

**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 (CONT'D)  
                  They don't look like twins.

Scalise nods.

                  BERTHA (CONT'D)  
                  What are their names?

                  SCALISE  
                  That's Nathan.

                  BERTHA  
                  He's not normal, is he?

Scalise smiles.

                  BERTHA (CONT'D)  
                  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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Please... stop. Nathan! Nathan!

BERTHA

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

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

The malfunction BUZZ kicks in.

A stomach churning SCREAM descends with the elevator.

Scalise crumples in shock, 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 (CONT'D)

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

Eyes full of tears, Brandon obeys.

Scalise lifts his gun to touch Brandon's head.

Brandon flinches.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

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

Pulls the trigger. BAM! Brandon goes down.

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

SCALISE (CONT'D)

If I don't do this, the Foundation will. And, they won't be so compassionate.

KRAYKEN

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

Scalise readies himself to shoot the next in line.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

What about Raz? Nathan's imaginary. The next best. Kill him, not us.

SCALISE

Have you seen Raz?

KRAYKEN

Nathan will lead us to him.

SCALISE

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

Eyes bulging and frantic, the remaining Young Adults nod.

Scalise and Krayken stare at each other.

KRAYKEN

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

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

**INTERCUT - CELL PHONE VIDEO**

NATHAN, 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.

(MORE)

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Instead you decide to make friends.  
Do you have shit for brains?

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

SCALISE (CONT'D)

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

Krayken's lips and chin tremble, tears flow.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

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

BAM! CLARISSA flops to the ground.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

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

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three more Young Adults flop - dead.

SCALISE (CONT'D)

Stop being 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 (CONT'D)  
Why are you so obsessed with,  
Nathan?

SCALISE  
You don't know?

Krayken shakes his head.

SCALISE (CONT'D)  
Good.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

A messy 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 (CONT'D)  
So this theory thing, it's yours  
and my secret.  
(MORE)

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

No one can know, especially Nathan.  
You'll be in danger, understand?

Christine nods. Fidgety.

CHRISTINE

Nathan is dangerous?

KRAYKEN

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

CHRISTINE

Got it. Don't want death.

Krayken presses the record button on the phone.

KRAYKEN

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

Christine freezes, bites her lip.

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

I see how you stare at that 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 (CONT'D)

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

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

KRAYKEN (CONT'D)

You need to hold me down.

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

The cellphone recording shows only Krayken on his knees, one  
hand in the air - alone. 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.