bed.

BERTHA
Oh dear, good Lord almighty!

Bertha shuts her eyes.

BERTHA
Lord, heal me from my delusion.

She opens her eyes but Raz remains.

Nathan flicks his wet head at Raz. Both, wide-eyed and mute.

Raz springs off the bed, searches Nathan's face for a clue how to respond, smirks, steps toward Bertha.

RAZ

Raz. My name's Raz.

Raz grabs Bertha's hand, shakes it.

Nathan held spellbound.

Bertha drops the bowl of ice cream, cuts a glare at Nathan, then smiles. Her eyes cry out, regret.

BERTHA

You're Raz? Nathan's best friend?

Nathan stands awkward off to the side.

RAZ

How lovely. Nathan surely thinks the world of you.

Bertha deadpan at Raz. Pinches him.

RAZ

Ouch.

BERTHA

How old are you?

NATHAN

He's my age.

Nathan gives Raz a suspicious look, pushes Bertha out. Shuts the door behind her.

Nathan pokes at Raz.

RAZ

How does it feel to graduate?

Raz leaps onto the bed, jumping in boyish celebration.

NATHAN

Razrazrazraz... Raz! We cannot tell anyone yet.

RAZ

Yeah, it's colossal. You did it! Neuro-genius.

NATHAN

Raz! This cat stays in the bag.

Raz spots a packet of strawberry Twizzlers on the bedside table, reaches for it, takes a bite.

RAZ
Holy shit! This is good.

NATHAN
So, you'll safeguard my folks.

RAZ
What? Oh yeah, you can trust me.

Eats in bliss. Ignores Nathan.

NATHAN
And Krayken? This thing with...

Nathan pulls Raz off the bed, then hops up himself to equalize their height.

NATHAN
... Christine. He'll come after you. This is no slow evening with take out. I'm telling you. My bad vibe-alert is off the charts.

Poker faced, they stare at each other, then burst into uproarious laughter, hugging like best friends.

KRAYKEN (O.S.)
Nathan! Pal!

Raz slams his palm over Nathan's mouth.

KRAYKEN (O.S.)
Hey, Nathan!

Nathan pulls Raz's hand away, hops off the bed.

NATHAN
I'll deal with him.

RAZ
Come on...

NATHAN
He doesn't know you're real.

Nathan moves to the window, steps onto the roof.

Raz rushes out the bedroom door.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Below, Krayken and his CRONIES hang out on a little piece of backyard, staring up.

NATHAN

Sorry boys, I'm all out of wax, so you have to take your hairy assholes somewhere else.

KRAYKEN

Look, I just wanna talk.

NATHAN

Your sidekicks control your jaw?

Krayken changes his demeanor to friendly.

KRAYKEN

Last chance Ragnarok. Give. Me. Your. Theory!

Bertha opens one of the bottom windows.

BERTHA

Krayken!?

KRAYKEN

Hi, Mrs King. You're well?

NATHAN

All good, Ma. Go back inside.

BERTHA

For heaven's sake! You boys and your testes. No fighting on my property, you hear?

Bertha backs into the house, closes the window.

KRAYKEN

We mean no harm, Mrs King!

In a flash, Krayken and his Cronies bolt toward the house, start climbing to get to Nathan.

Nathan turns, slips and falls, rolls off the ledge into a nearby tree. Branches cushion his fall. He plunges to the ground - THUD!

Nathan jolts up, escapes into the street.

INT. NEBRASKA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE - NEUROLOGY ROOM - DAY

Disheveled, Nathan paces by a window, looks out onto a stacked parking lot, it's fifteen stories down.

Pictures of the human brain decorate the clinical white walls and a coffee table features a huge, ornate vase.

He glances at the large LED screen on the wall. Daily News scrolls - Christine's death made national news.

Headline reads, "Teenage Jane Doe murdered in train yard - body unidentified."

Poor quality selfies of her hanging around Krayken appear under the headline. Kissing. Laughing. Hugging.

Nathan paces, mumbles to self.

NATHAN

It's fine. You're gonna be fine.
It's gonna be okay.

Nathan clutches his chest, breathing strained. He rubs the scars on his wrists.

SCALISE (O.S.)

How did you get those?

Nathan whips around.

Scalise saunters in, points at Nathan's scarred wrists. A massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on his finger.

Nathan rubs his sweaty palms, reaches out to Scalise.

They shake, staring.

NATHAN

Where's Doctor Lopez?

SCALISE

From now on, I'll be your attending physician. I'm Doctor Harris.

Nathan eyes Scalise - *Do I know you?*

SCALISE

Did you take your meds earlier?

NATHAN

That's why I'm here. Something big happened.

Nathan studies Scalise's every move.

Scalise retrieves Nathan's file from a vertical cabinet in the corner, pages through.

SCALISE
Salt Lake City. What a phenomenon!

Nathan rolls his eyes - *Oh that.*

SCALISE
It's a miracle you survived.

NATHAN
One hundred twenty thousand volts.
More like a curse.

Nathan is silent. His heart races. DUB-LUB. LUB-DUB.

Scalise, pensive, points to the LED screen on the wall. An image of Christine, a bullet hole in her forehead appears.

SCALISE
Did you know her?

Nodding, Nathan holds back tears.

SCALISE
Strange as it seems, her corpse was
stolen from the autopsy room.

Scalise locks on Nathan's stare, grins. He knows better.

SCALISE
A big mystery. Forensics couldn't
find the bullet. Point of entry but
no exit. The bullet completely
missed the high-value real estate.

NATHAN
The brain stem and the thalamus.

SCALISE
Wow...

NATHAN
Yeah, look, I need to talk to Dr
Lopez. It's urgent.

Scalise steps behind a blue rail curtain.

SCALISE (O.S.)
Dr Lopez won't be back. I can help.

NATHAN
I have a theory.

SCALISE (O.S.)
Would love to hear about it.

NATHAN
Just one more non-believer and one
more insult to add to the pile.

SCALISE (O.S.)
Giving up so quickly?

Scalise steps out from behind curtain, rolls up his sleeves,
exposing his burn wounds.

NATHAN
How did you get those?

SCALISE
Shirt off. You know the drill.

Scalise directs Nathan to a metal bed.

Nathan, reluctant, moves to the bed. Shirt remains on.

Scalise slides a scalpel from his sleeve. Hides it behind his
hip.

NATHAN
Maybe it's a good thing she's gone.

Scalise lifts Nathan's shirt with one hand, presses the
stethoscope against his chest, while he readies the scalpel
between his fingers.

SCALISE
That's a terrible thing to say.

NATHAN
Ouch. Jeepers. Ah.

Nathan and Scalise glare at each other.

Scalise lifts Nathan's shirt higher. Large, raw bruises and
deep scratches cover Nathan's torso.

Nathan plucks down his shirt.

NATHAN
Mike didn't like her anyway.

Scalise slides the scalpel out of sight, sighs.

SCALISE
Your father didn't like your
girlfriend?

NATHAN
Not my real father. My real father
is out there somewhere. Never met
the asshole.

You can hear a pin drop.

NATHAN
He got shit faced. Passed out.
Then, I got saved.

Knowing the truth, Scalise sits back and stews.

SCALISE
Sounds improbable.

NATHAN
When I meet him, I'll ask. It's on
my bucket list.

SCALISE
What if I tell you the problems in
your medical file are piddling
compared to the can of worms about
to be opened in your life?

NATHAN
I'd say, let's go fishing.

Nathan spots fresh scratches on Scalise's arms.

Scalise stumbles to the floor like a drunkard.

Nathan hops off the bed, reaches out.

SCALISE
No. I'm fine.

Scalise lies down onto the bed, revealing a 9mm Glock, hidden
in his belt.

An ALARM blasts through the building. Red lights flash.

Scalise rolls to his feet, climbs out the window, latches
onto the drain pipe leading down, turns to Nathan.

SCALISE
You eat steak?

NATHAN
Who the fuck are you?

SCALISE
Brother Sebastian's. Tomorrow
night. Seven P.M.

DR. LOPEZ bursts into the room, spots Scalise.

DR. LOPEZ
Hey! You!

Scalise slides down.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

Raz stares over the yard from the unofficial balcony of Nathan's bedroom window.

Nathan nibbles at a paperclip. Professional climbing gear keeps him secure through the room window.

RAZ
You can abort tissue Nathan, but
you can't abort a soul.

Nathan adjusts his helmet, holds up the bullet, squirms hiding his guilt.

NATHAN
I will figure it out.

RAZ
What is it Mike says? College opens
the floodgates for the left to
rampage your brain.

Raz sits next to him, licks at a nine volt battery. Jerks away when the current gets too tingly.

Nathan rubs his temples.

NATHAN
Just a bunch of mental clutter.
Christine? Simon Keller? The
Foundation?

RAZ
Yeah, and you know what Krayken is
capable of... who knows what else
the crazy fuck will do.

Raz points at Nathan's mouth.

RAZ
Give me the paperclip.

Nathan hesitates, suspicious of Raz.

RAZ
Yeah. Okay... don't wet your
diaper. I'm working on a surprise.

Nathan studies the bullet.

NATHAN
Miss Rosewood will help me find the
person who had this done.

RAZ
Why do I have to beg you for
things? Just give me the fucking
paperclip.

Nathan begrudgingly hands him the paperclip.

Raz straightens the paperclip. Winds it around each of the
battery's terminals, extending out like two opposite points
of a tuning fork. Holds it out.

RAZ
Look, its got horns.

NATHAN
Yeah, it's my best friend, Raz.

RAZ
You would do the same.

NATHAN
I'd never kill a friend.

RAZ
Yeah, but you weren't going to make
me real either, were ya?

Raz stands, unzips his fly and pees over the ledge onto the
ivy growing by his feet.

Suddenly, a beetle escapes from the golden shower.

Raz snatches up the beetle. Jeers at Nathan.

RAZ
Do you know how to deal with an
annoying resistance?

He stabs the two paperclip horns from the battery into the wiggling bug's abdomen.

NATHAN

You're such an ass fuck!! Jeez!

Raz gently places the beetle onto the roof tiles. Battery still connected.

RAZ

Shhh... you get rid of it!

They both fix on the squirming bug. Waiting. POOF! The bug's guts explode, ripping the insect apart.

RAZ

Can I get an 'A' please?

NATHAN

You're insinuating we deep-six Krayken?

RAZ

I don't know... am I?

Nathan glances at his wristwatch.

RAZ

Do you think your parents will love me too, now that I'm real?

Nathan moves back inside.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NATHAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan climbs through the window, sighs, heads for the door.

RAZ (O.S.)

Nathan, do you think they will?

NATHAN

Sure. Of course, they'll love you. You're a hoot.

Nathan spots a photo of himself and Christine. His eyes well.

Raz slides through the window. Strips to his boxers. Vascular enough to measure his pulse from across the room.

Nathan presses against his forehead.

NATHAN

I still can't believe she's gone.

RAZ
Yeah, well, she was never really
here, was she?

Raz hops over the bed to the--

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raz poses. Admires his ripped body in the mirror. Gloats.

RAZ
Want to compare bods?

Raz flexes his biceps, crunches his abdominals. Pulls the skin down over his six pack.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Are you fucking kidding me? There's
no comparison. Asshole.

Nathan parades in, shirtless, flexes what muscles he has, slumps next to Raz. Shoots a bird at Raz in the mirror.

RAZ
What the fuck is that?

NATHAN
What do you mean, what the fuck is
that? It's a bird.

RAZ
A Hummingbird, maybe...

NATHAN
Shut up.

INT. NEBRASKA STATE UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Nathan paces, eyes pin-balling between the marble hallways. He wipes sweat as he reaches the end of the passage.

The ECHOING CLICK of high heels is heard.

MISS ROSEWOOD, 24, a voluptuous professor appears around the corner, dressed like she just stepped in from the future.

He straightens up with a shy smile.

NATHAN
Miss Rosewood! Hello.

Miss Rosewood studies his face. Extracts a couple of body wipes from her purse and wipes near his hairline.

MISS ROSEWOOD

You missed out on a lot of important work, Mr King. The finals are nearing. Are you ready?

Nathan steps closer, whispers.

NATHAN

I sort of got suspended...

Miss Rosewood remains silent, frowns at Nathan. Pulls him to the side.

NATHAN

...Until further notice.

MISS ROSEWOOD

This is your career. Not an Instagram account.

Raz pops around the corner, eyeing her cleavage.

NATHAN

I was wondering... would you look at this for me?

Nathan retrieves the bullet from his pocket, hands it to her.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Why, Mr King? Why should I do that? And why do I get the feeling you didn't come here just to have me look at this. Is something going on with you?

Raz perves over the racy teacher.

NATHAN

I just need to know where it comes from, that's all. I have to know.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Wake up, Mr King. Suspended students don't have access to the forensic laboratories.

Nathan pleads with his eyes.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Keep honing those charms, Mr King.

Miss Rosewood slides the bullet into her bra, inhales deeply and smiles.

MISS ROSEWOOD

But, I owe you. I'll try to convince the Dean to lift your suspension.

NATHAN

And another thing, Miss Rosewood, my latest application got denied.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Don't give up. You shouldn't be denied finishing your experiment. Everybody makes mistakes, right?

Nathan scans the parameters.

NATHAN

Thank you Miss Rosewood, for the heart to heart.

Miss Rosewood winks at Nathan, turns and sways away.

Raz drools after her.

RAZ

No, it's fine. Didn't want to be introduced to the most spicy lay on campus. Nah.

They turn the corner. Nathan bumps into Scalise.

Scalise and Raz's eyes meet, glaring.

Unaware of their acquaintance, Nathan remains silent.

SCALISE

Oh, hello, Nathan.

NATHAN

Hey...

Nathan reaches out to Scalise. They shake.

Raz and Scalise can't take their eyes off one another.

SCALISE

We're still on for tonight?

Scalise sneaks a grin at Raz.

NATHAN
 Brother Sebastian's. Yeah, sure.

An awkward silence hangs over them.

PROFESSOR HARPER (O.S.)
 Mr King? Could we have a word?

Saved by the bell.

PROFESSOR AIDEN HARPER, 56, the chubby Dean and fashion reject of the university, interrupts their conversation from a distance down the hallway.

Nathan spins around toward the Dean.

NATHAN
 On my way, sir!
 (back to Scalise)
 Tonight then.

Scalise nods, as Nathan trots off to join Professor Harper.

Left behind, Raz and Scalise stare at each other ready to strike, like predators eye their prey.

SCALISE
 So, Nathan finally made you real.

RAZ
 Damn right he did. After twenty-one
 ass-fucking years, I deserve to be
 real.

Dead silence.

RAZ
 You broke your promise.

SCALISE
 I got the girl to you, didn't I?

Raz glances at the massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on Scalise's finger.

Scalise, silent with confusion, squints.

SCALISE
 You promised me Nathan and his
 neurological discoveries. The
 people who kidnapped him are a
 bonus.

RAZ
 Back off. And keep your dog, on a
 leash. He's making a mess.

Scalise, glassy-eyed, stares at Raz.

SCALISE
 Krayken? What's wrong? Can't handle
 a ticking bomb?

RAZ
 You cannot bump Nathan off yet.

SCALISE
 What makes you think I want to bump
 him off? As long as he's on that
 list the Foundation won't stop.

RAZ
 Salt Lake hit you real hard, huh.
 It must be real freaky to see
 everyone's imaginaries. Not to
 mention betraying your own son.

Scalise tames the storm within.

SCALISE
 Nathan deserves to be with his real
 father. He'll be safe with me. The
 Foundation wants him dead. I don't.
 Keep your claws off. Help me make
 them think he's dead. I'll cut you
 into the deal.

RAZ
 You sure about that, Doctor Daddy?

SCALISE
 Why do you push so hard? What are
 you hiding?

RAZ
 Back off! And, your slam pig at the
 Bullet Reform... What a waste of
 oxygen!

Raz leaves Scalise flushed with anger and heads down the
 corridor toward Nathan, still talking with the Dean.

Professor Harper's hand digs into Nathan's shoulder while his
 teeth snap close to his face.

PROFESSOR HARPER
 You know Miss Rosewood?

NATHAN

Sir?

PROFESSOR HARPER

She's been suspected of misconduct
with young male students.

NATHAN

She wouldn't--

PROFESSOR HARPER

-- You know you can talk to me.

Nathan's eyes bounce back and forth.

NATHAN

Sir.

PROFESSOR HARPER

Good. Now get your derriere off my
campus before I call security.

INT. BROTHER SEBASTIAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An elaborate indoor fountain adds to a stunning view of the
city skyline. Tasteful antiques frame cozy tables with
pristine table linen and wooden chairs.

Nathan sits, stares intensely at Scalise's massive CRESTED
STERLING SILVER RING. Nathan rubs his chin, thinks.

NATHAN

A friend told me I shouldn't bother
with you.

Scalise corrects the askew cutlery, irons out the table cloth
with his hands.

SCALISE

So, why then, are you?

NATHAN

A mysterious familiarity.

SCALISE

Sorry to disappoint, but I don't
know you.

Raz, from behind the wall, spies on the two and glares, red
in the face. He appears inebriated as he loses his balance.

Scalise smiles. Awkward silence.

Nathan whips out his notebook.

Scalise thumbs through with a rabid hunger. His eyes lift.

NATHAN

There are a hundred billion neurons comprising the brain. I believe everyone has the ability to reach inside their mind, take out what they invision and make it real.

SCALISE

So if I am to understand, are you saying, even uncontrollable minds control the outcome of thoughts?

NATHAN

It should be easy to create something good from nothing.

SCALISE

If regulated by the so called, good thoughts created in one's mind, life would be chaos.

NATHAN

Exactly. Alignment is what brings clarity out of chaos. Chaos is a good thing, not a bad thing. Chaos is diversity. And, diversity means choices.

SCALISE

You sound unusually short footed.

NATHAN

When I'm aligned I can reach inside my mind, take what I need from my thoughts... where all kinds of things are, because I know I'm fucking steady.

SCALISE

Preparing for a world in upheaval?

NATHAN

If you haven't noticed, the real world is always in upheaval.

Scalise grins, shaking his head in amazement.

NATHAN

I discovered a way to align myself, to bring my imagination to life.

Scalise waves the notebook.

SCALISE
And, your proof is in here?

NATHAN
Most of it. I could use some help.

SCALISE
Remarkable. If what you say is true, you're onto something.

NATHAN
But it will take time and money.
Lots of money.

Scalise continues reading.

NATHAN
Will you help me?

SCALISE
No offense, kid, but time is a luxury I don't have.

Nathan leans back, locking his hands behind his head.

NATHAN
Your generosity of spirit seemed larger.

SCALISE
You remind me of my son.

NATHAN
Yeah? I'm rather distinguishable.

SCALISE
He's missing. I lost him. Twice.
First, right after he was born.
Then, at the beach on his sixth birthday.

Nathan sits up. Listens intently.

SCALISE
I turned away... for a moment... he was gone.

NATHAN
Gone?

Nathan crosses his arms over his chest, pinched mouth.

SCALISE

Gone.

Scalise swallows back his tears.

SCALISE

I will find him and those who took
him from me.

NATHAN

Is that why you carry a gun?

SCALISE

Remember the can of worms?

Scalise checks the parameters, whispers.

SCALISE

Seven Spring Street... or everyone
dies.

KRAYKEN (O.S.)

Of all places. Shit man, this is
bat shit crazy.

Scalise hawks the restaurant. He studies every curve of
Krayken's attire.

SCALISE

Do we know you?

Krayken ignores Scalise.

SCALISE

Are you friends?

NATHAN

What do you want?

KRAYKEN

I heard a little birdie peeping
that you were there... when
Christine was killed.

Natha works himself up.

Krayken and Scalise glance at each other.

NATHAN

Your name's on the bullet.

KRAYKEN

Oh, come on!

NATHAN

You didn't do the engraving?

Nathan gets in Krayken's face, revved-up.

KRAYKEN

I didn't even know she was out.

Nathan makes a fist behind his back. Puzzles his eyes at Raz playing with a glass of whiskey at the bar.

NATHAN

Why did you betray me?

KRAYKEN

Well, some people are just dumb.

Krayken zeros in on the notebook. So does Scalise. They both spot Raz at the bar.

KRAYKEN

Shit, man. Wouldn't want to get in the way of your perfect evening with your da --

SCALISE

-- Doctor --

KRAYKEN

-- Doctor. And, make a monkey of you in front of him. Because that would be fatal.

Red in the face, Krayken slams his palm against Nathan's groin. Snickering, he strangles his package.

Nathan moans, eyes pop in pain.

Scalise jumps up.

Krayken whispers in Nathan's ear.

KRAYKEN

I loved her. I had her first. Did I teach her well?

Krayken shoves Nathan, laughs out loud.

KRAYKEN

Did you like that thing Christine did with her thumb?

Scalise freezes.

Nathan catches Scalise's visual eye-line pick up on Raz - *he recognizes him!*

NATHAN
You know Raz?

KRAYKEN
Careful. All pets bite!

Nathan locks on Raz, gazes at Scalise, then back at Raz.

Putting two and two together, Nathan adds things up.

NATHAN
Salt Lake City! The electrical
short. The hospital. Burn scars.
That's how...

Scalise reaches for his gun.

KRAYKEN
... Let me get out of the way.

Nathan glares at Scalise. Krayken slithers away.

KRAYKEN
Watch your back, big bang theory!

NATHAN
What was his name? Your son's.

SCALISE
We should go.

From the side of the room, Krayken draws his gun.

NATHAN
You were there!

Raz eyes Scalise, raises his eyebrows at him from across the room and yells.

RAZ
I told you to back off.

Scalise hosts a sudden authority in his voice.

SCALISE
We should leave. NOW!

Scalise grabs Nathan by the collar, flings him to the ground.
THUD!

A storm of reverberating gunshots erupts -- ornaments blown to shreds -- frantic CUSTOMERS scatter.

Nathan crawls to the exit -- flying bullets ZING past -- counts discharged rounds -- snatches a knife from a table.

Launches himself toward the wall -- collides head on -- rams the knife into the electrical outlet -- ZAP! POP!

Light globes explode -- gunfire stops.

Raz pulls Nathan to safety. Dazed, they get to their feet.

Scalise, overcome by a dizzy-spell, grabs his head -- drops to his knees among the mess.

Nathan jerks from Raz's grip, looks back at Scalise.

Scalise is gone. So is Nathan's notebook!

EXT. DESOLATE TRAIN YARD - TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Nathan, freaking out, runs through the old train carriages until he reaches the locked down freight unit.

Raz staggers in pursuit.

NATHAN

Doctor Harris or whoever that guy is, he was there! Salt Lake City.

No response from Raz.

NATHAN

He recognized you!

Raz takes a fighting stance, mimes karate.

Nathan frowns.

NATHAN

He's got my notes. Shit!

RAZ

See, I knew it. That piece of shit.

Raz steps onto a ladder on the side of the carriage, launches himself into the air.

RAZ

You don't need your notes. You shouldn't rely too heavily on the rational when imagination is both rational and irrational.

NATHAN

Bright fucking spark. Are you a scientist now?

RAZ

That is what works!

Raz aims to leap onto another ladder.

RAZ

The solution is to act on instinct, not neuro-math-crap.

Raz loses his footing, stumbles and plunges headfirst into the body of the carriage. CRACK!

NATHAN

Raz?

Raz lies still, acting dead. Eyes wide open, neck twisted.

NATHAN

Knock it off... it's getting old!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nathan stumbles from tree to tree sweating, alone, labored breathing, vision blurry. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB.

He staggers down the sidewalk past the derelict condominium swathed with a flock of black pigeons until he reaches an intersection. There it is.

SPRING STREET - CONTINUOUS

He gathers the last bit of strength, continues down the road.

NATHAN

Seven - Spring - Street...

Nathan skims the numbers on each house.

INT. 7 SPRING ST - SCALISE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Nathan wiggles through an open window, landing on empty, polished wooden floors with blank walls.

Breathing slowly to compose himself, he creeps toward--

STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Different from the foyer, furniture dresses the dark room. Books fill an enormous wooden wall unit behind a classic relic of a desk with drawers.

Nathan scours through the drawers... Finds a paper with scratched out names on it. His eyes widen as he reads.

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

All names but Nathan and Krayken are crossed out.

Nathan digs further into the drawers. There it is! Bottom drawer. Nathan's notebook.

The light snaps on. Nathan jumps, trips, crawls and hides next to the desk.

Scalise, on a chair in the corner, observes. He rises from the creaking chair. His footsteps become louder as he nears Nathan.

Nathan jumps up -- dogs for the exit -- rams into a motorcycle -- flips over the wheel.

Calm and collected, Scalise squats next to him.

SCALISE

Final rounds. I'll get you a drink.

Nathan jumps at Scalise, shoves the notebook and list of names in his face.

NATHAN

Explain! Explain!

Nathan swings his fist at Scalise -- sees it coming, ducks. Plants a soft hand on Nathan's forehead -- Nathan plummets.

Nathan hits his head against the desk. Lights out.

LATER

Nathan lies on a couch, ice-pack on back of his head. He spots Scalise's massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING.

Scalise hovers over him, sips from a can of Coke, swallows, then burps.

SCALISE

What can you tell me about that illusory friend, Raz?

NATHAN

What can you tell me about that ridiculous large, ring?

SCALISE

A reminder that I'm a good person in an often bad world.

NATHAN

In my world, Raz was everything not wrong with me. It didn't feel that bad to put my self hate into him. But, somehow, during those basement days, I turned my best friend into a demon.

SCALISE

Basement days?

Nathan draws a cross with his finger on his own forehead.

NATHAN

Yep, the best remedy for killing monsters in a child's mind. Keep 'em locked up and drugged.

Scalise glares at Nathan.

SCALISE

So, you made Raz real?

NATHAN

I did. Luckily, I now have a conclusion for my finals tomorrow.

Scalise snaps alert. *Did he see something move outside?*

SCALISE

But, you're suspended.

Scalise moves over to the window, peeks out.

NATHAN

I'll go anyway. I have to take --

CRASH! Glass scatters -- the window in the study shatters.

Scalise staggers back.

Two of Krayken's Cronies spill into the room -- all hell breaks loose.

Nathan dives behind a chair.

SCALISE

The Foundation put contracts out on
the lives of the seven infant
survivors and their imaginaries.

To Nathan, the sequence happens in SLOW MOTION. Almost like he can predict each movement.

Scalise applies exceptional combat skills. He is fast.

Nathan studies how Scalise maneuvers himself around the two assailants waving knives.

A vertigo moment sends Scalise to his knees -- flung onto the desk top, his head hangs back over the side.

One of the Cronies slings a belt around Scalise's neck from underneath the table, pulling - it's suffocating him.

Nathan now sees in REAL TIME.

NATHAN

Salt Lake City survivors?

Nathan stares. Scalise turns red in the face -- veins pop -- spit bubbles from his mouth -- hisses -- teeth clenched.

Scalise's neck about to snap.

SCALISE

It's risky having people
materialize their imaginaries.

Nathan zooms closer -- copies Scalise's tactics -- kicks Crony #1 -- shoves Crony #2 hard against the wall.

NATHAN

It's your fault I'm like this.

Crony #1 comes back -- knife out -- Nathan grabs the man -- steals the blade -- flings him to the ground.

Out of breath, Nathan feels a hand on his shoulder. Without looking, he panics, whips around and rams the knife at Scalise's chest.

Scalise blocks Nathan's attack before the knife penetrates.

SCALISE

I thought Raz would've told you I
was your father by now.

Nathan cocks his head to the side, searches Scalise's eyes.

NATHAN

Why the claim on your head?

SCALISE

I ran off with their forty mil, and
now, the obvious mission failure.

NATHAN

What mission is that?

Scalise's eyes go dead.

Nathan pushes Scalise -- runs -- grab his notebook -- leaps
through the window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nathan staggers from tree to tree, street pole to street
pole. Vision distorted. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB. Clings to his
notes.

Quick as lightning, Krayken appears from a dark corner.

His Cronies step out next to him, anchoring a beaten Raz
upright. A steady trickle of blood runs from his nose into
his open mouth. His shirt partially ripped off and his hair
ruffled around his bruised face.

Nathan races toward Raz.

NATHAN

Raz?

Raz softly grunts.

UGH! Krayken sucker punches Nathan's gut -- pulls him up by
his shoulders -- Nathan wheezes.

KRAYKEN

It's quite an adjustment... being
part of the real world, so sudden.
(mocking)
Am I real? No wait. I'm imaginary.
No, no. Definitely real!

Krayken whirls around toward Raz -- packs a punch into his six pack stomach.

Raz throws a venomous look at Krayken.

RAZ
You better fucking sleep with one
eye open.

Krayken shoves a cell phone at Nathan's face. A video reveals Nathan and Christine grinding their pelvises together. Naked.

KRAYKEN
Compliments of your pet.

Nathan huffs at Raz.

NATHAN
We both know you didn't just do
this to show me pictures of a girl.

Krayken shoves Nathan backwards.

NATHAN
We were like brothers.

KRAYKEN
Yeah, we were.

Krayken smashes his rocklike fist onto Nathan's chin -- Nathan topples back -- lands on the curb.

Krayken bashes at Nathan. His tenacious Cronies join in like a pack of dogs flushing out a fox. Kicking. Barking.

Nathan covers his face with each fresh strike.

Finally, the beating ends. They move away.

Nathan spits blood -- struggles to his feet -- fired up -- closes his eyes -- concentrates.

A brick appears at Krayken's next step. He trips.

Nathan laughs.

Krayken turns, storms toward Nathan.

Nathan steadies his stance -- raises his fists -- closes his eyes -- his stocky arms grow muscles -- tears at his shirt.

The thunderous retort of a motorcycle resonates closer.

Krayken closes in fast.

Nathan side steps -- plants his imagined herculean elbow into Krayken's thorax.

At that moment, a bullet hits Krayken between the eyes -- head snaps back -- connects with the tar -- stays there.

Ready to fight, Krayken's Cronies stare at the GUNMAN in a dark suit, but when they see the blood under Krayken's face, they flee. So does Raz.

NATHAN

Yeah, that's right! Run you insignificant insects!

Arms back to normal, Nathan inspects the Gunman. His eyes widen! No shit! It's Scalise!

Motorcycle roaring, Scalise speeds off.

Nathan is left alone. No Raz. No Cronies. Krayken dead.

Nathan notices something on the back of Krayken's hand, kneels to inspect close up. His eyes fill with tears as he places his palm on the tar next to Krayken's.

Both have star-shaped birthmarks on the back of their hands!

Nathan pulls Krayken's large lifeless body close. Sobs.

INT. BURNT DOWN TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Graffiti stains the flaking walls. Dirty, wet urine taints the corners. The windows, plastered with newspaper, keep the sunlight out and the stench in.

Raz sits in the back, rubbing his bloody nose. He peels the leftover paint off the wall, chomps on Jelly Beans.

Scalise enters in a DARK SUIT, eyes dead as steel, NOT WEARING his massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING.

RAZ

A suit? You never wear a suit.

Scalise glares him down.

RAZ

Let's calm down to a mild panic.
You can trust me.

SCALISE

Nathan really knows how to pick'em.

Raz steps forward, still chewing.

RAZ

Scalise. Or do you prefer Simon Keller? Forty mil is a lot of ching for one nut case.

Raz smirks at Scalise.

RAZ

I want in. Twenty million.

Scalise doesn't move a muscle.

RAZ

You feel okay, chief?

Scalise returns a sly smile.

SCALISE

I checked Nathan's notebook. Something's missing. He's keeping it a surprise until finals.

RAZ

I got Nathan to you practically wrapped up with a neat little bow around his midgety ass. I deserve twenty mil.

Scalise stares at Raz.

SCALISE

No. Bring me Nathan's exam paper. It'll provide what's missing in his theory. He stays unharmed. Get it?

RAZ

It smells like piss in here. It's spoiling the taste of my candy.

Raz slinks closer.

RAZ

Here's a new option for you. The neuro-brat takes a bullet.

Scalise smirks.

SCALISE

Kill Nathan King?

RAZ

Keep saying his name like that, and I'll have to suck your dick.

SCALISE

Maybe you didn't hear me the first time. The Foundation needs him. He remains unscathed.

RAZ

Change is a fucker.

Scalise contemplates, twitching his fingers.

SCALISE

Seems like it all went seamless. Like he had some practice. You know... before.

RAZ

If Nathan had any magic tricks up his sleeve, he would've told me.

SCALISE

And you would've told me, right?

Their eyes meet. Steady.

RAZ

Sure.

SCALISE

Ten mil. Take the cash and go.

Scalise gives a curt nod, heads out.

RAZ

Deal-e-o! Consider it done.

INT. UNIVERSITY - MISS ROSEWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

With both legs dangling off the side of her desk, Nathan stares at the birthmark on his hand. Tears brimming.

Miss Rosewood dabs a swab at the cuts on Nathan's lips.

MISS ROSEWOOD

I had to pull out all the stops to get you back in.

NATHAN

Thanks.

MISS ROSEWOOD

I'm relieved that you came.

NATHAN

I had a nudge.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Here's another jab in the ribs. You should talk to your parents.

NATHAN

I wish I recognized who I was before all of this.

MISS ROSEWOOD

What is Nathan so afraid of, huh?

NATHAN

Do you think I'm crazy?

Nathan jerks away from the pain of her rough, first-aid.

MISS ROSEWOOD

You have to open that valve.

Nathan makes light of it.

NATHAN

Hey Mom and Dad. Because of my over jealous imaginary friend, I spent two months in jail and got ass fucked for something I didn't do. Had dinner with a hit man, who claims to be... my father. Shot at. Got my girlfriend killed, oh, who, by the way was an imaginary, too. And remember Krayken, yeah, he is my twin brother and checked out after he ran into my elbow... and headfirst into a bullet!

Miss Rosewood stops the dabbing, raises her eyebrows at Nathan who fights to hold back tears. She gently cups his chin in her palms, looking closer.

MISS ROSEWOOD

It's okay to disconnect. Just don't drift away too far.

Nathan searches her eyes.

NATHAN

Who made you so perfect?

MISS ROSEWOOD

I'm exactly how you imagined me.

NATHAN

It could prove me crazy...

MISS ROSEWOOD

... But, it could also prove your brilliance. I'm real because you made me real. So what, you're minus a notebook, but you still have your brilliant mind.

Nathan smiles.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Exam is in fifteen minutes. Ready?

Miss Rosewood tosses the cotton swab into the trash, then retrieves the bullet Nathan gave her.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Why'd you remove it from her head?

NATHAN

I thought it could save her.

Nathan's face goes blank.

MISS ROSEWOOD

It'll come to you. Think.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nathan walks down the aisle of tiered seating that leads to a teaching area with a podium and stool.

Seats creak as other STUDENTS shift in their chairs waiting to start the exam.

Nathan finds an open seat, climbs up. *Let's do this.*

He opens the test, picks up a pen.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - NIGHT NATHAN ESCAPED STATE PENITENTIARY

-- Nathan dips his hand into a trash can and pulls out a gun. He looks at his reflection in a broken window, BUT the person looking back at him is RAZ!

-- Nathan holds the gun against Christine's head. The teary reflection in her eyes shows RAZ pulling the trigger.

-- THUMP! Christine falls onto her back. The concrete catches the back of her head with a dull thud. Her dilated pupils tighten. Blood streams from a small hole in her forehead.

Nathan jumps forward and cradles her slumped body.

Her gaze stuck on Nathan as he holds her against his chest. There's a notebook in her hand. No! It's not a notebook - it's a gun. No! Wait! RAZ is holding the gun.

--Nathan looks down from the rooftop, over the edge of a derelict condominium. He pulls at a rope and pulleys Christine's body high in the air, bringing her closer to him. No! Wait! RAZ is pulling the rope.

--Nathan pulls out a drawer from the giant Rubik's cube in his bedroom and drops the notebook into it. No! It's not a notebook - it's a gun! No! Wait! RAZ is dropping the gun.

Nathan snaps back to reality, drops his pen and hyperventilates.

NATHAN

Nononononono...

The other students flick glares at him. Shhhht.

Nathan, settling down, lowers his eyes to the exam answering sheet. In his own handwriting it reads, "Kill Raz. Kill Raz. Kill Raz. Kill Raz. Kill Raz. Kill Raz."

Nathan's eyes tear. He hops off the seat and runs out.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nathan sits on the dilapidated sofa bouncing his knees, breathing in, breathing out. He sighs.

Bertha and Mike frown at him.

Bertha pats her bandaged hand.

Nathan bounces his stare from Bertha to Mike.

BERTHA

It's about that Raz, isn't it? The spirit showed me. Where do you find unholy creatures like that, anyway?

The moment lulls...

BERTHA

It's not easy to parent a cursed criminal, Nathan.

Nathan explodes from the sofa in anger.

NATHAN

It isn't a curse. It never was. It made being different and chained to that bed... easier. So, I made Raz stay. I needed him.

BERTHA

You needed him?

NATHAN

Yes, I needed him, because you always made me feel like I was an embarrassment. You made me believe I was sick. Like there was a wickedness inside of me, you swore to destroy.

HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Raz, holding gifts of flowers and chocolate, eavesdrops. His back presses against the wall.

NATHAN (O.S.)

And yes, Raz was there like a friend in the beginning --

His hand cupped to his ear, Raz breathes heavier and heavier.

NATHAN (O.S.)

-- But, I spawned a parasite. Like poison infecting my mind. I know that now.

Raz, glares, hearing Nathan - *He's pissed.*

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NATHAN

But I swear, for so long I wanted to get rid of him. I let you shove those pills down my throat because I wanted you to be okay with me.

BERTHA

So you see now, I was right.

Mike hums a religious hymn under his breath, almost hypnotic.

BERTHA
Time to face your demons my son.

NATHAN
What?

BERTHA
Today, the old will die. The birth
of a new man will be called forth.

Bertha hands him a torn-open envelope.

He opens the letter. Yale University's letterhead appears at the top of the page.

BERTHA
He can turn rejection around. He'll
fix whatever you pull to pieces.

Mike hands Nathan a newspaper clamped in his prosthesis. Nathan's eyes widen.

He views a photo of Krayken, "Prone on the sidewalk in a puddle of blood."

Nathan stands paralyzed.

BERTHA
Repent. Don't discard your life
because of your stupid imagination.

Bertha pulls a kitchen knife from her apron, hands it to Nathan, who stares at his Parents in bewilderment.

Bertha gently takes hold of the bandage around her hand.

BERTHA
You know what to do.

NATHAN
You're insane!

Mike stops his humming, snaps his devilish eyes open.

BERTHA
It's time to pull out the weed,
root and all.

NATHAN
No!

Mike shakes his prosthesis. CLICK-CLUCK! A short-barrel shotgun slides out, aims at Nathan. He gives a dull cough.

MIKE

Man up. May the filthy be cleansed.

Nathan hangs back, staring down the barrel of Mike's weapon, locked on him.

Bertha angles a cutting board on the coffee table, smiles, nods at Nathan with soft eyes.

Nathan kneels, places his left hand on the board, spreads his remaining four fingers, then positions the sharp edge of the knife over his ring finger.

NATHAN

(whispers)

Please, forgive--

BERTHA

-- Speak up!

Nathan stabs the knife down into the cutting board.

NATHAN

I'm not a weed. I am not filthy. If I embarrass you, then take your holier than thou bullshit and go to fucking hell.

BAM! Mike shoots at Nathan, misses, obliterates the sofa.

BERTHA

Why'd you go and do that, you trigger happy, crazy, son of a loon!

Nathan trembles in shock at Mike.

BERTHA

(to Mike)

You need help.

Scalise, wearing his DARK SUIT and NO massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING, peeks through the window, unnoticed.

Mike grabs Nathan, drags him toward the front door.

BERTHA

We've always understood your curse.

Nathan's gaze clouds, his feet barely touch the ground as Mike forces him out of the house.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mike pushes Nathan down the stairs toward the correctional services van. The shotgun zeroed in on him.

Bertha trails behind.

BERTHA

Raz told us about your excursions.
Said you'd sell him out, and you
did!

MIKE

Also, told us about your outbursts.

Nathan breathes in deeply, laughs with an edge.

Scalise, hidden by a tree, turns his attention to the far end of the road, then back on the van, like a hawk.

MIKE

The mooch was covered in bruises.

BERTHA

We don't beat up our friends.

NATHAN

He's lying!

Bertha smiles and hugs Nathan.

BERTHA

We believed in you.

Mike chirps in, smiling as he opens the passenger door.

MIKE

Proud of you, Son. Prison will be a
healing place for you.

Mike squeezes Nathan's shoulder. Jerks back the shot gun into his prosthesis. CLICK! CLUCK!

INT./EXT. CORRECTIONAL SERVICES VAN - DAY

The diesel engine swallows gas.

One large cross dangles on a chain from the rearview mirror.

Mike steers the van with his prosthesis.

Nathan's eyes browse the vehicle, locks onto the city skyline.irate silence, then...

MIKE

I rooted for you. Still do.

Nathan's eyes snap open at Mike.

NATHAN

That's why you didn't come after me?

MIKE

You don't belong in prison. Didn't see no purpose in alarming everyone over the death of the wrong person. I knew the truth and the truth needs no chase... and no chase needs no funeral.

Nathan, peers out as they near the train yard.

MIKE

Don't know how you did it, but it worked. You know I'll never hurt you, right? And me, blowing a hole in the couch, that was just a bunch of theatrics.

PLINK!

A bullet slices through the windshield -- Pierces Mike's neck -- Swats at the wound -- Blood spurts through his fingers.

Losing control of the vehicle, Mike swerves left -- then right -- brakes... CRASH! BAM!

SHRIMP! A bullet pierces the dash.

Nathan lashes out -- covers Mike's wound with his puny hand.

TAP! Another bullet to the hood.

NATHAN

Keep pressure on it!

Nathan pulls on the door handle. It opens -- gets stuck midway. Pulls repeatedly -- tears its guts from the panel.

NATHAN

Arghhh! Arghhh! Come on!

Nathan freaks. Leans back -- kicks his heels into the door.

BASH! BASH! BASH! The door flies open.

Nathan slides out -- a COMMUTER swooshes away.

Nathan whips around -- clamps both hands under Mike's armpits. Pulling. Groaning. Grunting. Red in the face -- loses his balance.

Mike gurgles blood -- lands on Nathan with a bone breaking crush next to a tree. Nathan gasps for air.

SNIPE! Shatters the tree trunk.

Nathan wrestles Mike to the side -- wiggles free -- steadies him against the thick trunk. Nathan kneels, consoles Mike.

MIKE

Go!

NATHAN

I'm sorry.

Mike grabs Nathan's arm.

MIKE

Take care of your mother.

Nathan locks on Mike.

NATHAN

You know how I like to replicate stuff... she's done and safe... with you.

Mike smiles, losing consciousness. Gasps. Eyes roll back.

MIKE

Clever boy ...

Life escapes Mike's expression as he exhales last bit of air.

SNIPE!

Nathan ducks, noticing the TRAIN YARD behind him.

SCALISE (O.S.)

Nathan! Nathan!

Nathan whips his head in the direction of the sound of his name. Vision blurry. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB. His heart beats fast.

SCALISE (O.S.)

Over here! This way.

Nathan spots Scalise perched on a motorcycle, a red briefcase strapped to the rear seat. He is NOT in a SUIT, and the sun glistens off his massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING.

SCALISE

Run! Now!

Nathan runs -- gasps for air. His short legs struggle to launch him toward safety.

Scalise pulls him onto the bike's back seat.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Raz stares at the hole in the sofa, squeezes a bottle of Hershey's Chocolate Syrup into his mouth.

Bertha arranges flowers in a vase, plunks it down in the center of the coffee table next to an open box of chocolates.

Raz points at the damaged sofa.

RAZ

We all know Natie has been a little unwell. Almost nutty.

Silence hangs...

Suddenly, Raz laughs out loud, breaking the awkwardness.

Bertha hides her discomfort with an insecure giggle.

RAZ

And you? Surely, you didn't mean what you said about me, did you?

Bertha tries not to shake. Swallows.

RAZ

No one remembers everything they say.

BERTHA

Raz ...

RAZ

... That's it! Raz the creature. Tell me Mom, am I a creature?

Bertha rubs her hand back and forth on her apron.

RAZ

I liked you... more than military-Mike.

BERTHA

We like you, too ...

RAZ
Your slipshod parenting style.
Really? Cutting yourself?

BERTHA
It frees us.

Raz pulls out his gun.

BERTHA
Oh, Dear Lord, have mercy!

RAZ
Mercy? Rare commodity.

He aims at Bertha's head -- pulls the trigger -- safety on.

RAZ
Freakin' kidding me?

Bertha swings a knife at Raz's wrist holding the gun. Slice!
Leaves a deep gash.

RAZ
You bitch!

Raz ducks for cover behind the couch -- lifts his weapon at a
charging Bertha -- too late.

They roll around on the ground -- they scratch and claw at
one another.

Wild, Bertha screams -- pounds her fists on Raz.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY - SAME TIME

Cutting through graffiti painted train carriages at high
speed, Nathan holds onto Scalise (NO SUIT, YES RING) for dear
life, whipping his head around to check on the red briefcase.

NATHAN
I hope who's chasing us is color
blind.

PLINK!

A bullet hits the wheel -- sends the bike flying.

Scalise and Nathan pile onto one another between the tracks.

SCALISE
We have to keep moving. I'll get
the briefcase.

Out of nowhere, as Nathan stands, another Crony torpedoes him to the ground.

Scalise, dizzy, shakes his head trying to stand, unable to get his bearings.

Nathan leaps to his feet, onto Crony's back putting him in a head lock.

Crony stumbles back -- slams Nathan into a carriage -- grip releases -- slumps to the ground.

Nathan's hand flashes forward -- fist connects Crony's nose -- drops in an instant.

Crony pulls out a knife -- launches to his feet -- his nose spews blood -- ready to sink the blade into Nathan's chest.

MAINTENANCE STAFF huddle close, curious to watch the fight.

Nathan rakes in a fist full of gravel -- launches it at Crony like a bunch of skyward missiles -- knocks the knife from Crony's hand.

Crony plunges his hand into Nathan's throat.

Nathan fights for air.

A safety helmet smacks Crony's head -- out cold -- staff worker smiles at Nathan -- he's free.

Scalise, revived, swiftly wrenches Staff worker's neck. Snap.

Nathan bends over coughing -- struggles to breathe.

SCALISE

Time to regulate life, Nathan. Give me your theory. Now!!

Nathan darts a glare at Scalise.

NATHAN

You know I can't do that. Never!

Scalise's eyes brim with tears.

SCALISE

My real name is Simon Keller and may my heavenly father forgive me.

Tilting his head, Nathan frowns.

SCALISE

I never should've looked for you in
the first place.

Scalise grabs Nathan around the neck.

Nathan's eyes pop open.

NATHAN

What are you doing?

SCALISE

They're gonna keep coming. They
won't stop. It's my fault you're
like this. They will use your
ability against everyone you love.
I can't protect you against the
Foundation. I'd have done anything
to bring you, my son, home.

Nathan squirms trying to break Scalise's grip.

SCALISE

They will never have you.

Scalise tightens his grip.

NATHAN

Please... Dad!

Scalise closes his eyes, trying to finish off Nathan.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Raz holds a gun in his hand. A strand of blood runs from a
deep scratch down his cheek.

He towers over Bertha, spread out dead on the bloodstained
carpet, a bullet hole in the middle of her forehead.

He tilts his head back, lifts a bottle of chocolate syrup to
his mouth, squeezes and swallows.

He notices the bandage on Bertha's hand is clean. No seeping
blood appears. He unravels the bandage.

RAZ

Bats in a belfry.

His eyes drop in disappointment realizing Bertha has all her
fingers and shows no injury.

Raz sits back, confused.

A dull COUGH comes from another room. He snaps his head around. Another COUGH. He gets up and follows the sound.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Raz kicks open the door leading to the basement. Another dull COUGH comes from the--

MAIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raz slowly squeaks the door open. He fills his mouth with more Chocolate Syrup, smiles in amazement as the brown glucose bleeds through his teeth.

RAZ

Well, well, well... Nathan my boy,
you are one helluva clever clown.

He raises his gun.

The real Bertha and Mike sit on the bed, shaking and clinging onto each other, terrified.

BANG! BANG!

A crimson spray of brain matter sprinkles onto the wallpaper.

RAZ

You definitely should swoosh up
your swag, though.

BLEEP! BLEEP!

Raz opens the message on his cell phone.

Cell phone screen reads, "Target still on the move."

Raz bashes his head against the wall. Over and over.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - SAME TIME

Nathan wrestles Scalise's hand around his windpipe. Lips turning blue. Suffocating is imminent.

The lack of oxygen forces Nathan's vision to blur. Everything around him gets fuzzier by the second. He fights to keep his eyes open and focuses on the surroundings.

The fine blood vessels in the white of his eyes grow larger. Some of them pop, staining the white. Pupils diluting.

Multiple STAFF WORKERS stone Scalise, weakening his grip.

Nathan lands a jab at Scalise's temple -- sends him to the ground face first -- lights out.

Nathan catches his breath -- jumps at the unconscious Crony on the ground -- snatches the knife from his fingers.

Staff Members, in shock, as he snatches the briefcase.

NATHAN

Thanks guys. I owe ya. Have a
blessed day...

Nathan spins around. His face tenses when Raz appears in front of him.

Raz, cool as a cucumber, leers at Nathan. Raz dangles car keys from his fingers.

RAZ

Traveling in real time sucks.

Suddenly, Raz swings at Nathan.

Nathan ducks -- rolls out of the way -- loses the briefcase. Shit! Beelines along the fence toward the street.

Staff Member leaps at Raz -- Raz cups his head with one hand -- circle-turns him around -- slam dunks his skull onto the steel surface of a track -- twitching.

Nathan runs, weaving through the other Staff.

NATHAN

Excuse me! Coming through... Sorry!

Raz appears on the other side, holds the briefcase.

Nathan jumps onto a ladder on the side of a cart, climbs for his life.

Raz prowls closer -- ducks -- side-steps -- follows Nathan to the top.

Like two dogs staring at the bone of contention between them, their eyes lock.

Out of no-where, Staff Members propel anything they can get their hands on at Raz.

Nathan stampedes forward -- slams into Raz. BASH!

Raz ricochets off of Nathan -- fall to the ground.

Nathan looks down over the edge.

Staff Members search for Raz -- shrug at Nathan. *He's gone!*

Nathan, grabs the red briefcase, makes a break for it.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Red briefcase in hand, Nathan stops on the porch seeing the front door ajar. Takes a moment to catch his breath. Then, pushes it open wider, hesitates like a cat on hot bricks, hawk-eyeing the surroundings.

NATHAN

Mom! Dad?

Only the choir of toads in the pond reply.

Finally, Nathan enters.

INT. DERELICT CONDOMINIUM - ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Raz drags an unconscious Scalise past coils of hose, electrical boxes and wires.

Scalise's feet trail through the piled dust. Raz tears the shirt off Scalise's torso.

Black pigeons take flight, feathers fall through the air.

He pierces two heavy duty stainless steel hooks through the skin on Scalise's back, causing the scapula to wing, then hoists him up with a chain.

RAZ

Resistances are annoying.

Raz retrieves two hinge pins from his pocket, coiling wire around the ends.

He flicks a switch. Lights come on.

Raz plunges the pins deep into Scalise's abdomen.

RAZ

Wake-y! Wake-y!

Raz turns a knob.

Scalise struggles awake. Body shaking. Muscles tensing. Teeth clenching. Moaning.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Nathan closes the door. The lock's click echoes through the dead quiet house. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB. His heart rams against his chest. Breathing speeds. Grasping the door handle, Nathan shakes and talks to himself.

NATHAN

You don't need him...

He gives one committed inhale and releases a powerful exhale. Turning around, he sneaks toward--

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan stands rooted, white as a sheet, recognizing the body on the floor. Lifeless. It's Bertha. He rushes over to her, lifts her hands - all ten fingers intact.

Nathan releases a massive sigh of relief.

NATHAN

Ma! Dad! It's okay... you can come out now. It's safe.

He falls onto the nearly destroyed sofa, pleased as a punch, before eagerly watching the entrance. Nothing.

Sitting forward.

NATHAN

I said, it's fine! All's clear.

Eyeing the red suitcase in his hand, he jumps up. Rushes out. Racing through the--

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nathan eyes a Hershey's Chocolate Syrup bottle spilling on the floor outside--

MAIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door stands wide open.

Nathan turns the corner to see his dead Parents. The visual makes Nathan double over, pukes in agony.

CRACKLING sounds come from inside the house.

RAZ (O.S.)
You made me waste my bullets!

Nathan shudders, slides the briefcase under the bed and leaps out the open window.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Nathan eases himself over the edge. Drops onto the ground.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fingering his collar, Raz clenches his jaw.

RAZ
Pretty clever. Now, why didn't I think of that? I guess you won't find the last clue after all.

Silence hangs.

RAZ
Come on, Buddy! You honestly thought things would be better once I was out here? You were my means to an end.

Raz slowly makes his way to--

MAIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bertha and Mike lie dead, alone on the bed. No Nathan.

Raz leans into the door frame. Aloof. Like an arrogant James Dean looking at the floor while shouting.

RAZ
I must admit. You cannot escape from prison if you don't know you're in one.

Raz raises his head and nods his chin toward Bertha and Mike.

RAZ
Bertha. Mike.

Snorts through his nose and spits a slimy ball of irritable gob onto the carpet before leaving.

HALLWAY

RAZ

Nathan!

Police sirens echo through the house. Raz looks for an exit.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Freeze!

Raz jerks to a stop. Eyes wide at a POLICE OFFICER aiming her pistol at him from the front door.

POLICE OFFICER

Get down on your knees and put your hands behind your head!

Raz doesn't move. His eyes veer off, scanning the...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan hides behind the sofa, keeps his head from sticking out above the back rest.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Get down. Now!

RAZ (O.S.)

Mmm, is it just you?

Nathan studies Bertha's corpse lying in the open.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Get on your knees! Or I'll plant a bullet between your sorry ass eyes.

Raz descends to his knees.

RAZ (O.S.)

Darling, anything for you.

Nathan peeks through the hole in the sofa, and like a ton of bricks, his eyes meet with Raz's. Time stops. LUB-DUB.

Police Officer moves in towards Raz. Ready to cuff him.

Raz grabs her wrist -- flips her around using her body as a mount -- wraps his hand over hers -- aims her gun at Nathan.

BAM! BAM!

Nathan leaps forward -- staggers into the open -- ornaments in the living room shatter -- quickly places his lips over the bullet wound in Bertha's head -- sucks.

BAM! BAM!

Police officer wrestles herself free -- Raz pins her in a headlock -- takes control of the gun still in her hand.

Fountains of splinters fill the room, flying as the bullets penetrate their targets.

Nathan pops up like a Jack in the Box -- darts toward the closest window -- dives. CRASH!

Raz thinks quick -- twists around -- holds the gun at a distance -- jabs at the Police Officer's throat -- pries the gun from her hand -- plants his knuckles into her cheek -- kicks at her knees -- pulls the trigger.

BAM!

The police officer flops onto the floor. A growing puddle of blood seeps into the aged carpet beneath her head.

RAZ

Always get back up, Darling.

Raz retrieves a bullet from his back pocket, rolls it between his fingers.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nathan runs as fast as his little body can. Struggles to breathe -- vision distorts -- heart pounds. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB.

He spits the bullet into his hand. It's hard to make out what is ingrained into the lead. *Some sort of address?* It reads, "15 Kings Way."

Scouting the street corners for the names, he keeps checking behind. All clear.

Nathan staggers forward -- runs from tree to tree -- notices a glimpse of a fading light from inside the derelict condominium -- stumbles closer.

EXT. DERELICT CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan faces a broken down dwelling. One of the only things remaining is a rusty brass plate dangling from one screw with the address "15 Kings Way."

The letters ingrained in the bullet match what's written on the rusty brass plate.

Nathan closes his fingers into a fist, breathes in deeply.

INT. DERELICT CONDOMINIUM - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan sneaks inside. A lazy electrical BUZZ echoes through the building. BUZZ grows louder as the frequency intensifies.

SCALISE (O.S.)

Aah! Help! Help!

Scalise's harrowing scream resounds.

Nathan frantically turns -- searches for a safe spot -- eyes tick back and forth -- places his one hand on a piece of steel stud piercing out from the wall. Then, the other hand. A foot secures his grip.

He climbs the desolate wall like a lizard, higher and higher.

Another one of Scalise's agonizing howls rattles the dust from the wall.

Nathan breathes heavily -- glances down. The bottom of the atrium looks like a whirlpool of nothingness.

Almost to the top, Nathan reaches for the next concrete block. Clamping his fingers around it, he pulls himself up.

SHEEK!

His hand pulls the stone from its place -- throws his balance off -- slips -- falls down a couple feet -- grabs -- grapples until finally he gets hold of a sturdy chunk.

He swings in mid-air. Muscles tremble at every reach upward.

ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Scalise dangles from the hooks. Two cords run into his abdomen. Steam rises from the points of entry. His face drips sweat, nauseous from the stench of his own gut cooking.

Nathan spots the massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on Scalise's finger, rushes over.

NATHAN

Dad!

At that moment, DaVinci flies down, pecks at Nathan's eyes.

Nathan trips over electrical wires -- hits the ground -- wails -- finally manages to swat off the yellow canary.

Nathan freezes when he catches sight of Christine's decaying corpse mangled on the concrete. The wires lead over her body to two terminals with clamps around them.

It's a horrific moment that feels like an eternity.

Nathan breaks down, hyperventilating. Dazed, vision doubled he examines his hands, which don't feel right.

Nathan swallows his tears and crawls closer. He removes his jacket and covers Christine's face.

Nathan reaches for the clamps around the two terminals, he fumbles but manages to touch them.

NATHAN

See... nothing.

BZZZZAAPPP!

A short circuit erupts.

Nathan jolts airborne from the electric current -- comes down hard -- smashes his back on the concrete -- sweeps across the floor -- swoons to his feet.

Out of the blue, Raz jumps on him -- slings him against the barricaded wall.

RAZ

Fucked up that you... actually
me... brought her all the way here.
I helped you hide your tracks.

Nathan breathes his way back to earth.

RAZ

Think about it... sucking the
bullet from her head, which by the
way still freaks me the fuck out.

Raz shoves the jacket, revealing Christine's corpse. He pulls her up, feet dangling.

Raz holds her tight, begins to slow-dance with Christine.

RAZ

Dragging a carcass all the way from
some downtown autopsy room. No
evidence. No recourse. Did I even
get a thank you?

NATHAN

Raz!?

Nathan squints. Holds his head, tries to focus.

RAZ

You knew how to make me real. Why did you keep it from me?

Raz glances over to Scalise.

RAZ

Oh, yeah! Real daredevil this one. Bummed out? Let me cheer you up.

Raz grabs Christine's butt in gyrating pelvic thrusts.

Nathan cringes.

NATHAN

Stop! I swear I'll --

RAZ

-- All I wanted was my freedom. To escape. To be real.

NATHAN

That's exactly what you got. I unshackled you, but you left me in the trenches where I now scrounge for my own self worth.

RAZ

Oh, boo, hoo, hoo. Is this your pity party? Cause I didn't get an invite.... Who was there every time you freaked out and shit the bed? Falling for a fucked up engraving on a bullet. I held your callous, wanker hand, figuratively speaking. I left you? You betrayed me.

Raz stares at Nathan with hooded, lifeless eyes.

RAZ

I got the guy responsible for all those horrible murders. Happy now? Boom! I protected your parents.

NATHAN

You killed my parents.

Raz flips Christine around -- wraps his arms around her torso -- her back against his chest.

Nathan gasps, eyes cloud over.

RAZ

They were freakin' crazy, man.
Demons! Amputating things?! I did
you a favor.

NATHAN

A favor? I can't seem to find my
expression of gratitude.

Raz fondles Christine's parts. Kisses her.

Nathan sinks to his knees, spots the anklet he gave her.

NATHAN

Stop. Please, stop.

RAZ

I'm the best version of you. A bad
boy wolf Casanova, who girls go
gaga over. A stud that everybody
loves. I size up. I look good. I
fit in.

Scalise stirs, gathers his strength.

SCALISE

It was the deal. Kill the other
survivors, then--

RAZ

-- Who asked you??? Salt Lake City!

Raz lets go of Christine. She flops to the ground.

Nathan strangles a sob, stares at Christine.

Raz unwraps a Pay-Day chocolate bar. Digs his teeth in as he
saunters towards Scalise.

RAZ

(chewing)

Reunited with his stolen boy.

Turns to Nathan, still on his knees.

RAZ

Your martyr of a mother is a
talented story-seller. I'll give
her that.

SCALISE

I vowed to find the thieves who
stole you from me!

NATHAN

You're a murderer.

Raz leans into Scalise.

RAZ

Not every parent deserves a
child... doesn't matter how fucked
up their chromosomes are.

Raz turns up the voltage.

All the muscles in Scalise's body tighten -- teeth vise. The
increased power causes Scalise's body to bubble. Like he
swallowed an effervescence.

Nathan tackles Raz in a bloodthirsty rage -- down they go --
hit the dirt -- rolling.

Raz moves like lightning -- hits Nathan -- WHACK! Kidney
shot. Nathan grits his teeth -- Grunts.

RAZ

This world doesn't need your
pitiful, sorry self. You can't even
drink from a fucking water
fountain.

Raz holds Nathan down while Scalise cooks up.

Nathan cannot reach the knob.

RAZ

Couldn't keep your mini yoghurt
slinger out of her coochie.

Raz firmly grips Nathan's throat, squeezing.

Nathan struggles to get the words out.

NATHAN

That's why you pushed me. You
didn't want to die with me.

RAZ

You know, for a 'Maker' you're
fucking clever.

Nathan loses strength. Vision going black, he fights for air.

BZZZZAAPPP!

An electric pulse blows out. Flings up the dust.

NATHAN

You got what you wanted. Kill me
and be free.

Raz reaches behind, between his legs. Plucks a knife from his back -- brings it down! Nathan takes it in the chest.

Raz leans in, whispers.

RAZ

I'm not here to fit into your
world, Nathan King. I'm here to
create my own.

Raz pulls out the knife, slices it across Nathan's throat.
Bloody. Demonic.

RAZ

Now that is real freedom.

Nathan drowns in his blood. Lies still, bleeding. Eyes dead.

Scalise goes crazy with terror.

BAM! Sudden darkness fills the place.

The power cuts away from Scalise's torturing. He closes his eyes, gathers himself. Long pause...

Then -- an ear-splitting WHITE NOISE fills the place. Loud enough to wake the dead.

RAZ

Ah! No! Stop... stop!

Raz grabs his head, throws up.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Everyday, when I woke up, I felt
like that little, crazy fuckin'
boy, still chained to my bed. I
hated it. I mean, I had to get the
poison out. Here's what I
believe...

Raz sees all TEN fingers on dead Nathan's hands... then turns to see the bold, REAL version of Nathan step out of the shadows. He walks tall.

The WHITE NOISE fades to a very present humming - enough to keep Raz doubled over, riveted in pain.

NATHAN

I believe there are thoughts deep inside of us, that we never say aloud at all. I hated looking at myself in the mirror. I hated hearing the voices in my head. I hated listening to the tone of my own voice. Everything about me was disgusting. But, you, Raz, you set me free. You've given me a voice. It turns out the thoughts I had in my head weren't my own. They were yours. Whether I liked it or not they defined me. But the second I chose to speak up, and decided fuck it, I'm gonna tear them out - I moved closer to who I was born to be. You see, the moment I pushed you out of my mind, I aligned with the best possible version of self... a version that only wants the best for me. A version that says I fit in. A version that says, I matter. I belong. Just as I am.

Nathan flaunts his dismembered pinky, manipulates his mobile docking station.

NATHAN

I'm glad I set you free, because in turn I did exactly the same for me. But I'm ready now to pick up the sword. Yield it high and scream at the top of my lungs the name of the person I never knew until now, but who I will grow to love the most... Nathan. Nathan. Nathan.

Nathan retrieves a knife from his pants pocket.

NATHAN

You know, for an Imaginary you're exceptionally dense. You should pay more attention to detail. Why do you give me the power to destroy you and trust me not to?

RAZ

You don't have any power. Whether I'm in your mind or out here...

you're still trapped, being a midget, a mishap. You can kill me but you'll always be a curse.

NATHAN

You kept tellin' me to remove all the skeletons, 'cause that's the fuckin' jail. That's exactly what I'm doing... breaking down the bars like you said. The poison's real.

Raz perturbed, then realization.

NATHAN

Thank you, Raz, my friend, my hero, now it's time to reframe this relationship.

RAZ

Please. Nonononono... Nathan, Buddy... Pal!

NATHAN

Now, I vindicate myself.

Nathan jabs the blade into Raz's head. Twists it. Raz drops like a stone.

NATHAN

No noise is louder than that of captives set free.

Scalise groans through his pain.

Nathan steps closer, reaches at the hinge pins in Scalise's stomach. Pauses.

Nathan searches Scalise's dull, drained eyes.

SCALISE

Check my pocket.

Nathan reaches down to Scalise's steaming pants pocket, retrieves an envelope.

SCALISE

Hunting down imaginaries. Stealing money. A suspicious foundation on my tail. Must be good for something.

Nathan tears at the top, slides out a letter. Reads.

NATHAN
It's from Yale.

SCALISE
All paid for. Your neurological
discoveries are safe. You're a
genius, son.

Nathan's eyes tear.

SCALISE
Hey, you got this.

Tears roll down Nathan's cheeks. Clenching at the knife in
his hand, father and son's tearful eyes meet. Long pause...

Nathan raises his hand, shows Scalise the birthmark.

SCALISE
Salt Lake was cruel to all of us.
Your brother always admired you.

Nathan drops the knife, de-rigs Scalise.

Nathan hooks Scalise in a tight embrace. Slides down the wall
and brings his father close onto his lap.

SCALISE
(joking)
Hey, you're a breathing copy
machine. Think me up.

Scalise breathes his last... Nathan kisses his head.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nathan drags himself to the reception desk. Clothes bloody.
He looks up at the POLICE OFFICER behind the desk. Eyes
sunken and shot through with red.

The officer scans the computer screen. Nathan's profile is
all over the wanted page. He double takes at Nathan and
directs other OFFICERS with his arms.

They grab and slam Nathan to the ground, cuffing his hands
behind his back.

INT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - NATHAN'S CELL - DAY

Nathan sits before a desk, covered in handbooks and papers
about neuroscience. The walls overflow with scribbled
scientific formulas.

He writes and reads by candle light - clearly with all TEN FINGERS in tact.

A limping GUARD stops at Nathan's cell, inserts a large key into the slammer, unlocks and screeches the gate open.

GUARD

You have a visitor.

Nathan retrieves a thick handwritten manuscript from under his pillow. Smirks.

VISITOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miss Rosewood, grinning, plucks an envelope from her purse, slides it across the lone table, in a dismal concrete room.

Nathan peels a letter out of the envelope while staring into Miss Rosewood's eyes. Looking down to read, he nods his head.

NATHAN

Finally. Whack, but what a theory.

Miss Rosewood smiles and flicks through a thick manuscript.

MISS ROSEWOOD

So what are you going to do now?

Immaculate in his dark suit, Scalise barges in.

Flanking Miss Rosewood, he grips her shoulder.

Bug-eyed in disbelief, Nathan's entire body stiffens.

Scalise's eyes, like dead steel, seem cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey. He pulls at the lapels of his DARK SUIT.

Miss Rosewood flinches, hides the manuscript under her jersey and holds back her scream. Eyes tick back and forth.

Nathan feels at all TEN of his own fingers.

SCALISE

Where is it, Nathan? You need the Foundation to test your theory.

He lifts a briefcase onto the table.

Nathan swallows excessively and frowns. NO massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on Scalise's finger!

NATHAN

How is this even possible?

SCALISE

What? You think Salt Lake chose whose imagination to zap? You weren't the only one gifted with abilities. It's just that your abilities go beyond all others.

NATHAN

So, you turned out to be a real Hermes, huh.

SCALISE

Stick to what you know. Greek mythology ain't your thing.

NATHAN

Spit it out.

SCALISE

You can right my wrongs.

NATHAN

Ah, the infamous Foundation - the mega corp. Fucking up the world.

Scalise opens a large envelope from the briefcase, dumps photographs onto the table, pulls up a seat.

Nathan flips through them, fakes his calmness.

SCALISE

Your imagination will be the sharpest arrow in our quiver. How exactly --

NATHAN

-- Did I do it?

SCALISE

Duplicated multiple objects...

The images show a dead Nathan with slit throat;

Two Berthas and two Mikes in the positions they were killed;

Another dead Nathan with bloody rocks in a sock next to him.

SCALISE

... No fingerprints. No known blood type. Muscle tissue unidentifiable. No social security records.

And most spectacular, two of the victims look like... you.

Miss Rosewood leans back in her chair, proud.

MISS ROSEWOOD

He's a real whiz kid, you know.

Nathan finds a photo of a decaying Christine. Tears well.

SCALISE

Everything about this case sent us chasing our tails, but it brought us to you.

NATHAN

Hoo-fuckin-ray.

Miss Rosewood swallows a giggle.

Nathan slides out a picture of Raz, bloody and dead.

SCALISE

Now, tell me, why is that, Mr King?

Quick to reach under the table, Scalise retrieves a pistol -- leaps to his feet -- takes aim at Nathan.

SCALISE

If it was Easter, the guards would've left me an egg... but it appears to be Christmas.

Nathan jumps up -- tosses the pictures to the floor -- thrusts his face into Scalise's.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Nathan, wait!

NATHAN

Funny how the Foundation hates thieving assholes whooping it up, but when they rack and ruin your mind like Mel Gibson having a shit-show in a train-yard then you're all for it.

SCALISE

We want your ability.

NATHAN

Want? Schmaunt! Too fucking bad!

Nathan darts a glare at Scalise.

SCALISE

I initiated Salt Lake City. Your birth was a distraction.

NATHAN

The power surge was an accident --

SCALISE

-- Which affected me and infected our armory with human weapons --

NATHAN

-- That you can't seem to control!

SCALISE

Well... you do know what they do with stubborn weapons...

NATHAN

... Sell 'em to Russia?

SCALISE

They eliminate them.

NATHAN

You'd make more money with the Russians.

SCALISE

Imagine a new generation of babies just like you and me, with the ability to materialize their thoughts.

NATHAN

You meant to say, a legion of assassins multiplying themselves.

SCALISE

We'll be invincible, Nathan.

NATHAN

You're fishing for answers in desolate waters... Father.

SCALISE

The Foundation paid me to kill the seven infant survivors and all of their imaginaries.

NATHAN

Yet, here I am. As stubborn and uncontainable as they get.

Fuming, Scalise shoves his pistol in Nathan's face.

SCALISE

This is not a decision you should take lightly. The mind can be a dark, lonely place. Now, where is your manuscript?

Miss Rosewood, aghast -- jumps up -- clutches the manuscript -- struggles to find her footing.

Scalise glares at the document in Miss Rosewood's grip.

Wired and wild-eyed, Nathan glances at Miss Rosewood then back at Scalise. His hand flashes forward -- knuckles connect with the thorax.

NATHAN

(to Miss Rosewood)
Get out! Go! Go!

Nathan slugs Scalise in the mouth -- triggers the alarm-switch -- wrestles himself around -- keeps the pistol at a distance, which drifts toward Miss Rosewood scrambling for the exit -- trigger squeezes.

PFFT. PFFT. A bullet hisses past Miss Rosewood -- ruptures the wooden door -- PLINK! Splinters graze her cheek -- she escapes -- missing a second shot. *Phew!*

Scalise turns the gun on Nathan -- shoots him multiple times in the chest -- bleeds out -- Nathan's dead.

Head splitting emergency sirens RING.

EXT. NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Clutching tight to Nathan's manuscript, Miss Rosewood races toward the only black Camaro in the lot. Blood trickles from the cut on her cheek.

Out of breath, she opens the driver's door, stares at the prison, then jumps into the car.

The engine roars as she screeches outta there!

EXT/INT. MOUNTAIN PASS - BLACK CAMARO - DAY

Miss Rosewood shifts the manual stick into a lower gear. The sound of the V6 engine crescendos as it glides up the road.

The manuscript on the passenger seat next to her.

In the distance, a short, 4'2" PERSON wanders up the hill and plucks a flower from the side of the road.

Miss Rosewood slows down and stops next to the short Person - it's Nathan. She leans over and opens the passenger door.

Nathan reaches for the manuscript, climbs in next to her, slams the door shut, flips his hair back.

MISS ROSEWOOD

Feeling okay?

Nathan breathes in and gives a long, light exhale and thumbs through the manuscript. His pinky missing from his left hand.

NATHAN

Never better! And, no more skeletons.

Nathan hands her the flower. Blots the cut on her face.

NATHAN

Did you know you're bleeding?

MISS ROSEWOOD

Yes, and I also know why your friends drop like flies.

Miss Rosewood eyes the red briefcase on the backseat. A large tag hangs from its handle. It reads: Nathan K.

MISS ROSEWOOD

You're a real whiz kid, you know.

NATHAN

Yeah, I know. I'm just glad you like unique, intellegent younger people!

MISS ROSEWOOD

I like you - Wizard Man. A lot.

Miss Rosewood smiles, pulls a birthday gift-wrapped box from under her seat and hands it to Nathan.

NATHAN

Happy birthday to me!

Nathan switches on the radio. WHITE NOISE.

Miss Rosewood smiles at him, spins the tires and drives off.

FADE TO BLACK