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TELEVISION STUDIO

Heroes

Written by:

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VOLUME ONE

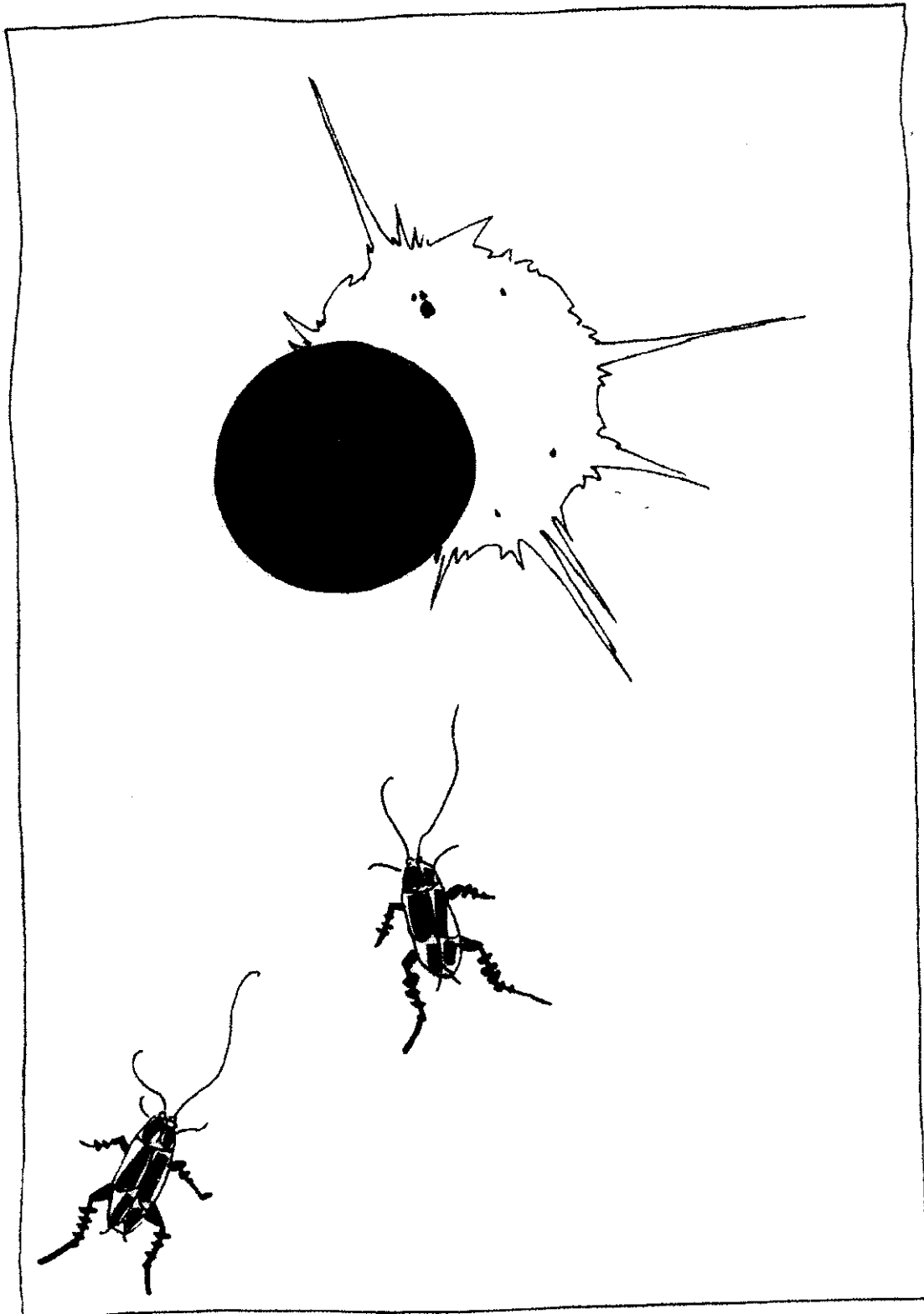
"Genesis"

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CHAPTER ONE



"In His Own Image"

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK: A TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER ONE

"In His Own Image"

A PAIR OF EYES

Intense. Focused. Filled with trepidation. But underneath this fear, a hint of resolve. Whatever these eyes are staring at, it's a seminal moment, one that HAS to be done. The only sound - WIND. Just WIND, SWIRLING all around us.

WIDEN to find these eyes belong to ETHAN CAMBELL (mid-30's), a kind face, a little innocent. He's dressed in a MALE NURSE'S UNIFORM. A CHIRON says, "MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, NEW YORK".

The SOUND of DISTANT CITY TRAFFIC begins to SEEP in. LOUDER now, as we ARM DOWN his body to REVEAL him STANDING ON THE VERY EDGE of a SEVENTY STORY SKYSCRAPER, the toes of his Converse hanging two inches over the ledge. Teetering dizzily.

We're getting VERTIGO just looking at it. Holy shit, this guy is ABOUT TO JUMP. And you know what, he does -- He stretches his arms out in a SWAN DIVE position and LEANS FORWARD and FALLS.

We watch in a SUBJECTIVE SHOT as he LEAVES THE LEDGE and PLUMMETS down the side of the building at 127 MPH. The street below races towards us, faster and faster... until... WHOOSH! He STOPS. In MID-AIR. (Still SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) Hovers for a beat, then just as quickly, BANKS LEFT and TAKES OFF! And now he's actually fucking FLYING.

Thirty floors ABOVE THE STREET and SOARING in the most beautiful and exhilarating (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) FLYING sequence you've ever seen!

SAILING THROUGH THE CANYONS OF MANHATTAN

SWOOPING and DIVING, ROLLING and TUMBLING at a hundred and fifty MPH. ROLLING, BANKING, TUMBLING, he SOARS DOWN to a busy street and comes to a FLOATING STOP, HOVERING fifty feet above the crowded sidewalk, ROCKING SLOWLY, RHYTHMICALLY in MID AIR.

No one seems to notice except ONE LONE MAN, his head craned back staring up at us. (We will soon come to know this man as HARRISON CAMBELL, Ethan's brother.) As he stares up at him curiously --

CABBIE (O.S.)
(Arabic accent)
Your stop, sir.

SMASH CUT TO:

1 INT. TAXI - MORNING 1

Ethan WAKES with a start to find himself in the back seat. He takes a moment to get his bearings, obviously rattled by the odd dream. The Middle Eastern CABBIE stares through the partition at him.

CABBIE
You get out here, yes?

ETHAN
Oh... Yeah. Sorry. I haven't been
sleeping much lately and... Sorry.

He pulls a couple BILLS out of his wallet and hands them to the Cabbie. Climbs out.

2 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 2

Ethan, still reeling from the dream, stands on this busy sidewalk, orienting himself. He looks up at a stately old apartment building, then down at a BUS ROARING past. Someone has plastered a CAMPAIGN POSTER on the side -- The smiling face of HARRISON CAMBELL. (*The guy Ethan just saw in the flying dream*) Underneath it reads, "Harrison Cambell -- State Senate -- For A New Tomorrow".

Ethan stares for a beat, then starts towards the entrance of the apartment building. He STOPS. Looks down at a COCKROACH crossing his path. Fascinated by it, he watches as it CRAWLS to the gutter and into DRAINAGE GRATE, and --

SURESH (V.O.)
Man is a narcissistic species by nature.

CUT TO:

3 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY 3

THAT SAME COCKROACH

Or at least one that LOOKS LIKE IT, crawls out of a crack in the wall and scurries along the floor.

A HAND

reaches INTO FRAME and PICKS IT UP. WIDEN to meet Professor MOHINDER SURESH, (mid-30's), a slightly nerdy East Indian academician, standing in at the front of this LECTURE HALL in an old, faded British colonial building.

A CHIRON tells us this is "THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS, INDIA".

SURESH

But we are not the pinnacle of so-called evolution.

Behind him, he's written his lecture in *HINDI* on the blackboard. (All but one word in English - "TERAFORMA".)

He lets the COCKROACH crawl along the back of his hand as he speaks to a pathetically small group of FIVE STUDENTS scattered among the empty seats in this large classroom.

SURESH (CONT'D)

That honor belongs to the lowly cockroach. A creature who has adapted and evolved for 250 million years. Capable of living for months without food. Remaining alive headless for weeks at a time.

As Suresh speaks, he looks up to see --

THE DEAN

An elderly Brahmin, standing at the back of the class. Suresh is little flustered by his presence. He continues --

SURESH (CONT'D)

Its female need only be impregnated once to lay over a million eggs in her lifetime. Resistant to radiation, it is the only species who will survive a nuclear winter. If God has indeed created himself in his own image, then I submit to you that God is a cockroach.

The class stares at him, unsure what to make of this strange pronouncement. The Dean nods, unamused. He CLAPS his hands LOUD, twice, to get everyone's attention.

DEAN

You are all dismissed. This class has been canceled.

The five students stand, a little confused and shuffle out as the Dean approaches Professor Suresh. (*Their conversation is in HINDI with English subtitles.*)

SURESH

Sir, I know the enrollment is down a little this semester, but --

DEAN

I'm afraid this institution can no longer support your tenure, Dr. Suresh...

SURESH
What are you saying?

DEAN
You are being dismissed from the faculty.

SURESH
What?

DEAN
Your theories are unfounded.

SURESH
(a body blow)
But...this is my life's work!

DEAN
The truth is, no one believes in your work and no one wants to publish your theories.

SURESH
BUT IT'S HAPPENING NOW! The world needs to know!

DEAN
I'm... sorry. Our decision is final.

And off Suresh's stunned look --

4 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SURESH'S APARTMENT - DAY 4

Professor Suresh comes up the staircase of this four story walk-up carrying his briefcase and a net bag full of groceries. He moves to his door, fumbles for his key, then STOPS. Something is wrong. Very wrong. It's the door. It's OPEN a tiny crack.

Suresh goes into FULL PANIC MODE. This is something he has dreaded, but hasn't fully prepared for. "Think, think..." He gathers his courage and GENTLY PUSHES the door open far enough to see inside --

SURESH'S POV --

The place is TORN APART. His gaze MOVES to a HUGE MAP OF THE WORLD taking up an entire wall. The map has dozens of COLORED PUSH PINS placed into different locations around the world. A SHADOW washes over it. Shit, someone's in there!

Suresh pulls back, leans against the wall. Breathes. Forces himself to think. Then, steeling himself, he pushes open the door and slinks into --

5

INT. SURESH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

5

A dark, cluttered two room apartment. Stacks of BOOKS and RESEARCH. The home of an obsessive, single-minded academic.

Suresh slinks to a desk, quietly tries to open a drawer. Shit, it's STUCK. He PULLS hard and the desk shakes as the drawer POPS OPEN. Something falls off the desk and lands at his feet. A pair of HORNED RIMMED GLASSES. He picks them up. Looks at them curiously. These are clearly NOT HIS. O.S. we HEAR someone RANSACKING the adjacent room.

He sets the glasses back down and reaches into the drawer. Pulls out a small CAMERA. Aims it at the map on the wall. SNAPS a photo. The FLASH GOES OFF! Shit. He cringes, as the O.S. RANSACKING suddenly STOPS. They've noticed.

Suresh RUSHES up to the map, reaches up and pulls out a WHITE PUSH PIN that's right over MANHATTAN, turns and SPRINTS out of the apartment.

And one second later, the FIGURE of a MAN, STEPS INTO the FOREGROUND. Stands here, taking in the room, his BACK TO US. Cold, calculating. We DO NOT see the man's face, but he reaches down and picks up the HORN RIMMED GLASSES, slips them on.

Steps up to the map on the wall. Studies it, sensing that something's different. We PUSH RIGHT PAST him and onto a PUSH PIN inserted into the map right over the central part of NEVADA.

As we PUSH IN farther, Nevada MORPHS to the WHITE SAND of a SATELLITE IMAGE over the entire state. We SLAM IN, RACING DOWN as DETAIL begins to emerge -- The city of LAS VEGAS - past the strip and INTO THE SUBURBS - Where we finally come to a STOP over a the rooftop of a small TRACT HOUSE, and --

BLEED TO WHITE:

6

INT. NIKI SANDERS' GARAGE - MORNING

6

FADE IN ON A PAIR OF LACY PANTIES

as they slide slowly, sexily off a woman's shapely REAR END. WIDEN to find NIKI SANDERS, (33), showgirl looks, completely NAKED (strategically posed), holding the panties teasingly in front of her. She COOS and makes a pouty, sexy face. The CHIRON says, "LAS VEGAS, NEVADA".

We PULL FURTHER back to see her posed on a BED with a blue satin bedspread. Shiny gold curtains hang behind the bed. FURTHER BACK now and we realize that we are in a GARAGE. This is a SET. Niki is performing for a WEBCAM on a tripod. A cable stretches from the camera to a COMPUTER on a DESK.

Niki slips on a tiny silk robe and crosses to the computer. Types quickly.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

we see the words, "Time's up". The CURSOR BLINKS as it waits for a response. A beat, then we see the response, "Just a little more. Please. I'm almost there."

Niki's answers this by typing -- "It'll cost you another 39 bucks."

Niki waits for the response. The BLINKING CURSOR, then -- "BITCH!"

NIKI
(under her breath)
Creep.

She turns and heads for the door, but stops. An odd look on her face. A little scared. She whips around, as though expecting someone to be there. She stares across the room at a MIRROR. Her own REFLECTION stares back. Something about it disturbs her.

She backs slowly to the door that leads into --

7 INT. NIKI SANDERS' HOUSE - MORNING

7

A tiny cracker box of a house. Niki makes her way down the narrow hallway, stepping over a baseball glove.

NIKI
Time to wake up, Micah!

She comes to a stop at a bedroom doorway. Looks into --

MICAH'S BEDROOM

The domain of a messy ten year old boy. The bed is unmade, but Micah is nowhere to be seen. (NOTE: We see Niki's REFLECTION in a MIRROR on the back of the door. Her profile.)

Niki stares at the empty bed. Then suddenly a little panicked, as a terrible thought dawns on her --

NIKI (CONT'D)
Micah!

She turns and hurries down the hall. But as she does, her REFLECTION in the mirror takes a SPLIT SECOND LONGER to move than she did. This is barely perceptible and a little weird.

IN LIVING ROOM

Niki stops, looks. Tacky furnishings, no frills. These are people living at the bottom of the American dream.

NIKI (CONT'D)

Micah!

She heads into --

THE KITCHEN

where we see MICAH, (10), of mixed race, half black, sitting at the small table eating a bowl of FRUIT LOOPS, as he examines a SHOE BOX next to him. He looks up innocently.

MICAH

What?

NIKI

(relieved)

Dammit, Micah, don't do that to me.

MICAH

Do what?

NIKI

Nothing. Just... You need to be careful, that's all. I don't want you talking to any strangers, you understand?

Whoa, where's this coming from?

MICAH

I'm just having breakfast.

NIKI

That's not breakfast. That stuff'll rot your brain.

Micah just goes back to work on the SHOE BOX, poking a whole into the lid with a pen.

NIKI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MICAH

Making a pinhole camera... It's for the eclipse.

(off her confused look)

The moon's gonna cover up the sun today. We're supposed to look at it at school.

NIKI

Speaking of which, go get ready. We can't be late. Not today.

MICAH

I'm already dressed and packed my own lunch.

(pointed)

That's what I've been doing this morning. What about you?

NIKI

Hey, don't get smart with me. I've been working to pay our bills!

MICAH

Then why'd they turn off our gas again?

She doesn't have a comeback for that.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Why can't you go back to work at the casino? You made a lot of money there.

NIKI

Because I can't, alright. And you're not the adult here, I am.

MICAH

(under his breath)

Yeah, sure you are.

Before she can respond, the DOORBELL RINGS. Niki stops. A panicked look crosses her face.

NIKI

(ominous)

Grab your stuff and wait by the back door.

MICAH

Why?

NIKI

Just do it!

Niki turns and heads into --

THE LIVING ROOM

where she crosses to the window and pulls back the curtains.

HER POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

Two MEN stand at her front door. One is a little WEASEL of a GUY in a tight LEATHER JACKET. The other is BIG. And I mean big. The weasel is slipping on a pair of leather gloves. Trust me, it's not that cold outside.

Niki shuts the curtain. Eyes wide. The DOORBELL RINGS again. Shit.

AT THE BACK DOOR

Niki, now in a bra and shimmying into a pair of jeans, wrestles a t-shirt over her head as she meets up with Micah. He waits with his backpack. And now he's scared.

MICAH

Mom, what's going on?

NIKI

Nevermind, just keep your voice down and stay close to me.

They head out the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

8 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S SIDE YARD - SECONDS LATER 8

A FENCE, as Niki and Micah drop over it and SCURRY QUICKLY to an old DATSON B210 parked at the curb.

Micah JUMPS into the passenger side. Niki unhooks the WIRE that's holding the driver's side door shut and climbs in. In a billow of EXHAUST SMOKE, the car lurches, then FISHTAILS down the street. We RISE UP as it disappears around the corner and --

SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. NIKI SANDERS' LIVING ROOM - SAME 9

WHAM! The front door SPLINTERS off its hinges! KICKED open. The WEASEL and the BIG GUY step into the room, taking it in. As they move off to search the place --

FADE OUT:

10 INT. BEDROOM - PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY 10

And FADE IN on ETHAN (*our guy with the flying dream*) leaning against the headboard of a big bed, reading aloud from the New York Times stock page. A HEADLINE on the folded page facing us reads: "*Skies Clear for Solar Eclipse*".

On the bed, next to Ethan, an OLD MAN, (83), thin, frail, lies dying, a breathing tube in his nose. Ethan is a hospice nurse, hence the uniform. A warm and gentle soul, selfless, almost a saint.

We're on the 31st floor of the stately old apartment that we saw earlier. A CHIRON says, "UPPER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN".

ETHAN

(reading)

"AmCor sold at 68 and a half. GenCom was down two to fifteen and an eighth." That's sounds like a bargain to me.

OLD MAN

(painful, barely audible)

Money... Shit. The goddamn hippies had it right. In the end it's only love that matters.

ETHAN

I'd like to think so.

OLD MAN

I'm...

(can't find the word)

ETHAN

Thirsty. Here.

He takes a glass of water from the night stand, tips it gently into the Old Man's mouth. He swallows painfully.

OLD MAN

How do you do that... know what I want before I say it?

Ethan just smiles warmly at him.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to be dead soon.

ETHAN

(matter-of-fact)

I know.

OLD MAN

I want to do it right. Make it worth something.

ETHAN

I think it's about letting go.

OLD MAN

I know. But how?

ETHAN

Look out the window there. See how beautiful it is today?

He gestures to a large open window. Lace curtains billow in the sunny breeze. Outside, a MAGNIFICENT MANHATTAN SKYLINE.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

There's freedom out there. Peace. No more pain, no more IV's. When you're ready, just let yourself go there. Let yourself... fly.

OLD MAN

Can you show me?

Ethan looks at him, a little confused.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Can you show me how?

Ethan stares at him, then nods. He stands and turns towards the window. Starts walking slowly towards it, picking up speed. And just as we think he's about to JUMP OUT --

STELLA (V.O.)

How's he doing?

SMASH CUT TO:

11 INT. BEDROOM - PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - SAME

11

Ethan WAKES, still on the bed, the New York Times resting on his chest. The Old Man next to him lies UNCONSCIOUS. Ethan looks up to see STELLA, (28), beautiful, bohemian, in a colorful cotton dress. She's the Old Man's daughter.

STELLA

I'm sorry, did I scare you?

ETHAN

No, it's just... I keep having these weird dreams every time I close my eyes...

(re: the newspaper)

He likes me to read him the stock page.

STELLA

Has he been conscious?

ETHAN

No. Been nine days now. I think he's close. Couple days maybe.

Stella nods, fighting her emotions.

STELLA

I don't know what he'd do without you, Ethan. You've got a real gift.

ETHAN

Just doing my job.

STELLA

No, you're like a son to him.

Ethan smiles, a little embarrassed --

ETHAN

Then that would make us like brother
and sister. Could be a little awkward
if I ever wanted to ask you out.

And now it's Stella who looks at him embarrassed. He was
serious and they both realize it. He's got a crush on her.
And why not? So do we.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, that was really inappropriate.

STELLA

No, you're sweet. It's just... I'm
kinda seeing somebody and--

ETHAN

Yeah, it's okay, really.
(excusing himself)
I've gotta change his IV...

As he walks off, Stella sits next to her father. Ethan walks
towards the WINDOW that he flew out of in his dream. It's
CLOSED, CURTAINS DRAWN. As he stops and stares at it, the
sight of it upsetting him --

12 INT. BOILER ROOM - SING SING PRISON - MORNING

12

We're in REAL TIGHT on the FACE of D.L. HAWKINS, (31). A
white man's nightmare, D.L. is a black man doing life in
prison with nothing to lose and mean as hell. But right
now, he's as peaceful as a baby -- sound ASLEEP on the floor.
The CHIRON says, "SING SING PRISON, NEW YORK".

O.S. we hear DOGS BARKING and FOOTSTEPS approaching. Both
are growing LOUDER. And as they become DEAFENING -- D.L.'s
eyes SNAP open.

HIS POV - (SIDEWAYS, GROUND ANGLE)

Four ROTTWEILERS tug at their leashes pulling a posse of
PRISON GUARDS, loaded for bear with SHOTGUNS and RIFLES.
D.L. sits up quickly and scoots back on his hands to a wall.

PRISON GUARD

FREEZE! HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!

The dogs are taut on their leashes, inches away from ripping
him apart, TEETH FLARING, DROOL FLYING. He's SCARED SHITLESS.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

How did you get out of your cell?!

D.L. just looks around, thoroughly confused.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

How the fuck did you get out of your goddamn cell?!

D.L.

I don't... I don't know.

And he's dead serious. He really has no idea.

13 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

13

CLOSE ON THE SMILING FACE OF HARRISON CAMBELL

WIDEN to find this image is one of several CAMPAIGN POSTERS plastered on the window of a storefront campaign headquarters.

Ethan heads towards the entrance, but stops as a WAVE OF PEOPLE head out, making their way towards two BLACK EXPEDITIONS parked at the curb.

HARRISON CAMBELL, (34), Ethan's fraternal twin brother, dressed in an Armani suit, turns and sees Ethan. Where Ethan is a lost dreamer, Harrison is a golden boy. A star. A look of trepidation crosses his face and he hurries over to see Ethan.

HARRISON

I've got two speeches and a fund raiser.
I'm late...

ETHAN

It happened two more times. And you were in both of them.

HARRISON

I can't do this, Ethan. Not now.

ETHAN

They're not just dreams, Harrison. They're too real. What if they're telling me something?

HARRISON

What are you talking about? Telling you what?

ETHAN

What if they're telling me I can fly?

There. He said it. Harrison looks at him like he's nuts.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(suddenly desperate)

When I got out of bed this morning, my foot hovered before it hit the floor for a split second. Like I was floating. It's so real I'm afraid to go to sleep.

Harrison grabs him and pulls him against the wall.

HARRISON

You need to snap the fuck out of this, you understand?! Go see a doctor, get some drugs. Just don't go pulling a Roger Clinton on me. I've got ten days left and I'm two points down.

ETHAN

I know, I know. I'm sorry. It's just... I have a feeling you're the only one who understands this.

HARRISON

(pissed)

Why?! Why the hell would I understand that you think you can fly?!

ETHAN

Because you're my twin brother! We shared a womb--

Harrison's cell phone RINGS, interrupting. He answers.

HARRISON

(to phone)

Mom. I can't talk... What? Where? I'll be there in ten minutes.

He hangs up.

ETHAN

What is it? What happened?

HARRISON

(stunned)

Mom just got arrested.

ETHAN

Arrested for what?

HARRISON

Shoplifting.

Off the two of them, what the hell? --

14

INT. LOFT - DAY

14

A BUCKET of PAINT is tossed onto a PAINTING, destroying what is a brilliant PHOTO-REALIST image of a PLANE CRASHING into a BRIDGE.

PULL BACK to meet ISAAC BOROLO, (28), a wiry, handsome, but strung-out junkie. Black jeans, a "Being John Malkovitch" t-shirt, barefoot, with a five-day growth on his face.

We're not sure what's going on with him, but he's frantic about something and having a REALLY BAD DAY.

We're in a huge ARTIST'S LOFT with tin foil covering the large windows. Only tiny CRACKS of SUNLIGHT seep through. The CHIRON reads, "LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN". Isaac pulls another painting from a stack against the wall. Another photo-realist image - this one of a BUILDING BURNING.

Isaac grabs the bucket of paint and rears back to toss it--

STELLA (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?!

He stops and turns to see STELLA (the old dying man's daughter) standing in the doorway, sunlight silhouetting her, one hand leaning on the doorjamb.

He fills the bucket up with more paint. She approaches. Pissed, confused --

STELLA (CONT'D)

Are you high?

ISAAC

No. Yes. I don't know.

He tosses paint on ANOTHER PAINTING. This one has the image of a TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

STELLA

Would you stop! What are you, crazy?!

ISAAC

Clearly.

STELLA

You're chasing, aren't you?

He looks at her. Whatever that means, he's verified it with his silence. She moves to the destroyed paintings. Looks at them like they're dead kittens.

STELLA (CONT'D)

When did you do these?

He doesn't answer.

STELLA (CONT'D)

These are fantastic. There's enough here for a show. I can call Arni, he can get you gallery space...

ISAAC

No! I can't.

STELLA

Why not?!

ISAAC

Because I don't even remember doing them. I can only paint when I'm high.

STELLA

It doesn't matter. We'll get you back into a program. It'll work this time.

ISAAC

They're evil.

STELLA

What are you talking about?

He angrily crosses the paintings. Lifts one from the stack. It's big, five feet wide. A photo-realism image of THREE RACE HORSES crossing a finish line.

ISAAC

This horse? Name is Applejax. This is him winning the Santa Anita Derby in the sixth race. I painted it three weeks ago.

Stella stares at it, confused.

STELLA

Yeah? So?

Isaac strides over to a table. Picks up a NEWSPAPER. Flips through it. Shoves a page right into her face. Stella stares, confused. And now WE SEE the page. It's a PHOTOGRAPH in the Sports Section. It's the IDENTICAL IMAGE.

ISAAC

That's this morning's paper. The race was yesterday. Fucking yesterday!

Stella just blinks, trying to process what he's getting at.

STELLA

But that's...

ISAAC

Impossible? Apparently not.

STELLA

You telling me you can paint the future?

Isaac doesn't answer. Just fills the bucket again.

STELLA (CONT'D)

It's just a coincidence. You were high.
For all you know you could've painted
it this morning.

Isaac angrily pulls out another PAINTING from the stack.

ISAAC

No. This one I painted this morning!

He spins it around for us to see. The image is of Stella
STANDING IN THE DOORWAY wearing the same flowery dress. The
EXACT IMAGE we first saw of her -- Sunlight silhouetting her
from behind, one hand leaning on the doorjamb above her head.

She stares at it, now a little freaked.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Something's. Wrong. With me.

STELLA

(desperate)
We'll get you help, Isaac.

ISAAC

I've tried that. Twice. There's only
one way left.

STELLA

You can't do that. Not alone. I can
help you. I love you. Please.

ISAAC

NO! I'll drag you down with me, I swear
to God I will. Just leave me alone.
(off her stare)
Get out of here! NOW!

Stella holds his gaze. What she gets for falling in love
with a junkie. She nods and slowly backs away, turns and
walks out. Isaac watches her. Then stares at the paintings.
A moment of decision. He's got a plan and he's sticking to
it. He crosses quickly to a desk.

YANKS open a drawer and pulls out a ROLLED UP t-shirt.
Unrolls it onto the desk.

Inside is FIX KIT - a SYRINGE, a SPOON, a BURNER, a BAG OF HEROIN. Another drawer YANKS open and he reaches in, pulls out a pair of HANDCUFFS. Strides to the middle of the room. Lays the fix kit down on the floor, opens it.

He walks back to the wall, sits, crosses his legs. Takes ONE END of the handcuffs and SNAPS them onto his WRIST. Takes THE OTHER END and SNAPS it onto the RADIATOR.

He stares at the heroin, ten feet away. So close, but now impossible to get to. Off his steely determination --

15 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

15

We're looking at a SHAKY HOME VIDEO IMAGE of CLAIRE BENNET, (17), standing on the edge of a TWO HUNDRED FOOT CLIFF at a rock quarry, staring over the precipice. Claire has "girl-next-door" looks, and to complete the cliché, she's dressed in a CHEERLEADING OUTFIT. A CHIRON prints out across the screen -- "ODESSA, TEXAS".

Claire's life up until now has been as ordinary as any kid in rural America. But right now it's anything but ordinary. Because at this moment, her arms outstretch and she leans forward and... steps off the ledge. Like she's flying. Except she's NOT flying. She's FALLING. And fast! We watch this horrible incident like a bad "shock video" TV moment. Until SPLAT! She hits the ground FULL FORCE. It's fucking awful.

The CAMERA runs up to her, like assassination footage. We hear the LABORED BREATHING of whoever is shooting this video footage. The CAMERA stops and aims down at her BROKEN, TWISTED body. BLOOD on the rocks.

A long beat, then Claire begins to STIR. Slowly. She POPS her dislocated leg BACK INTO ITS SOCKET. Her joints SQUISH and SNAP into place. Then she pries her bloody face off the rock and looks right INTO CAMERA --

CLAIRE

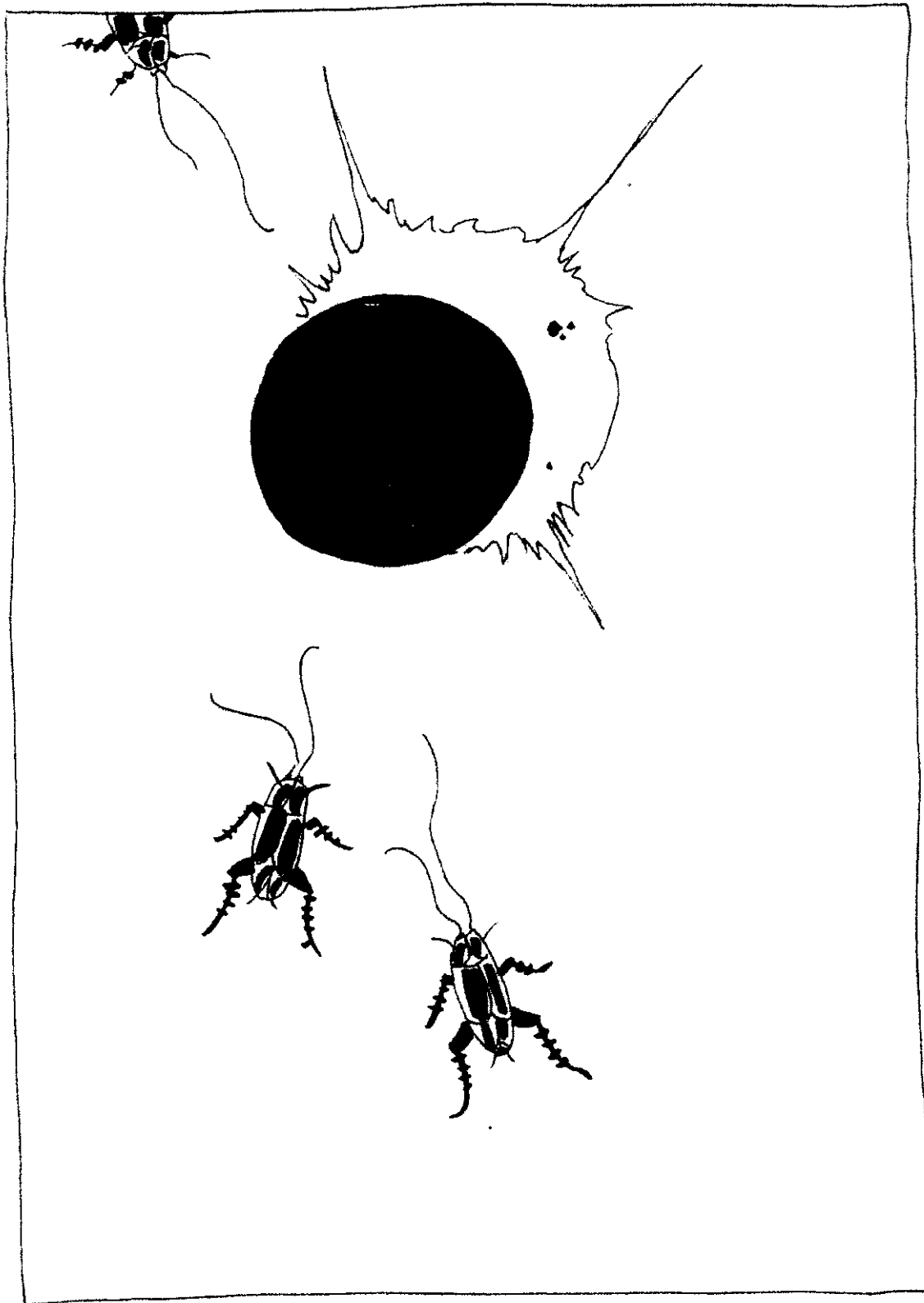
This is Claire Bennet... and that was attempt number six.

And off her placid expression --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

CHAPTER TWO



"I'm Being Followed by a Moon Shadow"

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK: A TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER TWO

"I'm Being Followed By a Moonshadow"

FADE IN:

16 INT. YAMAGATO INDUSTRIES - 23RD FLOOR - DAY

16

CLOSE ON A CLOCK FACE

that reads 1:47. The SWEEP HAND TICKS off the seconds rhythmically. Tick, tick, tick...

ADJUST to see HIRO TANAKA, (24), staring at the clock intensely. He's two feet away from it, his stare practically boring a hole into it. His face is actually shaking, he's concentrating so hard on it.

WIDEN to find Hiro at his cluttered desk in a tiny OFFICE CUBICLE, the walls covered with JAPANESE ANIME CHARACTERS pinned to every surface. The CHIRON says, "TOKYO, JAPAN".

Hiro is slight and nondescript in his short white sleeve shirt and black tie. A worker bee in sea of worker bees. However, Hiro has a hint of the nonconformist in him. A little "spike" to his hairstyle. His tie a little too thin. A small "punk" bracelet tucking out of his sleeve.

We HOLD on him, as his fervent stare intensifies on the clock - eyes bulging, forehead sweating. And then... miraculously --

THE SWEEP HAND

STOPS! QUIVERS and CLICKS ONE SECOND BACK - before resuming its normal forward rhythm.

Hiro THRUSTS both fists into the air.

HIRO

BONSAI!

He leaps out of his chair and lunges out of the cubicle. We TRACK WITH him as he SPRINTS down the long aisle, past what seems like a hundred other cubicles in this bee hive of workers.

IN ANOTHER CUBICLE

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

A live VIDEO IMAGE of Niki (our webcam stripper) slipping into her tiny robe. She's on the SET in her garage.

(This is the VERY SAME scene we saw earlier).

Niki walks past the camera, leaving just the image of the empty bed. Under which, we see the words, "Time's up" type out across the COMPUTER SCREEN.

WIDEN to meet ANDO MASAHASHI, (28), a little more conservative looking than Hiro, and frankly a bit of a killjoy. Where Hiro's cubicle was a cluttered mess, Ando's is exemplary in its neatness.

Ando types his response to Niki. "Just a little more. Please. I'm almost there." The CURSOR BLINKS, then Niki's response, "It'll cost you another 39 bucks...."

Ando stares at the BLINKING CURSOR, then types "BITCH!"

Just then, Hiro SLIDES around a corner and into the cubicle. Ando quickly hits a button on the keyboard - A SCREEN SAVER for "Star Wars - Revenge Of The Sith" takes over the screen.

Hiro catches his breath for a beat, before -- (*Their conversation is in Japanese - subtitled to English.*)

HIRO (CONT'D)

I did it! I did it!

ANDO

(impatient)

What now?

HIRO

I've broken the space/time continuum!

ANDO

(thoroughly uninterested)

Good for you.

HIRO

My clock. I made it go back one second, using only my mind, my thoughts.

ANDO

Too bad you're not paid by the hour. You'd be onto something.

HIRO

I'm serious. This explains the subway this morning.

ANDO

It was fourteen seconds late. Big deal.

HIRO

(for the 10th time)

That train is never late.

ANDO

(humoring him)

Until you made it late... using only your mind.

HIRO

Yes. I have discovered powers beyond any mere mortal.

ANDO

Right. You and Spock.

HIRO

(finally, you get it)

Yes. Like Spock. Exactly.

Suddenly, Hiro is grabbed by the scruff of his shirt. It's his BOSS, who starts YELLING at him as he drags him away. We're not sure what he's yelling, but we can guess it has something to do with getting his ass back to work.

Ando pokes his head out of his cubicle and watches with a smile as Hiro is dragged humiliatingly away --

ANDO

(yelling after)

Use your 'death grip', Spock! The 'death grip'!

Off Ando, laughing at his friend --

17 INT. WAITING ROOM - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY 17

A PAIR OF TENNIS SHOED FEET swing nonchalantly. WIDEN to find Micah by himself in this sterile waiting room, bored. He looks up to see his mom, Niki, THROUGH THE GLASS WALL of the Principal's office.

18 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME 18

Niki sits across the desk from PRINCIPAL KEARNS, a tweedy ex-hippie. Beard, corduroy jacket. Niki is pretty agitated, and this conversation isn't helping matters.

KEARNS

I'd like to tell you it's only his test scores, but it's pervasive.

NIKI

He's just a little behind though, right?

And she barely contains her desperation. Kearns just holds her gaze, not giving in. She lowers her voice --

NIKI (CONT'D)

Look, I'm a single mom and I work nights a lot, but... he can work harder at it... we both can.

KEARNS

It's not just hard work, there are basic developmental issues at play here. I'm afraid he's just not a good fit here.

NIKI

(stunned)

But... He's made friends. He's on the soccer team.

KEARNS

People pay a lot of money to send their children to this school...

NIKI

Yeah, well so do I!

KEARNS

They expect an academic standard that we simply cannot fall below. We don't have the resources to deal with your son's special--

NIKI

I wrote a check for twenty five thousand dollars to get him into this snobfest! I was told that's what it took! Not to mention the fourteen grand a year for tuition!

In the b.g., Micah has noticed things heating up in here.

KEARNS

And your donation was very appreciated.

NIKI

Well I want it back.

Kearns just looks at her.

NIKI (CONT'D)

I want it back now. Preferably in cash.

KEARNS

That donation went into the capital campaign for the new wing. It's already been spent.

NIKI

Then un-spend it!

KEARNS

I'm sorry. We can certainly discuss a partial refund of this year's tuition.

Niki reaches across the desk and GRABS him by the collar, HOISTS him out of his seat.

NIKI

Fuck you, I want my money back!

KEARNS

That's... not possible.

Niki, seething, shoves him back into his chair --

SMASH CUT TO:

19 INT. WAITING ROOM - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

19

Kearn's office door FLIES open and Niki strides out. Kearns stands in the b.g. Niki grabs Micah by the hand.

NIKI

Come on, let's get outta here.

(looking back at Kearns)

You're too good for this lousy school.

She pulls Micah towards the door, but passes a MIRROR along the way. She catches her REFLECTION in it. Stops. Looks at herself. Something about it pisses her off.

She strides up to the mirror, stares. Then rears her hand back. And just as she's about to strike her palm into the glass - her REFLECTION SLIDES UP and OUT of the frame.

WHAM! She SHATTERS the empty mirror with her palm. Then follows the trajectory of WHERE THE REFLECTION WENT. She stares up at the corner of the ceiling at something we CANNOT see. A long and strange beat, as everyone stares at her.

MICAH

(concerned)

Mom?

NIKI

(at something unseen)

LEAVE ME ALONE!

Niki shields Micah behind her and backs away, opening the office door and rushing off with her son in tow. Off Kearns, what the hell was that all about --?

20

EXT. OUTSIDE A 7-ELEVEN - DAY

20

We're in a West Texas suburban wasteland. We TILT DOWN off the 7-ELEVEN SIGN to find Claire, still in her cheerleading outfit, sitting on the curb next to ZOE, (16), a kind of artsy looking gawky kid holding a VIDEO CAMERA at her side while drinking a slurpee.

Claire has her chin on her knees, staring out at nothing. She's completely cleaned up from her fall, looks normal.

CLAIRE

I am so depressed.

ZOE

Why?

Claire turns and gives her one of those teenager looks.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Besides the fact that it was so gross I almost fudged myself, this is the single coolest thing to happen in this town in like a hundred years.

CLAIRE

Not if nobody finds out, it isn't.

ZOE

Then why'd you want me to tape it?

CLAIRE

I have my reasons.

ZOE

I still can't believe you asked me. You stopped talking to me in sixth grade.

CLAIRE

Safer this way.

ZOE

Why, cuz I'm not popular and no one would believe me even if I did tell, which I won't?

CLAIRE

Something like that.

ZOE

I mean, it's not like you're not going be popular anymore.

CLAIRE

(snaps)

Popular?! Who's talking about popular?!
My life as I know it, is over, okay?!
I've got the Bishop game next week, the
SAT's in October, homecoming's three
weeks from today, and I am a freak show!

ZOE

You're being a little dramatic, don't
you think?

CLAIRE

No! I don't think. Look at me. I
busted like every bone in my body,
stabbed myself in the chest, shoved a
two foot steel rod through my neck and
there's not a scratch on me.

ZOE

Then what do you call that?

Zoe points down to Claire's leg. Claire looks down to see a
bloody, horrific COMPOUND FRACTURE POKING through her SHIN.
It's almost too gross and bloody to look at.

CLAIRE

(only slightly annoyed)

Great...

Claire reaches down and POPS the bone back into her flesh.
It makes a SICKENING SOUND as it SNAPS into place. She looks
back up at Zoe --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Just give me the tape, okay?

She holds out her hand, impatiently snaps her fingers. Zoe
relents. Opens the camera, pulls out the tiny digital
CASSETTE and hands it to her.

Claire stands and starts to walk off, limping slightly. Zoe
watches her.

ZOE

You don't want a ride?

CLAIRE

No. I'm just gonna walk.

Then Claire stops. Turns and looks back at Zoe. Softens --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thanks, okay? I'll talk to you in front
of people at school tomorrow. I promise.

Zoe nods. Behind them, a FIRE TRUCK roars past, SIREN blaring. Claire looks at it, watching it round the corner. And as she walks off in its direction, her limp lessening with each stride --

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

21

ALICE CAMBELL, (76), sits with her purse in her lap at a tiny interrogation table. Don't let her sweet appearance fool you, this is a formidable woman, in this incongruous setting. A UNIFORM COP lets Ethan and Harrison into the room then leaves. Alice looks up at them, shrugs sheepishly.

HARRISON

Mom, for God sakes...

ETHAN

Are you okay?

ALICE

They dropped the charges. I have to fill out a form. It's no big deal.

HARRISON

No big deal?! Do you have any idea what this'll do to me if it gets out?! And what could you possibly need so badly that you had to steal it?!

(then, disgusted)

Nevermind! I don't even wanna know.

ALICE

Socks.

HARRISON

What?! Jesus! Dad left you a fortune. What were you thinking?! Are you sick? Delusional?

ETHAN

(snaps)

Leave her alone! She's okay, that's all that matters.

HARRISON

Oh sure, our mom is a criminal, but thank God she's fine. Next thing we know she'll be telling us she's a crack whore.

(starts pacing)

I've gotta keep this outa the press.

ETHAN

You know what? Get outa here! Just go worry about your image! I'll handle this.

HARRISON

I'm gonna call the D.A.'s office, make
sure this thing is buried.

And Harrison strides out of the room, leaving Ethan and Alice
to look at one another.

ETHAN

(sweetly)
What were you thinking, mom?

ALICE

I just wanted to feel alive again.

Off Ethan, nodding, he understands --

22 INT. HOLDING ROOM - SING SING PRISON - DAY

22

CLOSE ON A TATTOO

of a **COCKROACH**. We **TILT OFF** it to find this tattoo on D.L.
Hawkins' **RIGHT ARM**. He's sitting in the only chair in this
cement room. Stares straight ahead. The **WARDEN**, an intense
WOMAN in a **SUIT** paces in front of him, looking at a file.
Two **GUARDS** stand nearby.

WARDEN

You're doing two consecutive life terms,
Mr. Hawkins. Might as well be dog years.
And since you're going to be here a
while, it would be wise for us to build
a little trust.

D.L. says nothing. Just stares straight ahead.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

In 2002 we installed a pneumatic lock-
down system. State of the art, four
fail safe backups. Your cell was locked
up tighter than a cat's butt last night.
So I'm gonna ask you one more time --
How did you get out?

D.L. just looks at her. She crosses and stands right in
front of him, leans in close to his face.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

D.L.

(calmly)
I told you, I just woke up there.

The Warden sighs. Thinks a bit.

WARDEN
(to Guards)
Transfer him to Unit 9.

As the guards move towards D.L., another GUARD steps into the room and approaches the Warden -- WHISPERS in her ear. She looks up at D.L. as he's being led out the door.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Mr. Hawkins.

D.L. turns.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Seems you have a phone call. Which for some reason I feel inclined to let you take.
(then)
Don't mistake this for a charitable gesture. I just happen to believe in the importance of family.

And she walks away. Off D.L.'s confused eyes --

23

EXT. PORCH - TEXAS TINA'S HOUSE - DAY

23

A FINGER RINGS a DOORBELL and we WIDEN to find Niki standing with Micah at the front door of a small tract house.

MICAH
I hate it here. She doesn't even have a TV...

NIKI
I'll be right back. I'm just gonna pack up some stuff and we'll leave tonight, go visit your dad--

MICAH
Is someone trying to hurt us?

Niki looks at him. Kneels to his eye level.

NIKI
I made some mistakes, I admit it.

MICAH
Like what?

NIKI
Nevermind. But you have to understand, I'd never let anything happen to you, I promise.

MICAH
Why'd you break that mirror, mom?

A beat, as Niki tries to think of how to answer. Before she can, the door opens, revealing TEXAS TINA, a tough former show girl, a half dozen years older than Niki. She sizes them up. Knows exactly why they're here.

TEXAS TINA

How long?

NIKI

Couple hours, tops?

TEXAS TINA

(beat, to Micah)

There's some ice-cream in the frige.

Micah looks up at Niki for her approval. She nods and he rushes into the house, leaving Texas Tina and Niki staring at each other.

TEXAS TINA (CONT'D)

What happened?

NIKI

I needed money. I went to see Linderman.

TEXAS TINA

(shakes her head, disgusted)

How much?

NIKI

Thirty.

TEXAS TINA

You gambling again?

NIKI

No. Just... bills and... Used the rest to get Micah into a private school. They wanted to hold him back another year at public school and... I just needed them to think we had the money.

TEXAS TINA

From a loan shark? Shit Niki, you weren't born yesterday.

NIKI

I'm two weeks overdue. I thought I could handle it... but... I'm under a lot of stress.

TEXAS TINA

Gee, I wonder why.

NIKI

I'm starting to lose it a little.

(MORE)

NIKI (CONT'D)
(lowers her voice)
I'm seeing things.

TEXAS TINA
(suspicious)
Like?

Niki looks around, not sure how to say this. Then --

NIKI
I keep feeling like someone's watching me.

TEXAS TINA
No shit, Sherlock. The dude wants his money back. He's sent some mouth breather to put you in the hospital.

NIKI
It's not just them. It's someone else. Someone I can't see. Does that make any sense?

Tina just looks at her, confused.

TEXAS TINA
No, not much.

NIKI
I'm sorry, I shouldn't be telling you--

TEXAS TINA
But let me tell you what does makes sense. You have to come up with the thirty grand, plus interest, now. Or you gotta run. That's what makes sense.

Off Niki's frightened stare, knowing what she has to do --

24 EXT. BROWNSTONE STREET - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

24

Ethan and his mom, Alice, stroll down the shady sidewalk.

ETHAN
He only cares about himself.

ALICE
Your father was the same way. Alpha dogs, both of them. You, in the meantime, for all your selflessness, sitting with dying people... You gonna retire on what you make?

ETHAN
Maybe I'll start shoplifting my socks.

ALICE

Don't get smart. When you put everyone else first, you end up last. You always put Harrison first and he took advantage.

ETHAN

He's my brother. I love him.

ALICE

Love is overrated.

ETHAN

And he loves me too. I know it. We've always been so close.

ALICE

Rose colored glasses.

ETHAN

That's cruel.

ALICE

It's the truth.

ETHAN

We had our own language 'til we were five.

ALICE

Four. He stopped before you did.

ETHAN

It's biological. I can't help it. I've always had this intense connection with him.

(stops, looks at her)

I've never told you this... But when Harrison had the accident... I knew it.

ALICE

We all got the same call.

ETHAN

No. I mean I knew it before the call. Three hundred miles away, I woke up and I knew he'd been hurt.

Alice just looks at him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I know it's not right to be so connected to him. I'm meant for something special of my own. But when?

She stops and looks at him. There's something cold in her eyes.

ALICE

I'm your mother, and I love you. But the truth is, I gave up hope for you a long time ago.

He just stares, crushed by these terrible words. She kisses him on the cheek and starts up the stairs of the brownstone. Ethan leans back against the railing of the steps. Closes his eyes. We PUSH IN on him and WHOOSH --

25 EXT. CANYONS OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

25

We're suddenly in another (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) FLYING DREAM. SOARING, SWOOPING, DIVING. Conner Oberst's (Bright Eyes) "Road to Joy" rises ONTO THE SOUNDTRACK, as we TUMBLE, TWIST and ROLL. We BANK and start to RISE above the skyscrapers, higher and higher until we reach --

THE SUN

HOT and FIERY in a cloudless sky, slowly beginning to DARKEN on one edge. We realize we're watching the beginnings of a SOLAR ECLIPSE. And as the MUSIC continues --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

26 EXT. ROOFTOP - YAMAGATO INDUSTRIES - DAY

26

FROM HIGH ABOVE

we're looking DOWN fifty OFFICE WORKERS doing CALISTHENICS in regimented unison. SIDE BENDS, DEEP KNEE BENDS, etc. It looks like a precision drill team. All but ONE LONE FIGURE, whom we PICK OUT among the masses. It's HIRO. He's just standing there in the middle of the pack, staring up at the ECLIPSE. As the moon's SHADOW creeps over the rooftop --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

27 INT. LOFT - DAY

27

FROM HIGH ANGLE

looking down at Isaac, our junkie artist, lying on the floor, SHAKING violently. He looks awful, in full-blown WITHDRAWALS. A STREAK of LIGHT cuts across his face, seeping in through a crack in the tin-foil covered windows.

That light suddenly DARKENS, and in a moment of lucidity, Isaac looks up and focuses on the SUN as it's being obscured by the MOON. We DRIFT OFF of him, and --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

28 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 28

We're LOOKING DOWN at ETHAN hailing a taxi on a crowded corner. A TAXI slows to stop, as the sunlight around him begins to DARKEN. He climbs into the back of the taxi.

CLOSE ON THE TAXI'S REAR SIDE WINDOW

as Ethan stares out of it, looking up at the sun we --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

29 EXT. BURNING BUILDING - ODESSA, TEXAS - DAY 29

We TILT DOWN from the sky to a two story APARTMENT HOUSE on FIRE. (*This is the same image that we saw a painting of in Isaac's loft.*) FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE, NEWS VAN, dozens of ON-LOOKERS behind a barricade across the street.

We PAN their faces until we find CLAIRE, standing among them, still in her cheerleading outfit. While everyone's eyes are glued to the burning building, Claire's gaze is skyward, squinting to look at the ECLIPSE. And as we RISE ABOVE her, the SHADOW of the MOON washes over the entire scene and we --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

30 INT. CELL BLOCK - SING SING PRISON - DAY 30

Two Guards lead D.L. down the long cell block, past cells with hardened looking CONVICTS. The LIGHT streaming through the high windows suddenly DARKENS. D.L. seems to be the only one who notices. And when he does, it stops him in his tracks. It's as though it means something to him. And off his intense stare --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

31 INT. NIKI SANDERS' LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

Niki carefully enters through the SPLINTERED FRONT DOOR. On edge, she COCKS HER HEAD to hear if anyone is in here. Every step cautious, like walking on broken glass.

She STOPS in the room, looking around. It's been RANSACKED. Her gaze falls on the SHOE BOX (Micah's pinhole camera) on an end table, SUNLIGHT streaming down on it from the window. She crosses, picks it up. Lifts the lid, peeks inside --

CLOSE ON THE INSIDE OF THE BOX

Through the pinhole -- An image of the NEARLY COMPLETE ECLIPSE illuminates the bottom of the box. As CONNER OBERST'S "Road To Joy" FADES OUT, Niki pulls her eye away from the box and sets it down. Then HEARS a NOISE.

She SPINS around and sees the BIG GUY who busted down her door earlier. He's in the kitchen, his back to her. He clearly doesn't know she's here.

She freezes. Shit. What should she do? She slowly starts to back towards the front door, when -- she's GRABBED from behind! She turns to see the Weasel looking guy.

WEASEL

Welcome home.

And off Niki's fearful eyes --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

CHAPTER THREE



"Dreamtime"

ACT THREE

OVER BLACK: A TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER THREE*"Dreamtime"*

FADE IN:

32 EXT. BURNING BUILDING - DAY

32

It's been ONLY SECONDS since we last saw Claire. She lowers her gaze from the eclipse to the FIRE TRUCKS in the distance. We notice a few PEOPLE, inconsolable, SOBBING, as some "loved one" is clearly trapped in this building.

Claire turns to look at a small cluster of FIREMEN and COPS conferring nearby. Another COP rushes up to them. We can barely make out their conversation.

COP #1

...Four year old in a wheelchair. Lives in the middle apartment, second floor.

They all glance up at the building.

FIREMAN #1

The staircase is gone, fire's taken out eighty percent of the top floor.

They all stare, paralyzed by their impedance.

Claire turns back, looks at the building. Then without much thought, she climbs over the barricade and starts across the street. We MOVE with her as she walks towards the building. In the chaos, no one notices, until --

FIREMAN #1 (CONT'D)

HEY! What do you think you're doing?!

But it's too late, Claire is almost to the entrance of the building. A NEWS CREW rushes forward, capturing her image just as she disappears INTO THE FLAMES. The Cops and Firemen come rushing up, but there's nothing they can do but watch.

We MOVE IN on the building and HOLD for a long beat. And just when we're not sure where we go from here --

CLAIRE

emerges from the FLAMES, carrying an UNCONSCIOUS FOUR YEAR OLD BOY in her arms, her expression still blank. Two Firemen run up to her. She hands over the boy, as the NEWS CREW rushes up to her, pointing their camera in her face. As we MOVE 360 degrees around her, we --

33 INT. PHONE BANK - SING SING PRISON - DAY

33

AN OLD INSTITUTIONAL PHONE HANDSET

is lifted off its wall-mounted receiver. We FOLLOW it UP to a TIGHT CU of D.L. He's sitting in a Plexiglas booth, in a long row of other Plexiglas booths, each containing a PRISONER on the phone.

D.L.

Hello?

We HEAR only HIS SIDE of the call as speaks softly--

D.L. (CONT'D)

Yeah...

(hard to say)

I miss you too.

(listens)

When? Are you sure?... Did you see what they looked like?...

As he listens, he lowers his head in defeated fatigue.

D.L. (CONT'D)

I can't... help you right now. You know that. So you need to listen to me. You gotta be the man for now. A man's got responsibilities. To his family. That's your job now.

(more to himself)

That's your job.

He looks up as the Guard TAPS on the glass, "wrap it up".

D.L. (CONT'D)

I gotta go. You and your mama are gonna be okay. Tell her I promise her something...

(lowers his voice to a whisper)

I'm gonna find a way outa here.

And he slowly hangs up the phone. Blinks hard to clear the tears from his eyes and we --

CUT TO:

34 INT. TEXAS TINA'S KITCHEN - DAY

34

Micah, standing at the counter, slowly hangs up the phone. There are tears in his eyes as well.

TEXAS TINA (O.S.)

Who were you talking to?

Micah turns, startled to see Texas Tina standing in the doorway. He hesitates, then --

MICAH

No one.

Off Texas Tina, not buying it --

35 EXT. CITY STREET - TOKYO - NIGHT

35

Hiro and Ando stroll down the sidewalk. Hiro is all amped up. Ando the somber skeptic. (*Again, their conversation is in Japanese.*)

HIRO

The Yogis in India have been doing this for thousands of years. The Aborigines in Australia bend time and space when they enter the dreamtime.

ANDO

Fine, I'll humor you. Let's say you really do have this power... What do you do with it? Join the circus? I mean, no one ever got laid by stopping the second hand of a clock.

HIRO

That's just the beginning. As I develop my powers, I'll learn to bend space, too. Then I can tele-port myself anywhere on the planet.

ANDO

Like Star Trek.

HIRO

Yeah, like Star Trek. In every hero myth, the hero must learn his purpose. When he does, he will be tested and called to greatness.

Ando stops in front of a karioki bar, considers this.

ANDO

I think I'm going to have to be drunk to finish this conversation.

(heads towards bar)

"Beam us up, Scotty".

And he laughs as Hiro follows him into the bar --

36 EXT. BACK OF A PARAMEDICS TRUCK - DAY

36

It's been four and half minutes since Claire walked out of the fire. She sits on the tailgate, wrapped in a blanket.

A PARAMEDIC applies a SALVE to her face. That glazed look in her eyes is still there. The FIRE CHIEF steps up to her.

FIRE CHIEF

You wanna tell me how you pulled that off?

Claire shrugs.

FIRE CHIEF (CONT'D)

How'd you get to the second floor?
There was no staircase anymore.

CLAIRE

(deadpan, numb)

I don't know.

FIRE CHIEF

How'd you know where he was?
(off her blank look)
It's over eight hundred degrees in there.
How the hell did you do that?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I don't know...

And off her numb expression --

CUT TO:

37 INT. LOFT - DAY

37

A DOORKNOB

twists open. TILT UP to reveal Stella. She steps into the dark loft. Feels for the light switch. Finds it, flips it on. NOTHING. No Electricity.

STELLA

Isaac!

No answer. She walks cautiously into the room. Comes around a corner and STOPS, as she sees something.

It's Isaac. Lying on the floor, HANDCUFFED TO THE RADIATOR. He's shaking, convulsing in the THROES OF WITHDRAWAL. She stares at him, pissed and horrified all at once. He looks up at her.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I should leave you here to die.

ISAAC

(weakly)

Finally, something that makes sense.

STELLA

But I've got too many people dropping
dead on me already.

She bends down to him.

ISAAC

Get away from me.

STELLA

I'm taking you to the hospital.

ISAAC

I said, leave me alone!

STELLA

Where's the key?

ISAAC

I don't have it.

STELLA

Where's the goddamn key?!

Isaac just turns away. Stella, pissed, crosses to the kitchen, YANKS open the cupboard under the sink. Pulls out a TOOLBOX. Carries it back and DROPS it on the floor.

She opens it and digs around. Finds a HAMMER. Starts POUNDING the shit out of the chain of the handcuffs.

ISAAC

It's better this way. You'll forget
about me after a while.

Stella BANGS for a few seconds, then STOPS. It's FUTILE. She reaches into the toolbox and pulls out a SAW. She starts trying to cut the chain with it, but it's a fucking WOOD SAW. She DROPS IT ON THE FLOOR in frustration. Starts digging through the toolbox for something else.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I never loved you, Stella. I wanted
your money. I wanted the sex. That's
all it was. Thought you should know
that in case I die.

Stella just stares at him, crushed by his words. She stands and looks down at him.

STELLA

Fine. You wanna die? Die. I'm not
gonna stop you.

She turns and walks away. Isaac watches her until she steps out the door.

A long beat, then his conflicted eyes focus onto something --
ISAAC'S POV --

five feet away - The **SAW** lies on the floor. We RACK FOCUS to it. Off Isaac's eyes, the seed planted for this UNTHINKABLE IDEA --

38 INT. CELL - U9 - SING SING PRISON - DAY

38

A KEY unlocks a PRISON CELL DOOR. WIDEN to find D.L. being PUSHED into a cell by the two Guards. This is an American version of "Midnight Express". It's fucked up. Depressing, windowless, cold.

Across the hall, ANOTHER CELL faces it. In here, EZEKIEL TAYLOR, an older black man in his sixties, watches. Wise but dangerous eyes. The Guards SHOVE D.L. in and lock the cell behind him.

GUARD

You keep an eye on him, Zeke. This boy likes to wander.

The Guards walk off, leaving D.L. and "Zeke" staring at one another across the hall. It's an awkward moment. Finally --

ZEKE

Musta done something real bad - get your ass thrown down here.

D.L. just looks at him. Crosses and sits on his bed.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Quiet type. Good.

(laughs to himself)

Last dude talked too much anyway.

Zeke lifts some ROLLED UP OBJECT, two feet long. Carries it to the center of his cell as he talks --

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Either you got nothing to say, or...

Zeke stops and looks at him, studying his eyes.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You scared. Uh huh... I seen your kind in here thirty seven years now.

He UNROLLS the object in his hand and we see that it's a PERSIAN PRAYER RUG.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Like every other swinging dick. Kill someone, rob the wrong white lady, end up looking at the world from the inside out. Till one day it dawns on your sorry ass that it's over, the so-called dream you call "life". Now, most men go one way when faced with that inevitability. Prison livin' inside you, 'stead of the other way 'round.

He lays the PRAYER RUG down on the floor.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

There's a lotta ways a man can do the time. But ain't but one of them lead to the real way out.

Zeke lifts a BOOK from the stool by his bed. Crosses to the bars and looks ominously at D.L. He whispers, as though revealing a secret --

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You can teach your soul to go anywhere it wants.

He bends down, places the book on the floor. SLIDES it across the hall. It comes to a stop right outside D.L.'s cell.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Taught mine to go to Mecca five times a day.

Zeke turns and walks to the prayer rug, stands over it, obviously facing Mecca.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

(re: the book)

I know where to find you when I need it back.

He raises his palms skyward. Mutters a prayer under his breath and drops to his knees, then prostrate onto the floor.

D.L. watches this odd ritual, then looks down at the book on the floor. Stands and crosses to it. Picks it up. Looks at the cover. "The Koran"

Off D.L., watching Zeke pray --

39

INT. KARIOKI BAR - NIGHT

39

Hiro and Ando sit at a back table. They're a little tipsy now and have to SHOUT to be heard over the really BAD KARIOKI. Hiro is still all worked up --

HIRO

See, most people perceive time as a straight line, always going forward. Like this.

Hiro dips a CHOPSTICK into his small dish of SOY SAUCE. He draws a soy sauce line on his paper place mat.

HIRO (CONT'D)

But time is actually more like this...

He takes his finger and smears the soy sauce into a CIRCLE.

ANDO

Where did you learn all this?

HIRO

X-Men, issue 117, when Wolverine breaks into Professor Xavier's lair--

ANDO

A comic book?

HIRO

(duh...)

Well... Yeah. There isn't a ten year old on the planet who hasn't secretly wished for super powers. And I, Hiro Tanaka, got them. Me of all people. Last in my class, last on the sports field. I'm not a loser anymore.

Ando considers this. Wow, his friend is really serious about this shit.

ANDO

Alright, look... Tell me one useful thing you could do with this power. Can you make money?

HIRO

A super hero doesn't use his powers for personal gain.

ANDO

Then what good is it? Can you teleport yourself into the women's bathroom? Now, there's something useful. You won't learn your "purpose" in there, but you might learn something about life.

HIRO

Fine. If I had to, yes, I could teleport myself into the women's bathroom.

ANDO

Great, then do it. I'll grab two more beers.

And Ando gets up, heads for the bar. Hiro watches him go, then turns his gaze towards the women's bathroom at the back of the bar. What the hell, he takes a deep breath and STARES INTENSELY at the bathroom door. Off Hiro, concentrating hard --

SMASH CUT TO:

40

INT. DINING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - EVENING

40

A static WIDE SHOT of Claire's family around a very normal middle class dinner table - very Kubrick. Claire, dressed now in jeans and a sweatshirt, sits with her mom, SANDRA, (41), dad, KENT, (43) and brother, LYLE, (14). Sandra is all wound up--

SANDRA

...I think Carla is perfectly nice and very capable, but if they think I'm going to take orders from her...

She looks up from her plate to see that no one is really paying that much attention.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It just gets my goat.

KENT

It's understandable, sweetheart. You've been working checkout for fourteen years. I feel the same way about Ted.

SANDRA

Alright, enough about me. What'd everybody else do today?

Kent looks to his two kids. Lyle just shrugs. Claire pushes her food around the plate.

KENT

I sold a fully loaded LeBaron to a guy from Midland. Put thirty percent down. Three more cars and that trip to Maui is ours this year. Alooooha.

(to Lyle)

How'bout you, buddy? Anything happen today?

LYLE

Doug and I saw this Mexican guy, a homeless dude, on our way to school. We thought he was dead... But he wasn't.

Kent just nods. Not exactly what he was hoping for, but...
He and Sandra turn to Claire, expectantly. Without hesitation --

CLAIRE

I jumped off a cliff... and I didn't die.

Dead silence as everyone looks at her, trying to figure out what that could possibly mean. Kent, doing his best to relate --

KENT

I know you're at that secretive age, sweetheart, but what do you mean by that?

Claire, on the spot, hesitates.

SANDRA

I know what she means.

Claire looks at her, a mixture of fear and relief.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Here I am talking about getting passed over for a silly little raise, and you go and say something really profound. We come to all kinds of cliffs in our lives. And when we face our fears and jump, we usually don't get hurt.

(welling up)

You're very wise, sweetheart. Whatever it is you did, I'm proud of you.

Off Claire's tiny, forced smile --

41 INT. TAXI - LATE AFTERNOON

41

Ethan climbs into back seat of the cab, stares out the window up at the sky. The LIGHT has darkened from ECLIPSE, and we realize we are RIGHT where and when we last left him.

ETHAN

(to O.S. driver)

The corner of Center and Canal, please.

The taxi pulls away and Ethan stares out the window up to the sky.

CLOSE ON THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

as a HAND reaches up to adjust it. In its REFLECTION we see Ethan from the driver's perspective. A voyeuristic moment, as Ethan has no idea he's being spied upon.

SURESH (O.S.)

A Solar Eclipse.

Ethan looks up at the driver. It's PROFESSOR SURESH, looking as anonymous as any other Third World cabbie in Manhattan.

ETHAN

Oh. Yeah. Wonder if it's gonna be total?

SURESH

Not here, no. Some other part of the world, yes. A true global event. Makes one appreciate how small our planet really is.

Ethan looks at Suresh, intrigued by his observation.

SURESH (CONT'D)

But then, we are all rather small, aren't we?

Ethan nods as he stares at Suresh. It's an odd stare, an instant and overwhelming need to open up this conversation. A perfect stranger, no strings. What's the harm?

ETHAN

What's your name?

SURESH

Mohinder.

ETHAN

I'm Ethan.

(beat)

Let me ask you something, Mohinder. You ever have the feeling you were meant to do something extraordinary?

SURESH

I'm driving a cab. You may have noticed.

ETHAN

I'm not talking about what you do. I'm talking about who you are. I'm talking about being special.

SURESH

We are all special.

ETHAN

(frustrated)

That's not what I mean.

SURESH

Some individuals, it is true, are more special. This is natural selection.

ETHAN

(interesting...)

Like evolution.

SURESH

What is it that makes a species, after millions of years, suddenly adapt to catastrophic changes in their environment? Overnight. Literally.

We PUSH IN on Ethan as Suresh continues. Ethan is riveted.

SURESH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The ice age hits and a hundred thousand species go extinct immediately.

(snaps his fingers)

Like that. While others, no more unique or complex, change and adapt in extraordinary ways, insuring the survival of their species. The cockroach, for instance.

We PUSH IN on Ethan as Suresh's lecture continues. Ethan is riveted. This is speaking to the very core of his being.

SURESH (CONT'D)

It begins with a single individual, born or hatched like every other member of their species. Anonymous, seemingly ordinary. Except they're not. They carry inside them the genetic code that will take their species to the next evolutionary rung.

Ethan is now staring off at nothing. Slowly nodding his head.

SURESH (CONT'D)

So if one feels they are special, that they have unique abilities, then they have an evolutionary imperative to discover those abilities. It's their destiny.

Ethan swallows. He looks like he's about to leap out of his skin. No words have ever rung truer. And breaking this strange silence -- RING, his cell. Ethan jumps, then answers.

ETHAN

(to phone)

Hello?... Stella... I was just going home, but... No, it's no problem. I can be there in ten minutes. That's okay, I'll see you there.

He hangs up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Can I get out here, please?

Suresh studies him for a beat, then pulls the cab over. Ethan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten, drops it through the window of the partition. He opens the door and starts to get out.

Ethan holds his gaze for a beat, unable to speak. Then turns and rushes off. Suresh watches him as another MAN slides into the back seat. We do NOT see his face, but he is dressed in a DARK SUIT. And for a split second we think we catch just a glimpse of his HORN RIMMED GLASSES.

Suresh turns and looks at the man.

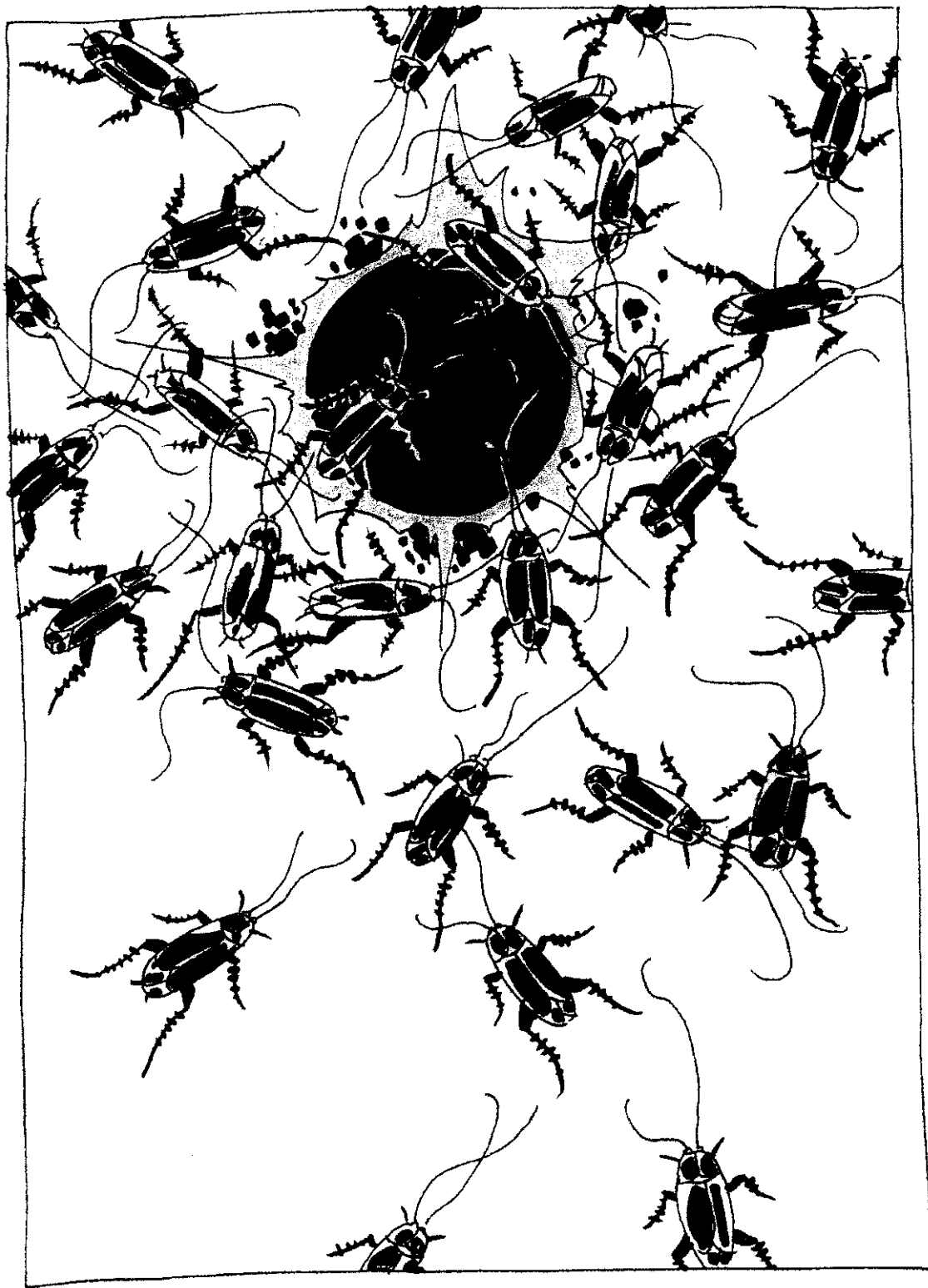
SURESH

Where to, my friend?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

CHAPTER FOUR: "Genesis"



or

"How I learned to stop worrying and Love the Bomb"

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK: A TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER FOUR

"Genesis"

Or

"How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb"

FADE IN:

42 INT. NIKI SANDERS' GARAGE - NIGHT

42

TIGHT ON the luscious waves and folds of the BLUE SATIN BEDSPREAD that we saw when we first met Niki. They're disrupted as --

WEASEL (O.S.)

Fifty grand is a lot of money.

Niki is thrown onto her bed. Violently. (*Only a minute and fourteen seconds have passed since last we saw her.*) She looks up at -- the WEASEL and the BIG GUY standing over her.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

But we wanna be fair about this.

NIKI

Fifty? It was thirty. Even with interest--

WEASEL

Shoulda read the fine print.

The Weasel pulls up a chair as the Big Guy checks out her computer and camera. Niki looks at them desperately --

NIKI

Look, I have a son. I'm all he's got. Please. I can get the money.

WEASEL

Tell you what, let's start with a little business proposition. You make, what, forty bucks every twenty minutes for taking off your clothes?

Niki looks at them, unsure what he's getting at.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna give you a chance to work off a little of your debt. See where it goes from there.

The Big Guy hits the RECORD BUTTON on the camera. Niki looks at the red light on the camera. The SLOW WHIR of the TAPE TURNING echoes in the garage.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

(leaning back)

Go on, let's see what you got.

Niki sits up on her knees on the bed and slowly, timidly begins to rub her hands seductively up and down her body. She starts to cry, but stops herself. Gets into character. Undoes the buttons on her shirt -- starting at the top and working her way down. One by one. Slow as she can.

The two men smile. And as she undoes the top button of her jeans -- she STOPS. Looks at something just behind the two men. They notice. Turn and look back behind them to see --

NIKI'S REFLECTION

in the MIRROR that we saw the first time we were here. Nothing unusual. They look back at Niki.

But she keeps looking at her reflection.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

What's the problem, baby? It's just getting good.

But Niki doesn't respond. She just keeps staring at the reflection. The Weasel is pissed. He stands, crosses to her, BACKHANDS her across the face.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

I said, what's your problem?!

Niki gets back up. Scowls at him defiantly --

NIKI

Fuck you.

The Weasel rears back and delivers a STRAIGHT HARD PUNCH. And as his fist comes RIGHT INTO CAMERA, we --

SLAM TO BLACK:

43 INT. TAXI - LATE AFTERNOON

43

Professor Suresh looks back at the man with HORNED RIMMED GLASSES, waiting for him to respond. (*We're right where we left off last time we were with Suresh.*)

HORNED RIMMED GLASSES

The United Nations, please.

Suresh turns and starts driving. After a long, tense beat.

HORNED RIMMED GLASSES (CONT'D)

Suresh, huh?

Suresh, startled, looks back over his shoulder.

SURESH

I'm sorry?

HORNED RIMMED GLASSES

Your name. On your license there.

Suresh looks down at his LICENSE and PHOTO, displayed on the dash.

And now we get our first real look at the Man with the HORNED RIMMED GLASSES. A sort of young Max Von Sydow-type. Sophisticated, unknowable. He's toying with Suresh. He knows exactly who he is.

HORNED RIMMED GLASSES (CONT'D)

That's Indian, yes?

Suresh stares at him through his rear view mirror. Those GLASSES. He knows them. It lands. Hard.

HORNED RIMMED GLASSES (CONT'D)

(musing)

Probably lots of Suresh's where your from. Like Smith or Anderso--

SKIIIDDDDD! The tires LOCK as Suresh SLAMS on the BRAKES. The Man goes FLYING into the plexiglas partition, SMASHING his glasses against it. It stuns him. When he regains his bearings, he looks up to see Suresh is GONE.

44 EXT. STREET - SAME

44

We CRANE UP over the taxi, its driver's door wide open, and see Suresh SPRINTING down the middle of the street, weaving in and out of the traffic. And as Horned Rimmed Glasses slowly climbs out and watches him disappear into the distance --

45 INT. KARIOKI BAR - NIGHT

45

Ando stands at the bar. (*About forty seconds of time has passed since we last saw them.*) He takes two bottles of Asahi and turns back towards the table where he and Hiro were sitting. Hiro is gone. He sees a COMMOTION near the back of the place. A BOUNCER is dragging Hiro out of the women's bathroom as two WOMEN scream angrily at him.

Ando watches the Bouncer drag Hiro right past him and out the front door, tossing him onto the sidewalk. Ando looks down at the beers in his hand, shakes his head and sets them down. He heads for the door.

46

EXT. CITY STREET - TOKYO - SECONDS LATER

46

Hiro lies in a heap on the sidewalk as Ando steps out the door.

HIRO

(sore, but excited)

Did you see me? I did it. I was in the women's bathroom.

ANDO

Great. Now you're a pervert.

HIRO

(gets up slowly)

I tele-ported myself!

ANDO

Enough! There is NO SUCH THING as breaking the space/time continuum, alright?!

HIRO

Fine, don't believe me.

ANDO

There are twelve and a half million people in this city. Not one of them can bend space and time. Why do you want to be different?!

HIRO

No. The question is, why do you want to be the same?!

ANDO

Because, that's what I am! The same.

HIRO

Exactly. It's what we all are. Look at us. We dress the same. We look the same. We do the same jobs. Just like everyone else. Homogeneous. Yogurt.

ANDO

(now he's mad)

Yogurt, huh? Last year at the company banquet, the whole department sang karioki. Madonna, Tears for Fears, Abba, Duran Duran... But who sang Barry White? Me. That's different enough.

HIRO

Sure. For you. But I want to be special.

ANDO

We are not special! We are Japanese!

HIRO

Fine. Stay here. Be just like everyone else. I wanna go boldly where no man has gone before.

And he walks off. Ando watches him go.

ANDO

That's right, you're special! You're "Super Hiro"! Go find your purpose! Go save the world!

And as Hiro walks off into the night --

47 INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

47

Ethan enters, looks up to see Stella rifling through the drawers of the night stand by the bed where her father lay dying. She looks a little crazed.

ETHAN

What are you looking for?

STELLA

Morphine.

ETHAN

What for?

She stops. Looks up at him.

STELLA

I need you to come with me someplace.

ETHAN

Where?

STELLA

You'll see.

She grabs some VIALS and stuffs them into her purse. Ethan crosses to her. He's more confident and determined than we have ever seen him.

ETHAN

Look, I can't work for your father anymore.

STELLA

(confused)

What? What are you talking about?

ETHAN

I can't. I need to make some changes in my life. I can't keep living for other people. I need to spread my wings, you know?

STELLA

(snaps)

We'll talk about this later! Right now I need you to come with me. You're a nurse, you can give a shot. You can help him.

ETHAN

Help who?

But she doesn't answer, as she strides towards the door. Off Ethan, wondering what he's getting into --

48 INT. CELL - SING SING PRISON - NIGHT

48

Zeke lies asleep in his bed. He stirs and opens his eyes. Sits up, as something gets his attention.

ACROSS THE HALL

D.L. stands by the bars of his cell, a strange glazed look on his face.

ZEKE

Somethin' you want, brother?

D.L. doesn't answer. Zeke stands and crosses to the bars of his own cell. Stares at D.L., studies him.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Still no response from D.L., just the strange expression.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Damn... You're sleepwalking, ain't you?

(then)

Go back to bed. I'm serious. This ain't natural. Go back to bed.

He waits to see if D.L. will comply. He doesn't. Zeke turns and walks back to bed. Climbs under the covers and rolls over, his back to D.L.

Off D.L., standing near the bars, asleep on his feet --

49 INT. KITCHEN - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - EVENING

49

Claire does dishes. Sandra is in the b.g., clearing the table in the dining room.

SANDRA (O.S.)

I thought we'd go to the movies this Saturday. Maybe try on some shoes at the new mall in Gardenville.

CLAIRE

Sure.

(then, out of the blue)
I love you mom.

SANDRA (O.S.)

But?

CLAIRE

But nothing. I just wanted to tell you that.

SANDRA (O.S.)

No, you think I'm trying to be your best friend again, admit it.

CLAIRE

It's alright, really, we can go to the movies together. It's no big deal.

She turns on the GARBAGE DISPOSAL, scraps a plate of food into it.

SANDRA (O.S.)

(voice rising over noise)

I just miss you, that's all. I want to be your mom, I want to give you advice, but I don't want to push you away.

Claire looks back towards her desperately, but Sandra's still in the other room, clearing the table.

CLAIRE

I want advice. I do. I won't push you away, I promise.

And just then, her CLASS RING slips off her finger and INTO the disposal. Without thinking, Claire PLUNGES her hand in to retrieve it. The disposal WHIRS and GRINDS hideously as her fingers are GROUND in it. She pulls her hand out, and in her BLOODY, MANGLED FINGERS, she holds the RING. She stares at it, in no pain at all.

SANDRA (O.S.)

I just don't think you should be so worried about fitting in all the time, about being so popular.

And Sandra comes back into the room. Claire turns quickly and hides her bloody hand behind her back, as Sandra steps right up to her and takes her lovingly by the shoulders.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you make mistakes like I did. I wanted to be someone more interesting than I am.

CLAIRE

You are interesting.

ON THE FLOOR

we see the BLOOD DRIPPING next to Claire's feet. DRIP.
DRIP.

SANDRA

No, I wanted to hitchhike across Europe, study art, fall in love with some poetry quoting frenchmen. Not that your dad isn't wonderful, but my point is, you should be who you are and know that it's enough. Because who you are is special.

Claire nods, looks into her mother's eyes. Wants to tell her.

CLAIRE

About that, mom... There's something I need to say. Something I haven't talked about because I thought it would upset you and dad.

SANDRA

Sweetheart, you can say anything to us, you know that.

CLAIRE

(really hard to say)

I think I'm old enough now for you to tell me who my real parents are.

Well, we didn't see that one coming. Sandra looks at her, then pulls her into her arms.

SANDRA

Of course you are.

Claire instinctive hugs her back. She lifts her HAND and looks at it behind Sandra's back. It's PERFECTLY NORMAL now.

KENT (O.S.)

Honey?! Claire?! Come take a look at this!

Claire and Sandra separate and head into --

50 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

50

Where they find Kent standing in front of the TV. He's got his back to them, obscuring the TV from their view.

SANDRA

What is it?

KENT

(numbly)

The news.

HE steps aside and we see ON THE TV - the FOOTAGE from the FIRE. Claire is CARRYING THE BOY out of the burning building, there for all the world to see this miraculous feat.

Sandra and Kent both turn in unison to stare at Claire, speechless. Off Claire's enigmatic expression -- and one second before she is about to speak we --

51 INT. NIKI SANDERS' GARAGE - NIGHT

51

We're IN REAL TIGHT on Niki's face, lying in a smear of her own blood on the BLUE SATIN BEDCOVER. She slowly wakes. Disoriented, she starts to sit up, wondering where the hell she is. Then it hits her like a ton of bricks as she sees something and GASPS.

NIKI'S POV -

The place looks like a fucking TORNADO RIPPED THROUGH IT. Our two bad guys, the WEASEL and the BIG GUY lay DEAD on the floor. And I mean real DEAD. There's BLOOD everywhere. They've been SAVAGELY BEATEN.

BROKEN MIRROR SHARDS are everywhere. One LARGE PIECE is sticking out of the Weasel's neck, his eyes still wide open. The Big Guy's own gun is SHOVED into his MOUTH, a pool of BLOOD behind his head.

Niki stands up and STAGGERS off the bed. She turns all the way around, totally freaked, looking for the unseen culprit of this insane KILLING SPREE.

She backs up, stepping over the Big Guy's dead carcass and BUMPS INTO the webcam's tripod. Catches it.

Suddenly realizes that the camera's RED LIGHT is STILL ON. It dawns on her in a flash. She shuts off the camera and unclips it from the tripod. Carrying it, she starts to turn when something catches her eye.

Looking OVER HER SHOULDER from BEHIND her, we now see what it is -- The BUSTED MIRROR, half the glass broken out of its frame. In the mirror - HER OWN REFLECTION. She stares at herself in the cracked pieces of glass, dividing her like a jigsaw puzzle.

And suddenly, like something out of a freaky horror film, her REFLECTION MOVES, independent of her. It RAISES its blood drenched HAND and WIPES it nonchalantly on her shirt.

And off Niki, her life suddenly upside down --

52 EXT. SING SING PRISON - NIGHT

52

We're TIGHT ON D.L.'s FACE. Again, like when we first met him, he's asleep. Then CHA CHUNK! The unmistakable sound of a SHOTGUN COCKING. He wakes with a start. Looks up, eyes wide.

ADJUST to see two GUARDS standing over him. We CRANE UP to discover that we are right outside the razor wired fence of the prison. D.L. looks around, no idea how he got here. As we slowly RISE to find the MOON in the sky --

53 EXT. CITY STREET - TOKYO - NIGHT

53

We TILT DOWN from that same MOON to find Hiro strolling down the empty sidewalk in this quiet business district. He weaves slightly from too much to drink. He passes a TRAVEL AGENCY. Stops and stares at his own reflection the window.

Along with the various TRAVEL POSTERS on display, there is wall of CLOCKS displaying the different TIME ZONES around the world. He closes his eyes from fatigue, pinching the bridge of his nose. As he does, we see EVERY CLOCK begin to SPIN wildly.

He opens his eyes back up and they stop. He didn't notice. He nonchalantly glances up at a poster of TIMES SQUARE in New York City, all lit up at night.

He stares it, smiles and slowly turns to walk away. He takes a couple of steps and stops. A stunned look on his face. He stares up and all around him and we SLOWLY PULL BACK to find that Hiro is now standing smack in the middle of --

TIMES SQUARE

We RISE UP as Hiro spins around, taking in this extraordinary sight and --

54 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

54

The door opens and Stella and Ethan enter the dark room. Stella has a flashlight.

ETHAN

I'm just saying it's impossible. No one can predict the future.

STELLA

I saw it with my own eyes.

(yells)

Isaac?! I brought someone to help you. He's a nurse.

There's no response. Ethan follows behind her, but stops, as something CRUNCHES beneath his feet. She aims her light down. It's A SYRINGE. Ethan stares at it.

Stella aims the light up towards the radiator that Isaac handcuffed himself to. He's NOT THERE. Closer now and she sees --

THE HANDCUFFS

One cuff is still locked to the radiator. In the other cuff, a HAND, SAWED OFF at the WRIST.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Oh god...

ETHAN

Over there.

Stella WHIPS the flashlight BEAM across the room to find
ISAAC

lying on the floor, unconscious, his bloody stump wrapped in a towel. In his one hand, a paintbrush. Stella rushes up to him.

STELLA

Jesus, Isaac, what have you done?

But Ethan has come to a stop, He's seen something. We don't see it yet, but it has stopped him dead in his tracks. Then --

ETHAN'S POV -

A PAINTING on an easel, half finished. It's ETHAN! He's LEAPING OFF a building, wearing the same clothes he's wearing right now, arms outstretched, like a swan dive.

Ethan steps right up to the painting. Reaches out and touches his own image, suspended in mid-air.

STELLA

tends to Isaac.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I'm calling 911. We'll get you to a hospital.

Isaac's eyes flutter open.

ISAAC

(barely audible)

We have to stop it.

And his eyes drift off, indicating something "over there". Stella follows his gaze and locks onto what he's looking at --

THE WALL

has been wildly PAINTED, like a crazy person on a psychedelic bender. Giant, bold brush strokes in half paint and half blood -- The image of a HUGE NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD rising over the skyline of New York City.

Ethan, still frozen by his own image leaping off a building, finally senses something and turns to see the huge painting on the wall. And as he takes it all in --

FADE OUT AND INTO:

55 EXT. ROOFTOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

55

Close ON A PAIR OF SHOES DANGLING in mid-air. We RISE UP to find Ethan sitting on the ledge of a fifteen story building, legs over the side. He looks down, sees a TAXI pull up to the alley below. HARRISON hops out, rushes to the edge of the building, looks up at him. Ethan stands up on the ledge.

HARRISON

(feigning nonchalance)

I got your message! What are you doing here, Ethan?!

ETHAN

Finding out who I am!

HARRISON

You know who you are! You're my brother! My better half! The nicest guy on the planet!

ETHAN

(welling up)

Yeah! That's me! Or at least it used to be! I can fly, Harrison! I just need to do it! I need to take the leap!

HARRISON

And if you can't?!

ETHAN

Then at least I'll find out! I was born right next to you, I guess I'll die that way, too!

Ethan steps closer to the edge.

HARRISON

Ethan, dammit, stop screwing around!

ETHAN

No. It's my turn to be somebody now!

And he LEAPS off the ledge, arms outstretched, just like the PAINTING! Like he can fly. But he doesn't... and he DROPS. Actually, PLUMMETS is a better word. Like a stone! Falling and flailing! Its awful. And just as we're convinced we're about to witness a horrible death -- He STOPS! In mid air! It's like in the first dream. Except -- He looks down to see --

HARRISON

HOLDING HIM UP, FLOATING IN MID-AIR himself! HE CAN FLY! They stare into each other's eyes, both as freaked by this as the other.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You...! How did you...?

HARRISON

I...I don't know.

Ethan is heavy, and Harrison unsteady. He can't hold him up. Ethan SLIPS out of Harrison's arms! Harrison GRABS onto Ethan's HAND, suspending beneath him, dangling by the tips of his fingers.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Ethan... Oh god...

A desperate beat, as they try to hold on.

ETHAN

It's okay. I love you, Harrison.

And as Ethan's fingers BEGIN TO SLIP, Harrison HOLDS ON for dear life, as we --

SLAM TO BLACK:

THE END

